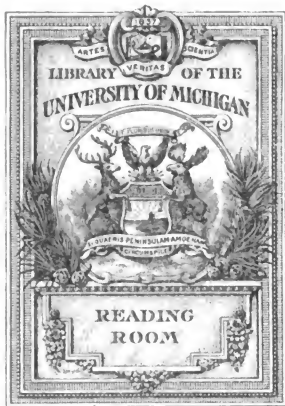




The Bookman



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AN ILLUSTRATED LITERARY JOURNAL

VOLUME II.

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1895—FEBRUARY, 1896

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

Vol. II.

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 1.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

With the appearance of the present number, *THE BOOKMAN* enters upon its second volume, and we may be permitted to express our thanks for the very friendly appreciation that has been accorded to it by the reading public and by its literary contemporaries. To make it with every issue more and more worthy of this generous judgment is the earnest purpose of its editors and publishers alike.

The present number is dated "August-September," in order to make *THE BOOKMAN*'s appearance hereafter coincident with that of nearly all the other monthly magazines—that is to say, a week or more before the nominal date of publication. Therefore the next number—that for October—will appear about September 25th.

Mr. Edward W. Townsend, the creator of the inimitable Chimmie Fadden, was born in Cleveland, O., but migrating to San Francisco when he left school, he made California his adopted State. He started to study practical mining at the great Comstock Lode with an elder brother, but the fascination of newspaper life took hold of him, and after two years' apprenticeship to journalism in several mining camps, he returned to San Francisco. Here he wrote long and short stories for the San Francisco *Argonaut*, the leading weekly on the Pacific Coast. Finally he gravitated in 1892 to New York, where he joined the staff of the *Sun*. Shortly after his engagement with the *Sun* he began his tenement-district studies. The series evolved itself. It started with an attempt to write a "Sunday Special," and one story led to another. "Hunt up

that little Bowery chap you wrote about," said the city editor of the *Sun* after the first sketch appeared, "and give us some more about him." On Mr. Townsend's replying, "He's an imaginary character," the city editor rejoined, "Well, imagine some more about him."



EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

Mr. Townsend relates how the following incident put him on Chimmie's track a few days before he wrote the first story for the *Sun*: "I was visiting a mission where some ladies were giving a dinner to tenement-house children which I was to report. I noticed one little fellow near me gulp down a piece of pie in about two bites. The young lady in charge, who seemed to be on very good

terms with the boys and assumed a pretty air of comradeship, was standing by and saw the pie disappear. She leaned over and said, with a bit of the boy's manner for good-fellowship, 'Would you like another piece if I can sneak it?' His eyes brightened. She brought the pie and placed it before him with a little confidential whisper, as though it were a special favour, of which he was not to tell. As she did so the boy leaned over and kissed her hand. It must have been the innate gentleman in him. No one could have taught him. It may be that he had seen a courtier do it on some Bowery stage; but I think it was just his own natural tribute. That was my first insight into the Bowery character. It set me thinking, and when I wanted to write a 'special' I used the people I had seen there, making up my own story."

Mr. Townsend's new novel, *A Daughter of the Tenements*, was finished a few weeks ago and is now in the press. The accompanying portrait is from a new photograph taken for THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Townsend, by the way, has been asked by Mr. Charles Hopper to dramatise *Chimmie Fadden*. Mr. Hopper will appear in the rôle of the Bowery boy during the forthcoming season. Mr. Townsend is one of the few pressmen who does not believe that he can write a play; nevertheless we are sanguine of his success with *Chimmie*. Among other recent literary productions to be put on the stage this autumn are *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which will appear in one of our prominent theatres; and José Echegaray's *Son of Don Juan*, the rights of which have just been bought by Mr. Richard Mansfield.

The recent publication by Messrs. Macmillan and Company of Balzac's *Le Peau de Chagrin* suggests to us the magnificent possibilities which this novel contains for dramatisation with Richard Mansfield as the hero. *The Magic Skin*, or, as Mr. Saintsbury prefers it, *The Wild Ass's Skin*, is a representative drama of universal human experience, and as centred in the tragic figure of Raphael it is peculiarly adapted to Mr. Mansfield's art.

In the last number of THE BOOKMAN

we inadvertently alluded to Mr. Eric Mackay as Marie Corelli's son. The *Critic* points out the error, but stumbles itself in stating that Mr. Mackay is Marie Corelli's brother. The promising author in question is really the son of her adoptive father, Dr. Mackay, a London physician. Mr. Mackay dedicated the volume of sonnets entitled *Love Letters of a Violinist* to his adopted sister; and Mme. Clara Lanza, in a recent literary *causerie*, tells us how, when Lord Tennyson died, Marie Corelli hopefully expected Mr. Mackay to receive at once the appointment to succeed to the laurel crown.

Colonel Waring, of this city, figures very prominently in the newspaper press as a cleanser of streets, a spender of appropriations, and a designer of duck-suits, but so far as we have observed the current discussion, no one has yet considered him in the light of an author, except, of course, as a writer on sanitary science. We therefore take pleasure in reminding our contemporaries that to him is to be ascribed a very pleasing volume, with the poetic title *The Bride of the Rhine*, which first saw the light in 1878, when it came from the press of J. R. Osgood and Company, of Boston. It narrates the voyage made by the Colonel in a new boat down the Moselle from Metz to Coblenz, and is replete with dainty little pictures of that interesting region, garnished with German poetry, and ending with a verse translation of the *Mosella*, of Ausonius; this last, however, by a friend of Colonel Waring's. This information will doubtless cause several Tammany editors to prick up their ears, and feel an unholy joy that their enemy has written a book; but we inform them in advance that the book is a very good one, so that through it the Lord has not delivered its author into their hands.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll has at last been prevailed upon to give to the world his large stores of knowledge concerning the Victorian period of literature in a work to be entitled *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Being Memoirs to Serve for a Literary History of the Period*. This work is intended to do for the nineteenth century what Nicoll's *Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century* did for its pred-

ecessor. It will contain new material about almost every author of the period, mainly from manuscript sources and partly from newspapers and periodicals. It is expected that the work will be published in six volumes, and by the time it is completed it is hoped that it will furnish the most important collection of papers in existence towards a complete literary history of the century. Mr. Thomas J. Wise, author of the *Bibliography of John Ruskin*, will collaborate with Dr. Nicoll in editing this important undertaking. The first volume will be published before the end of the year by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has after all decided that he will not go to India this autumn. He is at present staying with his father at Tisbury, in Wiltshire, England.

It has been noticed by attentive readers that Mr. Crockett's name always appears on his books and elsewhere as "S. R. Crockett;" and no sketches of him, so far as we know, have given his name in full. Even in his correspondence Mr. Crockett simply uses his initials. Hence it may be of interest to note about the Covenanter novelist that the letters "S. R." stand for "Samuel Rutherford."

It will be remembered that the admirers of Professor Theodor Mommsen presented him last year with a fund of 25,000 marks (\$6250) on the occasion of his *Jubiläum*, a good portion of this sum having been raised in England and the United States. It is now announced that he has turned the money over to the Berlin Academy of Sciences to defray the cost of preparing a complete *corpus* of Greek numismatical inscriptions.

Mr. Robert S. Hichens, whose lively satire, *The Green Carnation*, made such a distinct hit last year, has just issued, through the Messrs. Appleton, another clever performance entitled *An Imaginative Man*. Mr. Hichens is a young man of thirty, yet he has already crowded a good deal of hard work into this brief span. Although at the age of seventeen he wrote a novel which was actually published, he seems to have been most

bent on a musical career; but he wearied of his first love, and took to journalism. He has a facile pen for lyric writing, and is the author of numerous songs which have been set to music. His first short story appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, entitled "The Collaborators," which is to be included in a book of



ROBERT S. HICHENS.

short stories to be published before the close of the year. In 1893 he visited Egypt for the sake of his health, and it was the sight of the Pyramids that inspired him with the idea which has materialised in *An Imaginative Man*. *The Green Carnation*, written upon his return, brought him into public notice—whether of notoriety or fame is for readers to judge. Mr. Hichens is a much-travelled man, and it is possible that he may cross to these shores in the late autumn. He is engaged on a third novel of London life, which threatens this time to add yet another to the women-novels.

Among the opinions of the ten writers of more or less literary eminence who contributed to a symposium on "The

Place of Realism in Fiction," in the July *Humanitarian*, the best and clearest exposition of realism within the narrow compass allotted comes from Mr. W. H. Mallock, the celebrated author of *The New Republic*, and whose new novel, *The Heart of Life*, is reviewed on another page. "If by realism," he says, "is



W. H. MALLOCK.

meant the artistic reproduction of life literally as it is, or of even a single scene exactly as it occurred, realism is impossible and even unthinkable. Art, in fact, is a process of representing, or attempting to represent a whole, by a very small number of selected parts; and whether the representation is true to life, or in other words, whether it expresses a reality, and is in any deep sense realistic, does not depend only on the accuracy of each part, but on the general impression which the parts, when put together, produce. If M. Zola had witnessed and described the Crucifixion, he would probably have devoted more care to describing a heap of filth at the foot of the Cross, than the aspect and behaviour of the Sufferer; but he would not for that reason be more realistic than the Evangelists, who omit such details altogether."

Whether M. Zola's views be true or false, it is certain that his romances are still in demand. Otherwise we should not read the announcement of an edition of *Une Page d'Amour* (*Les Rouçon Macquart*) with one hundred illustrations by François Thévenot, forming a handsome octavo volume for twenty-five francs! *La Curée* has already appeared in the same style and at the same price, and *Nana* is in preparation to range with these two. Emile Testard is the publisher.

Among all his books, George Moore regards *Mike Fletcher* as embodying his best work. After finishing it, he wrote to a friend in this country: "At last I have written a really great book. It is the best—all I can do." The novel, however, had little success in England, and none at all in this country. Mr. Moore was in despair, after which he was comforted by the gradual appreciation of his critical work, especially his *Impressions and Opinions*, and also by the vogue of *Esther Waters*. It may be whimsical, but we really believe that much of the neglect from which *Mike Fletcher* suffered was due to its very unattractive title. There is a good deal in a name, as any publisher can testify from his own experience.

Mr. Moore likes Americans, and especially American women, whose clever talk amuses him. He has a number of correspondents in this country to whom he dashes off rapid, unconventional letters, full of blots and blurs, and characterised by an utter disregard for the accepted rules of English orthography, for Mr. Moore can never learn to spell, and depends greatly upon the friendly proof-reader—in which, by the way, he is not alone among men of letters. Mr. Moore is still unmarried, and resides, when in London, in the Temple, of which famous place he has given several interesting pictures in his novels. As a worker he is indefatigable, rewriting and polishing to the last moment. Upon *Esther Waters* he spent three years of hard work.

"Maarten Maartens" occupies a unique place in English literature. A Hollander, he is known by his neighbours as a country gentleman who shuts

himself up for hours together writing!—while he has leapt to fame as a writer of fiction in English. His new novel, *My Lady Nobody*, is reviewed on another page, and the accompanying portrait is taken from a recent photograph. He has frequently visited London since he became famous, and is now paying a more extended visit to "the English country," which has a wonderful fascination for this foreigner. "Assuredly," he says, "London resembles a magnet in the way in which it draws men to itself from all parts."

❖
"How did you come to write fiction?" he has been asked by the inevitable interviewer, "especially fiction in English?"

"I had been to England as a boy, and later I travelled a good deal, having a considerable amount of leisure on my hands. It was meant that I should go into politics, but I am thankful I have found my activities in another direction—in literature, that is. True, I am a graduated barrister, but that was really part of my training for public life, and I have never practised. During one holiday, then, I wrote in English my first story, *The Sin of Joost Avelingh*, and sent it over here to ascertain if any publisher would have it. A bold proceeding, wasn't it?"

"Well, and did you find a publisher?"

"I hardly expected that I should, and I didn't, but eventually I published the story at my own risk. Everybody thought it was a translation of a Dutch story, and I fancy that a misapprehension to this effect still exists in reference to my

novels. Many people regard them as translations. As a matter of fact, a translation of them into Dutch is only now being made, and I may add that they are also being translated into German."



Maarten Maartens.

"You preferred, from the artistic point of view, perhaps, to write in English?"

"Yes. Dutch is very fine for higher prose or poetry, but for lighter literature, I think, English is superior. It is more flexible, nimbler; only don't sup-

pose, as I saw it stated somewhere, that the Dutch peasants know English. Oh, dear, no; but still the Dutch are very good linguists. My second book, *An Old Maid's Love*, Bentley published, and with the exception of a short novel, *A Question of Taste*, he has issued what else I have written. *God's Fool* is my own favourite, but many people appear to think that *The Greater Glory* is a better book.

"I endeavour to write stories," continued Mr. Maartens, "which shall, as closely as I can make them, be reflections of real life. The extent to which I succeed in that is the extent to which I am content with what I write, and the interest the books have created has naturally greatly gratified me. The more I think of it, the more I am amazed at this interest; and it is not in England only that it exists, but also in America."

"Why should you say that?"

"Well, you see the circumstances are so unusual—a Dutchman appealing to English-speaking people. In writing English, too, there is the disadvantage of being unconsciously betrayed into Dutch forms of expression. For the rest, my position stands by itself, of course, and in that alone there is an enormous advantage."

M. Maeterlinck has just finished a new volume entitled *Un Album de Chansons*. The next number of *THE BOOKMAN* will contain a very interesting account of Maeterlinck's personality and of his home, written for our columns by Mme. Magdeleine Pidoux, the charming French essayist, whose acquaintance with Maeterlinck is of long standing.

The circular sent out by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls in the interest of "Fonetik Refawrm," and noticed in the July number of *THE BOOKMAN*, has not been taken very seriously by any one, so far as we have observed; as, indeed, why should it? The *Sun* of this city suggests that if a simplified form of writing be desirable, we should all take to stenography at once, beside which the timid beginnings of Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls certainly seem pale and ineffective.

The circular informed us that should

one hundred leading educators, authors, and journalists agree to adopt the proposed list of spellings, then Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls would at once introduce it into their various publications. Should they secure their hundred victims, we trust that we shall receive a list of their names. By the way, why stop short at the reform of our orthography? English orthography is, of course, very irregular and illogical, but so is the English language. Why does not the able Mr. Marsh, who is the linguistic sponsor of Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, take this in hand? Just think, for instance, of all the irregular verbs upon which the babes and sucklings are continually stumbling. Why should we continue to say, "I go, I went, I have gone," when we could easily simplify matters by making it, "I go, I goed, I have goed"? Why not get a hundred leading educators, authors, and journalists to tackle this far greater and more glorious "refawrm"? Of course, some absurdly scientific person will say that the irregularities of the tongue are a part of its history, and are of the greatest value to the philologist, besides giving force and picturesqueness to the written and spoken language; but, then, this is also true of its irregular orthography. Persons who will persist in spelling and speaking as our ancestors have done, are quite capable of thinking the mountains and valleys of Switzerland (shockingly irregular affairs!) more beautiful than a nice, regular Kansas prairie. Why should any one consider their opinions? On with the "refawrm!"

Some one should start a school for the instruction of authors and editors in the proper use of the auxiliaries "shall" and "will," for the knowledge of the distinction between them seems to be vanishing from the American people. Among authors, Mr. Richard Harding Davis is the worst offender in this respect, and we wonder that his sojourn at the Lehigh and Johns Hopkins Universities failed to effect a reform. A very bad instance was also lately seen in the letter addressed to the English public by the Cornell University Crew—a letter in which the misused "wills" gave a finishing touch to the lamentable story of the Henley race.

It must be admitted that the Cornell men suffered chiefly there for the sins of others—first, the blatant Courtney, who put heart into his crew by assuring them and every one else that they had not the ghost of a chance to win; second, the absurd person named Francis, who made a spectacle of himself on two memorable occasions; and, third, the English umpire, whom they innocently supposed to be a person set in authority over them, as is an umpire in this country. Incidentally the world had a chance to see displayed once more the delicate courtesy which Englishmen bestow upon defeated rivals, in the hooting and hissing with which the Cornell men were received at the finish of their race with Trinity Hall. English fair-play is a precious and proverbial thing, but it is evidently, like many other precious things, so limited in quantity as to be kept wholly for English use, and never by any chance wasted upon the pernicious foreigner. Thus when the *America* first won the famous cup, the English generously insinuated that she had won by concealed machinery; and last year, when Mr. Gould's *Vigilant* lost her centreboard, the English press intimated that the accident had been carefully arranged.

⊛
Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company will publish Mr. Stanley Weyman's new romance, *The Red Cockade*, on the first of December.

⊛
It has been extensively rumoured that Mr. Hall Caine's new novel goes on a royalty of two shillings a copy into the hands of a publishing firm into which fresh energy has been lately infused. We understand that this is not the case, and that Mr. Hall Caine's next book will be published by his present English publisher, Mr. Heinemann.

⊛
Professor Edward Dowden, whose notable book, *New Studies in Literature* has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, was born in 1843. He was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Vice-Chancellor's prizes for English verse and prose, and became first senior Moderator in Logic and Ethics, and finally Professor of English Literature. He is

also a Cunningham Gold Medallist of the Royal Irish Academy, an Hon. LL.D. of Edinburgh University and Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford. In 1889 he became the first Taylorian Lecturer at Oxford,



EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., D.C.L.

and in 1893 was elected Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge. Among his chief works are *Poems*, *Studies in Literature*, *Shakespeare—His Mind and Art*, and *The Life of Shelley*. He has also edited Shakespeare's sonnets, Southey's correspondence, and the poetical works of Shelley and of Wordsworth. As Vice-President of the Irish Unionist Alliance he has taken a national interest in Irish politics, and has strenuously opposed home rule.

⊛
We understand that Mr. H. D. Lowry, the author of *Women's Tragedies*, has finished a novel, to which he has given the title *A Man of Moods*.

⊛
Mrs. Margaret Deland, who is now in Europe, has been giving the finishing touches to a new novel.

⊛
Mr. Robert H. Sherard, who writes the Paris Letter for THE BOOKMAN, is at



present engaged on a new story entitled *Uncle Christopher's Treasure*, which deals with the tribulations of a literary man under the most exceptional circumstances. The scene is laid in the former English province of Aquitaine, and bound up with the plot is a romantic love-story. The author hopes to demonstrate with this novel, as with his *Rogues* and *By Right, Not Law*, that analysis is not incompatible with popular interest. The book will be published in the autumn.

*

In his new volume of reminiscences, reviewed on another page, the Rev. Harry Jones says that he observed that in his prison ministrations the book which was the favourite with the prisoners was Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*. It appears that its description of symptoms was prized as a scientific guide in the shamming of sickness which led to a relaxation of discipline. One day he was present at the convict choir rehearsal when the warden gave out the hymn,

"Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne."

And, he adds, they joined in them with pathetic readiness. On the same day he was passing through the school of religious instruction, and as he listened to the adult scholars reading verse by verse a chapter from the Bible, he found, to his amazement, that it was that which describes the escape of Rahab the harlot from Jericho.

able Saturday night, and became so fascinated with the story that he was unable to drop it until he had got to the end. The sketches by Thackeray and the page of manuscript of *Shirley* herewith reproduced are from the originals belonging to Mr. Smith.

*

Apropos of Mr. Oxley Macdonald's article on "Rejected Addresses" in the present number, the following translation from the Chinese of a Celestial editor's rejection of a would-be contributor's manuscript may be of some interest: "Illustrious brother of the sun and moon: Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet. I kowtow to thee and beg that of thy graciousness thou mayst grant that I may speak and live. Thy honoured manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon us. With raptures we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors, never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the Emperor would order that it should be made the standard, and that none be published except such as equaled



CAPTAIN STEELE

it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold, my head is at your feet. Do what you will. Your servant's servant.—*The Editor.*"

Shirley

Vol. I.

Chap. i.

Zeritical.

An aggrieved correspondent makes this query in a complaint to the *London Literary World* respecting a returned manuscript: "Whether it is not the last indignity a poor 'rejected' can suffer, whether it is not the mockery and outrage of autocratic power, a very impudent fillip of the nose from the Herod-seat of judgment, to return with printed slip a rejected address, and to include in the envelope a catalogue of the old-established firm's publications!"

Fiona Macleod, the author of *The Mountain Lovers*, the latest *Keynotes* volume, is a genuine name, and not a pseudonym, as has been conjectured in some quarters. Fiona is the diminutive of Fionnaghal, the Gaelic equivalent of Flora. Miss Macleod is a native of the South Hebrides, where she passed her early years. She still spends part of the year in the Highlands of her native place and of Argyleshire, where the scenes of *The Mountain Lovers* are laid, and for the rest of the time she lives near Edinburgh. She is still quite young. *Pharais*, by the same author, will appear in a forthcoming issue of Messrs. Stone and Kimball's Green Tree Library.

With the July number of the *Windsor Magazine* there begins a rambling *causerie*, by Anthony Hope, under the cap-

Of late years an abundant shower of creatives has fallen upon the North of England & they lie very thick on the hills, every parish has one or more of them, they are young enough to be very active and ought to be doing a great deal of good. But most of late years are now about to speak, we are going back to the beginning of this century; late years - proud years our duty, tumultuous, hot, and cold; we will make the room, for get it in winter, pass the midday in chamber and dream of damn.

If you think, from this picture, that anything like a romance is preparing for you - rather - you never were more mistaken! Do you anticipate humour and poetry and music? Or you expect passion and tremors and melodrama? It is

tion, "The Fly on the Wheel." One naturally thinks of "Without Prejudice" in the *Pall Mall*, and of "The Book Hunter" in the *Idler*, but there is something in the vivacity and sparkle of Mr. Hawkins's style, as well as in the substance of his chatter, which differentiates him from either Zangwill or Alden. It is the author of *The Dolly Dialogues* we have here, catching up the flotsam and jetsam on the gay surface of society's stream, and making merry with its quips and cranks and foibles. As an example we give this fantasy of "Cupid and the Census Man."

Cupid had tried hard to escape, for, above all things in heaven and earth, he hates having to give an account of himself. But the Census man was very determined, and ran him to earth in Lamage's drawing-room, a place which he knew very well, and where he had always been most kindly received. The Census man came straight at him with

a large sheet of paper, printed in many columns, a portable inkstand and a quill pen.

"Age, please?" said the Census man.

"I don't know," said Cupid. "Until you've settled the age of the world, you see, I can hardly tell."

"But," expostulated the Census man, "you don't look more than a few years old."

"I seldom last more than that, you see," said Cupid.

"Shall we say three years?"

"If you like. It's rather long."

"And now let us pass on—"

"It's a thing I'm very apt to do," interrupted Cupid.

"To the next head."

"You mean heart," murmured Cupid.

"What is your Profession?"

"My Professions are unlimited," said Cupid.

"But you can't practise an unlimited—"

"Of course not; I only promise."

"Really, you must be more precise," sighed the Census man. "Now, what am I to enter you as, Mr. Cupid?"

Cupid thought for a moment, playing with his sheaf of arrows.

"Shall we say a General Dealer?" he suggested.

"Capital!" cried the Census man, putting it down.

"Though," added Cupid, "I am also a Solicitor."

"Qualified?" asked the Census man, suspiciously.

"I have been admitted many times," smiled Cupid. "I am also a dancing-master, and I am instrumental in getting up a great many bazaars, picnics, and other entertainments."

"You must be very busy," observed the Census man, writing hard.

"What's the next question?" asked Cupid, smiling again.

"Your Persuasion, Mr. Cupid?"

"Irresistible," answered Cupid.

"I have never heard of that sect," objected the Census man.

"Of course, if you're only to put down what you happen to have heard of—" began Cupid sarcastically.

"I beg your pardon, sir. See, it is down—'Irresistible.' And now, sir—"

But at this moment Lalage entered. Cupid strung his bow, and the Census man forgot his business; so that the return remains incomplete.

Joseph Conrad, the author of *Almayer's Folly* (reviewed in this number), is a Pole by birth. He is a young man, who some years ago entered the English mercantile service. It was during his voyages as a sea-captain that he gained the knowledge of Malay life which is shown in his novel. He is also well acquainted with the Congo district and with other parts of Africa.

The new story which Sir Walter Besant has written for publication in *Chambers's Journal* in the early part of the new year is to be entitled *The Master Craftsman*. It will be published in book form on the first of May.

Pierre Loti's new book, *La Galilée*, was begun as a *feuilleton* in the Paris *Figaro* of July 3d.

M. Henri Rochefort has just written a short novel, entitled *L'Aurore Boréale*.

Messrs. Copeland and Day believe that they have discovered a new poet. For twenty years he has been writing poetry, and but few of his friends have been aware of the fact. During that time he has written only some forty poems, all of which, however, are said to be polished and finished gems of literature. They remind one of the manner of Herrick and Crashaw. The new poet, we may say, is a successful man of business and a noted athlete.

The same publishers will issue soon *The Child in the House*, by Walter Pater, which was originally printed privately in England at the Daniel Press, Oxford. There were 350 copies of the English edition, which were sold at two guineas each. The same quantity has been printed by Messrs. Copeland and Day on specially manufactured paper, and the price is only \$1.50. The American edition, it seems to us, is superior in the finish of its general form and style to the English edition. We are pleased to hear that Miss Alice Brown's volume of New England stories, entitled *Meadow-Grass*, published recently by this firm, is meeting with a wide appreciation.

M. Alphonse Daudet has little sympathy with the "New Woman" and her

aspirations. "I do not see," he said to Mr. Sherard recently, "what woman will gain by this enfranchisement. *Zut!*

if a woman wishes to imitate man! A woman, to my thinking, can never be womanly enough. Let her have all the qualities of a woman, and I for my part will pardon her for having all a woman's faults. All the women that I have loved and admired have been womanly women. This movement," he continued, "is one of the bad things which have come to us from America. The 'New Woman' is, however, unlikely, *Dieu*

merci! to find many disciples in France. France would else have to be radically transformed. Some attempts were made in that direction. Some schools were opened where male education, even male dress, was given to girls. But it was all a failure. *Et Dieu merci!*"



M. ALPHONSE DAUDET.

*
The much-discussed "Victoria Cross" of *The Yellow Book* is a Miss Vivien Cory. She lives in the country near London, and spends so much time in writing that she has no leisure left to read anything but a little Latin, chiefly Ovid,

from which she draws her inspiration. She was led to adopt her *nom de plume* because her initials are V. C., and also by the fact that she is the descendant of a V. C. Roberts Brothers will publish shortly a novel by her, entitled *A Woman Who Did Not*, in the Key-notes Series.

*
Some of the characterisations of certain popular authors who were present at the Besant Banquet a few weeks ago, as reported in the *London Literary World*, are rather sprightly and sugges-

tive. Madame Sarah Grand is described as "sphinx-like and handsome, the champion of women;" while her domestic antithesis, Miss Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith), is presented as "a picture of health, goodness, and common-sense." We have "Mr. Austin Dobson, with his kindly, good-humoured face and meditative grey eyes;" Mr. Israel Zangwill, "sardonic and unfathomable;" and Mr. W. H. Rideing, of the *North American Review* and *The Youth's Companion* (who was then in London), with "healthy, fresh-coloured face, full of a strange mixture of alertness and reserve strength." Mr. Hall Caine "uniquely interesting, with his striking appearance has a fine, old-fashioned courtesy," we learn, "towards all who ask to be introduced to him;" while Mr. Barrie "has a shy dislike to being introduced to strangers, and is apt to run away almost immediately after an introduction has been effected."

The Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) is spending the early part of his summer vacation in Switzerland. Afterwards he will visit Logiealmond, in order to revive his memory of the scenes of Drumtochty.

Mr. Watson's new Drumtochty volume, containing the rest of his Scottish stories, will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in October. It will be entitled *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*.

The same publishers have in preparation Mr. Watson's *A Doctor of the Old School*, to be illustrated with numerous drawings made among the scenes whence Ian Maclaren drew his inspiration. This ought to make a book of permanent value and perennial interest, for Dr. MacLure is the finest portrait in the *Bonnie Brier Bush*, and the chapters describing his strenuous life are worthy to rank with the masterpieces of Scottish literature.

"We drove to Ballaglass Glen," writes a visitor to the Isle of Man recently, "passing various scenes on the way which figure in *The Manxman*. After a day or two, we all found ourselves actually talking of the people in *The Manxman* as if they really existed. We

passed the ivy-clad church where Kate and Pete were married, the house where Philip stayed with his aunt, the mill of Cæsar Cregeen, the deserted tholthans, the inns, the cottages, where hosts of characters dwelt and had their being. No one said, 'The imaginary characters in *The Manxman* do this, that, and the other.' It was: 'Here is Kate's glen, where she sang; this is where Cæsar's Melliah supper was held; this is Pete's house.' Mr. Hall Caine, our host (he wore a rough tweed knickerbocker suit, and broad-brimmed, picturesque hat), strode on with untiring steps, or bareheaded, beneath the trees of Ballaglass, watched the darting trout in the pools, the sunbeams playing on the rocks, the white sheen of the water as it fell and sparkled and flashed and sang upon its way. His eyes, full of genial mirth or haunting melancholy, held one; his rich, deep, musical voice mingled with the sound of the flowing waters, and interpreted their song, or, as we drove through the quiet twilight, told us old tales of the ancient Manx kings, their feudal powers and privileges."

Lovers of that delightful book, White's *Natural History of Selborne*, must have often felt the need of a final edition, and this, we may venture to say, promises to be attained by the handsome, illustrated work, in two volumes, which Messrs. D. Appleton and Company are preparing for publication in the autumn. Mr. John Burroughs has written a pleasant introduction (and no better man could be found to write *con amore* with the subject), and the numerous illustrations, full page and vignette, have been beautifully reproduced from photographs of the local scenery described in the *Natural History* taken by Clifton Johnson, who visited the places expressly for that purpose.

It is refreshing to be able to announce three works of fiction by American writers which are believed to possess sterling qualities of literary workmanship and strength of imagination. *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane, will show that intrepid and eccentric young genius in a new light; *In Defiance of the King* is a romance of the American Revolution, by Chauncey C.

Hotchkiss, a new writer, who, like Mr. Crane, has served an apprenticeship in journalism, and is a resident of New York, and whose conscientious and painstaking habits of writing recall Stanley Weyman's similar industrious manner; and *Stone Pastures*, by "Eleanor Stuart," the *nom de plume* of a New York lady, whose real name would attract attention instantly, is said to breathe the rustic air of Mr. Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

These three novels will be published shortly by the Messrs. Appleton, who will also issue Bram Stoker's story, *The Watter's Mou*, which was published in England in the spring, and which we referred to as an interesting work in an early number of THE BOOKMAN. By the way, Flaubert's *Life and Correspondence*, which was to appear from the press of this firm in August, may not be expected now until September.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have in preparation an edition of Thomas Hood's weird poem, *The Haunted House*, for which Mr. Herbert Railton is supplying the illustrations, and Mr. Austin Dobson is writing an introduction. It will be published in America by the Messrs. Putnam.

It may not be generally known that the story of Enoch Arden, as it stands in the poem, is in every detail a true one. It was related to Lord Tennyson by the late Mr. Woolner, the well-known sculptor, whose widow has the manuscript of the story still in her possession.

Lilian Whiting's volume of collected poems, already announced for publication by Roberts Brothers, is to be called *From Dreamland Sent*. It is perhaps not known that Miss Whiting was started in her literary career by Mr. William Penn Nixon, of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, to which paper she has since been a regular correspondent.

An intimate friend of Thomas Hardy further confirms the impression made by *Hearts Insurgent* as it is appearing piecemeal in *Harper's*, that the story has undergone severe editing. Mr. Hardy is reported as saying that the novel as it went from his pen has been so carved

and emasculated in the interest of magazine proprieties that when it appears in its original form as a book it will have the effect of quite a new work.

Five years ago the Italian novelist Giovanni Verga was introduced to the American public through a translation of *The House by the Medlar Tree*, for which Mr. W. D. Howells wrote an appreciative foreword. The chaste simplicity and sincerity and the delicacy and refinement of feeling which pervades the story attracted wide attention among those who welcome fiction in its highest forms. These readers will be pleased to learn that the Joseph Knight Company are about to publish a volume of short stories, by the same author, with the title *Under the Shadow of Etna*. The translation has been done by Nathan Haskell Dole, whose charming work on *A Madonna of the Alps* is commended on another page.

Miss Katharine Pearson Woods has almost completed her new novel, *John the Beloved*. We have read the first part in manuscript, and can speak highly of the work; indeed, it will be strange if Miss Woods's performance does not take rank above anything we have seen in fiction dealing with the life and times of the Messiah. *John the Beloved* may best be described briefly as an attempt to do in literature what Hofmann has done in painting; or, as one has put it, to "depolarise" the life of the Christ, and make people realise that He actually was a man, and not what Zangwill flippantly calls "a semi-divine personage."

The English BOOKMAN once invited an author, who is both journalist and novelist, to tell its readers how he worked. His reply was the following, scribbled on a crumpled piece of paper, which had evidently once contained tobacco:

Journalism.	Fiction.
2 pipes, 1 hour.	8 pipes, 1 ounce.
2 hours, 1 idea.	7 ounces, 1 week.
1 idea, 3 pars.	2 weeks, 1 chap.
3 pars, 1 leader.	20 chaps, 1 pen.
	2 pens, 1 novel.

The paper read before a meeting in London of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland last April by Mr. William Heinemann, the first part of which is printed under The Book

Mart, ought to receive the serious attention of all who are interested in book-selling, especially in view of the agitation which has been caused recently by the action of certain well-known book-sellers in retailing books at "cut rates."

Mr. Heinemann is one of London's younger publishers, and his rapid rise in what he considers to be the most ennobling business of all entitles his helpful and salutary words to a careful consideration.

POE'S FORDHAM COTTAGE.

Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song ;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng ;
Here sang the lips elated ;
Here grief and death were sated ;
Here loved and here unloved
Was he, so frail, so strong.

The Poe cottage, at Fordham, about which so much has been written in prose and verse, has been bought by the



POE'S FORDHAM COTTAGE.

From a new photograph.

Shakespeare Society of New York, and will be preserved as a literary landmark. This will be welcome news, not only in America but in Europe as well—for the admirers of Edgar Allan Poe are worldwide.

Very little is known of the Poe cottage before his connection with it. It is a very old building, but how old no one knows. It became the home of the poet in the spring of 1846, and here he lived most of the time until his death in October, 1849.

The cottage is located on the Kingsbridge Road, at the top of Fordham Hill, now in the recently annexed district of New York City. Although small and old, it is hardly the forlorn affair

that it is generally described to be. It has been poorly cared for in recent years, but it has nevertheless a cozy, pleasant, home-like atmosphere about it. It stands with its gable end to the street, a broad, covered porch extending along the entire front. The outside of the building, instead of being clap-boarded, is shingled, as was largely the custom in the early days in which it was built.

At the left of the little hallway as one enters is a small, old-fashioned, winding staircase to the rooms above. This hallway leads directly to the main room of the house—a good-sized, cheerful apartment, with four windows, two opening on the porch, and between which stood the poet's table, at which much of his reading and editorial work was done. In the little sleeping-room on the left, toward the street, Virginia Poe was sick and died. At the head of the narrow stairway is a low attic room where Poe had his meagre library, and in the seclusion of which he did his more ambitious work. This room is lighted by tiny-paned windows, and the sloping sides of the roof are so near the floor that one can barely stand erect in the room. Here Poe elaborated the musical "Bells," the pathetic "Annabel Lee," the weird "Ullalume," the enigmatic "Eureka," and some of his most famous short stories.

The homes of Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and those of many other famous American men of letters have been preserved, and will, no doubt, be saved for many generations to come. It is fortunate, indeed, that the humble home of Poe has been snatched from the hand of the destroyer, which has so long threatened it. The day is not far distant when these literary landmarks will be among the choicest possessions of the American people.

Fred. M. Hopkins.

HENRY B. FULLER.

AUTHOR OF "THE CLIFF DWELLERS," "WITH THE PROCESSION," ETC.

Henry B. Fuller was born in Chicago, where his father and grandfather had lived. The family removed from Massachusetts to Illinois when the author's father was a boy, and the great city now lying along Lake Michigan was a village, over which the shadow of an Indian massacre still hung. His father and grandfather were merchants of the highest social and commercial standing, and the fortunes of the Fuller family prospered as the town grew.

When this son of the third generation in Chicago came to manhood, he should, in the usual order of things, have followed his immediate ancestors in a mercantile career. There seems, in fact, to have been no other thought in his own mind, as he went into an office soon after his graduation from the Chicago High School. From this trial of business life came, no doubt, the knowledge of local commercial methods, which he uses to such advantage in his later novels. But no counting-house could long confine a creative imagination such as his, and some potent drop of the blood of Margaret Fuller may have been at work—for he comes from the same stock. At all events, the outward seeming of Mr. Fuller's early experience is the familiar

Turning from distasteful employment, he went abroad while still very young to study music, intending presumably



Henry B. Fuller

story of the inevitable resistance of the artistic temperament to the ungenial—a story as old as art itself.

to adopt it as a profession. This purpose was subsequently abandoned, but he became meanwhile an accomplished

musician, and has written—rumour says—the score of an opera or two.

At what time he began to write fiction he himself could perhaps hardly tell. Hints are given by the few among his friends who know him intimately of poems that were lost and sketches that never saw the light; but the only well-authenticated fact is that his first novel, *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Van*, was written while Mr. Fuller was still engaged in commercial pursuits. The manuscript lay long unpublished. The publishers did not understand it; a subtle something in it apparently eluded their too solid grasp, as the personality of the author eludes casual acquaintance. And when the book finally came out in Boston, it was in a small, experimental way, and under typographical disadvantages. Moreover, in this first edition "Stanton Page" was given as the name of the writer, and the work was not known to be Mr. Fuller's until some time after its publication. At length, however, the little volume fell under the eyes of Professor Norton, who sent it one Christmas to Mr. Lowell, saying he thought it was something that he would like. Mr. Lowell liked it so much that he sought out the author with words of praise which must have given the encouragement needed by a conscientious writer. In 1892 the book, revised and enlarged, was reproduced by the Century Company, and the author then came for the first time fairly before the public.

Mr. Fuller's second story, *The Chate-laine of La Trinité*, appeared as a serial in the *Century* during the same year—1892—and has all the general characteristics, all the poetic grace of the first; but his third novel, *The Cliff Dwellers*, bears scarcely a trace of resemblance to the foregoing. This story ran serially in *Harper's Weekly* in 1893, while the gaze of the world was fixed on Chicago, "that immense and complicated place, capable of yielding an infinity of cross-sections," which it describes. With almost its first line there is an abrupt departure from the author's former manner; a change from dreamy idealism to vigilant realism, as startling as though the roll of alarm drums had suddenly succeeded to the music of lutes. In *With the Procession*, however, Mr. Fuller's fourth and latest story, there is a modification of this severity. The realism is no less unswerving than before,

but with it is a finer intellectual and artistic quality than may be found in his preceding books, or in any other American work of its kind. Mr. Fuller has, in fact, come very near to writing a very great novel. The story is a study of local civilisation. The characters with a solitary exception are the products of their environment. A native, the author looks at the situation from the inside; a traveller, who knows Europe as well as his own country, he treats it "without the dwarfing provincialism that comes from a settled home;" an artist, he paints from this broad double point of view, and the picture thus created cannot fail to exert an influence greater than itself—as happens now and then with a work of art. One thing only mars the impartiality of the portrayal. This is a comparison maintained throughout the book between European and American civilisations, with a bias in favour of the European, which the story's illustrations of it scarcely justify. The author may not have been conscious of his own attitude, or he may mean to make amends in another novel dealing with some more favourable aspect of local civilisation or of national life. For Mr. Fuller is young—yet under forty—and such creative faculty as his, such profound knowledge of human nature, and such close observation of social conditions at home and abroad can scarcely have found full and satisfying expression in two or three books.

This vein of comparative criticism is sustained at first hand by the author himself, and also by Truesdale Marshall, a young Chicagoan who returns home with a predilection for Europe. The contrast between Truesdale and his indigenous elder brother is of the subtlest, and a certain scene in which they are the actors is unsurpassed in modern fiction. The strife between them is not a mere encounter of two angry men; it is a conflict of two worlds. All the other characters are drawn with the same fine etching pencil—just a little larger than life. Mr. Fuller deals with types rather than with individuals, and thus awakens expectation that he may give us in time a novel more national in character than our literature has yet produced.

Humour is hardly a characteristic of any of his work, and scarcely a gleam of it sweetens this latest book; but there is wit blazing on almost every page in

flashes that dazzle and sometimes scorch. And certainly there can be no question of the brilliancy of his style, or that Mr. Fuller's art has a high technical value apart from everything else. Its most conspicuous qualities are clearness, keenness, fineness, and force. But he may be warned of the peril of too rapid writing; for in his two last novels—notably in the latest—there is a certain disturbing stress, as though the writing had been done under great nervous pressure, with insufficient time or an overmastering passion for the work itself. It is to be regretted that so artistic a book should be wholly a work of disintegration, of discontent and despair; that its final effect, by reason of its greater power, should be but an in-

tensification of the depression produced by nearly all realistic novels of the day. If these books are—as the apostles of this school believe—the truest and the best pictures of our life, then the national outlook is gloomy indeed. But many earnest thinkers, both writers and readers, do not believe these dark pictures to be the truest and the best that can be made. They claim that there is as much good as evil in American life, and that one is as susceptible of realistic portrayal as the other. They hold that realism should sometimes at least bring forth a work based upon the hopefulness, the nobility, the beauty, and the peace of human life.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE WATCHER.

At his window in the wall,
Where the mottled moonbeams fall,
Sits the watcher, all in white,
Sleepless through the sleeping night;
While the turning heavens swim,
And the distant stars are dim,
And he hears the solemn swell
Of the ivy-steepled bell.

Now he sees the creeping mist,
Palely, powdered amethyst,
And the fire-fly's flitting spark,
Where the shadows cluster dark;
Through the moonlight, far away,
Hears the watch-dog's mellowed bay,
And the rumble of a train—
Then the echoes sleep again.

With unseeing eyes he sees
Mist, and moon, and brooding trees,
And the drowsy sounds he hears
Fall unheeded on his ears,
While he longs in hopeless pain
For the dreams of youth again,
And the tolling of the bell
Deepens sadly to a knell.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

ON LITERARY CONSTRUCTION.

I.

The craft of the writer consists, I am convinced, in manipulating the contents of his reader's mind, that is to say, taken from the technical as distinguished from the psychologic, side in construction. Construction is not only a matter of single words or sentences, but of whole large passages and divisions; and the material which the writer manipulates is not only the single impressions, single ideas and emotions, stored up in the reader's mind, and deposited there by no act of his own; but those very moods and trains of thought into which the writer, by his skilful selection of words and sentences, has grouped those single impressions, those very moods and trains of thought which were determined by the writer himself.

We have all read Mr. Stevenson's *Catriona*. Early in that book there is a passage by which I can illustrate my meaning. It is David Balfour's walk to Pilrig:

"My way led over Mouter's Hill, and through an end of a clachan on the braeside among fields. There was a whirr of looms in it went from house to house; bees hummed in the gardens; the neighbours that I saw at the doorsteps talked in a strange tongue; and I found out later that this was Picardy, a village where the French weavers wrought for the Linen Company. Here I got a fresh direction for Pilrig, my destination; and a little beyond, on the wayside, came by a gibbet and two men hanged in chains. They were dipped in tar, as the manner is; the wind span them, the chains clattered, and the birds hung about the uncanny jumping-jacks and cried."

This half-page sounds as if it were an integral part of the story, one of the things which happened to the gallant but judicious David Balfour. But in my opinion it is not such a portion of the story, not an episode told for its own sake, but a qualifier of something else; in fact, nothing but an adjective on a large scale.

Let us see. The facts of the case are these: David Balfour, having at last, after the terrible adventures recorded in *Kidnapped*, been saved from his enemies and come into his lawful property, with a comfortable life before him and no reason for disquietude, determines to come forward as a witness in favour of certain Highlanders, whom it is the

highest interest of the Government to put to death, altogether irrespective of whether or not they happen to be guilty in the matter about which they are accused. In order to offer his testimony in what he imagines to be the most efficacious manner, David Balfour determines to seek an interview with the Lord Advocate of Scotland; and he is now on his way to his cousin of Pilrig to obtain a letter from him for the terrible head of the law. Now if David Balfour actually has to be sent to Pilrig for the letter of introduction to the Lord Advocate, then his walk to Pilrig is an intrinsic portion of the story, and what happened to him on his walk cannot be considered save as an intrinsic portion also. This would be true enough if we were considering what actually could or must happen to a real David Balfour in a real reality, not what Stevenson wants us to think did happen to an imaginary David Balfour. If a real David Balfour was destined, through the concatenation of circumstances, to walk from Edinburgh to Pilrig by that particular road on that particular day; why, he was destined also—and could not escape his destiny—to come to the gibbet where, on that particular day, along that particular road, those two malefactors were hanging in chains.

But even supposing that Stevenson had been bound, for some reason, to make David Balfour take that particular day the particular walk which must have brought him past that gibbet; Stevenson would still have been perfectly free to omit all mention of his seeing that gibbet, as he evidently omitted mentioning a thousand other things which David Balfour must have seen and done in the course of his adventures, because the sight of that gibbet in no way affected the course of the events which Stevenson had decided to relate, any more than the quality of the porridge which David had eaten that morning. And, as it happens, moreover, the very fact of David Balfour having walked that day along that road, and of the gibbet having been there, is, as we know, nothing but a make-believe on Stevenson's part, and so there can have been no destiny at all about it.

Therefore, I say that this episode, which leads to no other episode, is not an integral part of the story, but a qualifier, an adjective. It acts, not upon what happens to the hero, but on what is felt by the reader. Again, let us look into the matter. This beginning of the story is, from the nature of the facts, rather empty of tragic events; yet tragic events are what Stevenson wishes us to live through. There is something humdrum in those first proceedings of David Balfour's, which are to lead to such hairbreadth escapes. There is something not heroic enough in a young man, however heroic his intentions, going to ask for a letter of introduction to a Lord Advocate. But what can be done? If adventures are invented to fill up these first chapters, these adventures will either actually lead to something which will complicate a plot already quite as complicated as Stevenson requires, or—which is even worse—they will come to nothing, and leave the reader disappointed, incredulous, unwilling to attend further after having wasted expectations and sympathies. Here comes in the admirable invention of the gibbet. The gibbet is, so to speak, the shadow of coming events cast over the smooth earlier chapters of the book. With its grotesque and ghastly vision, it puts the reader in the state of mind desired: it means tragedy. "I was pleased," goes on David Balfour, "to be so far in the still countryside; but the shackles of the gibbet clattered in my head. . . . There might David Balfour hang, and other lads pass on their errands, and think light of him." Here the reader is not only forcibly reminded that the seemingly trumpery errand of this boy will lead to terrible dangers; but he is made to feel, by being told that David felt (which perhaps at that moment David, accustomed to the eighteenth-century habit of hanging petty thieves along the roadside might not)—by being told that David felt, the ghastliness of that encounter.

And then note how this qualifier, this adjectival episode, is itself qualified. It is embedded in impressions of peacefulness: the lull-side, the whirr of looms and hum of bees, and talk of neighbours on doorsteps; nay, Stevenson has added a note which increases the sense of peacefulness by adding an element of uncon-

cern, of foreignness, such as we all find adds so much to the peaceful effect of travel, in the fact that the village was inhabited by strangers—Frenchmen—to whom David Balfour and the Lord Advocate and the Appin murder would never mean anything. Had the gibbet been on the Edinburgh Grassmarket, and surrounded by people commenting on Highland disturbances, we should have expected some actual adventure for David Balfour; but the gibbet there, in the fields, by this peaceful foreign settlement, merely puts our mind in the right frame to be moved by the adventures which will come slowly in their due time.

This is a masterpiece of constructive craft: the desired effect is obtained without becoming involved in other effects not desired, without any debts being made with the reader; even as in the case of the properly chosen single adjective, which defines the meaning of the noun in just the desired way, without suggesting any further definition in the wrong way.

Construction—that is to say, co-ordination. It means finding out what is important and unimportant, what you can afford and cannot afford to do. It means thinking out the results of every movement you set up in the reader's mind, how that movement will work into, help, or mar the other movements which you have set up there already, or which you will require to set up there in the future. For, remember, such a movement does not die out at once. It continues and unites well or ill with its successors, as it has united well or ill with its predecessors. You must remember that in every kind of literary composition, from the smallest essay to the largest novel, you are perpetually, as in a piece of music, introducing new *themes*, and working all the themes into one another. A theme may be a description, a line of argument, a whole personage; but it always represents, on the part of the reader, a particular kind of intellectual acting and being, a particular kind of mood. Now, these moods, being concatenated in their progression, must be constantly altered by the other moods they meet; they can never be quite the same the second time they appear as the first, nor the third as the second; they must have been varied, and they ought to have been strengthened or made

more subtle by the company they have kept, by the things they have elbowed, and been — however unconsciously — compared and contrasted with; they ought to have become more satisfactory to the writer as a result of their stay in the reader's mind.

A few very simple rules might be made, so simple as to sound utterly childish; yet how many writers observe them?

Do not, if you want Tom to seem a villain, put a bigger villain, Dick, by his side; but if, for instance, like Tolstoy, you want Anatole to be the trumpery wicked Don Juan, put a grand, brilliant, intrepid Don Juan—Dolghow—to reduce him to vulgar proportions. Do not, again, break off in the midst of some event, unless you wish that event to become important in the reader's mind and to react on future events; if, for some reason, you have brought a mysterious stranger forward, but do not wish anything to come of his mysteriousness, be sure you strip off his mystery as prosaically as you can, before leaving him. And, of course, *vice versa*.

I have compared literary themes to musical ones. The novel may be considered as a gigantic symphony, opera, or oratorio, with a whole orchestra. The essay is a little sonata, trio, sometimes a mere little song. But even in a song, how many melodic themes, harmonic arrangements, accents, and so forth! I could wish young writers, if they have any ear, to unravel the parts of a fugue, the themes of a Beethoven sonata. By analogy, they would learn a great many things.

Leaving such learning by musical analogy alone, I have sometimes recommended to young writers that they should draw diagrams, or rather *maps*, of their essays or stories. This is, I think, a very useful practice, not only for diminishing faults of construction in the individual story or essay, but, what is more important, for showing the young writer what amount of progress he is making and to what extent he is becoming a craftsman. Every one will probably find his own kind of map or diagram. The one I have made use of to explain the meaning to some of my friends is as follows: Make a stroke with your pen which represents the first train of thought or mood, or the first group of facts you deal with. Then make another pen-stroke to represent

the second, which shall be proportionately long or short according to the number of words or pages occupied, and which, connected with the first pen-stroke, as one articulation of a reed is with another, will deflect to the right or the left according as it contains more or less new matter; so that, if it grow insensibly from stroke number one, it will have to be almost straight, and if it contain something utterly disconnected, will be at right angles. Go on adding pen-strokes for every new train of thought, or mood, or group of facts, and writing the name along each, and being careful to indicate not merely the angle of divergence, but the respective length in lines. And then look at the whole map. If the reader's mind is to run easily along the whole story or essay, and to perceive all through the necessary connection between the parts, the pattern you will have traced will approximate most likely to a perfect circle or ellipse, the conclusion re-uniting with the beginning as in a perfect logical exposition; and the various pen-strokes, taking you gradually round this circle or ellipse, will correspond in length very exactly to the comparative importance or complexity of the matter to dispose of. But in proportion as the things have been made a mess of, the pattern will tend to the shapeless; the lines, after infinite tortuosities, deflections to the right and to the left, immense bends, sharp angles and bags of all sorts, will probably end in a pen-stroke at the other end of the paper, as far off as possible from the beginning. All this will mean that you have lacked general conception of the subject, that the connection between what you began and what you ended with is arbitrary or accidental, instead of being logical and organic. It will mean that your mind has been rambling, and that you have been making the reader's mind ramble hopelessly, in all sorts of places you never intended; that you have wasted his time and strength and attention, like a person pretending to know his way in an intricate maze of streets, but not really knowing which turning to take. Every one of those sharp angles has meant a lack of connection, every stroke returning back upon itself a useless digression, every loop an unnecessary reiteration; and the entire shapelessness of your diagram has represented the atrocious

fact that the reader, while knowing what you have been talking about, has not known why you have been talking about it—and is, but for a number of random pieces of information which he must himself re-arrange, no wiser than when you began.

What will this lead to? What will it make the reader expect? What will it actually bring the reader's mind to? This is the meaning of the diagrams. For, remember, in literature all depends on what you can set the reader to do; if you confuse his ideas or waste his energy, you can no longer do anything.

I mentioned just now that in a case of bad construction the single items might be valuable, but that the reader was obliged to re-arrange them. Such re-arrangement is equivalent to re-writing the book; and, if any one is to do that, it had better not be the reader, surely, but rather a more competent writer. When the badly arranged items are themselves good, one sometimes feels a mad desire to hand them over thus to some one else. It is like good food badly cooked. I think I have scarcely ever been so tormented with the desire to get a story re-written by some competent person, or even to rewrite it myself, as in the case of one of the little volumes of the Pseudonym Series, a story called *A Mystery of the Campagna*. I should like every young writer to read it, as a perfect model of splendid material, imaginative and emotional, of notions and descriptions worthy of Merimée (who would have worked them into a companion piece to the wonderful *Venus d'Ille*), presented in such a way as to give the minimum of interest with the maximum of fatigue. It is a thing to make one cry merely to think of; such a splendid invention, such deep contagious feeling for the uncanny solemnity, the deathly fascination of the country about Rome, worked up in a way which leaves no clear impression at all, or, if any, an impression of trivial student restaurant life.

One of the chief defects of this unlucky little book of genius is that a story of about a hundred pages is narrated by four or five different persons, none of whom has any particular individuality, or any particular reason to be telling the story at all. The result is much as if you were to be made to hear a song in fragments, fragments helter-

skelter, the middle first and beginning last, played on different instruments. A similar fault of construction, you will remember, makes the beginning of one of our greatest masterpieces of passion and romance, *Wuthering Heights*, exceedingly difficult to read. As if the step-relations and adopted relations in the story were not sufficiently puzzling, Emily Brontë gave the narrative to several different people, at several different periods, people alternating what they had been told with what they actually witnessed. This kind of construction was a fault, if not of Emily Brontë's own time, at least of the time in which many of the books which had impressed her most had been written, notably Hoffman's, from whose *Majorat* she borrowed much for *Wuthering Heights*. It is historically an old fault for the same reason which makes it a fault with beginners, namely, that it is undoubtedly easier to narrate in the first person, or as an eye-witness, and that it is easier to co-ordinate three or four sides of an event by boxing them mechanically as so many stories one in the other, than to arrange the various groups of persons and acts as in real life, and to change the point of view of the reader from one to the other. These mechanical divisions also seem to give the writer courage: it is like the series of ropes which takes away the fear of swimming: one thinks one might always catch hold of one of them, but, meanwhile, one usually goes under water all the same. I have no doubt that most of the stories which we have all written between the ages of fifteen and twenty were either in the autobiographical or the epistolary form, that they had introduction set in introduction like those of Scott, that they shifted narrator as in *Wuthering Heights*, and altogether reproduced, in their immaturity, the forms of an immature period of novel-writing, just as Darwinians tell us that the feet and legs of babies reproduce the feet and legs of monkeys. For, difficult as it is to realise, the apparently simplest form of construction is by far the most difficult: and the straightforward narrative of men and women's feelings and passions, of anything save their merest outward acts: the narrative which makes the thing pass naturally before the reader's mind, is by far the most difficult, as it is the most perfect. You

will remember that *Julie* and *Clarissa* are written in letters, *Werther* and *Adolphe* as confessions with postscripts; nay, that even Homer and the *Arabian Nights* cannot get along save on a system of narrative within narrative; so long does it take to get to the straightforward narrative of Thackeray, let alone that of Tolstoy. For a narrative may be in the third person, and may leave out all mention of eye-witness narration, and yet be far from what I call straightforward. Take, for instance, the form of novel adopted by George Eliot in *Adam Bede*, *Middlemarch*, *Deronda*—in all save her masterpiece, which has the directness of an autobiography—*The Mill on the Floss*. This form I should characterise as that of the novel built up in scenes, and it is well worth your notice because it is more or less the typical form of the English three-volume novel. It represents a compromise with that difficult thing, straightforward narrative; and the autobiographical, the epistolary, the narration-within-narration dodges have merely been replaced by another dodge for making things easier for the writer and less efficacious for the reader, the dodge of arranging the matter as much as possible as in a play, with narrative or analytic connecting links. By this means a portion of the story is given with considerable efficacy; the dialogue and gesture, so to speak, are made as striking as possible; in fact, we get all the apparent lifelikeness of a play. I say the *apparent* lifelikeness, because a play is in reality excessively unlikelike, owing to the necessity of things, which could not have happened together, being united in time and place; to quantities of things being said which never could have been said nor even thought; to scenes being protracted, rendered explicit and decisive far beyond possibility, merely because of other scenes (if we may call them scenes), the hundred other fragments of speech and fragments of action which really made the particular thing happen, having to be left out. This is a necessity on the stage because the scene cannot be changed sufficiently often, and because you cannot let people remain for an instant without talking either to some one else or to themselves. But this necessity, when applied to a novel, actually mars the action, and, what is worse, alters the conception of the action, for

the form in which any story is told inevitably reacts on the matter.

Take *Adam Bede*. The hero is supposed to be exceedingly reserved, more than reserved, one of those strenuous natures which cannot express their feelings even to themselves, and run away and hide in a hole whenever they do know themselves to be feeling. But, owing to the division of the book into scenes, and connecting links between the scenes, one has the impression of *Adam Bede*, perpetually *en scène*, with appropriate background of carpenter's shop or wood, and a chorus of village rustics; *Adam Bede* always saying something or doing something, talking to his dog, shouldering his tools, eating his breakfast, in such a way that the dullest spectators may recognise what he is feeling and thinking. Now, to make an inexplicit personage always explain himself is only equalled by making an unanalytical person perpetually analyse himself; and, by the system of scenes, by having to represent the personage walking immersed in thoughts, hurrying along full of conflicting feelings, this is the very impression which we get, on the contrary, about Arthur and Hetty, whose misfortunes were certainly not due to over-much introspection.

Now you will mark that this division into scenes and connecting links occurs very much less in modern French novels: in them, indeed, when a scene is given, it is because a scene actually took place, not because a scene was a convenient way of showing what was going on; and I think you will all remember that in Tolstoy's great novels one scarcely has the sense of there being any scenes at all, not more so than in real life. Pierre's fate is not sealed in a given number of interviews with Helène; nor is the rupture between Anna and Wronsky—although its catastrophe is brought about, as it must be, by a special incident—the result of anything save imperceptible disagreements every now and then, varied with an outbreak of jealousy. Similarly, in Tolstoy you never know how many times Levine went to the house of Kitty's parents, nor whether Pierre had twenty or two thousand interviews with Natacha; you only know that it all happens as it inevitably must, and happens, as most things in this world do, by the force of accumulated action.

Vernon Lee.

MIDSUMMER IN THE CITY.

(EAST SIDE.)

Gray pave, gray dust ; a blur of heavy heat.

It seems as if God's breath had never been
Blown over waves of crested, yellowing wheat
Or fields wherein rich grasses bend and lean,
To bless this dreadful spot with dreams of green,
Deep, shadowy, world-old forests, cool and sweet.

Gaunt, staggering houses leer upon the street
Like loathly hags, half-witches, sometime seen
Or guessed at in some midnight mountain-meet.
Day shows its shame ; night's an accurs'd screen
Whereunder vile things slink, obscure, unclean,
That hide at the first coming of dawn's feet.

Black, slimy passages worm through the block
Like roots, and midway burst in hideous flower
Of fetid courts—foul, formless, vague, that shock
Like some abortion born to make an hour
One shuddering remembrance of Hell's power
And Heaven itself seem but a dreary mock.

Look down into this evil flower, this sink,
This loathsome pit, where puny children crawl.
What breasts could give such bloodless creatures drink ?
What fiend could father them ? If that were all !
You blench, you pale. Is God, then, out of call ?
Ah, but perchance He sleeps, or eats, you think ?

Nay, look, look down. What ! does it stir the hair ?
True ! souls rot there like bodies, if one knows.
'Tis the Sphinx-riddle. Guess it, if you dare.
The answer ? This. See, yonder, where there goes
A ragged child that hugs a ruined rose
With eyes of rapture innocent as prayer.

Perley A. Child.

ANDREW LANG AS A POET.

When the little volume of *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France* appeared in its dainty white and gold in 1872, more than one lover of poetry felt

"like a man abroad at morn
When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain."

The voice, indeed, was not wholly new, but it was young and singularly sweet; and in it there were cadences the fresh-



ANDREW LANG.

ness and tenderness of which were of delightful promise at a moment when Tennyson and Swinburne were devoting themselves to "Queen Mary" and "Bothwell," when William Morris was wasting brilliant craftsmanship on the "Æneid," and Browning was revelling in the Hesperian bowers of "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." Mr. Lang has himself somewhat despitely imputed to his early work "the demerits of imitative and even of undergraduate rhyme," but while one may admit that the poet had not found *himself* when he penned such lines as

"The languid sunset, mother of roses,
Lingers, a light on the magic seas,"

there was more than sufficient in *Ballads and Lyrics* to justify "people he liked in

liking them" and certain unconsidered strangers in expecting memorable things from him. Confining one's self to the original poems—though the translations, which fill more than half the volume, afford admirable proof of metrical equipment and poetic sympathy—need one do more in the way of evidence than refer to the gentle tenderness of "Twilight on Tweed," with its "water from the Border hills," its air haunted by the ballads "borne out of long ago," its trout plashing beneath the blossomed tree, and its glimpse of green Eildon; or to the fine conception of "They hear the Sirens for the second time;" or the spiritual elevation of "The Lost Path"—that forgotten mode of ecstasy "whereby, as Porphyry saith, his soul, becoming free from his deathly flesh, was made one with the Spirit that is in the World?" One sonnet, however, I must quote—aglow with the yearning and vision of the poetic twenties, before Mr. Lang dallied in the primrose paths of the Ballade, and long before he began to gibe at "the mavis of his early morn." It is called "Metempsychosis."

"I shall not see thee, nay, but I shall know,
Perchance, thy grey eyes in another's eyes,
Shall guess thy curls in gracious locks that flow
On purest brows, yea, and in swift surmise
Shall follow and track and find thee in disguise
Of all sad things, and fair, where sunsets glow,
When through the scent of heather, faint and low,
The weak wind whispers to the day that dies.

"From all sweet art, and out of all "old rhyme,"
Thine eyes and lips are light and song to me;
The shadows of the beauty of all time,
Carven and sung, are only shapes of thee;
Alas, the shadowy shapes! ah, sweet my dear,
Shall life or death bring all thy being near?"

Here, too—in verse so musical that in reading it after rhymed measures one does not for some time perceive that it is rhymeless—we have the poet's first conception of Helen of Troy. It is interesting to note that for nearly twenty years, off and on, Mr. Lang has devoted himself to the worship of that imperishable beauty. His most important work consists of her story, and again as late as 1890, when he collaborated with Mr. Rider Haggard in one of the most strikingly picturesque and imaginative—and strangely enough one of the least appreciated—of recent romances, *The World's*

Desire, it was Helen who was the heroine.

So far as I can gather, the most popular of Mr. Lang's poems is the *XXXIII. Ballades in Blue China* (1880). They are delightful reading; airy, graceful, humorous; and the freaks and fancies of a very Ariel. Recollect the melody of the "Ballade of the Midnight Forest," the delicious quaintness of the "Blue China" of the reign of the Emperor Hwang, the racy piquancy of the "Ballade of the Tweed," the characteristic envoy of "The Royal Game of Golf"—

"Prince, faith you're improving a wee,
And, Lord, man, they tell me you're keen;
Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!"

how we laughed over all that fifteen years ago, and how often we have smiled since! But, alas, with the exception of the fine sonnet "In Ithaca," I find little that fulfils the early promise. Two years later, however, *Helen of Troy*, in six books—nearly 2500 lines—realised the expectations which had been aroused by the reading of the volume of 1872.

The lines of the poets of to-day have fallen in pleasant places; an ode or a ballad suffices to create a reputation. One can almost regret, for its sake, that the publication of *Helen of Troy* was not postponed for a dozen years. What a "splash" it would have made in these days of small outputs and quick returns! On the other hand, it may reconcile the great army of the disappointed to remember that so noble a piece of work has never passed into a second edition, and that in the survey of recent poetic achievement the references to it are by no means as plentiful as mice in Patagonia. It may be that age has withered and custom staled the infinite variety of the "dream of the world's youth;" possibly we are tired of phantoms, and hunger for the womanhood of our time; but one would have thought that the old story had not yet lost its spell, especially when told with the beauty and power, the imagination, the vivid truthfulness, the emotion, which lift these six books into the region of great poetry.

The claim I have made for this epic-in-little is a large one, but did space allow it would be easy, and no less pleasant, to substantiate it by quotation. In this case, however, any reasonably limited extracts would resemble

the bricks of the house-agent in Hierocles. From the first appearance of Helen with Hermione,

"A little maiden of long summers three,"

nestling against her bosom—I had thought Mr. Lang despised children, but what poet does not love them?—and peeping out half afraid at the strangers, down to the strangely placid time when she and Menelaus, once more together in the old home, beheld

"The counted years of mortal life go by,"

the story is full of rememberable passages. As in a dream, forgetful of the past, spell-drawn by fate, Helen wanders forth to her destiny, innocent and unconscious,

"When the red rose of dawn outburned the white;"

and this dream-state continues through the long voyage by many an island fort and haven, past red-prow'd barks Egyptian, the rich island-town begirt by war, the lonely tunny-fisher on his rocky watch-tower, and long afterwards, till Paris slays in her presence his own son by CEnone and CEnone's curse descends upon her. Then by the will of the evil goddess the cloud rolls away from Helen's memory, and she knows herself, and sees her home, the city of the rifted hill, fair Lacedemon, and hears the cry of her little child. This lapse and temporary restoration of memory are the most tragic and pathetic incidents in the poem, and they are matched by the appearance of CEnone, first at the funeral pile of her son, and, long years afterwards, at that of the father who unwittingly slew him. Of the same lofty strain is Helen's contempt for Paris and her seclusion from the little world she lived in.

"But she, in longing for her lord and home,
And scorn of her wild lover, did withdraw
From all men's eyes; but in the night would roam
Till drowsy watchmen of the city saw
A shadowy shape that chill'd the night with awe,
Treading the battlements; and like a ghost
She stretched her lovely arms without a flaw
In shame and longing to the Argive host."

Nor can similar praise be denied to the closing scene in which Menelaus, after the sack of Ilium, bade the army fall upon her and stone her to death.

" But each man stood and mused on Helen's face,
And her undream'd of beauty, brought so
nigh

On that bleak plain, within that ruin'd place ;"
and let fall the gathered flints and stole
away.

But what notion does all this give of
the poem ? None ; in these cases the
critics, like the auld folk in a bunker,
" are nae gude ava' ;" and the epic no
less than the golfing is discredited.

In 1885 Mr. Lang published *Rhymes à
la Mode*, and in 1888 *Grass of Parnassus*,
and of these I have left myself scant
room to speak. Among some beautiful
poems and many lovely lines—witness
these rudely torn from their context—

" Between the green sky and the grey ;"

" Beside his friends, on the grey hill,
Where rains weep, and the curlews shrill,
And the brown water wanders by ;"

" *Hush, ah hush*, the scythes are saying ,"

and such poems as " *Almæ Matres*,"
" *Desiderium*," " *Romance*," " *Seekers
for a City*," " *Clevedon Church*," and

" *Pen and Ink*"—one finds that the
poet has reverted to the merry, dilet-
tante, half-mocking spirit of the *XXXII.
Ballades*. A curious significance seems
to be given to this reversion by the per-
sonal note in " *The Spinnet*."

" A jingling harmony it makes,
My heart, my lyre, my old Spinnet,
And now a memory it wakes,
And now the music means 'forget.'
And little heed the player takes
Howe'er the thoughtful critic fret."

Worse still, in *Ban and Arrière Ban*,
issued last year, Mr. Lang " blasphemes
the great white goddess to her face" in
" *The Poet's Apology*." Who would
have suspected this in the author of the
Ballads and Lyrics of Old France ; who
can forgive it in the author of *Helen of
Troy* ?

" Scanty sacrifice she won
When her very best she'd done,
And at her they poked their fun
In Reviews."

As if that mattered a single particle !

William Canton.

THE LOVER TO HIS VERSE.

Little lyric, lightly liting,
Swiftly speed thy flight to her,
Armed with love go bravely tilting,
Strive her armoured heart to stir.
Tell her in thy soft, impassioned
Speech the story of the night
When thy tender lines were fashioned,
Born of love's enduring light :
How when evening deepened, darkened,
Sweeping sunlight from the land,
You and I together hearkened
For her whisper of command.
Had it reached us—then together
We had hastened to her side,
There through clouds and shining weather,
Calm, contented, to abide.
Little lyric, full fruition
Of a gladness and a pain,
Tell her, this shall be your mission,
That to win her I am fain ;
That to woo her, storm her, sue her
In my heart dim pleadings stir ;
Singing, ringing, winging to her,
Little lyric, soften her !

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

DRUMSHEUGH'S LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

When Leezabeth brought word that Dr. MacLure had ridden into the "close," Drumsheugh knew for what end he had come, but it was characteristic of Drumtochty that after they had exhausted local affairs, he should be stricken dumb and stare into the fire with averted face. For a space the doctor sat silent, because we respected one another's souls in the Glen, and understood the agony of serious speech, but at last he judged it right to give assistance.

"Ye said laist nicht that ye hed something tae say."

"A'm comin' tae't; juist gie me twa meenuts mair." But it was ten before Drumsheugh opened his mouth, although he arranged himself in his chair and made as though he would speak three times.

"Weelum," he said at last, and then he stopped, for his courage had failed.

"A'm hearin', Drum; tak yir ain time; the fire's needin' mendin'," and the light, blazing up suddenly, showed another Drumsheugh than was known on Muirtown market.

"It's no easy, Weelum, tae say anything that gangs deeper than the weather an' cattle beasts." Drumsheugh passed his hand across his forehead, and MacLure's pity was stirred.

"Gin ye hae dune onything wrang, an' ye want tae relieve yir mind, ye may lippen tae me, Drumsheugh, though it titch yir life. A' can haud ma tongue, an' a'm a leal man."

"A' thoct it wesna that," as Drumsheugh shook his head; "a'm jidgin' that ye hae a sorrow the Glen disna ken, and wud like an auld freend tae feel the wecht o't wi' ye."

Drumsheugh looked as if that was nearer the mark, but still he was silent.

"A' ken what ye're feelin', for a' cudna speak masel," and then he added, at the sight of his friend's face, "Dinna gar yirsel speak against yir wull. We'll say naethin' mair about it. . . . Did ye hear o' Hillocks coupin' intae the drift till there wes naethin' seen but his heels, and Gormack sayin', 'Whar are ye aff tae noo, Hillocks?'"

"A' maun speak," burst out Drums-

heugh; "a've carried ma tribble for mair than thirty year, and cud hae borne it till the end, but ae thing a' canna stand, an' that is, that aither you or me dee afore a've cleared ma name."

"Yir name?" and the doctor regarded Drumsheugh with amazement.

"Aye, ma character; a've naethin' else, Weelum, naither wife nor bairns, so a'm jealous o't, though fook nichtna think it.

"Noo, gin onybody in Muirtown askit ma certeeicat o' a Drumtochty neebur, gie me his answer," and Drumsheugh turned suddenly on MacLure, who was much confused.

"Nae Drumtochty man wud say ony ill o' ye; he daurna, for ye've gien him nae occasion, an' ye surely ken that yirsel without askin'." But Drumsheugh was still waiting.

"He might say that ye were juist a wee," and then he broke off, "but what need ye care for the havers of a market? Fook 'ill hae their joke."

"Ye said a wee; what is't, Weelum?" and the doctor saw there was to be no escape.

"Weel, they might maybe say behind yir back, Drum, what some o' them wud say tae yir face, meanin' nae evil, ye ken, that ye were . . . carefu', in fact, an' . . . keen about the baubees. Naethin' mair nor worse than that, as a'm sittin' here."

"Naethin' mair, said ye?" Drumsheugh spoke with much bitterness—"an' is yon little? 'Carefu'"; ye're a gude-hearted man, Weelum; miser's nearer it, a'm dootin', a wratch that 'ill hae the laist penny in a bargain, and no spend a saxpence gin he can keep it."

MacLure saw it was not a time to speak.

"They've hed mony a laugh in the train ower ma tigs wi' the dealers, an' some o' them wud hae liked tae hev cam aff as weel—a cratur like Milton; but what dis Burnbrae, 'at coonted his verra livin' less than his principles, or auld Domsie, that's dead an' gane noo, 'at wud hae spent his laist shillin' sending a laddie tae the College—he gied it tae me ance het, like the man he wes—or the minister, wha wud dee rather than

condescend tae a meanness, or what can . . . Marget Hoo think o' me?" and the wail in Drumsheugh's voice went to the heart of MacLure.

"Dinna tak on like this, Drum; it's waesome tae hear ye, an' it's clean havers ye're speakin' the nicht. Didna Domsie get mony a note frae ye for his college laddies?—a've heard him on't—an' it was you 'at paid Geordie Hoo's fees, an' wha wes't brocht Sir George an' savit Annie Mitchell's life . . . ?"

"That didna cost me muckle in the end, sin' it wes your daein' an' no mine; an' as for the bit fees for the puir scholars, they were naethin' ava.

"Na, na, Weelum, it 'ill no dae. A' ken the hert o' ye weel, and ye 'ill stan' by yir freend through fair and foul; but a'm gaein' tae clear things up aince for a'; a'll never gang through this again.

"It's no the Glen a'm thinkin' about the nicht; a' wud like tae hae their gude opinion, an' a'm no what they're considerin' me, but a' canna gie them the facts o' the case, an' . . . a' maun juist dee as a' hev lived.

"What cuts me tae the hert is that the twa fouk a' luve sud hae reason tae jidge me a miser; ane o' them wull never ken her mistake, but a'll pit masel richt wi' the ither. Weelum, for what div ye think a've been scrapin' for a' thae years?"

"Weel, gin ye wull hae ma mind," said the doctor, slowly, "a' believed ye hed been crossed in luve, for ye telt me as much yersel. . . ."

"Ye're richt, Weelum; a'll tell ye mair the nicht; gang on."

"It cam tae ma mind that ye turned tae bargainin' an' savin', no for greed—a' kent there wes nae greed in ye; div ye suppose a' cudna tell the differ atween ma freend an' Milton?—but for a troke tae keep yir mind aff . . . aff yir sorrow."

"Thank ye, Weelum, thank ye kindly, but it wesna even that that a've lived barer than ony plooman for the best part o' ma life; a' tell ye, beyond ma stockin' a'm no worth twa hunder pund this nicht.

"It wes for anither a' githered, an' as fast as I got the gear a' gied it awa," and Drumsheugh sprang to his feet, his eyes shining; "it wes for luve's sake a' haggled an' schemed an' stairved an' toiled till a've been a byword at kirk and market for nearness; a' did it a' an'

bore it a' for ma luve, an' for . . . ma luve a' wud hae dune ten times mair.

"Did ye ken wha it wes, Weelum?"

"Ye never mentioned her name, but a' jaloused, an' there's nane like her in the Glen. . . ."

"No, nor in braid Scotland for me! She 'ill aye be the bonniest as weel as the noblest o' weemen in ma een till they be steikit in deith. But ye never saw Marget in her bloom, when the blossom wes on the tree, for a' mind ye were awa in Edinburgh thae years, learning yir business.

"A' left the schule afore she cam, an' the first time a' ever kent Marget richt wes the day she settled wi' her mither in the cottar's hoose on Drumsheugh, an' she's hed ma hert sin' that 'oor.

"It wesna her winsome face nor her gentle ways that drew me, Weelum; it wes . . . her soul, the gudeness 'at lookit oot on the warld through yon grey een, sae serious, thochtfu', kindly.

"Nae man cud say a rough word or hae a ill thocht in her presence; she made ye better juist tae hear her speak an' stan' aside her at the wark.

"A' hardly ever spoke tae her for the three year she wes wi's, an' a' said na word o' luve. A' houpit some day tae win her, an' a' wes mair than content tae hae her near me. Thae years wer bitter tae me aifterwards, but, man, a' wudna be without them noo; they're a' the time a' ever hed wi' Marget.

"A'm a-wearyin' ye, Weelum, wi' what can be little mair than havers tae anither man;" but at the look on the doctor's face, he added, "A'll tell ye a' then, an' . . . a'll never mention her name again. Ye're the only man ever heard me say 'Marget' like this.

"Weelum, a' wes a man thae days, an' thochts cam tae me 'at gared the hert leap in ma briest, and ma blude rin like the Tochtyn in flood. When a' drave the scythe through the corn in hairst, and Marget lifted the gowden swathe ahint me, a' said, 'This is hoo a'll toil an' fecht for her a' the days o' oor life'; an' when she gied me the sheaves at the mill for the threshin', 'This is hoo she 'ill bring a' guid things tae ma hame.'

"Aince her hand touched mine—a' see a withered forget-me-not among the aits this meenut—an' . . . that wes the only time; a' never hed her hand in mine . . . a' hoddit the floor, an' Weelum, a' hev it tae this day.

"There's a stiele on the road tae the hill, an' a hawthorn tree at the side o't; it wes there she met me ae sweet simmer evenin', when the corn wes turnin' yellow, an' telt me they wud be leavin' their hoose at Martinmas. Her face hed a licht on it, a' hed never seen. 'A'm tae be marrie't,' she said, 'tae William Howe . . .'"

"Puir lad, puir lad, aifter a' yir houps; did ye lat her ken?"

"Na, na; it wes ower late, an' wud only hae vexed her. Howe and her hed been bairns thegither, an' a've heard he wes kind tae her father when he wes sober (weakly), an' so . . . he got her hert. A' cudna hae changed her, but a' micht hae made her meeserable.

"A' leaned ower that stile for twa lang oors. Mony a time a've been there sin' then, by nicht and day. Hoo the Glen wud lauch, for a'm no the man they see. A' saw the sun gae doon that nicht, an' a' felt the darkness fa' on me, an' a' kent the licht hed gane oot o' ma life for ever."

"Ye carried yersel like a man, though," and the doctor's voice wes full of pride, "but ye've hed a sair battle, Drum, an' nae man tae say weel dune."

"Dinna speak that way, Weelum, for a'm no sae gude as ye're thinkin'; frae that oor tae Geordie's illness a' never spak ae word o' kindness tae Marget, an' gin hatred wud hae killed him, she wud hae lost her bridegroom.

"Gude forgie me," and the drops stood on Drumsheugh's forehead. "When Hoo cudna pay, and he wes tae be turned oot of Whinnie Knowe, a' lauched tae masel, though there isna a kinder, simpler heart in the Glen than puir Whinnie's. There maun be some truth in thae auld stories about a deevil; he hed an awfu' grup o' me the end o' that year.

"But a' never hatit her; a' think a've luvit her mair every year; and when a' thocht o' her trachlin' in some bit hoosie as a plooman's wife, wha wes fit for a castle, ma hert wes melted.

"Gin she hed gien me her luve, wha never knew a' wantit it, a' wud hae spilt ma blude afore ye knew care, an' though ye sees me naethin' but a cankered, con-trackit auld carle this day, a' wud hae made her happy aince, Weelum. A' wes different when a' wes young," and Drumsheugh appealed to his friend.

"Dinna misca yersel tae me, Drum;

it's nae use," said the doctor, with a shaky voice.

"Weel, it wesna tae be," resumed Drumsheugh after a little; "a' cudna be her man, but it seemed tae me ae day that a' micht work for Marget a' the same, an' naebody wud ken. So a' gied intae Muirtown an' got a writer—"

The doctor sprang to his feet in such excitement as was hardly known in Drumtochty.

"What a fule ye've made o' the Glen, Drumsheugh, and what a heepocrite ye've been. It wes you then that sent hame the money frae Ameriky 'at cleared Whinnie's feet and set Marget and him up bien (plentiful) like on their merrige," and then MacLure could do the rest for himself without assistance.

"It wud be you tae 'at started Whinnie again aifter the Pleuro took his cattle, (for he wes aye an unlucky wratch,) an' if it wesna you that deed oot in New York and savit him ten years ago, when the stupid body pit his name tae Piggie's bill. It's you 'at wes Winnie's far-awa' cousin, wha hed gotten rich and sent hame help through the lawyer, an' naebody suspekkit onything.

"Drumsheugh"—and the doctor, who had been finding the room too small for him, came to a halt opposite his friend—"ye're the maist accomplished leear 'at's ever been born in Drumtochty, an' . . . the best man a' ever saw. Eh, Drum," and MacLure's voice sank, "hoo little we kent ye. It's an awfu' peety Domsie didna hear o' this afore he slip-pit awa'; a' can see him straithtenin' himsel at the story. Jamie Soutar 'ill be mighty when he gets a haud o't. . . ."

Twice Drumsheugh had tried to interrupt MacLure and failed, but now he brought his hand down upon the table.

"Wud ye daur, Weelum, tae mention ae word a' hae telt ye outside this room? gin a' thocht ye wes the man—" And Drumsheugh's face wes blazing.

"Quiet, man, quiet! Ye ken a' wudna without yir wull; but juist ae man, Jamie Soutar. Ye 'ill lat me share't wi' Jamie."

"No even Jamie; an' a'm ashamed tae hae telt yersel, for it looks like boast-in'; an' aifter a' it wes a bit o' comfort tae me in ma cauldriife life.

"It's been a gey lang trial, Weelum; ye canna think what it wes tae see her sittin' in the kirk ilka Sabbath wi' her man, tae follow her face in the Psalms,

tae catch her een in the Saicrament, an' tae ken that a' never wud say 'Marget' tae her in luve.

"For thirty year an' mair a've studied her, an' seen her broon hair that was like gowd in the sunlight turn grey, and care score lines on her face, but every year she's comelier in ma een.

"Whinnie told us his tribble aboot the bill in the kirkyaird, an' a' saw the marks o't in her look. There was a tear ran doon her cheek in the prayer, an' a' . . . cud hae greet wi' her, an' then ma hert loupit wi' joy, for a' thocht there 'ill be nae tear next Sabbath.

"Whinnie gabb the siller, frae his cousin, ye ken, through the week, an' settled his debt on Friday. A' met him on the street, an' made him buy a silk goon for Marget: . . . a' gied wi' him tae choose it, for he's little judgment, Whinnie."

"A' wes in the train that day masel," broke in the doctor, "an' a' mind Hillocks daffin' wi' ye that nae wumman cud get a goon oot o' you. Sic fules an' waur."

"A' didna mind that, no ae straw, Weelum, for Marget wes ten year younger next Sabbath, an' she wore ma goon on the Saicrament. A' kent what bocht it, an' that was enuch for me.

"It didna maitter what the Glen said, but ae thing gied tae ma hert, an' that was Marget's thocht o' me . . . but a' daurna clear masel.

"We were stannin' thegither ae Sabbath"—Drumsheugh spoke as one giving a painful memory, on which he had often brooded—"an' gaein' ower the market, an' Hillocks says, 'A' dinna ken

the man or wumman' at 'ill get a baubee oot o' you, Drumsheugh. Ye're the hardest lad in ten pairishes."

"Marget passed that meenut tae the kirk, an' . . . a' saw her look. Na, it wesna scorn, nor peety; it wes sorrow. . . . This wes a bien hoose in the auld day when she wes on the fairm, an' she wes wae tae see sic a change in me. A' hed tae borrow the money through the lawyer, ye ken, an' it wes a fecht payin' it wi' interest. Aye, but it wes a plesure tac, a' that a'll ever hev, Weelum. . . ."

"Did ye never want tae . . . tell her?" and the doctor looked curiously at Drumsheugh.

"Juist aince, Weelum, in her gairden, an' the day Geordie deed. Marget thankit me for the college fees and bit expenses a' hed paid. 'A father cudna hae been kinder tae ma laddie,' she said, an' she laid her hand on ma airm. 'Ye're a gude man, a' see it clear this day, an' . . . ma hert is . . . warm tae ye.' A' ran oot o' the gairden. A' micht hae broken doon. Oh! gin Geordie hed been ma ain laddie an' Marget . . . ma wife."

MacLure waited a little, and then he quietly left, but first he laid his hand on his friend's shoulder to show that he understood.

After he had gone, Drumsheugh opened his desk and took out a withered flower. He pressed it again and again to his lips, and each time he said "Marget" with a sob that rent his heart. It was the forget-me-not.

Ian Maclaren.

(To be concluded.)

EXPERIENCES WITH EDITORS.

I. REJECTED ADDRESSES.

Inasmuch as the experience of the vast majority of writers begins with a series of soul-harrowing rejections, whatever success may be ultimately attained, it seems in accordance with the fitness of things that in these two papers of mine the editorial refusals should take precedence.

Editors have to suffer many hard things at the pens or tongues of contributors. There are few among the

competitors for their approval who can be brought to regard them in a dispassionate spirit of justice. The literary child which has been with such pains brought forth—be it poem, story, essay, or volume—is so dear to the parent, that any failure to accord it due appreciation is nine times out of ten taken to argue partiality, prejudice, or crass stupidity in the errant editor.

But, as every editor knows, and will not be slow to affirm, this is far from being the true state of the case. There

are few conductors of periodicals who do not very much prefer sending acceptances rather than rejections. It is only in obedience to the stern dictates of duty that they so frequently decline with thanks.

The very manner of their doing this may be taken as sufficient proof of the assertion. Let me cite some illustrations from my own budget. Thus, in the early days of my apprenticeship, before I could lay claim to the merest shadow of a reputation, the editor of one of the best-known American weeklies wrote me :

"We should like to have something from your pen in the —, but we do not find the enclosed article available for our purpose, and therefore return it with regret."

Now here the smart of disappointment was materially mitigated by the kind words, with their cheering suggestion, and one felt that one at least had had a fair show.

The same soothing effect was the natural sequence of the following note from the editor of a leading monthly :

"I am sorry to be unable to use your paper. There is much truth in the views advanced in it, but they would, I fear, prove offensive to many of our readers."

In this case, as in that of the article next referred to, it is easy to see what an advantage the editor has when the would-be contributor is at a distance, for certainly both replies would evoke earnest argument were they given verbally and face to face.

"Your carefully written articles ought to find interested readers in this country, but after deliberation it has seemed to us that we have too much matter on hand to justify us in accepting another series of articles."

But of course it was no use arguing over a distance of some hundreds of miles, so the decision had perforce to be accepted as final.

Perhaps one of the most trying experiences to which the eager and persistent contributor subjects himself is that of getting the editor almost, but not altogether persuaded to accept his manuscript. The subjoined editorial communications will make clear my meaning.

Thus from the editors of a famous juvenile monthly :

"The merits of your story are fully appreciated, and the ms. is returned only because — is already

more than supplied with accepted stories of adventurous or exciting character. For this reason solely we let the ms. go back to you."

And this from a not less well-known weekly of the same character :

"If I were not so well stocked with stories, I should be glad to keep this. As it is, I must return it, but I shall always be glad to see anything in our line that you may write."

Yet another from the same kindly pen :

"This is a good-enough-to-print article, but I do not feel justified in adding it to my present accumulation."

To the same effect, although based on a different reason, is this rejection from the feminine conductor of a young people's monthly lately defunct :

"I am forced to return this clever little story because I must publish the ms. of yours already on hand before accepting more. Could I sit down to my desk some fine morning, and find —, a weekly, many pleasant things would be possible."

A miss is as good as a mile, they say, yet if there be any balm in Gilead for the disappointed contributor, surely such a kindly note as the foregoing must apply it.

Not all editors, however, administer their negatives with such consideration. Having done what you thought to be your best on a manuscript, it seems like adding insult to injury when all the response you elicit is a scrap of paper, evidently a torn-off letter-head, with these words hastily scrawled upon it :

"Not available—only stories in request ;"

or a mere lead-pencil note to this effect :

"Declined with thanks—too long, and not of sufficient interest ;"

and oh ! how the following made one long for five minutes in the editorial sanctum :

"We are obliged to return your ms., as the incident related seems to us to be improbable—"

the fact being that it was an actual occurrence in the life of a statesman, with whom the writer was well acquainted.

Let me bring this article to a close with two experiences, which, perhaps, may prove somewhat out of the ordinary run.

The first was that of having a book declined by a prominent publishing house because it was *too interesting* ! The statement may seem incredible on the face of it, but here are the *ipsissima verba* of the firm :

"The story is well written, and possesses considerable dramatic power. We think that boys would be intensely interested in it, but the movement is so swift and the incidents are so engrossing that the moral purpose falls into the background. The book undoubtedly will be popular. Other houses, we are sure, will be glad to get the MS."

A kindly prophecy, which, it is satisfactory to be able to add, has been amply fulfilled.

The second experience well illustrates the value of pertinacity, although perhaps it can hardly be taken to furnish a safe precedent.

An article upon which the writer had expended an infinitude of pains, and which embodied his most profound convictions upon a subject of vital social interest, was first submitted to the monthly review which seemed the most fitting vehicle for its presentation to the public.

It was returned with many regrets, because "so much matter previously engaged had come to hand that we dare not accept even one more article at present."

Just six months later, having in the mean time been pruned and condensed, it was again submitted, only to be sent back with the same reason given.

Another six months went by, at the

expiration of which it was announced that a periodical on somewhat similar lines to this twice-tried review was about to be established. The article in question was thereupon despatched thither, in hopes that there could not already be such an accumulation of ordered or accepted material as to preclude a place being found for it.

Alas! the answer ran as follows:

"The excellence of this article is appreciated, but circumstances prevent its acceptance."

And what gave the matter a humorous tinge was the unsuspected fact that the editor of the new periodical was the same man who had twice before pronounced adversely upon the unfortunate article.

One more half year passed, and then, impelled by a yet unquenched faith in his right to a hearing, the writer sent the manuscript back to the new periodical—and lo! and behold! his persistency met the reward it surely deserved.

The article was accepted, and paid for at a rate of compensation higher than he had ever previously received, and this, too, by the very editor who had thrice previously failed to find room for the contribution!

J. Macdonald Oxley.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

VII. FROM THE BOOK TO THE READER.

The study which has found its material and its reward in Dante's *Divine Comedy* or in Goethe's *Faust* is the best possible evidence of the inexhaustible interest in the masterpieces of these two great poets. Libraries of considerable dimensions have been written in the way of commentaries upon, and expositions of, these notable works. Many of these books are, it is true, deficient in insight and possessed of very little power of interpretation or illumination; they are the products of a barren, dry-as-dust industry, which has expended itself upon external characteristics and incidental references. Nevertheless, the very volume and mass of these secondary books

witness to the fertility of the first-hand books with which they deal, and show beyond dispute that men have an insatiable desire to get at their interior meanings. If these great powers had been mere illustrations of individual skill and gift this interest would have long ago exhausted itself. That singular and unsurpassed qualities of construction, style, and diction are present in *Faust* and the *Divine Comedy* need not be emphasised, since they both belong to the very highest class of literary production; but there is something deeper and more vital in them; there is a philosophy or interpretation of life. Each of these poems is a revelation of what man is and of what his life means; and it is this deep truth, or set of truths, at

the heart of these works which we are always striving to reach and make clear to ourselves.

In the case of neither poem did the writer content himself with an exposition of his own experience; in both cases there is an attempt to embody and put in concrete form an immense section of universal experience. Neither form could have been written if there had not been a long antecedent history, rich in every kind and quality of human contact with the world, and of the working out of the forces which are in every human soul. These two forms of activity represent in a general way what men have learned about themselves and their surroundings; and, taken together, they constitute the material out of which interpretations and explanations of human life have been made. These explanations vary according to the genius, the environment and the history of races, but in every case they represent the very soul of race life; for they are the spiritual forms in which that life has expressed itself. Other forms of race activity, however valuable or beautiful, are lost in the passage of time or are taken up and absorbed, and so part with their separate and individual existence; but the quintessence of experience and thought expressed in great works of art is gathered up and preserved, as Milton said, for "a life beyond life."

Now, it is upon this imperishable food which the past has stored up through the genius of great artists that later generations feed and nourish themselves. It is through intimate contact with these fundamental conceptions, worked out with such infinite pain and patience, that the individual experience is broadened to include the experience of the race. This contact is the mystery as it is the source of culture. No one can explain the transmission of power from a book to a reader; but all history bears witness to the fact that such transmissions are made. Sometimes, as during what is called the Revival of Learning, the transmission is so general and so genuine that the life of our entire society is visibly quickened and enlarged; indeed, it is not too much to say that an entire civilisation feels the effect. The transmission of power, the transference of vitality, from books to individuals are so constant and common that they are matters of universal experience. Most

men of any considerable culture date the successive enlargements of their intellectual lives to the reading, at successive periods, of the books of insight and power—the books that deal with life at first-hand. There are, for instance, few men of a certain age who have read widely or deeply who do not recall with perennial enthusiasm the days when Carlyle and Emerson fell into their hands. They may have reacted radically from the didactic teaching of both writers, but they have not lost the impulse, nor have they parted with the enlargement of thought received in those first rapturous hours of discovery. There was wrought in them then changes of view, expansions of nature, a liberation of life which can never be lost. This experience is repeated so long as the man retains the power of growth and so long as he keeps in contact with the great writers. Every such contact marks a new stage in the process of culture. This means not merely the deep satisfaction and delight which are involved in every fresh contact with a genuine work of art; it means the permanent enrichment of the reader. He has gained something more lasting than pleasure and more valuable than information; he has gained a new view of life; he has looked again into the heart of humanity; he has felt afresh the supreme interest which always attaches to any real contact with the life of the race. And all this comes to him not only because the life of the race is essentially dramatic and, therefore, of quite inexhaustible interest, but because that life is essentially a revelation. A series of fundamental truths is being disclosed through the simple process of living, and whoever touches the deep life of men in the great works of art comes in contact also with these fundamental truths. Whoever reads the *Divine Comedy* and *Faust* for the first time discovers new realms of truth for himself, and gains not only the joy of discovery, but an immense addition of territory as well.

The most careless and superficial readers do not remain untouched by the books of life; they fail to understand them or get the most out of them, but they do not escape the spell which they all possess—the power of compelling the attention and stirring the heart. Not many years ago the stories of the Rus-

sian novelists were in all hands. That the fashion has passed is evident enough, and it is also evident that the craving for these books was largely a fashion. Nevertheless, the fashion itself was due to the real power which those stories revealed and which constitutes their lasting contribution to the world's literature. They were touched with a profound sadness, which was exhaled like a mist by the conditions they portrayed; they were full of a sympathy born of knowledge and of sorrow; their roots were in the rich soil of the life they described. The latest of them, Count Tolstoy's *Master and Man*, is one of

those masterpieces which take rank at once, not by reason of their magnitude, but by reason of a certain beautiful quality, which comes only to the man whose heart is pressed against the heart of his theme, and who divines what life is in the inarticulate soul of his brother man. Such books are the rich material of culture to the man who reads them with his heart, because they add to his experience a kind of experience, otherwise inaccessible to him, which quickens, refreshes, and broadens his own nature.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

LONDON LETTER.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

The Omar Khayyam Club is of recent origin, but it has been rapidly and unusually successful. It is an association of literary men who dine together once a quarter, and who profess to be united by a mutual devotion to the Persian poet Omar Khayyam. Among the leading spirits are Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. Henry Norman, of the *Daily Chronicle*, and others scarcely less well known. Members are allowed to invite guests, and many of the most distinguished men of the day have been present at the symposia. A great attraction has been the striking excellence of the after-dinner speaking. One of our members, Mr. L. F. Austin, is, without a single exception, the best after-dinner speaker I have ever heard. His great literary talents, though well enough known to the comparatively small world of journalism, have not brought him prominently before the reading public, and Mr. Austin is a man who disdains the arts of self-advertisement. Nevertheless, some of the brightest and wittiest of contemporary comment and criticism is due to him. And he has latterly become well known to the numerous readers of the *Sketch* by a signed *causerie* which he contributes to that journal. Mr. Austin has been for a considerable time private secretary to Sir Henry Irving, and he published some years ago,

under a pseudonym, a work on that great actor. With this outcome of his powers, however, Mr. Austin's friends are by no means content, and they will not cease urging upon him the duty of doing himself justice. It is hard work, for he is apparently a man without any ambition. Another leading member, Mr. Edward Clodd, who is just now the President of the Club, is also eminently felicitous in his little speeches. Mr. Clodd, who is a banker, has very strong literary sympathies, and enjoys the closest friendship with many of the most distinguished among living authors. In his country house at Aldborough, in Suffolk, he is accustomed to entertain such men as Sir Walter Besant, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Barrie, and many others. He is a graceful writer, and specially interested in the popularisation of science. Several of his books have been very widely read. Nor should I omit to mention Mr. Henry Norman, the literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and one of the most versatile men in the world—a man who can do anything, and who does everything he attempts well. Mr. Norman is well known in America, where he studied, and where he enjoyed the friendship of many famous people. His journeys and studies in the Far East have given him a place of almost unique authority among political journalists,

while as a critic and student of literature he stands among the foremost. His collections of first editions, particularly of American first editions, is almost unrivalled, and I have never had pleasanter afternoons than those spent in the examination of his treasures. Mr. Norman does much political work for the *Chronicle*, but his special task is the preparation of the literary page, which he has made a great and recognised force. The *Daily Chronicle* is almost the only paper of the kind in England which collects and publishes original literary information. Few things escape Mr. Norman's vigilant eye, and he has greatly widened his field lately by becoming a member of the Committee of the Society of Authors. In his capacity he has to consider the complaints of writers against their publishers and against those who will not consent to be their publishers. Mr. Norman's brilliant and charming wife is well known as the author of *A Girl of the Carpathians* and *Galila*. She is at present deep in the preparation of another novel; but I must not further describe our speakers, else I shall never come to the subject of my letter.

For our July dinner a country retreat is chosen, and this year we went to Boxhill in Surrey. If I wished to show an American friend visiting England for the first time the best side of the old country, I should take him to Boxhill of a morning, and in the course of the day bring him by a chosen road to Guildford. This would show him the most beautiful part of England—perhaps, I might say, the most characteristic. On the way I should be able to point out many homes of literary men, for Surrey is more and more becoming their favoured haunt. The greatest of them all, Mr. George Meredith, has resided for many years in a cottage at Boxhill. Through the friendly office of Mr. Clodd, Mr. Meredith kindly promised us what we all felt to be the distinguished honour of his presence. The great writer has been for some time in delicate health, and obliged to submit to a severe regimen. He was, therefore, to appear not at the dinner, but immediately after. The company gradually assembled on the lawn of the Burford Bridge Hotel, the place where Keats wrote part of *Endymion*, and where Robert Louis Stevenson stayed while he was making acquaintance with the idol of his youth,

George Meredith. Coming up, I met Mr. Thomas Hardy looking somewhat worn and pale, but cheerful and courteous as usual; Mr. Edmund Gosse, who insists on representing himself as a middle-aged man, but who looks younger than he has done for years; Mr. Cust, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; Mr. E. T. Cook, the editor of the rival evening paper, the *Westminster Gazette*, and many others. When we got to Boxhill I was delighted to greet my friend Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, who had come all the way from Edinburgh. Mr. Groome, who is a leading member of the staff of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, is the son of the late Archdeacon Groome, who was one of Edward Fitzgerald's most intimate friends. He has thus a special right to appear at an Omar gathering. Mr. George Gissing, who lives about seven miles from Boxhill, and whom one sees too seldom in London, was also there. It is delightful for one who recognised Mr. Gissing's genius from the beginning to see the steady growth in his reputation, and I think the recognition is having its effect on his work, which is less gloomy and hopeless than of old. I have just read in proof two short stories of Mr. Gissing's which are to appear in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and I venture to say that they will compare favourably with the finest achievements in that difficult kind of work. The dinner passed off agreeably, although we were closely crowded. But the evening began with the appearance of Mr. Meredith, who was received by the company standing, and with every demonstration of enthusiasm and respect.

As Mr. Meredith came into the room he graciously recognised several of his old friends. Mr. Shorter conducted him to the seat of honour on the right hand of the chairman, and he made a striking figure against the sunshine streaming through a window half covered with green boughs. He exchanged hearty greetings with Mr. Hardy, who was on Mr. Clodd's left hand, and after a little the President welcomed him in the name of the Club. Mr. Clodd's speech was singularly happy, light, and graceful, but with more than a trace of deep feeling. We hardly ventured to expect a formal reply, and were taken by surprise when Mr. Meredith, with a very good grace, rose to his feet and informed us

that he was now making his maiden speech. He did not say much, but what he said was exquisite in form and benignant in feeling. It must have cheered the veteran after his long, hard fight to have such emphatic proof of the affection and veneration with which he is regarded by literary England. Mr. Meredith's beautiful face is much finer than any representation of it I have seen. It is emphatically aristocratic, high bred—in short, distinguished. He is a little hard of hearing, but is able to make out anything said in a clear voice, and he listened with evident pleasure and satisfaction to the speeches. Although he has to live by rule, his general health is good, and there is every reason to hope that he may yet give us much of his finest work. He still finds great pleasure in the exercise of his creative faculty, and is understood to have two or three books more or less well advanced.

We then had speeches from Mr. Hardy and Mr. Gissing. Both of them made the same speech, although each in his own way. Mr. Hardy told us Mr. Meredith read the manuscript of his first book, and gave him friendly encouragement. Mr. Meredith was at that time reader for Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and a more conscientious, patient, and encouraging reader never lived. What a treasure his reports on manuscripts would make! A brilliant young novelist of my acquaintance, who is reader to a London firm, writes such witty notes on the manuscripts sent him that his publishers carefully preserve every one of them, and declare that in the end they will make a better book than any he has written. Mr. Hardy modestly described his first attempt as "very wild," on which Mr. Meredith ejaculated "promising." Mr. Hardy went on to say that if it had

not been for the encouragement he received then from Mr. Meredith he would never have devoted himself to literature, and that from the time of their first meeting he and Mr. Meredith had been friends. It is well known that Mr. Meredith firmly believes that Mr. Hardy is beyond comparison our best novelist. Mr. Gissing had a similar experience to relate. His first novel, *The Unclassed*, was read by Mr. Meredith. It is a strange book, known to very few; but I can remember how deeply it interested me. The only other man who has read it, so far as I know, is Mr. Hardy, who warmly admired it. It is daring alike in choice of subject and in treatment, and was published before its time. There is some likelihood, I am glad to hear, of its being issued again. Mr. Gissing told us how he had an appointment with the reader of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who amazed him by his accurate knowledge of the manuscript. He did not know at the time that his critic was no less a man than George Meredith.

We then had speeches from Mr. Austin, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Cook. Mr. Austin excelled himself, his tribute to the heroines of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy being one of the finest things I have ever heard. Mr. Gosse was very smart and amusing; and Mr. Cook, although he had only five minutes to catch his train, contrived to say more than one good thing. A section of us who wandered back to London to hear the first news of the general election had then, as Mr. Cust put it in the *Pall Mall*, "a liver-compelling run for the train," which appropriately closed the Oriental languors of the evening."

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, July 27, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

I trust that when the much-discussed School of Literature comes into existence, provision, abundant provision, will be made for a Chair of Criticism. I am quite in earnest about the matter. I attach great importance to what the critics say, when they appear to me to

speak in good faith and with due comprehension. One has equal contempt for the superficial utterances of certain so-called critics who see in the writing of an article of criticism on a book only the opportunity of displaying their wit, their pungency—in one word, of spread-

ing out their tails. Whenever I read a criticism, I try to learn something from it; but as a rule I learn nothing. I read that so-and so is ungrammatical, but the grammatical error is rarely pointed out; or that such and such a passage is of French construction, without any indication of how it should read in English construction. I want the critics, as the French say, to dot their *i*'s. They rarely, if ever, do so. One wishes to learn from those who profess to teach, and one hardly ever does so. This being so, I have at present no very great respect for many critics, greatly as I respect their calling.

José Maria de Herédia has of late been greatly annoyed by a Marseilles madman, who has been labouring under the idea that the sympathetic Academician had placed an electric battery in his (the M. M's) inside, and the result was that whatever de Herédia did he also had to do. Of this he complained, though for my part I should be very glad of any appliance which should enable me to write such sonnets as does José Maria de Herédia. The madman, however, complained, and pestered the Academician with letters. As these were left unanswered, the madman set out for Paris, having previously advised M. de Herédia that he was coming to see him, in order that he should remove the obnoxious electric battery. De Herédia informed the police, and the madman is now in the "special infirmary" of the Dépôt prison.

José Maria de Herédia is one of the most voluble talkers to be met with in Parisian society. He reminds one of Dumas père, and, like him, has mulatto blood in his veins. And, like Dumas père, his conversation is always so interesting that one is content to listen. His cultus for literature is exemplary—outside of his art there is nothing that he cares for. He has a great veneration for the French Academy, and will argue in its favour with Alphonse Daudet for hours together. Daudet, however, always shakes his head, and will not be convinced.

Émile Zola has written about one third of *Rome*, and expects to have finished it towards the end of January next year, at the rate of four pages of manuscript a day. He says that the book is giving him great trouble, as it involves him in so much reading, and he gave

me a most formidable list of histories, books of reference, and theological works which he has to assimilate for the purposes of his novel. How far all this assimilation will enhance the interest of *Rome* as a novel remains to be seen; in the mean while it may be noted that Zola himself is pleased with the book as far as it has gone, and as far as it is planned out. It will be one of his longest works, if not the longest. It will be published in *Le Journal* first of all in serial form. The proprietor of that journal, Fernand Xau, it may be remembered, offered Zola, during his stay in London, and before one line of *Lourdes* was written, a sum of £20,000, money down, if he would assign to him the entire rights of the trio of novels of which Zola is now writing the second volume. Zola refused, although the money, found by a leading chocolate manufacturer, was ready to be paid down. He said that he did not care to bind himself in any way.

It is not often that an author consents to perform in one of his own pieces, and accordingly special interest attached itself to the performance of *La Peur des Coups*, at the *Journal* matinée on the 14th of this month, in which George Courteline, the author of this little piece, performed the principal rôle. He acquitted himself very honourably, and was much applauded. George Courteline is one of the few real humorists in contemporary French literature, which is singularly lacking in humour of any sort. His dialogues and short stories are models of the best French wit. He writes largely, and not without some bitterness, on military life in France. One can see from his description of this life that he has a great grudge against the system. Indeed, during his five years' service as a cavalryman he suffered greatly; to the extent, indeed, of a ruined constitution and a depressed *morale*, from which he has barely recovered. He is a very melancholy-looking man, pale and *chétif*, and when he talks it is a litany. But his writings brim over with the best fun.

Speaking of humorists reminds me that the other day I met Alphonse Allais, who was very full of some grievance which he described as a public scandal. "Why don't you write an article on the subject?" I asked, knowing that he has the *entrée* to the most influential papers

in Paris. "Alas!" he said, "I cannot. Nobody takes me *au sérieux*. I am the 'funny boy,' and can never speak in earnest." I suppose that the Grimaldis of the pen also regret that they can never lay aside the cap and bells.

Alphonse Allais is another of the few contemporary French humorists whose wit is laughable and not lewd. He has modelled himself on the English and American humorists with considerable success. English humour, by the way, is just now in fashion in France, and in default of any of native production is likely to remain so.

Poor Charles Leroy, another humorist, died on the 10th. He leaves behind him in *Colonel Ramollot* a type which will survive as long as the French language is spoken. Colonel Ramollot (*Anglice*, Colonel Dodderer, from *ramolli*, softened) represents the imbecile, foul-mouthed officer who is still to be found in military circles in France. Leroy, who was slightly lame, never was a soldier, and spent his life as a clerk in the offices of one of the big French railway companies. Yet, *pékin* as he was, he succeeded in evolving a type of officer which, although a caricature, seemed so true to life that Colonel Ramollot is as vital as our Mrs. Gamp, or Mr. Pecksniff, or Daudet's Delobelle. His first book about the Colonel was a great success, and for ten years the public bought up eagerly everything that Leroy wrote about his hero. The demand was sufficiently great to induce a publisher to arrange with the author for a weekly *brochure*, sold at a penny, containing some adventure of Ramollot's, and this weekly publication continued for some years, in spite of the fact that to many of us it seemed that Leroy had written all he had to write about the absinthe-drinking, swearing, blustering bully of a colonel. Leroy felt this himself, and tried for success in other fields of humorous literature. He wrote several novels and sketches, such as *The Duellist's Guide to Foul Play*, and so on, but the public had "nailed him to a speciality," as M. de Vogüé put it in his address to Paul Bourget, at the Academy the other day, and would have, from Leroy, Colonel Ramollot and nothing else. It is said that Leroy was much harassed by this, and that of late Colonel Ramollot had become a Frankenstein to him.

Nordau has always refused to allow himself to be "nailed to a speciality." He told me the other day that the reason why he wrote *Degeneration* was because he was sick of always hearing himself spoken of as the author of *The Conventional Lies of Our Civilisation*. Now that he is being spoken of universally as the author of *Degeneration*, he is writing a novel—his third—and will not write the philosophical work which he has in his head until he has dissociated himself from the speciality of philosophical writing. He also means to succeed as a dramatic author. His plays till now have been wrecked by the critics, many of whom were offended by *Degeneration*.

He lives a very quiet, simple life with his mother and sister, whom he has entirely supported since he was sixteen years old. He takes pleasure in nothing but in work, and neither drinks, nor smokes, nor goes out into society. He speaks English, French, Italian, German and Hungarian with equal fluency, and can converse in Russian, Spanish, and the Scandinavian languages. He is, moreover, an urbane and most amiable man. One is glad to know that he has had more success than comes to most men of letters; indeed, of contemporary writers he enjoys perhaps the widest European celebrity.

It is a sign of the times, it may be, that the new director of the *Théâtre Libre* has stated in the course of a recent interview that he does not intend to confine his *repertoire* exclusively to realistic pieces, *choses vécues*. He means to take his audiences also into the blue regions of the Ideal. Naturalistic writers seem to have had their slices of luck, and the inevitable reaction has set in. So much the better.

I saw a strikingly characteristic photograph of poor de Maupassant in a shop-window the other day, and went in to get a copy. The shopman fetched me the one out of the window, and said that it was the last portrait of de Maupassant that he had in stock, and added that he did not intend to restock Maupassant photographs. "Nobody buys them," he said. Maupassant's books do not sell well, either, it appears.

Now, as people don't buy de Maupassant's books and don't read him, why can they not leave his name alone? Those of us who reverence his name are

constantly being irritated by the pretensions of this or that scribbler to be his literary heir. No, there is no English Maupassant, there is no Australian Maupassant, no Shropshire, no Canadian, no Channel Islands, no Gibraltar Maupassant. It isn't in them. There is only one Maupassant, and that was Guy. He was one of the greatest writers of

prose who ever lived, and of fiction he was a past master. He knew, as few men knew it, the inner workings of the human heart. And he died mad, and now nobody reads his books. Let his name be.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

NEW BOOKS.

ROMANCE IN MALĀYA.*

Not since Rudyard Kipling sent a thrill of delight through the readers of two continents with the fresh surprise of his discovery of India have we received the same startling pleasure from the exploitation of a foreign country, hitherto shut out from the public ken. Seldom are the elementary and primary human passions of the far-off denizens of the earth brought so close to our perceptiveness as in these revelations of life as it is lived in the Malay Peninsula. Doubtless most of us are familiar with the inconsequent Malay who knocked at De Quincey's door one untoward day and thenceforth transferred his picturesque image to the distorted world of dreams in which the opium-eater was so long imprisoned. Our sole conception of this dusky Oriental has been like that described by De Quincey, "the sallow and bilious-skinned Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany by marine air, with his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations, between whom and us an impassable gulf is fixed, cutting off all communication of ideas." Over this gulf two writers have now thrown a bridge of sympathy and interpretative insight which brings us into touch with the Malay race—a touch which at once warms our feelings toward them and enkindles our imagination with fervour and delight in discovering our kinship with these dwellers in one of the most beautiful and least-known countries in the

East. Gradually the veil is being rent between the Occident and the Orient, and the pulses of civilised and barbarian life will soon beat in unison as one purpose and one goal bring men together and as knowledge of the conditions of mankind becomes universal.

Believing as we must that man is properly the most interesting subject of study to mankind, the attempts to awaken an interest in this almost undescribed but deeply interesting people are praiseworthy. Both books are written by men who are intimate with the Malay scenery and Malay character; one of them has spent the best part of his life amongst the people described in his pages and dramatised in the fiction of the other. "The traveller," observes Mr. Swettenham truly, "will come in time, and he will publish his experience of Malāya and the Malays; but while he may look upon the country with a higher appreciation and paint its features with a more artistic touch, he will see few of those characteristics of the people, none of that inner life which I make bold to say is here faithfully portrayed."

Mr. Henry Norman devotes several chapters to Malāya in his picturesque record of travel and philosophical observation, *The Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, which bear out the generalisation of Mr. Swettenham just quoted, and prove that a superficial treatment is all that may be expected from the traveller. It would have added to the value and interest of these Malay sketches, however, had they been accompanied by a map of the Peninsula such as Mr. Norman's book contains. We found considerable difficulty in tracing the landmarks on most of the maps published, and we are indebted to Mr.

* *Almayer's Folly. A Story of an Eastern River.* By Joseph Conrad. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

Malay Sketches. By Frank Athelstane Swettenham, Officier d'Academie. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.00.

Norman for the service which he has rendered us in taking pains to present the physical aspect of the Malay States in a graphic manner. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace's statement, made in 1869, that "to the ordinary Englishman this is perhaps the least-known part of the globe" is still literally true. This, of course, applies strictly to the lower part of the Peninsula. In 1891 some meagre information was imparted by Captain Foster, R.E., in a little handbook "concerning the Straits Settlements and the Native States of the Malay Peninsula." Very few Europeans have traversed the country. Besides Mr. Norman, only one white man—a Mr. Bozzolo—has penetrated the jungle and crossed the Peninsula from sea to sea. Mr. Norman writes enthusiastically of his journeys in the land of the cocoanut and the kris. "Few districts of the world's surface offer at the same time so picturesque and so novel a field to the explorer. It is a paradise alike to the sportsman, the naturalist, the collector of weapons and silver, the student of men and manners, and the mere seeker after adventure. Of all my travels and experience in the Far East, my journey across the Malay Peninsula was much the most entertaining. In fact, so far as mere surroundings make happiness, I have never enjoyed so many moments which, like Faust, I would have prolonged indefinitely, as during those months of lonely and far-off wandering in the heart of the unknown tropics."

But it is to *Malay Sketches* we must turn for that revelation of the inner life and habits of thinking and acting which has contributed through a series of idealised photographs a new and prevalent form to literature. The idea of localising types of character in certain corners of the globe which are rapidly succumbing to the "irresistible Juggernaut of Progress" has been extended even to the Far East. Mr. Swettenham dwells with a melancholy pathos on the fact that while the Malay of the Peninsula is for the moment as he has been for hundreds of years, he is rapidly approaching the point where education and contact with Western people must produce the inevitable result of disintegration and change. This is the moment of transition, and with a large knowledge of the Malay, gained by winning his confidence, and a ready sympa-

thy with the race which has opened to him the hearts of the people, Mr. Swettenham comes to the rescue with his brush to paint, somewhat after the manner of Lafcadio Hearn, the scenes and figures which have "sweetly crept into the study of his imagination" before they are swept ruthlessly aside. And what he tells us about the people of his affection is truly wonderful: the mingling of savagery and kindness that amounts to devotion and friendship; the sad ignorance and noble conduct worthy of a higher illumination; the barbarous customs and traditions and the refined sensibilities producing fidelity and love; the strong passion and sluggish apathy; the bravery and high courage; the fierce impulsiveness and the "âmok"—such strange commingling of warring instincts and contrasting qualities of character against a background of the most exquisite scenery, the description of which tantalises us and sends the blood hot and cold with its surpassing beauty—all with the tragic fire of life and death which forges another link in the chain of romance! The strange recital of this unfamiliar life fairly carries us from chapter to chapter as each fresh sketch or story reveals new imaginings and stirs our sense of wonder, which so rarely finds such a feast. What gives these sketches more than a pedestrian value is the writer's deep sympathy with his subject. You feel the pulse of pity throbbing through it all; he may make you laugh at the Malay, but he will have you respect him—there is a dignity about the Malay as he is treated here which keeps him on the level of our common hopes and aspirations. Nor may we fall into the error of thinking the writer a sentimentalist; he is a scholar and a soldier—one who evidently has faced death and knows its fears, but whose belief in the immortality of the soul and the equality and fraternity of man has given him the best point of view from which to judge him. "Pure love to every soul of man," one has said, "is the only basis for true judgments of men."

Malay Sketches has appeared at a propitious moment, when Mr. Conrad's novel, *Almayer's Folly*, with its fine analysis and careful study of the Malay nature, tinged with the white man's "civilisation" as exhibited in the half-caste Nina, is destined to excite the wonder of

many readers. *Almayer's Folly* discloses a superior force of imagination and a more vivid characterisation and descriptive power than *Malay Sketches*; but we are grateful for the latter because of its intimate acquaintance with the habits of life and the traits of character which in a novel are simply pictured forth without larger explanation or elaborate detail, and because for this reason it satisfies a curiosity which the former has aroused. In the *Sketches* there is a wealth of descriptive material which elucidates and throws light upon the springs of action in the novel; here you have the crude colouring and pigments, there they are wrought into artistic forms which stand forth in proportion as they are related to the dramatic movement of the story.

Almayer's Folly is unmistakably a serious and valuable contribution to literature. The idea is not only original, but the subtle development of the central and ruling motive is splendidly conceived and carried out. The gradual sapping of Almayer's moral and mental powers, the unequal contest going on in his mind between the essential selfishness of a weak moral nature and the affection for his daughter Nina, born of a Malay wife whom he married for the dreams of avarice which she was expected to realise for him; the sudden gust of passionate uprising against fate—which shows the dignity there is even in the ruins of a man—ere his hopes sink in the night of absolute despair are only equalled by the same masterly portrayal of Nina—poor Nina!—in whose breast there slumbered, despite her education and early training among her father's people, the ineradicable instincts of the Malay mother, which, under favouring circumstances, asserted their racial strength and encompassed the overthrow of the white man. Civilisation had not shown its good side to her, and was only the more despised and detested by contrast with the bravery and vigorous manhood of the Malay lover for whom Nina abandoned her loved and loving European father. She is a fine illustration of what may happen to the Malay in the transition which Mr. Swettenham sees is imminent. The phase of character is a revelation to us, and in this whole story of an Eastern river we are impressed with the fact that a new vein has been struck in fiction. It is a work to make

one long for more from the same pen. In the novelty of its local colour, in the daring originality of its dramatic force, in the fresh disclosure of new scenes and characters, in the noble and imaginative handling of life's greatness and littleness, *Almayer's Folly* has no place in the prevalent fiction of the hour, which, like a flooded stream, sweeps past us into oblivion. It leaps at once to a place of its own—a place which ought to rank its author high among novelists worthy of the name in its best sense. In the scenery and atmosphere of the story the hand of the artist reveals itself. The sombre and languid air of a semi-civilised life is most skilfully conveyed—the dreary river, its islands and reedy banks, the thunder-storms, the thirst for the gains of civilisation, and the contempt for its restraints, are vividly impressed on the imagination. Mr. Conrad has not only achieved a great success in realising for us the fundamental truths underlying existence in a land and among a people almost unknown to the Far West—he deserves it. His book is one to be read and re-read.

James MacArthur.

MR. MALLOCK'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Mallock's new novel is well adapted for making elegant extracts from; and the extracts would not only be elegantly expressed, they would be fragrant with delicate sentiment, and suggestive of profitable trains of thought. His novels are more or less commonplace books, in which, day by day, he jots down reflections and aphorisms, notes on the events and tendencies of the time, and sketches of character. They are thus timely, and they give one something to think and talk about. But of permanent value there is nothing, save in a few of the reflections; for the notes on social tendencies have been gathered by a partisan, a philosopher it may be, but a philosopher who philosophises after he has irrevocably taken his side; and the characters are too much like interesting specimens, collected for an illustrative purpose, to weld successfully into a story.

It is a serious book, *The Heart of Life*. No one can look on fiction as

*The Heart of Life. By W. H. Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

a light matter who has attempted to read it. Of the school of Mrs. Humphry Ward, appertaining thereto by its pamphlets in dialogue, and by the solemnity of the central figure, it has yet its own characteristics—a bitterness of conviction on the points where Mr. Mallock feels cocksure for one, grace of diction and subtlety of sentiment for another. Mr. Mallock is a sentimentalist who does not readily find a home for his feelings to-day; and his fastidiousness and discontent give an interesting flavour to anything he writes, though these are not good equipments for a novelist. He very naturally endows his hero with them, but alas! he endows him with little else, unless it be a parliamentary air, and a craving after sympathy for his shadowy personality. Reginald Pole is an aristocrat by birth; he is a man of the world; he has lived much abroad, and has experience of English parliamentary life. These should imply certain definite and robust qualities, but Pole's only quality, of which a reader can be convinced, is his unflinching gentility. A genteel aristocrat! What a blow has been struck at our ideals.

Mr. Mallock evidently started out with the idea that Pole should be no milksop, and went so far as to make him be in love with three ladies at the same time—but always genteelly. Number one, whose connection with him had been close in times past, is now married to an eccentric husband; number two is a fascinating cousin, Countess Shimna; number three, a saintly young woman called Ethel de Souza, who flatters him tremendously. He thinks he is badly treated by all of them—by Pansy, because from her husband's house she writes matter-of-fact and sensible notes in answer to his sentimental effusions; by Shimna, because she marries the wealthy *fiancé* of her girlhood, after casting at Pole, as at all the rest of the world, some fascinating glances; and by Miss de Souza, because she says, though he is the greatest man in the world, she loves him only like a brother. The selfishness of all three, because they do not come and minister balm and healing to the wounded soul of this flourishing young politician, is a terrible thing for his soul to regard. So he whimpers through three volumes—it is genteel and modulated whimpering—about the domestic hearth he would like to preside

at, the woman who would sit there ever ready with the ointment, and the prayers he would like to say, but mustn't, because he is an interesting agnostic.

Fiction is always illustrated in the mind's eye of a careful reader; and Pole, till his shadowy form sink into oblivion for ever, will sit kid-gloved and with spotless cambric at the grave of those old beliefs which go so well with a long descent, with a fine park in the West of England, and with office in the Conservative party. We are grateful to the delightful parson financier of simple tastes, who, with a tale of investments in Australian mines and fourteen per cent., gambles away his friends' thousands on the Stock Exchange. Canon Bulman is a flaring caricature, but if his awful fate be a warning to amateur detectives of his order, we say good luck to Mr. Mallock's mission. There are other personages, too, that give variety, piquancy, and a certain up-to-date observation; but the gentility, the air of having the whole gospel of good society entrusted to him, sap the worth and the manliness of even so able a writer as Mr. Mallock. The Heart of Life is, we suppose, the peaceful love of wife and child, and, if possible, the simple religious faith for which his hero was ever searching. On this, when Pole is not his exponent, he speaks with much tenderness and beauty. But life's heartbeats have many meanings: he does not know them all. And they will always be faint and feeble where finicking gentility makes poor the blood.

Annie Macdonell.

GERTRUDE HALL'S NEW VOLUME.*

"If I can write a story," says Mr. H. C. Bunner, in a recent number of the *Century*, "which will make you believe, *while you are reading it*, that when my hero was strolling down Fifth Avenue to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Kindergarten Club, he met a green dragon forty-seven feet long, with eighteen legs and three tails, and that the green dragon wept bitterly and inquired the way to a cheese shop—why, that's realism."

Upon this principle, no doubt, Miss Gertrude Hall is a realistic story-teller;

* *Foam of the Sea*. By Gertrude Hall. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

otherwise one might be led to ascribe to *Foam of the Sea, and Other Tales* certain characteristics bordering upon idealism. They are sketches of the impressionist school, of which they share the faults as well as the virtues. The impressionist, whether in painting or literature (it is not without significance that impressionism in sculpture is an impossibility) usually has a story to tell; and no doubt he has as much right to tell it in broad splashes of colour as by means of millions of fine lines on wood or copper—provided always that he does really tell it; that we believe, while we are looking or listening in the green dragon with the particularly inconvenient number of legs and tails.

The tale (not of the dragon) which gives name to Miss Hall's present volume is an attempt to convey the impression produced upon her own mind by the sea and seacoast; it does not seem necessary to say the Grecian seacoast, though she has resorted to Greek mythology for some of her personages and located them on a Mediterranean island; the resulting impression is, however, thoroughly American. And there is no question that she makes us believe in the green dragon; we feel it all, the fascination, the savagery, the fullness of life, the semi-divine *something* always just beyond and forever unattainable; and then one closes the book in something of a pet and says, "How could I—I! yield to so poor a spell as that?"

Now we submit, that such a result as this is not worth working for, and that Miss Hall can do better—as, indeed, she has proved in the second story in this volume, "In Battlereagh House," where the portrait of the chaplain is of exquisite tenderness and beauty. "Powers of Darkness" is a psychological study of a young woman who believes herself possessed of a devil; it shows the value of impressionism in art, inasmuch as a more careful working out of details would have lessened the force of the *motif*, or perhaps, we should say, "weakened the impression." "The Late Returning" is less meritorious; "The Wanderers" is a pagan tale thinly venerated with Christianity, and "Garden Deadly" is the old story of Circe, who might as well, in our poor opinion, be let alone for all future time. There is, however, something of fascination even in this, and in the very modernised

Heracles, with his club and his boyish innocence; moreover, we desire to record our gratitude to Miss Hall, who has succeeded where other writers have failed (Marie Corelli, for example), and, however sensuous, is never sensual.

But why, oh why! should Miss Hall "sling English all over the ten-acre lot," as little Frank Minor would say, in another sense? Is it essential to impressionism to use words from the Jabberwocky language? "Some lovely strange development," "indefinably tormented," "exquisitely tantalised," the sea's "innumerable smile" can only be defended by one who claims Humpty Dumpty's privilege of making words mean whatever he chooses they shall. And "tapering off" is destructive certainly to the impressionism of an Italianesque tale. We have great charity for Miss Hall, especially as we imagine that we detect in her traces of the influence of—strange to say—no less a person than George Meredith. The following passage is certainly Meredithian, but the phrases are well chosen and picturesque: "The little upstart half-sister must surely rue her presumption confronted with the honest mirror; divine, if you pleased to say so, the young half-sister—ay, a divine young minister of drink to the higher gods, beside the Queen of Olympus herself! Mistress Berenice could vanquish her by every feature; the habit of victory was all in her face!" Why, however, not simply "in her face"? Wherefore that little word "all"? Miss Hall has by nature something of that novelist's gift of phrase-making, and also something of the weakness through which he stereotypes his own originality. Perhaps Mr. Meredith can do this with comparative safety, but lesser lights had best beware. Would that Miss Hall, for example, might cast aside all weights, and the affectation which doth so easily beset us, and tell the tale, trippingly upon the tongue, with simplicity, and in any manner that suits herself and her story, so that it be in English.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

SÓNYA KOVALÉVSKY.*

Between 1860 and 1870 the educated classes of Russian society were occupied

* Sónya Kovalévsky: Her Recollections of

with a serious question—the discord between the parents and children—and an epidemic seized upon the latter, especially the girls, of fleeing from the family roof to join the youthful community of Nihilists in St. Petersburg, where the young people lived in full communism. The mirage they followed was a desire for the freedom and progress of their native land by raising its intellectual standards. Sónya Kovalévsky is one of the products of this unnatural plant. Of these two books, the Macmillan edition is the more attractive, for judicious editing has relieved both memoir and autobiography of monotonous detail and wearisome verbiage. It also contains an interesting chapter on "Rural Pleasures," which affords a glimpse into the wild and picturesque forests of Russia, and adds a touch of colour to the book. This is omitted in Miss Hapgood's redundant version, which, on the other hand, gives a more intimate analysis of Mme. Kovalévsky's character. This edition is so greatly overweighted with various biographies, notes, and appendices that to read it suggests an oppressive task instead of a pleasure; yet it will give the reader a different point of view.

It is never safe to take one admiring woman's testimony of another, for women are prone to elevate their worship of each other into a cult that blinds them to temperate criticism, and despite the eulogies of the Duchess of Cajanello, the readers of her biography of Sónya Kovalévsky and the recollections of the latter must receive the impression that she was an unlovable, headstrong, heartless woman; considering no one; exacting admiration and service from all with no desire to give in return; and whose actions were always determined by selfish motives placed under the description of duty. She began her independent life by putting herself into a false position by one of those peculiar "fictitious marriages"

so popular in Russia in her day, and sorrow, remorse, and various unhappy episodes succeeded each other until the yarn of her existence became one hopeless tangle of dark threads. It is true that she won honours: she held the chair of higher mathematics in the University of Stockholm, and wrote many works on mathematics and science, still quoted to-day, one of which brought her a prize from the Institute of France. She was greatly gifted in mathematics and science, but totally devoid of æsthetic tastes, and with no trace of the artist or idealist in mind or spirit. Even her partial biographer admits this: "She did not possess a finely cultivated sense of beauty. The most unattractive landscape might be beautiful in her eyes if it suited her mood, and she could be indifferent to the most exquisite outlines and colours if she were personally out of sympathy with the scene. . . . I cannot help mentioning the absence of all artistic appreciation in a nature otherwise so richly gifted. She had spent years of her life in Paris, but had never visited the Louvre. Neither pictures, sculpture, nor architecture ever attracted her attention."

Sónya Kovalévsky's life was a tremendous failure from its beginning to its end, in 1891, when she died of a broken heart. She realised this herself, writing in her diary: "It is a great misfortune to have a talent for science—especially for a woman who is forcibly drawn into a sphere of action where she cannot find happiness." Her recollections of childhood give many intimate descriptions of Russian home life, but they are not particularly interesting nor suggestive. Perhaps they have lost their charm in the translation. It is possible that these books may be widely read as a sort of pendant to Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal*; but the old question is sure to arise—of what profit shall it be if a woman gain knowledge and fame, and does not enlarge the sphere of her usefulness and widen her sympathies? Though Sónya Kovalévsky's biographer speaks of her "exquisite tenderness," there is nothing in this book to show that she ever did a kind, or even a human act. She left her husband at a malicious report which she waited not to investigate, and the untruthfulness of which in after years she believed; she neglected her daughter, living apart from her that

Childhood. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. With a Biography by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello. Translated from the Swedish by A. M. Clive Bayley. And a Biographical Note by Lily Wolfsohn. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

Sónya Kovalévsky: I. Memoir, by A. C. Leffler (Edgren), Duchess of Cajanello. II. Reminiscences of Childhood in Russia, written by herself. Translated into English by Louise von Cossel. New York: Macmillan and Co. \$1.25.

she might continue her work of educating other people's children undisturbed; and would not interrupt her course of lectures when summoned to the bedside of her dying sister; and this is the woman her biographers would have us believe to be "a marvel of mental development and beautiful womanhood, or a kind of giantess of such extraordinary proportions that you regard her with wonder and admiration"!

Both of these books are pervaded with a revolutionary spirit, which may render them attractive to certain minds; but to the student the insight into the social condition of Russia and the development of the type, especially as relating to the evolution of the woman dominating the hour, will be of greater interest than the analysis of Mme. Kovalevsky's mental and moral construction.

Esther Singleton.

MY LADY NOBODY.*

Never until now perhaps has prose fiction been so pervaded by that sorrow and mystery of human life which produced the great epics of the human race. One of the earliest utterances to the living of this feeling—*Das Weltschmerz*—came from Russia, in the voice of Tolstoy. The same note was sounded in Norway by Ibsen, in Germany by Sudermann, and in Belgium by Maeterlinck, until it echoes at present throughout the greater part of the world of letters. In England, France, Spain, Italy, and America no single giant mind battles alone to wrest the unknowable from the unknown as these strong souls are battling; but the general trend of lesser writers, according to their strength, is in the same direction of deep eternal unrest. This struggle of the natural with the supernatural has at last become *Die Zeitgeist*—the distinctive spirit of the age. Insoluble spiritual problems are now so universally interwoven with fiction that a novel dealing with what is soluble in humanity has become noticeably rare.

In this respect nearly all the writings of Mr. Maarten Maartens stand apart from those of the other leading novelists

of the day. And nowhere in his work is the characteristic more strikingly shown than in his latest novel, *My Lady Nobody*. The whole story lies between clearly defined lines of actuality. Its problems of both right and wrong fall within the domain of everlasting experience. They are forever susceptible of natural solution. And not only does the author deal solely with the known, but he deals with the known as it has been established in Holland from of old. All the characters, with two exceptions, are Dutchmen and Dutchwomen, who—whether they have lived out of their own country before the story opens, or leave it during its progress—remain Dutch to the core, as is always true of this people in life. The tissue of events spun about the actors is no less characteristically Dutch than they are. The story marches with Dutch steadiness, thoroughness, and composure. The very light flooding most of the scenes is the blazing sunlight of that land. The vivid colour of the work has the gaiety of its straight borders of flowers. Epigrams are planted on every page like the rows of trees along its watercourses. The quietude of its movement is like the placid lives of its people. The broadening towards the end is like its horizon where the level earth is lost in sea and sky.

In drawing all eyes upon his quaint little land, Mr. Maartens stands as a moral teacher—where the greatest always stand—on the side of the right. His characters reach it sometimes through deep and muddy water; sometimes they fail to reach it and are swept away; but the lofty aim is held steadily in sight, and the causes of the tragedy are always visible and always natural. These inevitable consequences of the wrongdoing, the frailty and mistakes of humanity, furnish the shadows that chasten the broad sunshine. And one is tempted to wish—for art's sake—that these shadows were more numerous and deeper, for Mr. Maartens's humour broadens now and then to the verge of burlesque. In the white feather episode it passes the line of legitimate comedy into a farce of both art and nature. The scene is an unsightly blemish upon the dignified beauty of the work, and it assumes disproportionate importance for the reason that it is made the pivotal incident of the story.

* *My Lady Nobody*. By Maarten Maartens. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.75.

To find fault with Mr. Maartens for the over-abundance of his wit seems less fair than to cavil at the breadth of his humour. And yet one is forced to doubt whether whole communities anywhere talk so largely in small epigram. Granting that they do so in Holland—since we know little fictitiously about that country outside of Mr. Maartens's novels—the wit of his work still remains the weakness of the story, as well as its strength. These brilliant things which he scatters with such lavish hands divert the reader's serious attention. One wants to carry a pilgrim's scrip, to stop on almost every page, and turn back now and again to gather them, regardless of the onward movement of the story. The mastery of a foreign language which enables the author to do this, to dazzle with witticisms as prisms are flashed in the sun, is not the least remarkable feature of Mr. Maartens's work. The sole indication that English is not his native tongue is the occasional use of a somewhat more forcible term than an English writer of equal refinement would be likely to employ. But the latter defect is so slight and so infrequent as to be unworthy of mention, could it not be pointed out as enhancing rather than detracting from the unique charm of his writing.

Mr. Maartens has done in literature what his countrymen did in history. He has cut the dykes which have so long hidden his own country from the rest of the world. In taking us into the heart of Holland, and giving us a word painting far more effective than any canvas by Van Ostade, he has dispelled a widespread erroneous impression of his countrymen; of their physical characteristics, of their habits of thought, and manner of life. For, whether this impression arose from the early history of the Dutch in America, from satire, or from certain national traits which have disappeared with the progress of civilization, the impression was unquestionably almost universal among Americans that the Dutch were the impersonation of respectable, but utterly uninteresting dullness. Mr. Maartens's fine, delicate portrayal comes therefore as a delightful revelation, and in making it he serves us no less than his own countrymen. For whoever shows a people to be refined instead of coarse, sensitive instead of stolid, witty instead of dull, and in-

tellectual instead of unintellectual, has wrought a benefit to all mankind.

N. H. B.

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.*

It is strange that the Napoleonic revival should not sooner have produced at least a volume or two on the great captain who, among English-speaking peoples, at any rate, is popularly regarded as the conqueror of Bonaparte. However, we have now before us, side by side with the story of Napoleon's decline, a very timely monograph supplementing it with a concise account of the rise of Wellington which coincides chronologically with the progress of that decline. The two books are, therefore, practically one, and may be very profitably read together. It is an interesting circumstance, also, that they should be written by the two men who are at the present time regarded as England's foremost soldiers. Lord Wolseley is popularly known in England as "our only general," while by a humorous afterthought Lord Roberts has been styled "our only other general;" so that it is not a little interesting to see what view the most conspicuous commanders in England to-day take of the most dangerous opponent their country ever had. Lord Wolseley's volume deals with the career of Bonaparte from the end of his Russian campaign to his final defeat at Waterloo, and starts with the hypothesis that throughout this whole period Napoleon was no longer physically and mentally the same man who had fought at Rivoli and Austerlitz. Lord Wolseley detects in the execution of all his latest strategic plans a certain incompleteness which had never been observable before. He dwells especially upon the mysterious malady which came upon Napoleon at the most critical moments of his last campaigns, at moments when his still brilliantly faultless plans were about to achieve success, and needed only a few more hours of vigorous supervision to overthrow armies and alter the

* The Decline and Fall of Napoleon. By Viscount Wolseley. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.25.
The Rise of Wellington. By Lord Roberts. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.25.
Napoleon. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by John B. Larnier. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

course of history. It was in these supreme moments, as Lord Wolseley records, that a sudden and irresistible lethargy came over the Emperor, making it absolutely impossible for him to continue on horseback or in the exercise of his command, and thus forcing him to leave to subordinate the conduct of operations that needed his presence and authority for their success. The summing up of the whole matter, in Lord Wolseley's opinion, is that had it not been for the decay of his physical powers, Napoleon would have conquered a peace in 1814, so that Waterloo would never have been fought, or had this mysterious illness not seized him at Waterloo he would have beaten Wellington and outgeneralled the Prussians; for Lord Wolseley's admiration of Napoleon's capacity is absolutely unstinted. "I believe Napoleon to have been by far the greatest of all great men," he emphatically says. His conclusions regarding the outcome at Waterloo are especially noteworthy, for the orthodox English view is that Napoleon was beaten before Blücher arrived, and that the Prussians only succeeded in turning an already assured defeat into a rout. Hear, however, Lord Wolseley :

"No one can be better aware, no one can be prouder than I am, of the magnificent courage and steadiness of the British soldier at Waterloo; but when every allowance is made for it, the honest historian must admit that it was the splendid audacity of the Prussian move upon St. Lambert and the French right, due to the personal loyalty of Prince Blücher to Wellington and in opposition to the strategic views of Gneisenau, that determined the fate of Napoleon's army at Waterloo."

Lord Wolseley exonerates Grouchy, whose only fault he considers to have been a too close adherence to his orders in not following the "cannon thunder," as did the successful generals in the Franco-German War. He also, both directly and by implication, shows how clumsily Wellington managed the purely strategic part of the campaign, being in his preliminary manœuvres utterly uninformed of the movements of the French, and blundering about in a fashion which Lord Wolseley charitably attributes to the inefficiency of his staff. It is made very plain that such success as the English gained at Waterloo was gained not by generalship, but by the remarkable tenacity and stubborn fighting qualities of the British soldier—a verdict that history gives upon so many battles

won by English troops. In fact, taking the two volumes together, it may be said that Lord Wolseley strips Wellington of much of his prestige as a soldier; while Lord Roberts, who admires his generalship, paints him in the most unflattering colours as a man, throwing a strong light upon his selfishness, his vanity, his meanness, and his snobbery, and displaying him as one to whom no friend could come for help, who turned his back upon his old companions-in-arms in order to pose as a man of high fashion, and who, years after his campaigns were over, put officially on record a contemptible slur upon the brave men who had won for him his victories.

Mr. Larner's translation of Dumas's *Napoleon* is probably among the last of such books that we shall see at the present time. It has no historical value, and is interesting only because no account of Napoleon's career can be uninteresting. The translator tells us in his preface that he undertook the work as part of a course in the study of French; and it must be said that occasionally it reads like an exercise. Mr. Larner is very much confused in giving the proper English form to foreign names, especially Russian ones, which he finds in the French, speaking of "the House of Bragance," for Braganza, leaving *de* in German names instead of replacing it with *von*, and occasionally lapsing into ordinary Gallicisms, as when he gives us "One came to tell Ney," etc. (*on vint*) on p. 130. And why does he measure distance in "toises"? "There was between them . . . an interval of five hundred toises" (p. 120). To an English or American reader parasangs would be more intelligible.

P. K.

NATURAL RIGHTS.*

To the non-philosophic reader the denial of the theory of natural rights may seem a distinctly revolutionary idea; yet, on the contrary, it was by the promoters of revolution that the doctrine was at first affirmed. As Professor Ritchie shows, in his admirable historical survey of his subject, the theory is

* Natural Rights: A Criticism of Some Political and Ethical Conceptions. By David G. Ritchie. New York: Macmillan & Co.

primarily negative—"an appeal from authorities that had lost their sacredness," back to a supposed original state of nature, in which man had been possessed of "certain unalienable rights," which were the foundations of those acquired in society. It was, moreover, the result of essentially the same spirit as that of Protestantism. "Calvin's Geneva in due time brought forth Rousseau; and English Puritanism on American soil produced the Declaration of Independence." It is in its negative and abstract character that Mr. Ritchie condemns the theory.

The first half of the work is largely taken up with this historical sketch of the theory, and though it is but a sketch, it is a very welcome addition to the literature of the subject, giving as it does an interpretation rather than a history. What we still desire is a thorough examination of the opinions of the later scholastics and earlier modern thinkers in regard to the meaning of *nature* and *natural law*. Even the doctrines of Hobbes and his critics sorely need a more historical discussion of their significance, viewed in the light of earlier theories.

In the remainder of his work Professor Ritchie gives us a criticism of some of the particular natural rights, such as those to life, liberty, toleration, and property. If it is necessary to find fault with this portion, it is only because we feel that our author might have given us something better than criticism. It is true that his criticism conceals construction, but the impression left is distinctly negative. We feel our natural rights slipping away from us before we are quite sure of any other basis than that in nature. It is only at the last that the moral of the book is drawn, and some use made of the fruitful analysis of the varied meanings of the term *nature*. The excellence of this conclusion is what makes us regret it had not begun sooner.

Instead of the theory of natural rights based on the absolute independence of the individual, we here receive a doctrine more in harmony with the trend of modern scientific thinking. Society is considered as an organism, each part of which exists in necessary relation to the whole, whose good alone determines what rights shall be allowed to the individual—that is, utility is the basis of

rights. But utility is not interpreted in the old abstract sense of pleasure. On the contrary, pleasure is good only in so far as it is useful in the preservation and advancement of society. Mr. Ritchie admits the apparent vagueness involved in his inability to determine more definitely what is useful to society, but holds that it is inseparable from the very idea of an evolution that the end cannot be fully known from the beginning. Society itself determines what is fittest by the test of survival. Hence "an adequate theory of rights and an adequate theory of the State must rest upon a philosophy of history; and steady progress in political and social reform cannot be made unless there is a willingness to learn the lessons of experience, and a reasonable reverence for the long toil of the human spirit in that past from which we inherit not only our problems, but the hope and the means of their solution"—a principle no less valuable in philosophy than in politics.

Norman Wilde.

THE GOLDEN AGE.*

The Golden Age is, as all know, the period of childhood. In vain do the "grown ups" ask "Where is it now, the glory and the dream?" In the little volume before us—a book very attractive to the eye, as are most of the books issued by this house—the "grown ups" are nicknamed the "Olympians," and such is the title of the Prologue, which one reads with that delightful sensation—as of a mental cold-water bath—which is occasioned by dipping into a fresh and sincere bit of writing. The author is, evidently, one of those who speak in their natural voice, the ring and the music of it unextracted by any consideration as to whether the output will be "marketable"—a consideration which sucks the life-blood out of half the writing of today. The water-mark of spontaneity in literature, though hard to describe, is unmistakable, and it is stamped on every story in *The Golden Age*. In the Prologue the reading Olympian is forced to see himself as the children—the children of this volume at least—see him, "stiff

* The Golden Age. By Kenneth Grahame. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25 net.

and colourless, . . . equally without vital interests and intelligent pursuits." This criticism of the Olympians is, from a youngster's point of view, logical enough, but it is not childlike. Children, fortunately, take people very much as they find them, and they are far more charitable than are the Olympians themselves.

Moreover, Kenneth Grahame makes his children declare that "these hopeless and incapable creatures, . . . these elders, our betters by a trick of chance, command no respect, but only a certain envy—of their good luck—and pity—of their inability to make use of it." Children, most children, do not feel in this way, as is evident from their conduct. With what a trust, a trust almost pathetic, do the great body of little folk regard their elders! And with what lovingkindness do they overlook such errors as their own beloved Olympians may commit! One who understood this better said, "Except ye become as little children."

Save in this hostile attitude of his young heroes and heroines, Kenneth Grahame interprets child life with striking sympathy and truth, and at this point it is only fair to quote the author himself. He opens the book by saying: "Looking back to those days of old, ere the gate shut to behind me, I can see now that to children with a proper equipment of parents these things would have worn a different aspect. But to those whose nearest were aunts and uncles, a special attitude of mind may be allowed." However, the explanation hardly explains, since the children of these stories are pictured as happy, healthy youngsters, debarred from no natural pleasures, and even treated with a degree of indulgence, considering their roguish tendencies. Yet this note of criticism and hostility is sounded throughout the volume, marring an otherwise strong and true representation of child nature.

So delightfully genuine are the sympathy and liveliness with which the exploits of these children are recorded that the reader must needs hark back to his own childhood, and then look with kindlier eyes on the pranks and freaks of those who dwell in the Golden Age. Herein lies the true value of the book: it puts the Olympian in the child's place, so that he catches once more that "vis-

ionary gleam" which has faded out of his own life. And it is well for him to be reminded that there is one light for the child and another for himself. There is no "balance of power" in the case of adults and their young charges, and an arbitrary ruler should at least seek enlightenment. *The Golden Age* is an enlightenment of adult stupidity.

Several of these stories are fine studies of the workings of a child's imagination, reproducing the very glamour in which the Golden Age is bathed. The best of these are "Alarums and Excursions" and "The Finding of the Princess." "Alarums and Excursions" is a charming bit of word painting. We see the children playing at Knights of the Round Table, and following far a band of exercising cavalry, in the hope of seeing a very bloody battle. When our young hero finds the Princess, an Olympian is sitting beside her in a pavilion.

"Hello, Sprat!" he said, with some abruptness, "where did you spring from?"

"I came up the stream," I explained, politely and comprehensively, "and I was only looking for the Princess."

"Then you are a water baby," he replied. "And what do you think of the Princess, now you've found her?"

"I think she is lovely" (I said, and doubtless I was right, having never learned to flatter). "But she's wide awake, so I suppose somebody has kissed her!"

The first story, "A Holiday," is one of the best in the volume. "A boy's will is the wind's will," and the boy, lightly following the wind whithersoever it leads him, runs up against the hard fact that law and license are incompatible. In this chapter, as in several others, there is a delicate touching on the problems of life, an outreaching and a questioning, which lend a world-wide interest to the unpretentious tale of a boy's doings. In "The Secret Drawer" and "The Roman Road" we find again that suggestion of something deeper than childish adventure—a momentary, shadowy glimpse, as though a mist had lifted and quickly fallen again. "The Burglars" and "The Blue Room" are full of young laughter and roguery, while "The Whitewashed Uncle" throws out a pretty broad hint to any Olympian who would fain be popular with the little people.

"Young Adam Cupid" and "What They Talked About" show the author

so wise in the lore of child nature that the chapter "Sawdust and Sin" is simply amazing in its error. Here a conceit possible to an adult only is foisted on the mind of a child with a result which is far from pleasing. Fancy a boy of tender years interpreting the conduct of a Japanese doll (who is seated beside a glowing wax beauty) as follows :

"Carried away by his passion, he fell sideways across Rosa's lap. One arm stuck stiffly upwards, as in passionate protestation; his amorous countenance was full of entreaty. Rosa hesitated—wavered—and yielded, crushing his slight frame under the weight of her full bodied surrender."

The writing Olympian must confess! He thought this out in his study, and while the inspiration of his insight was far from him. Children do indeed have ideas about love and love affairs, but they are so deliciously, so alarmingly innocent and quaint in their conception of such matters! There is nothing innocent about this passage.

"A Falling Out" and "Exit Tyrannus" are the only stories which could send a lump to the most sensitive throat; indeed, the author seems rather to have missed his opportunities for tenderness and pathos. His chief power lies in fitting to the reader's eyes those glasses through which the little ones look out upon this world of ours—glasses made largely of imagination and innocence and ignorance, and all shot with rosy and golden lights, but sometimes dimmed by the ruthless fingers of stupid Olympians. And would any such know how the universe looks to children, he is recommended to see it through the pages of *The Golden Age*.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

HALF A CENTURY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

The new humour has invaded the minister's study and cuts its capers with fantastic delight and with the conceit of a jolly good fellow through the 228 pages of clerical reminiscences which sprout from the reverend gentleman's "dead leaves and living seeds." From the contents of a deal box marked "D. L.," which properly means "Deputy Lieu-

tenant," but here stands for "Dead Leaves," the Rev. Harry Jones has disinterred the "jotted memories of a busy life, though (however meaningless to others) they are naturally the record of much that has been keenly interesting to myself." "When I draw a sheet," he says, "from this papery deposit (as I did the other day), it strikes a spark into the tinder-box of recollection, which soon spreads itself, showing clusters of rekindled aspirations, experiments, mistakes, successes, and failures long past, though once they had their effect upon the worker himself, let alone those among whom (for good or ill) he was called to work." But among these "dead leaves" there be some that "retain enough unfulfilled vitality (in the shape of warning or encouragement) to deserve the name of 'living seeds.' And I ask myself whether some record of efforts made, errors committed, and impressions received during a long ministerial life might not possibly help in the steerage of two or three younger lives, and thus encourage me in its compilation. At any rate, I will try."

And the result is not without a measure of success. Many will demur at the facetious tone which a certain light humour, sometimes flippant but never irreverent, imparts to this interesting record of half a century in the far from commonplace biography of a clerical life. The lavish use of parentheses which he seems to adopt for his "asides" mars almost on every page a most excellent vehicle of style for an unwearied garrulousness which is as entertaining as is its delightful egoism. The result is ludicrous at times, often degenerating to mere smartness, and sometimes confusing, as thus: "I did not know so much of Phillips Brooks, whom I visited at Boston, and who, the last time I saw him, communicated (as did also Dr. Asa Gray), before sailing home (he refused to take any part in the service) at my church."

For the nonce, the Rev. Harry Jones throws aside the prefix with his clerical dignity and the stalking-horse of sacerdotalism and steps out in this volume as a man among men who has something interesting to say, not too wisely, not too well, but in the manner of one who has gone through a hard day's work and is now clattering amiably over the nuts and wine. And the account

* Fifty Years; or, Dead Leaves and Living Seeds. By Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

which the Rev. Harry Jones (one can't say plain "Jones" of a clergyman) gives of himself shows evidence of a life of great activity and ministerial industry. The variety of his labours and the vicissitudes of his career—from preaching to Californian miners in a pine-tree forest, to clergy at Lambeth—invest his experiences with a sort of wisdom which is largely suggestive if not always practicable for others, and which also clothes his style with an abundant versatility. One is reminded, rather forcibly sometimes, of Coleridge's metaphor that experience is like the stern lamp of a ship, which only sheds light on the path already traversed. The value of the record of any life will always be in proportion as it contains, to quote Emerson, "the power to inspire." Perhaps the paucity of this quality is to be remarked in the present volume, but there is a bracing air about it as of one whose lines have fallen in pleasant places, and whose life on the whole has been a success, which is contagious. With all its faults—and they are chiefly defects of style and a tendency to take things lightly that are usually weighed seriously—it is a most interesting and unusual work in clerical autobiography, a work that deserves to be widely read if only for its robust expression of a sane and healthful personality.

J. M.

MORE JUVENILES.

Since the "bundling of the books" by Mr. Brooks in the July *BOOKMAN*, several new publications have come to hand which will help to eke out the young people's store of summer reading. The first volume of a new series, the All-Over-the-World Library, by the indefatigable Oliver Optic, has just come out in a glorious cover that will make the eyes of every boy dance with pure delight. *Across India; or, Live Boys in the Far East*, takes the Belgrave family to Bombay and Surah, and continues their journey through Lahore, Delhi, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Benares, visiting the scenes of the Sepoy Rebellion, upon which and other subjects of historical interest the author expands in his rôle of informer-in-ordinary to the young. Nor does he fail to keep up the "thrill" of excitement; and, wheth-

er on land or sea, he is always ready with the novel if incredible element which is essentially Optician. The story is told in his usual illimitable manner. There are eight illustrations—one of them representing a tiger poised on the horns of a bull in a highly realistic style. (Lee and Shepard, \$1.25.)

The same publishers have just issued a new illustrated story by Samuel Adams Drake, entitled *The Watch Fires of '76* (\$1.25), which recounts the incidents and vicissitudes of various old pensioners who fought through the conflict of the Revolution. The aim of the author is to tell the story of the war as experienced by the actual rank and file of the army, and this, together with the new material and historical setting which Colonel Drake has brought to his task, gives his book a novel and fresh interest for boys who are already well acquainted with the history of the Revolution. Messrs. Lee and Shepard also add to their War of 1812 Series a new volume, entitled *The Boy Soldiers of 1812* (\$1.50), by Everett T. Tomlinson, with many illustrations by "Shute." *Thomas Boobig* (\$1.50), a sort of fairy tale or grotesque, comes from the same firm. It contains "a complete enough account of his life and singular disappearance," after many curious and puzzling "incidents and accidents," soon after his twenty-first birthday. The suggestion of a reappearance on earth of the Titans, who were banished to remote islands in space and to subterranean regions, is attempted in this story after a manner that will amuse the older readers as well as the younger.

As a boy the writer can remember with what pleasure and avidity he read biography, and especially, although later in point of time, Carlyle's *Life and Letters of Cromwell*. Messrs. Harper and Brothers have published a new edition of Dr. George H. Clark's *Oliver Cromwell* (\$1.25), which appeared originally in 1893 through the D. Lothrop Company, and which is well suited to fire the boy's love of brave and manly acts of courage and daring. "It is a book of enthusiasm," says Charles Dudley Warner in his Introduction, "a warm-hearted vindication of a great man, written with a clear American comprehension of the principles that underlay the great liberating movement of the seventeenth century in England. . . . It will be

found intensely interesting, and will awaken a glow of admiration for one of the most sturdy and indomitable spirits in history. Our sympathy is with the modern spirit of the Commonwealth, and we feel that its ruler was our kin." Boys love these very virtues above all things in their ideals of the "glorious men of fight and fame," and Cromwell, who in "the list of world heroes stands near the top," is the kind of hero which a boy will worship and whose character will reflect itself on his plastic nature.

Sophie May knows the hearts and the minds of little children. This has been apparent to any reader of those volumes—to which *Jimmy Boy* is a worthy addition—in Little Prudy's Children Series (Lee and Shepard). Jimmy Boy is a human boy, but not one of the obnoxiously barbarous kind. He possesses all the tendencies to do wrong, and the temptations sometimes are a little too strong, and he succumbs; but there is an active germ of honour in his healthy soul. He is not afraid to acknowledge a fault. It is a question as to who will most enjoy

reading about the adventures of Jimmy Boy, the little folks, who will see in him a double of themselves in many ways, and appreciate the account of his scrapes, or the "grown-ups" who have lived the life that sometimes seems so hard to Jimmy Boy. The interest in Jimmy Boy never flags. He is the *ewig* small boy of life in the full health of a fine natural character. The title of the story may not attract readers beyond twenty years of age, but they should certainly make the attempt.

In Max Pemberton's *The Impregnable City* (\$1.25)—though not written directly for them—boys will find a pure, wholesome story of adventure, free from modern cant and weariness, and full of the breath of healthy excitement and intrepid daring. Max Pemberton successfully edited a leading boys' periodical in England for some years, and it is inevitable that one who knows a boy's needs so well should appeal through his imaginative work to the boy in all of us.

An Old Boy.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.

Bessie Costrell is the central figure in a story altogether different from any that Mrs. Ward has written before. Many critics have advised her over and over again to give up the popular social-and-religious-pamphlet novel, and, whether at their instigation or not, she has entered another field. The new story, simpler in subject, is really far more ambitious than her former ones, for it deals with a kind of life where Mrs. Ward's culture, and her acquaintance with the ways of thought of educated and intellectually aspiring persons, are of no use at all. Knowledge of human nature, sympathy with what has hitherto been outside her keenest interests, are the requisites for success. To succeed here is to be a real novelist, as distinguished from a descriptive reporter of more or less temporary phases of life and thought. It is astonishing that the

writer of *Robert Elsmere* and *David Griest* has succeeded so far as she has done. In some important features the book must be pronounced distinctly good. There is no tone of patronage in it; there is no wailing over the fact that the villagers of Clinton Magna have few aspirations after higher things. There is a philosophical acceptance of life as it frequently is—stolid, unideal, and sordid—in any English village. If surprise at this be offensive to Mrs. Ward's admirers, let our hearty acknowledgment of her now proven humanity serve as apology. The writing, too, is, we think, the best she has put into a work of fiction; it is more compressed, more vigorous, and, especially where scenery has to be described, more artistically effective than she has led us to expect from her. Nevertheless, we lay down the book with deep dissatisfaction. What did she write it for? What else does it give in the end but gratuitous pain? Bessie Costrell is a village woman who is given

an old man's savings to guard. They are considerable in amount. She steals the money, sovereign by sovereign, and drinks and treats her neighbours, and when all is found out, she commits suicide. The tale has its possibilities. But to make it a tragedy our pity, our sympathy, or our indignation must be roused. Temptation, resistance, final surrender, remorse, struggle, and despair, are almost the inevitable course of the writer who could make us regard this as anything save a sordid, commonplace tale. But Mrs. Ward's Bessie Costrell seems only a woman with intemperate instincts and a weak intellect, who succumbs with great ease to an unlucky opportunity, and who kills herself because she is afraid of the policeman. A kind of feeble love for her children she has, and some awe of her stern husband; but of grief for her degradation, or of understanding how she has made shipwreck of an old man's life, not a glimmering. Tragedy for the world there may be in this very poverty of nature, but it is of a kind best covered over, for it hardly once stirs within us the purifying moods of pity, of indignation, or of sorrow.

AN ERRANT WOOING. By Constance Cary Harrison. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

Were *An Errant Wooing* from another pen than Mrs. Harrison's it would be easier to review. But a book which is not a first one must be measured more or less by the author's former work, and this falls far short of the standard established by *The Anglomaniacs*, *Sweet Bells out of Tune*, and *A Bachelor Maid*. It bears, indeed, marks of immaturity that are wholly unaccountable, in view of the large amount of finished work which the writer has published. They come near to conveying an impression that it may possibly be a first novel, after all, begun, if not completed, before the author's recent excellent literary manner was formed. Nor is the treatment of the theme more unlike Mrs. Harrison's usual methods than is the selection of such a subject; for the most distinctive charm of her work has hitherto been its freshness, its pre-eminence in modernity. This is entirely missing in *An Errant Wooing*, a commonplace love-story loosely hung on the frayed thread of foreign travel. And yet—no matter how clear the conviction

of the author's indiscretion—one is forced to admire the courage of an attempt to describe hard-beaten European highways, now that every one travels and every one writes. True, Mrs. Harrison has done it uncommonly well. The description of the bull-fight is particularly fine. But fancy trying to say anything about a bull-fight that has not been already said! And then in following the *espada* and the *toradors* through eight or ten pages, the lovers fade completely out of sight. They are never seen very distinctly, for that matter. One does not come face to face with them throughout the progress of the story. The characterisation is so imperfect, and the transition from one country to another so bewildering, that the reader must fairly rush after the travellers to catch even glimpses of them amidst the fog of London and the dust of Madrid. Sir Piers, the elderly lover, appears at this long range to be a blond and amiable sort of Rochester. Roger Woodbury, the young man, is altogether vague; and the dark and the fair maidens to whom the fair man and the dark man are suitors seem more unreal and shadowy, if possible, than the men. All the characters talk cleverly, and now and then say bright and amusing things, which are eminently characteristic of the author, but not in the least so of themselves; quite the contrary. "Roger might as well want to domesticate Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty as to marry that massive English girl," says old Mr. Woodbury, who cannot possibly have said anything of the kind, being what he is. And the philosophic and rather pessimistic views expressed by Polly do not at all harmonise with the dim impression of that young woman's individuality.

The principal shortcoming of the work may possibly lie in its having been miscalled a novel. With the shadows who aimlessly pervade it left out, it would be a charming book of travel, with interesting side-lights on European society. As it now stands, it is merely another of the many unsuccessful attempts to write an international novel. Since Mr. Henry James first made it the vogue several years ago he has had many followers, with ever-diminishing success. But it is singular that among those who met defeat in this field should be Mrs. Harrison, who has won such notable successes at home.

CHIMMIE FADDEN EXPLAINS, MAJOR MAX EXPOUNDS. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

To have written a book of which fifty thousand copies have been sold in less than six months is the enviable fortune of the creator of *Chimmie Fadden*. We say "creator" advisedly, for Chimmie may not be altogether unknown to us as a type; but it was left to this keen student of human nature to develop his character and "shoot the soul" into the Bowery boy. When the first series appeared in book form we saw the possibilities of a great popularity in it, and under *Slum Stories* in the March Bookman we reviewed the book at length and pointed out its characteristics, and weighed its merits and demerits. As the second series sustains the interest of the first in equal measure, it is not necessary to go into elaborate criticism again. Those who have made Chimmie's acquaintance in the first volume will wish to renew it in the second, and those who read the second volume for the first time will resort to the previous book; indeed, we believe that the publication of the second series has stimulated the sale of the author's initial work. In the down-town section of New York we notice that the first series of *Chimmie Fadden* ranks among the six best selling books of the past month.

Chimmie is still chasing after "dat bull pup," and smuggling "small bots" for Mr. Paul. But it is the presence of innate gentleness and chivalry in the rough-bred Bowery lad evoked by Miss Fannie which again touches us most deeply. Even in Chimmie we think of Tennyson's line without incongruity:

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

And it is this fine trait in the tenement lad—the compelling belief in the existence of the inherent quality of gentleman "beyond the barbed-wire fence"—for which we are most grateful in Mr. Townsend's work. We must content ourselves with citing one instance from "The Wedding of Miss Fannie":

"I never seed no real angels, but I guess if dey's as beautiful as I hear tell, den dey must look like Miss Fannie when Mr. Burton stepped up and took her from her fadder. I was tinkin as I looked at her tru de palm trees dat I had someting I do wid bringin' dem togedder, and dat if Mr. Burton wasn't good t' Miss Fannie I'd put a knock-out pill in his cocktail. . . .

"When dey come back, I says, says I: 'How

de do, Miss Fannie?' I says, and de Duchess she calls me down hard. 'She is Madame Hurtong,' says de Duchess, looking like she'd take a fall outter me.

"Say, what do you tink Miss Fannie says? She's a dead sport. She says: 'I'd radder be Miss Fannie t' Chames,' she says, like dat, see?"

"Major Max Expounds" through several chapters in which we are regaled with his cynical wit and worldly wisdom tinged with *bonhomie*, and a few other stories eke out the book; but when "Chimmie Fadden Explains" and makes his exit, the lights have gone out for us and the rest is a vain show.

THE VEILED DOCTOR. By Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

The Veiled Doctor, having been written by Miss Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, will probably have some sale in the South; otherwise it is a most unpleasant story, which the author seems to have had no reason for writing, and which there is surely no reason that any sane person should ever care to read. The hero, Dr. Wickford, after trials and troubles manifold with his wife, develops cancer of the face, and to avoid her ridicule and the comments of his neighbours, hides himself from the world behind a veil of black crape. At the approach of death he retires into his sanctum, and *in articulo mortis* rises and attires himself in his best suit of black broadcloth, and so passes away into the unknown, to the immense relief of everybody, including the unfortunate reader. The scene is supposed to be a town which even at the beginning of the century was behind the times; but there is no attempt at local colour except that the heroine says occasionally, "O la!" and once "vastly," otherwise the time might have been any time and the place anywhere. But one resents most of all, perhaps, that in an avowedly Southern story the characters should be without exception so thoroughly second or even third-rate, and so unmitigatedly commonplace; one might pardon the absence of anything interesting in the plot or characters, but surely Miss Davis ought to know what is *convenable*. We can forgive her for making her heroine a fool and a liar, and her hero a prig; but we submit that, as a Southern gentleman, he need not also have been a brute. "Perhaps 'twas as well you rejected my love," "Madame Wickford" might well have said to him,

"but why should you kick me down-stairs?" Ah, why indeed!

ON THE POINT. By Nathan Haskell Dole.
Boston: Joseph Knight Co. \$1.00.

As the vitiated air of a ball-room, full of the great unwashed—we mean a tencent ball-room, of course—to the keen south wind coming across "leagues of ice-cold brine," so is Miss Davis's morbid production to Mr. Dole's *On the Point*. The precise geographical habitation and name of the Point, the author, with his usual delicious inconsequence—or the simulation thereof—has omitted to record; but it doesn't matter; we are enjoying ourselves and him so much that nothing matters. Mr. Dole is best known to the world as the translator of Tolstoy, and as a very charming lyric poet; in this volume he reveals himself as the Pepys of the nineteenth century, only with a remarkable absence of self-conceit, a better subject and a finer personality. There is some attempt at disguise in this little summer idyll of the autobiographical character of the Mr. Merrithew who tells the story of how he and his family occupied the governor's cottage "On the Point;" how they arrived in the rain, with considerably more baggage than the traditional "big box, little box, bandbox and bundle;" how the lighthouse keeper took a pessimistic view of their chances of ever getting anything to eat; and how they set at naught his predictions and fared sumptuously every day. And no doubt many of the incidents and all the romance are pure invention; nevertheless, never was an author's personality more clearly revealed than by the very attempt at hiding it! Like Tennyson's "Old Year," Mr. Merrithew is "full of knavish quips;" he is also given to paronomasia in all possible languages. The provokingness of him comes out about as clearly as anywhere, when he suggests to his wife, who is bemoaning the refusal of the captain of the steamer to stop at the Point for them, because they cannot supply the requisite number of full-pay passengers—that they shall defer the trip until the two youngest children are grown! which would certainly settle the difficulty. Better, however, to be absurd than ill tempered; and the narrator doesn't at all object to representing himself as the hero of a

ludicrous situation, as witness his famous efforts to "hitch up."

Yet there is something more in the book than mere wit, or even Pepsysian discursiveness; the childlike love of nature and of freedom from conventionality, and the general freshness, spontaneity, and wholesomeness of the book are based on something sweeter and stronger. The two romances are very effectively contrasted; and the tragedy of one is tenderly handled. We are inclined to think that the author is going to do great things in a line of his own yet to be discovered; meanwhile, he has done a very pleasant thing in taking us with him for a summer "On the Point." And we must not omit to say that the book is small enough to slip comfortably into a coat pocket; that it is aesthetically bound, with a cover design of a wind-tossed maiden holding on to her hat in quite a realistic style, and that it is illustrated delicately, we fancy, from photographs taken on the spot.

A MADONNA OF THE ALPS. Translated from the German of B. Schultze-Smidt by Nathan Haskell Dole. With photogravure frontispiece. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

Among writers of fiction who have been recently rising into prominence in Germany, the author of this story, we are told, has a distinguished place. If so it is not so much, we should imagine, by reason of his constructive skill in making a story as by the charming atmosphere in which he bathes it. The morbid appetite for excitement in plot and incident will find nothing here to whet its voracity upon, but there is instead a quiet domestic tragedy played among the eternal hills and ever beautiful regions around the Lago di Garda on the Italian border, which exists for the sake of introducing us to some delightful pictures of Italian landscape and characteristics. The tale itself, with the strutting figure of Felice Calluno and the woman of heroics, his wife, is a trifle melodramatic on its sombre side, but when these two are out of view and the valleys resound instead with the laughter and songs of the young artists, all life is gay and glad with their pervasive and ineffable youth. It is difficult to believe that this is a translation from the German and not from the Italian, so redolent is it of the sunny south, so warm in its colouring, so deli-

cate and subtle in its appreciation of the very spirit of Italian life. After all, the charm of these pages lies in the warm, impetuous rush of sweet, lusty youth in its heyday of three-and-twenty summers entering for the first time upon the land of its aspirations, inspired with the true fervour of art. Only once, indeed, are you a lusty lad, fresh in heart, free from care, overflowing with happiness, starting off with unspoiled vigour on one of the roads that lead to Rome!

THE MASTER-KNOT AND "ANOTHER STORY." By Conover Duff.

KAFIR STORIES. By William Charles Scully. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.

Two more volumes have been added to the attractive Buckram Series. These dainty specimens of the bookmaker's art have nothing superfluous about them. Unstinted praise cannot be given, however, to the contents of these volumes. "The Master-Knot," a story told in a series of letters, comes to an unsatisfactory end. The reader is led to believe by an epilogue that the incidents narrated are true, and the conclusion would seem to verify the facts. The style and characteristics displayed in the letters are not convincing enough to be natural, and so painful is the conclusion that the advisability of publishing these epistles is questionable.

In "Another Story," also told in letters, there is more to entertain. The author shows power of discernment, and occasionally rises to the humorous. Especially is this true in the letters of the women. The style is racy and possesses the element that attracts. The story reflects a phase of upper New York City life. The conclusion is a little startling, but does not violate one's sense of the fitness of things as does "The Master-Knot."

Had Mr. Scully linked his short *Kafir Tales* together as accounts of real events in South Africa, the volume would possess a value which in its present form is lacking. Mr. Scully writes with a large familiarity with his subject. But the narratives do not amuse—in fact, so full are they of revelations of the barbarous and the brutal, that they are almost revolting. They would be wholly so were it not for the fact that the human mind is prone to be

fascinated by the cruel in narrative form. But bare records of savages wallowing in bloodshed and beast-like brutality have no place in the entertaining function of fiction. All the world is not composed of a collection of Mark Tapleys. If it were *Kafir Tales* would be eagerly welcomed.

DOCTOR GRAY'S QUEST. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.75.

A melancholy interest is attached to this work, as it was the last book which the late Dr. Underwood wrote—indeed he had but completed it a few days before his death. Dr. Underwood was never popular as a novelist, he lacked some of the essential qualities necessary to the compounding of a work of fiction, especially did he lack the kind of imagination which renders credibly and clearly the personalities of its characters, while it withdraws that of the author. It is true that in his novels we have sympathy with humanity, an intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, and an ear for the clash of spiritual armies; but in none of his novels are these qualities put to such excellent use as in his *Quabbin*. For obvious reasons *Quabbin* just missed going for New England what *A Window in Thrums* has done for Scotland; the latter is an immortal book, because it is a work of genuine power and sympathy that comes with genius as well as with knowledge. *Quabbin* will long remain a book to be remembered and read again, but it lost its chance, because Dr. Underwood, with all the wealth of close observation which he contributed to it, was more a man of literary instincts than of literary power.

Doctor Gray's Quest shows the thoughtful and informing side of its author, but the marks of a painful, painstaking literary industry and literary finesse are over it all. The characters are drawn with considerable ingenuity, and the background is well filled in with picturesque descriptions of the domestic life of Little Canaan and with historic pictures of New England. Dr. Gray's search for proof of the innocence of Florian's father is the mainspring of the story, but intermingling with this there are many delightful incidents and episodes which afford elucidation of the Yankee character and wit.

DIPLOMATIC DISENCHANTMENTS. By Edith Bigelow. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Despite the trivial nature and many faults of this small novel, with its awkward though descriptive title, it teaches several wholesome lessons. Briefly, it is the story of a professor of political economy in a New England university, who receives through a relative of his ambitious wife the appointment of minister to Germany, and goes to Berlin accompanied by his wife, daughter, and niece. The history of these not especially interesting people, who are lifted from their natural background into the glitter of European life, fortunately lasts but six months. However, they give the author opportunity to tell the world the many things she knows about the functions, etiquette, social experiences, and types of character in Berlin.

Mrs. Bigelow has been very successful in drawing the character of a Hungarian actor endowed with genius and powers of fascination, though cold and selfish of nature, "neither a villain nor a saint. He liked to be loved, without too many demands of reciprocity being made on him. His life was decent and full of arduous effort, and his love of his art was the only real passion of which he was capable. He did not make it his business to make fools of women, but somehow, almost without his intending it, he caused women to make fools of themselves."

There are many episodes which are decidedly commonplace, and such hackneyed and inelegant expressions as "unfeignedly glad," "stately form," "attenuated diet," "she had come up from Seabright" (to New York), "patterns of mainly beauty rolled into one," "it could only be opined," frequently startle and antagonise the reader. The little story shows, however, how impossible it is for Americans of a certain type and education to harmonise with life in the Old World, and one is glad to find this family of simple tastes returning to the shade of its own elm-tree, richer and not embittered by experience, with the knowledge that their desire for diplomatic and social advancement was but a mirage, and ready to begin anew and with a greater sense of its value, the old life to which they were adapted.

THE MISTRESS OF QUEST. By Adeline Sergeant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Quest is a farm-place in the north of England, and its mistress is a strong-minded, deep-hearted young woman who has grown up on it with her grandfather, and at his death inherits its management. With her healthy beauty and healthy ways and strong sense, principle, and feeling, she represents rural life at its best, in contrast to her sickly, flaccid, luxury-loving but beautiful half-sister, who has been brought up in London. The neighbouring squire, a good type of country gentleman with a long pedigree, falls in love with the mistress of Quest, and she with him. This initiates the prolonged double trial of her life which the novel admirably describes. For, first of all, the mistress of Quest, knowing that Lady Adela, the squire's mother, would not like to see him marry a farmer, disguises her love and sacrifices herself; and then, her half-sister appearing on the scene, detaches her lover, and for a time appropriates him. The course of events by which things are righted is finely conceived. The mistress of Quest is a welcome addition to the women of fiction.

IN DEACON'S ORDERS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

A volume of short stories by Mr. Besant is always full of variety and of pleasantness. Some of those here are more or less satires on modern failings. "In Deacon's Orders," the mania of religiosity is held up to scorn in its not infrequent alliance with depravity; while in "The Equal Woman," Mr. Besant abjures, for the moment, his usual good-natured strictures on female claims, and gives a wholesome glimpse of at least one woman superior, even mentally, to one individual man. There is little comfort, however, in the story, as the particular man was an unmitigated fool. "Peer and Heiress" is a good example of his agreeable story; "In Three Weeks" is a somewhat poor specimen of his unpleasant variety. But in all these, and in the others, are visible the author's knack of happy ingenuity, and his way of cleverly turning the possibilities and impossibilities that run through his brain into a means of comfortably whiling away his reader's spare time.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

No less than four different translations, issued by as many publishing houses, appeared almost simultaneously of "Gyp's" *Le Mariage de Chiffon*, which in itself is surely a token that there is



GYP.

COMTESSE DE MARTEL.

something worth reading here. Under the title *Chiffon's Marriage*, the Messrs. Stokes; Hurst and Company; and Lovell, Coryell and Company have published this latest romance of French society at a uniform rate of fifty cents, bound in cloth; the Brentanos bringing it out in their Modern Life Library, under the editorial supervision of M. Henri Pène du Bois as *A Gallic Girl* (price, \$1.25), with artistic cover design by Scotson-Clark. Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company's edition contains a frontispiece portrait herewith reproduced. A significant fact is that the Messrs. Stokes's is the only edition which claims to be authorised as well as copyrighted, the translation, it is said, having received the enthusiastic approval

of the Comtesse de Martel (Gyp). As the work of French authors is recognised by the International Copyright, we are curious as to the reflection which this throws on the enterprise of the others. *Chiffon's Marriage* makes the second volume of the Messrs. Stokes's Bijou Series, of which F. C. Philips's *A Question of Colour* was the first. They are daintily bound in buckram, printed in clear, readable type, and contain illustrations. The series is an imitation of the Messrs. Holt's Buckram Series—we prefer the latter—but the difference in price will be a consideration.

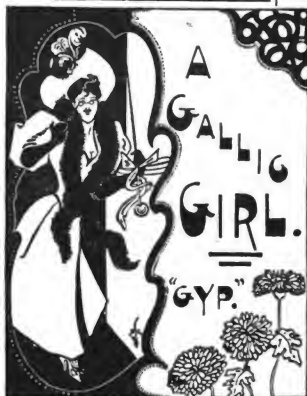
Corona of the Nantahalas, by Louis Pendleton, is a romantic little drama played by a solitary American girl with only an unlettered couple and a deaf mute for company, and a dangerous young journalist, among the wilds of a Southern State. It presents the inevitable clash of cultured simplicity with the conventions of nineteenth-century civilisation—the conflict between Hellenic ideals and the complex ways of modern life. The story is told effectively, and there is an idyllic flavour in it which sometimes almost makes us fall out with the author for preferring the form which he has made the story take.—Industrious Lydia Hoyt Farmer has made the Merriam Company responsible for another new book, which is a medley of satire, humour, and preachment, marked by shrewd wit, keen observation, and broad characterisation. Certain New York periodicals have already made us acquainted with the bulk of *Aunt Belindy's Points of View* and *A Modern Mrs. Malaprop*. The latter lady, "though no connoisseur in morals," prides herself "on being a *bon vivant* in devotion," thinks Paris "the most godly city in unrighteousness," makes Plato responsible for the well-known French remark, "*Après nous le déluge!*" and Socrates for the words, "I ought to have died at Waterloo!" while she proposes a toast in the immortal words of Napoleon: "Antiquity will do us justice." Mrs. Malaprop is just a trifle far-fetched sometimes, but the reader will get a good deal of fun out of her bumptious mistakes and crass ignorance dressed in seeming knowledge.—*Two Women; or, Over the Hills and Far Away*, by Lida Ostrom Vanamee, with a portrait of one of them (is it the author?) is also published by the Merriam Company, and

is designed to float the idle moments of an idle hour lightly down the summer tide. The writer will be known to some readers as the author of a previous story, *An Adirondack Idyll*. These three booklets of light fiction, published by the same firm, are bound in cloth, illustrated, and are issued at the uniform price of seventy-five cents per volume.

Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company have attempted, in reissuing their edition of Mr. Zangwill's *Old Maids' Club*, to profit by the interest of the hour in that writer's latest novel, *The Master*. It is liberally illustrated with comic sketches by F. H. Townsend, and to those who like this sort of pleasantry and artificial fun, it will no doubt be a welcome contribution in light literature. (Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents.) The same firm have brought out new editions of *Dearest*, by Mrs. Forrester; *John Ford and His Helpmate*, by Frank Barrett; and *Oriole's Daughter*, by Jessie Fothergill, in cloth at \$1.00, and in paper covers, price, 50 cents. In their Lakewood Series (price, 50 cents) the new issues include *Margery of Quether*, by S. Baring-Gould; *Morial the Mahatma*, by Mabel Collins, the author of the recently published novel, *Suggestion*; and *The Island of Fantasy*, by Fergus Hume. *Betty; a Last Century Love Story*, by Anna Vernon Dorsey, has been added to their Windermere Series of copyright fiction; and a fifty-cent paper edition of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, by Percy White, one of the cleverest single-volume novels of the year 1893, has been issued in the Belmore Series. No one should fail to read Mr. White's amusing satire of Surbiton and of the social struggles of the Bailey-Martins; we can assure the reader that he will be highly entertained in a fashion, alas! too rare nowadays.

The Cassell Publishing Company send us the following paper-covered novels at 50 cents: *Should She Have Left Him*, by William C. Hudson; *Jean Berny, Sailor*, by Pierre Loti; and *Utterly Mistaken*, by Annie Thomas; also a new novel by A. W. Marchmont, B.A., entitled *Parson Thring's Secret*. (Cloth, \$1.00.) From Robert Bonner's Sons we have received *The Meredith Marriage*, by Harold Payne, and *At a Great Cost*, by Effie A. Rowlands, both illustrated. (Paper, 50 cents.) The J. B. Lippincott Company have brought out two more volumes by Captain Charles King; one, entitled *Captain Close and Sergeant Crasus*, is his

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own; but *Captain Dreams and Other Stories* is a collection of stories simply edited by the indefatigable Captain. (Price, \$1.00.) *Too Late Repented*, by Mrs. Forrester, is the latest accession to the same firm's series of Select Novels. A new novel, *The Mistress of Quest*, by Adeline Sergeant, a favourite "serial" with popular British periodicals, has been added to the Messrs. Appleton's Town and Country Library (price, 50 cents), also George Gissing's masterly piece of realism, *In the Year of Jubilee*, which was reviewed by us (Vol. I., p. 122) from the English edition a few months ago.

The Arena Publishing Company send us *The Mystery of Evelin Delorme*, by Albert Bigelow Paine, which purports to be a hypnotic story. It is well printed, and is included in their handy Side-Pocket Series; but the whitewashed cover looks cheap, and spoils the attractiveness of the neat design. They also send us Mr. Everett Howe's *Chronicles of Break o' Day*, which is by no means a new book, but which we take pleasure in recommending to our readers, who will find much wisdom in it, and a close observation of certain local types of men and manners, which will afford considerable amusement as well as cause for more serious reflection.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THACKERAY. A STUDY. By Adolphus A. Jack. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

This painstaking appreciation of Thackeray is vitiated by one capital defect. Wide human sympathy is absolutely essential to good literary criticism. Mr. Jack sympathises with and understands the more elevated moods of mankind, but there are certain human phases and tempers that he would obliterate entirely. So should we all, if we had any decisive voice in the matter; but, unless we are professional moralists, we think that so long as they are part of life they have their legitimate place in literature, provided, of course, decencies and proportions be adhered to. Mr. Jack is now a good moralist. When he is older he may be a good critic.

Of Thackeray's more serious claims to be regarded as a classic, he speaks well, and therefore not superfluously, though on his vivid presentation of character perhaps due stress is not laid; and though the remarks on style are intelligent, they are very far from being the last word. He has an irritating habit of hitting on a truth, or quoting an accepted theory, and then drawing far too strong inferences from it. Of Thackeray's formlessness, for instance, it was right to complain; but he does not speak for many besides himself when he says of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes* that, "published as a whole, they are only readable with difficulty." We all know the theory that a work of art should be drawn to scale, constructed with the regularity and proportion of an architect's plan. The few books that adhere to the theory are very pretty; they may or may not be delightful to the imagination and the soul. And this method, this rhythm, this perfect proportion, are their existence to be tested only by external plan and arrangement? Can the ideal not be satisfied by harmony of tone and temper and spirit? It must, or we throw overboard as inartistic, and as Mr. Jack would piously say, "only readable with difficulty," a good many of the world's masterpieces—*Don Quixote*, for example.

Concerning Thackeray's defects, perhaps he has not said a word that is not

true; and I like his sturdily unapologetic attitude. But he is terribly solemn in his judgments. Such rigid severity would be becoming if Thackeray had written one book every five years, and nothing else between, and two of these had been, say, *The Shabby Genteel Story* and *The Book of Snobs*. But Thackeray was writing continually, in every mood, in every mental condition, and if some readers invariably take him seriously, he himself did not, and would have laughed at them for their pains. We all have our own way of spending the unguarded moments of our lives; most of us are dreadfully dull, and some of us ill-tempered. Thackeray chronicled his on paper—like all good fellows of high vitality, caring not a rap for his reputation—and they were generally amusing. But then they were certainly spent in vulgar or commonplace company, and his satire was often merely frivolous and shallow. This is all very true; and the man who wrote *Henry Esmond* and *The Newcomes* knew it best of all. To weep over the frivolities of genius that has had high manifestations is a woeful waste of tears. Decent regret is permissible; but depend on it, the defects regretted have been used in the very stuff that has roused our admiration; for genius is not wasteful in this sense; it transforms its weaknesses into painful wisdom; it uses somehow and somewhere effectively the whole of itself. In a morbidly serious frame of mind it might seem fitting to pipe the eye because Shakespeare made atrocious puns and invented scenes which are downright silly. Let us be thankful when our humour bids our conscience stop short of that. And though Thackeray treated royal personages and peers of the realm, and those misunderstood worthies the snobs, in a way that has called for serious explanation and remonstrance from Mr. Jack, and though in the *Irish Sketch Book* "there are none of those wide disquisitions upon society and government which the investigation of a particular country suggests to writers of the class of De Tocqueville and M. Taine," and though *The Shabby Genteel Story* is hopelessly vulgar, the conclusion of the whole is that it really

doesn't much matter. The main question is whether Thackeray's greater qualities will stand the test of time. The lesser fruits of his exuberant energy have their due significance; but to grieve over them with such solemnity is not more sensible than solemnly denying to Goldsmith's compilations a place in serious historical research.

MY EARLY TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN AMERICA AND ASIA. By Henry M. Stanley. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3 00.

Henry M. Stanley, in his last work, shows the self-confidence and self-approbation which have ever marked his public actions. The first volume, telling of Mr. Stanley's experience during two Indian campaigns, might have been published alone, and in itself have proven worthy of notice, not because Mr. Stanley is the author, but because it is a fairly concise record of the masterly way in which General Hancock in 1867 prevented protracted Indian wars by "a series of tactical marches through the red man's domains." This was the crucial time in the colonisation of the great States of Nebraska and Kansas. The savages were holding a carnival of bloodshed when Hancock made the Indians come to a full stop in their course, under penalty of effective retaliation. Stanley was sent to the scene as a special correspondent for the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. The meetings with the great chiefs, the speeches of the latter, and the incidents of early military life on the great plains are of historical interest and value.

In his preface Mr. Stanley justifies the white race in its course against the savages since the discovery of the continent, saying that "they [white men] had as much right to the plains as the Indians." He also speaks of "the semi-civilised millions" who once lived in the Mississippi Valley, Central America, and Arizona, and proceeds to find justification for the civilised man's course in overwhelming the red man by the hypothesis that the latter exterminated the mound-builders. It would have been better had Stanley read the investigations of Fiske, and thus have spared the reader an exhibition of ignorance, and also if he had paid some attention to the work of Parkman before indulging in deductions. Mr.

Stanley's reputation must rest upon his explorations, and not upon conclusions based on his own observations. Of course there are few who will justify the Indians in their frightful cruelties, and Parkman, in his exhaustive treatment of early Jesuit and English colonisation in Canada and the present United States, shows from the Jesuit records and letters from French governors and others, that the savages were from the earliest times cruel, not only to the whites, but also to their own kind, as witness the bitter enmity of the Iroquois tribes to the Algonquin nation, resulting in the practical extermination of the latter as a nation. But the early settlers were not backward in repaying cruelty with cruelty. It was only with the advent of the American republic that a serious and effective effort was made to temporise and to live in peace with the savage. Parkman said that the Indian might be tamed, but not civilised, and the truth of that has largely been demonstrated.

The interesting feature of the second volume is the account of the building and opening of the Suez Canal, written when Stanley was the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. The letters also cover the history of the Abyssinian expedition in 1868, and then, as a sort of apprenticeship to the Livingstone expedition, the author was sent "to write a kind of guide to the Nile, to visit Captain (now Sir Charles) Warren, and give an account of his explorations underneath Jerusalem, and finally I was to proceed through Persia to India." This is all a beaten track now, and the letters, as anything but descriptive of the places traversed, are of slight interest, and not in any way remarkable.

ALPHABETS. A Handbook of Lettering, with Historical, Critical, and Practical Descriptions. By Edward F. Strange. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2-75.

It is not difficult to perceive that the mechanical age through which we have been passing is doomed, and that the results of students' toil is destined to turn the tide not only of artistic, but of popular standards. To appreciate and discover true beauty of design, one must look to centuries of the past, when the craftsman was not a copyist, but an originator, freely expressing and repeating the beauty that he felt and observed

around him regarding form, colour, and idea.

This book, entitled *Alphabets* in the Ex-Libris Series of the Chiswick Press, adds one more link to the great chain of evidence that antiquarians bring forward to prove that the secrets of artistic invention lie in the Middle Ages, the greater inspiration coming from Byzantine influence. This will be proved by examining the various illustrations in this volume, and noticing how lettering deteriorates after the eighteenth century. Compare, for example, the apparent carelessness of the date 1610, taken from English furniture (p. 159), with the "modern fancy types" (p. 195). Even a superficial glance will reveal the grace and individuality of the early artist opposed to the unsympathetic mechanic of the nineteenth century. Again, compare the Dutch type of 1744 (p. 167) with the Gothic capitals from the tombs of Henry III. and Richard II. in Westminster Abbey (pp. 46, 50), contrasting the thirteenth and fifteenth with the eighteenth century; and compare the same with the lettering on a Spanish seal of the fourteenth century (p. 41). Note also the *stiffness* of the well-designed capitals by Jan Pas in 1737 (p. 251), as compared with those by Geoffroy in 1529 (p. 89). Every one who enjoys making letters will find his love of writing increased after examining such beautiful specimens as the Lombardic, Irish, and Anglo-Norman manuscripts given on pp. 18-26, and the equally beautiful writing of Walter Crane (p. 214). The book contains chapters on Roman Lettering and its Derivatives, the Middle Ages, Beginning of Printed Letters, etc., and a carefully selected bibliography. Several pages have been given to the criticism of American lettering, which is deservedly and highly praised by the author (p. 196). He also reprints a specimen page from the Kelmscott Press, founded by the famous poet and designer, William Morris, to whom this century owes much for the revival of interest in artistic typography. Several decorative title-pages by Walter Crane are also included, revealing his artistic and successful efforts to harmonise lettering with the principal features of his productions.

To the amateur Mr. Strange's volume will open a vista of novel and interesting

research; the student will find much that he already knows, retold in a delightful manner; and the artist, designer, and engraver, excellent treatment of the technical qualities of many different alphabets and their suitability to various materials and uses. It is to be hoped that the author will supplement this book with one on illuminated manuscripts, for which he seems so thoroughly equipped, besides having to such an unusual degree the sympathy of printer and publisher.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

It is only recently that Jonas Lie has gained an audience outside of Norway, inasmuch as the way to general recognition lies through France; and although his first story appeared in 1870, he has quite lately been translated into French, while a couple of his books have just been introduced into England. We have a ready welcome, then, for *The Commodore's Daughters* (\$1.00), which comes from the press of Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company. This novel was written in 1889, and while Lie has written much before and since that date, English readers may accept this example as characteristic of a novelist who has much in common with Dickens and Daudet. Jonas Lie is a consummate story-teller, one who is innocent—as Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us in the Introduction to this translation—of any "ism," and professes to teach no "gospel," but who is the best beloved of the living novelists of his fatherland. But the peculiar genius of Jonas Lie has never been better exemplified than in his two volumes of *eventyr*, entitled *Trold*, which appeared in 1891, and which under the title of *Weird Tales from Northern Seas* were translated into English. Some of these seafaring tales are masterpieces of literature; but it is difficult to preserve in translation the peculiarities of style and substance which give to the infinitely varying art of Jonas Lie its sublime simplicity and exuberant fancy. It is to be hoped that this volume will also find an American publisher, and that more of the author's work may be introduced in translation to American readers, for Jonas Lie has as distinct a place in literature as Björnson and Ibsen, and indeed he ranks at this moment as the

most popular novelist in Scandinavia. The same publishers also reissue a new edition of *The Heritage of the Kurts*, by Björnstjerne Björnson, at the same price, and with an introduction by Edmund Gosse. Both volumes are substantially bound in artistic covers.

Two more volumes of Macmillan's Illustrated Standard Novels lie on our table. John Galt's *Annals of the Parish* and *The Ayrshire Legatees* (\$1.25) form the fourth volume of the series. With the simultaneous appearance in England of Blackwood's edition (to be published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers in September) there would seem to be some reason for resuscitating this old Scottish annalist. Galt's Scotland was less fervent, less sentimental than the Scotland seen in Mr. Barrie's work or Ian Maclaren's. The shrewder, cannier side of Scottish life, with more worldliness and less romance, is depicted in his pages. Mr. Crockett calls him "a tired man's author," and he has described Galt's hour exactly when he says that his novels should be taken up when "Shakspeare is too high for us, and even Scott too mighty and many-sided." Canon Ainger writes an introduction in which he gives his reasons for considering the *Annals of the Parish* Galt's masterpiece; *The Ayrshire Legatees*, he says, is a kind of *Humphrey Clinker* with the title-character omitted. The illustrations by Brock are excellent. The fifth volume of this series is a reprint of Morier's *Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, the contents of which provided the cultured reading public of the early years of the century with merriment. Repeated new editions have been called for since the time when it was a popular favourite, and it is significant that of this work also we should have two publishers vying with each other to please the same audience. The Hon. George Curzon introduces the Persian storyteller, and H. R. Millar has drawn some forty pen-and-ink sketches, suggestive of the *Arabian Nights*, which greatly enhance the entertainment of these Oriental tales.

Messrs. Stone and Kimball have now issued five volumes of their admirable edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe. The fifth, which has recently been published, begins the *Tales of Adventure and Exploration*, and has a frontispiece portrait of Poe taken from a picture by

Oscar Halling, and copyrighted in 1893 by Amelia Poe. There are also three illustrations by Sterner, all portraying scenes in the narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, which takes up most of this volume. The last illustration is a fine imagining of the weird and ghostly adventure of the canoe and its occupants, hurrying under the influence of a powerful current over the milky depths of the ocean, with the white ashy shower settling upon them as their boat rushes with increasing velocity into the embraces of the cataract ahead.—The new volume in Messrs. Roberts Brothers translations of Balzac contains *Ferriagus, Chief of the Dévorants* and *The Last Incarnation of Vautrin*. (Price, \$1.50.)—Mr. William H. Rideing, besides helping to edit two important American journals, finds leisure to tramp through scenes made famous in history and romance, and to make books out of his tramps—and books that are readable and entertaining at that, which is more remarkable. *In the Land of Lorna Doone and Other Pleasurable Excursions in England*, to give the book its full title, is welcome reading, for when we are debarred from travelling over the ground peopled by historians and romancers ourselves, it is always pleasant and profitable to haunt these places with the torch of our imagination lighted by a trusty and genial guide. Besides the romance of Blackmore, we have all read books which have made us curious about Cornwall and the Yorkshire Coast, and who would hesitate to enter the charmed circle woven by Amy Robsart and *Kenilworth*? Most readers will think of Mr. Rideing's book as a summer companion, but as for us, we shall lay it in store against the gray gloom of winter, when by its magic we may conjure up our own surroundings and bid the elements defiance. The little volume is a combination of excellence in paper, print, and binding, and there are wide margins for notes or etchings of suggested thought and fancy. It is published by T. Y. Crowell and Company, and the price is \$1.

Messrs. Macmillan and Company have added *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders* in two volumes to their fine edition of Defoe. (Price, \$1.00 each.)—*The Lyrical Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (Price, \$1.00) is the latest addition to *The Lyric Poets*, edited with

an introduction by Ernest Rhys. A beautiful portrait of the boy Shelley serves as frontispiece.—The same firm have published the first volume of their Pocket Edition of Charles Kingsley's novels. *Hypatia*, though below the rank of the great historical romances, will always be popular, and will continue to be lauded as a masterpiece by those who do not see the difference. This volume is what it purports to be, a pocket edition, but we would have sacrificed a little convenience in this direction to have had better paper, which is so thin that the type shows through; and the type itself, though readable, is too small to be properly distinct. The Messrs. Macmillan rise to so uniform a plane of excellence in all their publications, that we are all the more moved to criticism when they make an error, as it seems to us that they have done in this instance. The price, in all conscience, is low enough—75 cents per volume.—These publishers also issue a handy volume of Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, which is intended as a text-book, and is laboriously weighted with notes, which, however, are stowed away in the back of the book, so that the general reader, if he is not of a mind to have Lamb annotated and elucidated, may read Elia without intrusion from the editors. (Price, 50 cents.)—*Off the Mill*, by G. F. Brown, B.D., D.C.L., is a collection of not uninteresting papers on Alpine subjects, which falls into line with the crop of books steadily increasing every season, and which a growing demand continues to call forth. Most of the articles which compose the book appeared long since in magazine form in England, and being accounts of an earlier state of things than the present generation of Alpine climbers encounter, its contents by contrast will afford more amusement than information, except where original research and observation have played an important part, and in so far as the fascination of the eternal hills and beautiful valleys of Pontresina and the Engadine is unchangeable.

A volume entitled *The Ameer Abdur Rahman* (which, by the way, is not the division of the name that we should ourselves have adopted) opens the Public Men of To-day Series, announced some time ago by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company. Its appearance was probably hastened by the recent visit of

the Ameer's second son, the Shahzadah, to England; otherwise some of the other volumes that are included in the announcement would have been of more interest to the American reader, at least. The life of Signor Crispi or of the late Stefan Nicolof Stambuloff would be quite as timely and certainly of greater value. However, the present volume, which is written by Mr. Stephen Wheeler, F.R.G.S., and late of the Punjab University, is excellent reading and instructive withal, abounding, as it does, in curious anecdotes of Oriental life, and giving glimpses into the almost inexplicable workings of the Oriental mind. A portrait of the Ameer and one of Dost Mohammed Khan are given. (Price, \$1.25.)

We have received from the American Baptist Publication Company, of Philadelphia, *Papers and Addresses of Martin B. Anderson, LL.D.*, in two very handsomely printed volumes (\$2.50). These are edited by Professor William C. Morey, and will be of especial interest to the alumni of the University of Rochester, over which Dr. Anderson so long and so successfully presided. Perhaps the most readable of all are the short addresses to the students of that seat of learning, because they show many of the personal characteristics of a scholar whose influence was always strong with his undergraduates, and was always exerted for noble ends.

Mr. Grant Allen's *Story of the Plan's* (40 cts.), added by the Appletons to their Library of Useful Stories, is an extremely attractive little book, giving in the most lucid style a succinct and accurate description of the principal phenomena of plant life. Technicalities are refreshingly absent, yet the most mature mind will find nothing paltry or trivial in the treatment, for Mr. Allen does not have the air of "writing down" to the supposed level of the unscientific person.—Dr. Chalmers Prentice is the author of *The Eye in Its Relation to Health*, published by A. C. McClurg and Company, of Chicago (\$1.50). In its pages the writer sets forth certain theories which he bases upon experiments and observations of his own, and which, from a long experience of certain phases of optic derangement, we should like to discuss at some length; but the matter is of too technical a character for these pages. Suffice

it to say that some of the chapters are very striking, and we shall look with interest to see how the work is received by the profession.—Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, publish a book by Mr. George F. Tucker,

entitled *Your Will: How to Make It*. There are 101 pages of it; and we can far better advise our readers in the space of a dozen words how to make their will: Go to a reputable lawyer and let him do it for you.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BJÖRNSSON.

Björnstjerne Björnson was born December 8th, 1832, in Kvikne, up among the Dovre Mountains of Norway, where his father was parish priest. As a lad he had literary predilections. There is a poem from his eleventh year still preserved in manuscript. In Christiania, before he had entered the university, he wrote a historic drama called *Valborg*. This was submitted to the directors of the Christiania Theatre and accepted, but was voluntarily withdrawn by the young author, who in the mean time had become aware of its defects. It was never produced, and beyond a few verses has never been printed. Whether as a whole it is still extant I do not know. His literary career may really be said to have begun in 1854 with the critical article, a review of *En Nytaarsbog* (*A New Year's Book*), in No. 15 of the *Christiania Morgenbladet*. Björnson's earliest work, subsequent to this, was in the direction of literary and dramatic criticism for various journals. In 1856 he undertook the editorship of the little weekly journal *Illustreret Folkeblad*, in which the story which subsequently formed his first book began in June, 1857, to appear as a *feuilleton*. The tale *Synnöve Solbakken*, the first of Björnson's peasant novels, and the beginning of a new era in the literary history of Norway, was published in book form that same year. Other books now followed in rapid succession. His first drama, the little one-act prose play *Mellem Slagene* (*Between the Battles*), appeared in 1858, and later the same year the heroic drama in verse, *Halte Hulda* (*Lame Hulda*). These were succeeded by the peasant novel *Arne*, actually published in 1859, but with 1858 on the title-page; in 1860 by *Smaastykker* (*Small Pieces*), containing five short stories and the first drama, all previously published, namely: *Min første Fortælling* [*Thrond*]; *Mellem Slagene*; *Ei faarlig Frøing*; *Faderen*;

Oerneredet; *En glad Gut*. In 1861 followed the tragedy *Kong Sverre* (*King Sverre*); in 1862 the dramatic trilogy *Sigurd Slembe*, called by Robert Buchanan



BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

"Björnson's masterpiece;" in 1864 the tragedy *Maria Stuart i Skotland* (*Mary Stuart in Scotland*); in 1865 the comedy *De Nygifte* (*The Newly Married Couple*); in 1868 the peasant tale *Fiskerjenten* (*The Fisher Maiden*); in 1870 the first edition of his collected poems *Digte og Sange* (*Poems and Songs*), and the epic romance *Arnlfot Gelline*, his longest poem; in 1872 the last of the saga-dramas, *Sigurd Jorsalafar* (*Sigurd the Crusader*) and *Fortællinger* (*Tales*), a second collection of stories in two volumes

containing *Arne*; *Synnøve Solbakken*; *Jærnbanen og Kirkegaarden*; *Blakken*; *Thron*; *Faderen*; *Oerneredet*; *Trofæst-hed*; *En Livsgaade*; *En nye Feriefart*; *Bjørnejageren*; *Ej faarleg Friing*; *Et farligt Frieri*; *En glad Gut*; *Fiskerjenten*; *Brude-Slaaten*. In 1873 followed the peasant novel *Brude-Slaaten (The Bridal March)*, reprinted from the second volume of the *Tales*; in 1874 the play *Redaktøren (The Editor)*, the first of a series of dramas which deal with modern social, political, and religious problems; in 1875 the drama *En Fallit (A Bankruptcy)*, one of the most popular of all of the plays; in 1877 the drama *Kongen (The King)*, and the novel *Magnhild*, which, like *The Editor* among the plays, marks the beginning of a new direction; in 1879 the novel *Kaptein Mansana (Captain Mansana)*, a story of the war of Italian independence, and the dramas *Leonarda* and *Det ny System (The New System)*; in 1883 the dramas *En Hanske (A Gauntlet)* and *Over Ævne (Beyond their Strength)*; in 1884 the novel *Det flager i Byen og paa Havnen (Flags are Flying in City and Harbour)*; in 1885 the last of the dramas, *Geografi og Kærlighed (Geography and Love)*; in 1889 the last novel, *Paa Guds Veje (In God's Way)*; finally, in 1894, a third collection of stories called *Nye Fortællinger (New Tales)*, which contains *Absaloms Haar (Absalom's Hair)*; *Et Stygt Barndomsminde (An Ugly Reminiscence of Childhood)*; *Mors Hænder (Mother's Hands)*; *Een Dag (One Day)*.

Besides having contributed literally scores of articles on almost all possible subjects to the principal journals of Norway, Björnson has been several times directly engaged in editorial work. In 1856-57 he was editor, as has been mentioned, of the Christiania weekly, *Illustreret Folkeblad*, called during part of the time *Folkebladet*; in 1858-59 he edited the *Bergensposten*; in 1859-60 he was co-editor of the Christiania *Aftenbladet*; from 1866-71 he was editor of the *Norsk Folkeblad*, which he bought in the autumn of 1869. Twice he has been theatre director—in 1858-59 in Bergen; in 1865-67 in Christiania. Among other adaptations for the Christiania Theatre is an acting version of Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.*, first produced in 1867.

The list of English translations of Björnson, but particularly of the novels and tales, is a long one. The first of all

the works to appear in English was *Arne*, the second novel; as the title runs, *Arne*; or, *Peasant Life in Norway*. Translated from the second edition by a Norwegian [Thomas Krag]. Bergen [1861]. This translation was noticed in the London *Athenæum*, April 20th, 1862. I have never seen it, nor do I fancy that it circulated widely. It is not quite clear what is meant by the second edition, as that did not in reality appear until 1868. It was left for the second translation of *Arne* to bring Björnson's name adequately before an English public. This version appeared as *Arne: A Sketch of Norwegian Country Life*. Translated from the Norwegian by Augusta Plesner and S. Rugeley-Powers. London and New York, 1866. Other editions of this were published in England and America. What I take to be the same translation is also contained in *Arne and the Happy Boy*, Boston, 1872, and in *Life by the Fells and Fiords: A Norwegian Sketch Book*, by B. B., London, 1879. Subsequent translations are: *Arne*, by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1881; in Lovell's Library, 1882; in *The Happy Boy and Arne*, New York, 1883; in *Arne and The Fisher Lassie*, translated from the French, London, 1889; in *Arne and The Fisher Lassie*, by W. H. Low [Bohn], London, 1891; *Arne*, by Walter Low, New York, 1895. *Synnøve Solbakken* appeared first as *Love and Life in Norway*, by Augusta Bethell and Augusta Plesner, London [1870]. Other versions are: *Synnøve Solbakken*, by Julie Sutter, London, 1881, and in a new edition, New York, 1895; by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1881; from the Norse, authorized edition, London, 1883; in the Seaside Library, 1883; as *The Betrothal* it is contained in *Half Hours with Foreign Novelists*, by Helen and Alice Zimmern, London, 1880. *En glad Gut* appeared first as *Ovind: A Story of Country Life in Norway*, by Sivert and Elisabeth Hjerleid, London, 1869. Other translations are: *The Happy Boy*, Boston, 1869; by H. R. G., London and Boston, 1870; by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1882 [1881]; in Lovell's Library, 1882; and in the volume with *Arne*, already cited (1883); it is also contained in *The Happy Lad: A Story of Peasant Life in Norway, and Other Tales*, London [1882]. *Fiskerjenten* has been translated as *The Fisher Maiden*, by M. E. Niles, New York, 1869, included also in the Leisure Hour Series, 1874; *The Fishing Girl*, by A. Plesner and F.

Richardson, London [1870]; *The Fisher Girl*, by S. and E. Hjerleid, London, 1871; *The Fisher Maiden*, by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1882; and *The Fisher Lassie*, by W. H. Low, in the volume with *Arne*, already cited. *Brude-Slaaten* is included in *Life by the Fells and Fiords*, previously cited; it is also the title story in the volume by R. B. Anderson, *The Bridal March, and Other Stories*, Boston, 1882; as *The Wedding March*, by M. Ford, it is in the Seaside Library, 1882. *Magnhild* has been only once translated, namely, by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1883. *Kaptejn Mansana* is the title story in *Captain Mansana, and Other Stories*, by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1883; it is also in the Seaside Library, 1883. *Det flager i Byen og paa Havnen* was published as *The Heritage of the Kurts* in Heinemann's International Library, London, 1892. *Paa Guds Veje* appeared in the same series as *In God's Way*, by E. Carmichael, London, 1890; it is also in Lovell's Series of Foreign Literature [1889].

The short stories have appeared in translation in journals and magazines throughout the length and breadth of English-speaking territory, in sources geographically as far apart as the Melbourne *Argus* and *Harper's Weekly*. No proper bibliography of these has yet been compiled, nor am I certain that it is worth compiling. Versions to be noted are those contained in *The Bridal March, and Other Stories*, by R. B. Anderson, already cited. These are: *Thronð*; *A Dangerous Wooing*; *The Bear Hunter*; *The Father*; *The Eagle's Nest*; *Blakken*; *Fidelity*; *A Problem of Life*, all included in the *Tales* of 1872. *Captain Mansana, and Other Stories* contains: *The Railroad and the Churchyard* from the *Tales*, and *Dust (Støv)*, one of the most striking of the short stories. In the volume whose title is given by Goldschmidt's story *The Flying Mail* (Boston, 1870), are *The Eagle's Nest* and *The Father*, by S. and E. Hjerleid; *The Father* is also in *Norwegian and Swedish Poems*, translated by G. A. Dahl, Bergen, 1872. In *Life by the Fells and Fiords*, already cited, are: *The Churchyard and the Railroad*; *The Father*; *Faithfulness*; *Thronð*; *Blakken*; *A Life's Enigma*; *Checked Imagination*; *The Eagle's Nest*; *A Dangerous Wooing*; *The Brothers' Quarrel*; *The Eagle and the Fir*. In *The Happy Lad, and Other Tales*, previously cited, are: *The Eagle's Nest* and *The Father*. *Railroad and*

Churchyard, finally, is included in the volume with *Fair Kate*, by Paul Heyse, in the Seaside Library, 1882. The only series of translations thus far published is that by R. B. Anderson, in eight volumes, *Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's Works*, author's edition, Boston, 1881-83; London, 1884. The contents have already been noted in detail. A series under the editorship of Edmund Gosse, published by Macmillan, has been begun. Two volumes have thus far appeared, both this year—viz., *Synnøve Solbakken* and *Arne*.

Bjørnson's dramas have been far less generally translated than his stories; in point of fact, but five of the whole fifteen have as yet been put into an English garb. *De Nygifte* has been rendered twice: *The Newly Married Couple*, by Theodor Soëlfeldt, London [1868]; and with the same title by S. and E. Hjerleid, London, 1870. A version of *Mary Stuart in Scotland* appeared in *Scandinavia*, Chicago, 1883-84. *Sigurd Slembe*, by W. M. Payne, was published, Boston, 1888. *Over Ævne* appeared as *Pastor Sang*, by William Wilson, London, 1893; *En Hanske* as *A Gauntlet*, by Osman Edwards, London, 1894.

Of the poems, *Arnljot Gelline* has never yet found a translator. The lyrics, as contained in the novels and tales, have usually been translated in their proper places in the text, and there are versions of many of the songs. No considerable collection, however, has yet been made.

Besides the foregoing, to complete, as near as may be, a bibliography in English, the following articles have been published in American magazines: in *Scribner's Monthly* for February, 1881, *Norway's Constitutional Struggle*; in *Harper's Monthly*, 1889, *Norway and Its People*, in three papers. Last of all in the list, a pamphlet in English on the "Flag Question" was privately printed as manuscript in 1882, and sent to the editors of the principal journals in the seaboard cities of the United States.

Unlike Ibsen, Bjørnson in the main has fared badly at the hands of his translators. His style in the novels and tales is so lucid and unaffected, and his vocabulary as a whole so easy to comprehend that it seems as if it ought to be the simplest possible matter to render it all into graceful, flowing English. Therein, I think, has lain the principal difficulty. The very simplicity of most

of it has furnished the pitfall to trap the unwary, and almost all of Björnson's translators have been apparently unsuspecting of the actual difficulty of their task. Aside from the fact that in the process of turning good Norse into bad English all sorts of errors of commission have been made, their great besetting

sin is that, misled by its artful ingenuousness, they have attempted to better their originals, with most disastrous results. In but few of the translations—those of the late Walter Low are among the best—have we Björnson as he really is.

William H. Carpenter.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKSELLING.

THE SYSTEM ADOPTED IN GERMANY FOR THE PREVENTION OF UNDERSELLING AND FOR PROMOTING THE SALE OF BOOKS.

(Abridged from an address made in London by William Heinemann.)

I.

In no business is there more reason for some sort of understanding among its members than in this business of bookselling, because only through an intimate understanding is it possible to create and maintain that most necessary feeling of interest and enthusiasm for the fascinating but unprofitable business in which we are engaged, which should induce us besides doing well for ourselves, to do something also for those who are to follow us. Bookselling is admittedly not the easiest of trades—perhaps it is the most difficult. It requires a better education, wider reading, and more discretion than any other retail business. I should say that no man can be a competent bookseller who has not also been a reader of many books. A bookseller should know the niceties of style, the value of standard literature as well as of momentary sensation; he should appreciate the classics, and revel also in the latest fad or craze of the hour; he should have a small—shall I say a nodding—acquaintance with almost every branch of human knowledge. It would be well for him to know something about the best authorities in the fields of law, of medicine, and of science generally. It would be an advantage to him if he were able to tell his client who is the first authority on whatever subject the client might consult him about. He should be just as certain what to recommend as the standard book on diphtheria as he should know which Latin Syntax is likely to meet the requirements of the young gentlemen who are invited to join the recently founded local boarding establishment for sons of the clergy and gentry. He should be able to recommend to his legal friend a treatise on the Law of Contract just as readily as he should be able to say to the artist who visits his shop: "This is the book which you should study on the composition of pigments."

This may seem utopian to you, impossible perhaps to expect of the assistant who comes to you green from school—even after many years of patient instruction. It may be an impossibility for any man to be entirely *au courant* with the

literature of the world so as to be able at a moment's notice to remember the standard work on every odd and awkward subject—in such an extraordinary way, for instance, as our *confrère*, Mr. Quaritch, has mastered almost every branch of the antiquarian book trade. But it is necessary that we should have booksellers who are able to compile and to consult bibliographical material containing (or which should contain) all this special knowledge.

This leads me to the theme which you have asked me to discuss with you this evening, viz.: the way in which an organisation which might create these and other happy changes in our business has actually worked elsewhere, has inspired hope and confidence in a sinking business, and has filled with pride and confidence those who must always be regarded as the first and highest—just as they are the most intelligent—of all retailers of goods—the booksellers. I am referring to the Society of German Booksellers, which, under the name of the "Börsenverein der Deutschen Buchhändler zu Leipzig," was founded in 1825, and has grown to be the centre of the book trade of almost the whole continent of Europe. For, although the special book trade of France may be localised in Paris, and the book trade of Italy in several publishing centres such as Rome, Naples and Milan; that of Spain in Madrid, and so forth; still Leipzig is the centre from which intercommunication with the various centres takes place. It has become the pay-house, as well as the exchange and forwarding agency of the book trade of the world, simply and solely through its superb organisation—an organisation which started with means much humbler, from beginnings much less promising, than those which bring so interesting and representative a body here to-night.

It is generally laid down as the purpose of the "Börsenverein" that it shall devote its attention to the benefit of the German book trade irrespective of personal interests, both as regards its internal organisation and its relations to foreign book trades as well as to all allied trades, and the general public. It divides its activity under four heads.

There is the maintenance of the various establishments which serve for meeting purposes—for business transacted in Leipzig, and for the settlement of all annual accounts.

Then there is the drawing up of the rules according to which the book trade generally shall be carried on, both with regard to the minimum

discount that the bookseller is entitled to from the publisher, and the maximum discount that the bookseller is to accord to his customer.

Thirdly, you have the Benevolent Society, for the benefit of the aged, the disabled, and also the widows and orphans of all who are connected with the book trade.

And lastly, there is a special branch devoted to the encouragement of sub-organisations among local booksellers in every important town or district, all of which have to pledge themselves to maintain in principle the rules and regulations of the "Börsenverein," but who among themselves adapt them in such a way as the particular *clientèle* of their locality demands. This, you see, is a sort of local government under the general authority of the home parliament.

The conditions of membership of the "Börsenverein" are personal integrity, proof that the candidate seeking admission is genuinely and professionally engaged in the book trade, either as principal, partner, or responsible manager of the business; and lastly, the undertaking to submit unconditionally to the rules and regulations of the "Börsenverein," and to abide by the decisions arrived at by the committee in general meeting.

The entrance fee is 30s. and the annual subscription, 6s. The membership is personal and not connected with the firm.

The headquarters of the "Börsenverein" are located in the "Buchhändlerhaus"—a magnificent palatial building. It consists of a large assembly hall, and a number of smaller offices and apartments, and being the *rendezvous*—at least during the Easter Fair—of nearly every bookseller in the Empire, has assumed almost the aspect of a club house.

A number of clerks, under the general supervision of a responsible secretary, are engaged in the offices of the Association, in continual correspondence with the three thousand members, and also in the compilation of the *Börsenblatt der Deutschen Buchhändler*, a daily paper devoted entirely to the interests of the German book trade, which contains all the official announcements of the committee with regard to rules to be observed, as well as notices of forthcoming meetings. It also contains a daily list of all books, pamphlets, papers, music, maps, published in Germany; a weekly list of foreign publications—English, French, Italian, Scandinavian, Russian—and, from time to time, lists of the smaller literatures and less accessible books. There are also occasional papers relating to matters concerning the book trade generally; not only to the bookseller's business, but to the publisher's business, and even to the allied trades, such as papermaking and printing. The *Börsenblatt* is open to every member of the "Börsenverein" for any communication he may see fit to address to it.

Before 1857, the discount system had made such ravages in the ranks of discount booksellers, that its abolition or continuance became a matter of life or death. It was apparent that the self-respecting members of the trade must either combine and put down the abuses or submit to a greedy and improvident majority and be crushed to the wall.

It was then that the present rules had to be drawn up, which regulated absolutely and definitely the discount which should be given, which defined remainders, and which claimed for the "Börsenverein" supreme legislation in all mat-

ters concerning business disputes. It was laid down first of all that the discount, which had risen to 25 per cent., should be abolished in the ordinary way, but that to 10 per cent. could be accorded to public institutions and regular customers for cash. If any bookseller were reported to the "Börsenverein" for having broken this rule, the matter was to be inquired into, with the result that if the case was proved against the accused he was to be turned out of the "Börsenverein," which was practically the losing of the bookseller's civil rights.

Let us presume that in some centre a black sheep made its appearance and offered a large stock at a discount to the public, or was even found giving special discounts openly or secretly, thereby attracting buyers, who the "Börsenverein" maintains, should be divided in proper proportion among the different booksellers of the place. The fact of the discount having been offered or given would at once be communicated to the head office in Leipzig, whence a warning would be sent to the offender. He would then have an opportunity of explaining his conduct. If such explanation was satisfactory, the result of the inquiry would be communicated to the informant and there the matter would end. If, however, the explanation was not satisfactory, or no explanation was forthcoming, he would then be deprived of the privileges of the "Börsenverein;" that is to say, an announcement would be sent out to every bookseller and publisher throughout the Empire, stating that he had been excluded from the "Börsenverein," and calling upon every member to cease doing business with him in any form or shape whatsoever.

By this circular, every publisher's account throughout the length and breadth of the land would be closed to him; and his wholesale agent—corresponding to our Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Company (from whom we receive the "English Notes" in this department)—would at once stop his account and his credit, suing him at common law for whatever sum he might at the moment owe.

So stringent are the instructions of the "Börsenverein" on this subject, that any publisher or wholesale agent would expose himself to the same treatment as the offending bookseller should he supply him with goods. He would be warned at first, and then similarly excluded, with the effect that, if a publisher, no reputable bookseller in Germany would stock a book of his; if a wholesale agent, the whole of his business would be immediately transferred to a rival firm, of which there are many in Leipzig.

(To be concluded.)

THE POPE LIBRARY.

The most important bibliographical event of recent times is the sale, made privately, of the great library belonging to Mr. N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn. The entire collection, one of the finest in the United States, cost Mr. Pope about \$200,000, and has been purchased by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It is, without doubt, the largest purchase of old books ever made by any firm or bookseller on this side of the Atlantic, and we know of but one larger made this century, that of the library of Earl Spencer in Europe.

A list of the notable books would be, practically, a catalogue of the library. It embraces some of the rarest and finest volumes of the English literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—folio and quarto Shakespeares and all the great poets and dramatists being largely represented. While it cannot be said that any collection is perfect in this respect, the Pope Library comes nearer to it than most, and includes many extremely valuable and unique books. There are two Caxtons and several Wynkin de Worde. In the department of Americana, or books relating to the early history of America and the States, there is a very choice collection; and the English literature and poetry of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are finely represented. The majority of the great writers of these later epochs is found in this collection to be in immaculate condition, uncut and in fine bindings; in fact, almost all the books in this library are unexceptionable in this respect.

Not the least interesting portion of this wonderful collection is that of books with illustrations, of which there are large numbers, containing many thousands of inserted plates; some of these the work of Mr. Assay, who was an adept in extra illustrating. The prints in these books are interspersed with most interesting autograph letters of literary men of all times. The separate autograph letters and documents, although numbering but a comparatively few, are without exception those most prized by the collector. There is a fine series of the best works on bibliography. The French books, forming a minor part of this collection, comprise some of the most beautiful and artistic work of this century. In manuscripts on vellum, there is the famous Charles V. missal, which contains a vast number of superb miniatures.

In short, the three thousand and odd volumes which would go to make up a complete catalogue of this library consist largely of the most illustrious authors in poetry, drama, history, art, and bibliography from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present date. The library is now being arranged and priced, and in the early autumn will be offered for sale by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company at their store on Fifth Avenue. It will afford a rare opportunity to book collectors and to libraries, public and private, to secure books that are rarely found, and very many of which are not obtainable once in a decade, or, indeed, ever offered for sale.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1895.

Sales in the first week of July were rather light, being broken by Independence Day and its attractions. From that time on, however, there has been an increasing business, better in proportion to that of the last few months, and comparing favourably with July's sales in previous years. Mail orders have particularly in many cases been for quantities instead of single copies, thus indicating a tendency to stock, while even the city trade has had its share of improvement.

Library trade, usually very quiet during the summer, has shown considerable activity, not only in the matter of orders, but in lists to be priced

and inquiries for catalogues, suggesting an early renewal of business in this department.

Guide-books to the summer resorts in the mountains and at the sea-shore sell readily, also works on outdoor recreation. *How to Know the Wild Flowers* still continues its remarkable popularity, while of the later books, *Birds of Eastern North America* and *Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden* lead the van.

The various volumes of historical publications recently issued continue to meet with a good demand, while those of biography are little called for.

In paper-bound books there has been issued nothing of especial importance during the month, but the works of Captain King, Conan Doyle and J. M. Barrie in paper covers have sold readily. *Social Evolution* in this cheap form is also selling well, and the publishers ran out of it for some time while reprinting. A marked feature of this summer's trade has been the popularity of the Buckram Series and sixteenmo style of books. In addition to Henry Holt and Company's series, mentioned in a previous number, is F. A. Stokes Company's, including *In the Midst of Alarms*, *The Face and the Mask* and others; also the series in which several single volumes have been published, such as *The Play-Actress*, by Crockett, and *The Kentucky Cardinal*, by J. L. Allen. In fiction, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, *The Woman Who Did* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* have sustained their popularity unabated, while *Trilby* has come to almost a standstill in point of sale.

The new titles for the month contain a number of books by well-known writers, such as *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *Fort Frayne*, by Captain Charles King; *My Lady Nobody*, by Maarten Maartens, and *An Imaginative Man*, by R. S. Hichens; also several editions of *Chiffon's Marriage*, by Gyp.

In subjects of a more serious character, *Degeneration*, *Foundations of Belief*, and *Outlines of Social Theology* are selling steadily. Fiction naturally leads in demand at this time of year, as will readily be seen by reference to the following list of most called-for books.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian MacLaren. \$1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50.

Fort Frayne. By Captain Charles King. \$1.25.

The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.25.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. \$1.00.

Tryphena in Love. By Walter Raymond. 75 cts.

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America. By Frank M. Chapman. \$3.00.

Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. By F. Schuyler Mathews. \$1.75.

How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Revised edition, net, \$1.75.

- Degeneration. By Max Nordau. \$3.50.
 With the Procession. By H. B. Fuller. \$1.25.
 Princeton Stories. By J. L. Williams. \$1.00.
 Yale Yarns. By J. S. Wood. \$1.00.
 Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 1, 1895.

The month just concluded was as uneventful as July generally is, and presented very few features of any interest. Business has been very slow throughout the month, and hardly up to the average. The demand for recent literature kept up fairly well, and although financial works are still selling largely, the extraordinary vogue they enjoyed a few weeks ago no longer exists.

The new books published during July were, from a business point of view, as dull as the month itself, and not one of them was even moderately successful. The best of them—the best of a poor lot—was *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which has not reached expectations so far, but may sell better later on. The various editions of *Chiffon's Marriage*, which seems to have been the *Trilby* of Paris, have also sold well, the edition published by Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company finding perhaps most favour in the eyes of the Western public. Messrs. Scribner's cheap reprint of *Bitter Sweet* and *Kathrina* were in good demand by the country trade, and will doubtless do better still.

Western booksellers are now busy purchasing supplies for the autumn trade, and the travelling agents of the various publishing houses report that they are very well satisfied with the results of their July sales. In fact, business has, so far, exceeded their anticipation, and it would seem that booksellers are regaining a little of the confidence that has been so sadly lacking during the last two or three years.

The game of golf seems to have come to stay with us. The literature of the game is, so far as this country is concerned, confined to three or four books, for all of which there are frequent calls. Perhaps the most elaborate treatise on the game is the work on golf in the Badminton Library, but the most popular work with beginners, or, for that matter, the initiated, is the useful and cheap little handbook of the game as played in America, issued in Dodd, Mead and Company's Athletics Series.

The demand for outdoor books is still great. One of the most successful of the recent books on our home birds is Chapman's *Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America*. Judging from the ready sale it is meeting with, it would seem to be the best handbook on the subject as well as the most pleasing.

In regard to the leading books of the hour, *Trilby* sold better last month than it did in June, stimulated, no doubt, by the drama of that name now being played in the West. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* again surpassed its last record. *The Manxman* and all of Stanley Weyman's books sold well, but with the exception of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which went as fast this month as at any time since its publication, the other works of Anthony Hope had but an ordinary sale. S. R.

Crockett holds his own, and his beautiful little story, *The Play-Actress*, which heretofore has not sold very well in the West, seems to have caught a favourable current.

The following is a list of the books which led the sales last month:

- Trilby*. By George Du Maurier. \$1.75.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian MacLaren. \$1.25.
Chiffon's Marriage. By Gyp. 50 cts.
The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50.
The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America. By Frank M. Chapman. \$3.00.
The Master. By I. Zangwill. \$1.75.
An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. \$1.50.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. \$1.00.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. \$1.00 and \$1.25.
The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. \$1.25.
With the Procession. By Henry B. Fuller. \$1.25.
A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. \$1.25.
Chimmie Fadden, First and Second Series. By E. W. Townsend. Each, paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.
Degeneration. By Max Nordau. \$3.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, June 24 to July 20, 1895.

In the last report the hope was expressed that the lowest point of depression in the trade had been reached. This hope has been realised, for there has been from the date above written a noticeable improvement. This is the more appreciated as the prospect of a dissolution of Parliament usually brings business almost to a standstill. The volume of trade generally is about normal, but the detail is greater than ever. So much for home trade. Abroad English literature is still in as good demand as ever, judging from orders received from all parts of the earth, and sometimes from very remote parts indeed. Who would expect an order for a work on electricity from a petty potentate in Java?

The number of new books and new editions is considerably less than last month, although many excellent works have appeared—works that are likely to live.

S. R. Crockett, Ian MacLaren, S. J. Weyman, and Conan Doyle appear to be the favourites in the fiction department. Their books continue in steady demand at a time of the year when, as a rule, six-shilling novels do not form a very important item in trade.

Appended is a list of the leading publications in demand at the moment of writing. It must be borne in mind that the sale of such standard favourites as Braddon, Dickens, Scott, Hesant, Black, Blackmore, and many others is as good as ever, but in this list are included the more recent issues. The same remark applies equally to all branches of literature.

- Tribby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Mac-laren. 6s.
The Master. By I. Zangwill. 6s.
Into the Highways, etc. By F. F. Monr esor. 6s.
The Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
Zoraida. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
Hog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By G. Parker. 6s.
Gerald Eversley's Friendship. By J. E. C. Weldon. 6s.
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. By C. Doyle. 3s. 6d.
The Woman who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. *net*.
Fifty Years. By Rev. Harry Jones. 4s.
Duncan's Investment and Speculation. 2s. 6d. *net*.
Li Hungchang. By Prof. Douglas. 3s. 6d.
Lord John Russell. By S. J. Reid. 3s. 6d.
Wild England of To-day. By C. J. Cornish. 12s. 6d.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. *net*.
4. In the Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. A Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
3. A Lost Endeavour. By Boothby. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
4. Princeton Stories. By Williams. \$1.00. (Scribner.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. An Experiment in Altruism. By Hastings. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
4. Russian Rambles. By Hapgood. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. Fort Frayne. By King. \$1.25. (Neely.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
2. The Impregnable City. By Pemberton. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Dr. Izard. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
5. Diplomatic Disenchantments. By Biglow. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Plated City. By Perry. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. With the Procession. By Fuller. \$1.50. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Chiffon's Marriage. By "Gyp." 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between July 1 and August 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
2. Imaginative Man. By Hichens. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Celibates. By Moore. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. With The Procession. By Fuller. \$1.25. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)
4. Fort Frayne. By King. \$1.25. (Neely.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
6. Chimmie Fadden, First Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Fort Frayne. By King. \$1.25. (Neely.)
2. Chiffon's Marriage. By "Gyp." 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

*with Brier Bush
Chiffon's Marriage
Bessie Costrell
The Prisoner*

3. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. When Valmond came to Pontiac. By Parker. \$1.50. (Sone & Kimball.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Gallic Girl. By "Gyp." \$1.25. (Brentanos.)
2. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Barras Memoirs. By Duruy. \$7.50. (Harper.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
6. The National Military Park, Chickamauga, Chattanooga. By Boynton. \$1.50. (The Robt. Clarke Company.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Master Knot and Another Story. By "Conover Duff." 75 cts. (Holt & Co.)
2. Chiffon's Marriage. By "Gyp." 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Bell. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Shadow of a Crime. By Caine. \$1.50. (Knight.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Hispaniola Plate. By Burton \$1.00. (Cassell.)
3. With the Procession. By Fuller. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. Yale Yarns. By Wood. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
6. Princeton Stories. By Williams. \$1.00. (Scribner.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
2. The Story of Fort Frayne. By King. \$1.25. (Neely.)
3. The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

4. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Manxman. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. Paper, 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
6. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Play-Actress. By Crockett. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. and \$1.00. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Life of the Spirit in Modern English Poetry. By Scudder. \$1.75. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Dr. Izard. By Green. Paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Children of the Ghetto. By Zangwill. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. B. Harrison. \$1.50. (Ceitury.)
5. Yale Yarns. By Wood. \$1.00. (Putnam.)
6. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Studies in Theology. By Denney. \$1.50. (A. C. Armstrong.)
3. Love and Quiet Life. By Raymond. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Manitoba School Question. By Ewart. \$2.00. (Copp, Clark & Co.)
5. Sir Robert's Fortune. By Oliphant. 75 cts. Paper edition. (Methuen.)
6. Peter Steele, the Cricketeer. By Hutchinson. 90 cts. (Macmillan.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Ladies' Juggernaut. By Gunter. 50 cts. (Home Publishing Co.)

4. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 5. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 6. Heart of the World. By Haggard. \$1.25. (Longmans.)

NEW HAVEN, CT.

- ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 2. A Study in Prejudices. By Paston. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
 3. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Harrison. \$1.50. (Century.)
 4. In Deacon's Orders, etc. By Besant. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 6. Princeton Stories. By Williams. \$1.00 (Scribner.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

- ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribners.)
 2. Billy Bellew. By Norris. \$1.50. (Harper.)
 ✓ The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 4. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)
 ✓ Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
 6. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
 3. Western Archipelago. By Field. \$2.00. (Scribner.)
 4. Suppressed Chapters. By Bridges. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
 5. Ladies' Juggernaut. By Gunter. 50 cts. (Home Publishing Co.)
 6. Black Adonis. By Ross. 50 cts. (G. W. Dillingham.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 2. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
 4. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Harrison. \$1.50. (Century.)
 ✓ Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)
 6. Into the Highways and Hedges. By Montrésion. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 3. Manxman. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 4. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. \$1.50, net. (Stone & Kimball.)

5. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 6. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Gods, etc. Hobbes. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 2. Suppressed Chapters. By Bridges. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
 3. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
 4. The Woman Who Did. By Allen. \$1.00. (Roberts.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
 3. Sónya Kovalévsky. \$1.50. (Century Co.)
 ✓ Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)
 5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 6. Princess Aline. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 3. Tryphena in Love. By Raymond. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
 4. Manxman. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 ✓ Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)
 6. My Literary Passions. By Howells. \$1.25. (Harper.)

TOLEDO, O.

- ✓ Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 5. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. B. Harrison. \$1.50. (Century.)
 6. Yale Yarns. By Wood. \$1.00. (Putnam.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 3. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 4. Children of the Soil. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
 5. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. \$2.00. (Longmans.)
 ✓ Chimmie Fadden, second series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BENSON, R. M.—The Final Passover. Vol. II, The Upper Chamber, Part 2. 16mo, pp. xxv-550, \$1.75. Longmans
- BIGG, C.—Neoplatonism. 16mo, pp. iii-355, \$1.25. Young
- ✓ BLACK, J. S.—The Christian Consciousness: Its Relation to Evolution in Morals and in Doctrines. 12mo, pp. xi-244, \$1.25. Lee & S.
- CLARE, A.—Foundation-Stones: Fifteen Lessons on the Founding of the Church in England. 16mo, pp. 187, 80c. Young
- COLEMAN, L.—The Church in America. 12mo, pp. 391, \$2.50. Pott
- DIGGLE, J. W.—Religious Doubt: Its Nature, Treatment, Causes, etc. 12mo, pp. xii-371, \$2.00. Longmans
- DONOHUE, T.—The Iroquois and the Jesuits: the Story of the Labors of the Catholic Missionaries among these Indians. 12mo, pp. xiv-276, \$1.25 net. Buffalo Catholic Pub. Co.
- EAGAR, A. R.—The City of the Living God. 16mo, pp. 224, \$1.00. Young
- LAZARUS, JOSEPHINE.—The Spirit of Judaism. 16mo, pp. 202, \$1.25. Dodd, M.
- Lent (A) in London: a Course of Sermons on Social Subjects. 12mo, pp. v-239, \$1.25. Longmans
- LEONARD, D. L.—A Hundred Years of Missions; or, The Story of Progress Since Carey's Beginning. 12mo, pp. iii-430, \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls
- MCLEAN, A.—Missionary Addresses. 12mo, pp. 298, \$1.00. Christian Pub. Co.
- PALMER, W.—Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840-1841. 12mo, pp. xxiv-573, \$3.00. Longmans
- ROBINSON, Miss L. L.—The Story of Jesus of Nazareth. 12mo, pp. ii-270, 75 cents net. Young Churchman Co.
- ✓ ROBINSON, E. G.—Christian Evidences. 12mo, pp. 159, \$1.25. Silver, Burdett
- STRONG, T. B.—Platonism. 16mo, pp. 288, \$1.25. Young
- STEVENS, G. B.—Doctrine and Life: a Study of Some of the Principal Truths of the Christian Religion, etc. 12mo, pp. vi-247, \$1.25. Silver, Burdett
- THORURN, J. M.—The Christless Nations. 12mo, pp. 214, \$1.00. Hunt & Eaton
- TISDALL, W. St. C.—The Religion of the Crescent; or, Islam: Its Strength, its Weakness, its Origin, etc. 16mo, pp. x-251, \$1.50. Young

FICTION.

- ALDEN, Mrs. ISABELLA M. ["Pansy"].—What They Couldn't: a Home Story. 12mo, pp. iii-424, \$1.50. Lothrop
- BARRETT, R. N.—In the Land of the Sunrise: a Story of a Japanese Family. 12mo, pp. x-192, \$1.00. Baptist Book Concern

- BOOTH, Mrs. ELIZA M. J.—Master Wilberforce: the Study of a Boy. 12mo, pp. iv-342, \$1.00. Putnam
- BROWN, ALICE.—Meadow-Grass: Tales of New England Life. 16mo, pp. iii-315, \$1.50. Copeland
- BROWNE, G. F.—Augustine and His Companions. 16mo, pp. 200, 80 cents. Young
- DAVIS, VARINA A. J.—The Veiled Doctor: a Novel. 12mo, pp. 220, \$1.25. Harper
- DEFOE, DANIEL.—The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders. Edited by G. A. Aitken. 2 vols., 16mo, pp. xxiv-204; iii-213, \$2.00. Macmillan
- DIX, GERTRUDE.—The Girl from the Farm. 16mo, pp. iii-208, \$1.00. Roberts
- DOLE, N. H.—On the Point: a Summer Idyl. 16mo, pp. ii-252, \$1.00. Knight
- DOYLE, A. AND OTHERS.—Strange Secrets. 12mo, pp. 287, \$1.00. Fenno
- FLETCHER, J. S.—When Charles the First was King: a Romance of Osgoldcross, 1632-1649. 12mo, pp. x-418, \$1.50. McClurg
- FORRESTER, Mrs.—Too Late Repented. 12mo, pp. ii-295, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. Lippincott
- FORSYTH, J.—The Making of Mary. 12mo, pp. xvii-173, paper, 50 cents. Cassell
- FOWLER, HENRIETTA E.—The Young Pretenders. 12mo, pp. iv-231, \$1.50. Longmans
- GISSING, G.—In the Year of Jubilee. 12mo, pp. ii-404, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. Appleton
- GUERBER, H. A.—Legends of the Rhine. 12mo, pp. xviii-350, \$2.00. Barnes
- "GYF."—Chiffon's Marriage. Translated by M. L. J. 16mo, pp. 243, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. Lovell, Coryell
- HART, B.—Always Upward. 16mo, pp. 296, \$1.25. Revell Co.
- HAWKINS, EMMA D. KELLEY.—Four Girls at Cottage City. 12mo, pp. iii-379, \$1.00. Continental Printing Co.
- HICHENS, ROB. S.—An Imaginative Man. 12mo, pp. ii-287, \$1.25. Appleton
- HOLLEY, MARIETTA.—Josiah's Alarm; and Abel Perry's Funeral. 16mo, pp. 85, 50 cents. Lippincott
- HUME, F.—The White Prior: a Family Mystery. 16mo, pp. iv-160, 40 cents. Warne
- HUME, FERGUS.—The Island of Fantasy: a Romance. 12mo, pp. vii-453, paper, 50 cents. U. S. Book Co.
- KING, C.—Captain Dreams, and Other Stories. 12mo, pp. v-210, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. Lippincott
- KING, C.—The Story of Fort Frayne. 12mo, pp. ii-310, \$1.25. Neely
- ✓ MAARTENS, MAARTEN.—My Lady Nobody: a Novel. 12mo, pp. v-413, \$1.75. Harper

- MACMAHON, ELLA.—A Modern Man. 16mo, pp. iii-192, 75 cents. Macmillan
- MARRYATT, FLORENCE.—At Heart a Rake. 12mo, pp. ii-341, \$1.00. Cassell
- MERRION, ELLINOR.—Cause and Effect. 16mo, pp. 291, 75 cents. Putnam
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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 2.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has been spending some months among the miners and on the Indian reservations of the Southwest, studying wild life and getting local colour. The last advices that we received from him reported him in the land of the Pueblos.



About Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Claudius Clear writes: "Some of us have personal recollections of his early visits to London. He was then a very young man, but had done capital work. The Van Bibber stories were excellent in their way, so good, indeed, that I have often thought Mr. Davis was failing to redeem his early promise. As a commissioner for *Harper's Magazine* he has travelled far, and his articles are competently done, bright and sufficient, but, so far as I have observed, without any touch of genius."



In the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Professor James Schouler had an interesting paper on "President Polk's Diary." This has been followed in the September *Atlantic* by an equally interesting article on "President Polk's Administration." In the former, Professor Schouler drew attention to a valuable manuscript collection in the Lenox Library of New York, upon which he spent much careful study last winter, and in his second paper he has been able to throw new light on the President's administration and his action in the Mexican War from important testimony furnished by Polk's own diary. Professor Schouler is still engaged on the final volume of his *History of the United States under the Constitution*, which is to treat of the Civil War.

Dr. George Macdonald's long-expected novel, *Lilith*—a review of which appears on another page—is published at last. It is known that Mr. Macdonald has been in very poor health for some time past, and a pathetic interest attaches to the



GEORGE MACDONALD.

production of his latest work, as he seemed to be anxious, in touching and retouching the proofs, to give the story its best and final form. George Macdonald was born in Aberdeenshire in 1824, and educated at King's College and University, Aberdeen. He was an Independent minister for a time, but resigned his charge partly

on account of failing health and partly owing to his theological views. Poetry was his earliest work, but he published his first novel, *David Elginbrod*, in 1862. *Adela Cathcart*, *Alec Forbes*, *The Seaboard Parish*, *Malcolm*, *The Marquis of Lossie*, *Castle Warlock*, *Robert Falconer*, *Donal Grant* and *Phantastes* are some of the most popular of his novels, many of which are powerful studies of Scottish life and character.



JOSÉ ECHEGARAY.

The Great Galeoto and Folly or Saintliness, two plays in one volume, just published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company, makes the third volume within a few months which contain the work of a Spanish writer but recently discovered outside of his own territory. Out of over fifty plays written within twenty years, *The Great Galeoto* has been the most popular and is considered the best of Echegaray's work. José Echegaray is sixty-three years old, and until about twenty years ago he was actively engaged as a mathematician, travelling in the course of his profession from one post to another. In 1874 his first play, *El Libro Talonario*, written in Paris during a brief exile, was put on the stage at Madrid, but not until he produced *En el puño de la Espada*, his fourth play, did he win over unanimously the critics and the public. Since then his career has been one long tri-

umphal march. Readers will find in the volume just issued an instructive, critical introduction to Echegaray's work, and in *The Son of Don Juan*, published by Roberts Brothers, an interesting biographical sketch of the famous Spanish dramatist.

Signor Verdi's reminiscences, which are now far advanced towards completion, are expected to be among the most interesting books of the time.

Art note from Paris. Scene: the Luxembourg Gallery. *Dramatis personæ*: Two Young Lady Art Students. The first, who has been in Paris six weeks, is acting as guide and mentor to the second, who has been in Paris six days. They stop before Manet's painting "Olympie," which represents the nude reclining figure of a young woman, with a black cat in the foreground. Second Young Lady Student: "Oh, that's a very striking thing! What is it, dear?" First Young Lady Student (who doesn't know, but doesn't like to say so): "Now, my dear, look it up in the catalogue. That will help fix it in your memory; whereas if I tell you, you will forget it immediately." Second Young Lady Student hurriedly consults her catalogue, and getting the wrong number, reads out: "'Portrait of his Mother,' by James McNeill Whistler." First Young Lady Student (impressively): "There, my dear! Notice how characteristic of Whistler it is! Who but Whistler would have painted his own mother in such an attitude as that?" Second Young Lady Student gazes with wide-open eyes and makes notes. They move on.

A new work is about to issue from the press of Dodd, Mead and Company by that most delightful of all modern biographers, Augustus J. C. Hare, whose *Memorials of a Quiet Life* and *The Story of Two Noble Lives* are with many other of this author's books doubtless well known to our readers. In *The Gurneys of Earham* he has told the story of the famous Quaker family of which Elizabeth Fry was a member, based for the most part on the large correspondence and private journals which reveal the details of their life, especially their spiritual life. It is a fitting memorial of

the conspicuous part which this group of brothers and sisters played in the religious and philanthropic life of England during the first half of our century. There are over fifty portraits and other illustrations, and the work is to be in two volumes.

The German Goethe Society has unearthed a curious old volume of original manuscript containing youthful songs and epics of the poet. The book is a small volume, measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 inches, bound in boards with a faded linen cover, and gold ornaments in the corners and on the back. On the title-page the name *Annette* appears in German writing. At the foot of the page is the date, Leipzig, 1767.

Mr. William Edward Norris, whose new novel, *Billy Bellew*, is noticed on another page, has been engaged in writing novels for nearly sixteen years. Unlike the orthodox successful author, he achieved success with his first attempt. "It was Mr. Leslie Stephen," he told a representative of the *Album* the other day, "who advised me to take to literature, and to whom I therefore indirectly owe my success—such as it is." Mr. Stephen was at that time editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* when Mr. Norris contributed a short story to its pages entitled "M. Bédeau," which attracted considerable notice and moved him to give up his practice at the bar (he had been called to the Inner Temple, but had never practised) and adopt literature as a profession. "Acting upon Mr. Stephen's advice," he says, "I sent several more short stories to the *Cornhill* and one or two other magazines, and somewhat to my surprise they were all accepted. *Heaps of Money* was my first novel, *Mademoiselle de Mersac* my second. The latter was the more favourably received, and it is the one that personally I prefer to any book that I have written since. *No New Thing* and *Matrimony* were the next two, and I think they were equally successful, if success is to be gauged by the number of copies sold; but the following book, *Thirlby Hall*, was, I believe, more widely read than either of the other four. *Adrian Vidal*, *A Bachelor's Blunder*, *My Friend Jim*, *Chris*, *Major and Minor*, *The Rogue*, *Mrs. Fenton*, *Misadventure*, *The Baffled Conspirators*, *Miss Shafto*, *His*

Grace, and *Billy Bellew* are the names of some of the books written subsequently, but I shall not inflict upon you the names of all of them. *Billy Bellew* was published last month."

Mr. Norris was born in London in 1847, and is the younger son of the late Sir William Norris, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon. He was educated first



WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS.

at Twyford, where the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, now Dean of Durham, was at that time head master, and afterwards at Eton. On leaving Eton he went abroad, in order to study modern languages, partly with a view to entering the diplomatic service; but on being called to the bar a few years later literature claimed him. He works about three or four hours a day. Nearly all his work is recopied by a secretary—the author's own handwriting being exceedingly small, though extremely neat and clear; he seldom makes alterations on his manuscripts. Mr. Norris is also a finished musician, his favourite composers being Schumann and Chopin. For some years he has been a widower. His daughter, an only child, inherits his love for literature and out-of-door sports.

The Rev. Hastings Rashdall's book on mediæval universities will be issued shortly.

The letters written by Stevenson to his wife's grandson, Austin Strong, will appear in *St. Nicholas* under the name of *Letters to a Boy*.

The Vailima Letters, written by Robert Louis Stevenson to Mr. Sidney Colvin, will be published on October 18th by Messrs. Stone and Kimball.

dainty series of sixteenmos, which is to be named the Carnation Series, from the floral design upon the cover. The first volumes of the English Classics Series, which Stone and Kimball are publishing in conjunction with Messrs. Methuen and Company, have made their appearance in the form of Morier's *Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*. Whatever may be the interest or value of this mirth-making work of a bygone day to the present generation, the publishers have at least produced a triumph of art

in book-making that will arouse the cupidity of the book-lover. We understand that only a limited edition of the volumes in this series will be published.

The number of visitors who have already visited the Carlyle Museum since it has been opened to the public should be gratifying to the committee who have taken so much pains to make the neglected and dilapidated house a worthy memorial of a great man and a suggestive place of pilgrimage. The

intelligent Scottish caretaker proudly shows her visitors' book, with its more than six hundred entries in three weeks—a large proportion of the names being American, of course. The committee have done their work speedily and well, by the aid of

personal friends of the Carlyles with good memories; the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, so long an inmate of the house, having been of special assistance. As nearly as possible it has been restored to its condition of fifteen years ago. The old wall papers have been photographed and reproduced, even old fireplaces traced and restored; bits of furniture and a few pictures have been brought back to their former places. Indeed, judging by the length of time visitors linger over the relics, the house, for all its bareness, would seem to be already very suggestive. Some Scottish visitors the other

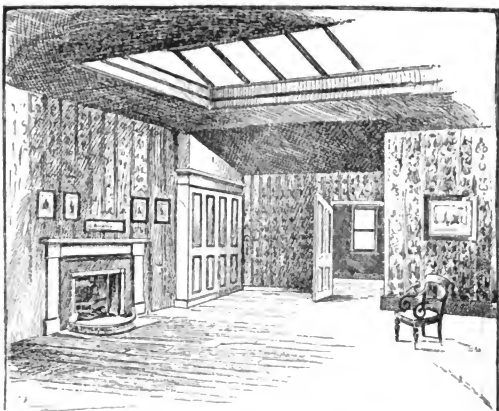


CARLYLE'S HOUSE, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.

This firm will also publish on or about the same date Mr. Clark Russell's new sea romance, *A Three-stranded Yarn*, which completed its serial issue in the September *Cosmopolitan*. *The Gypsy Christ and other Tales*, by William Sharp, to appear next month from the same press, will inaugurate another

day certainly stayed long enough before the sage's hat, with its ruffled pile, and his hat-box, to evolve from them a whole philosophy of clothes.

Much else will be forthcoming surely, but even now the place calls up the life of its former owners. The sound-proof room has a faded map or two, and some prints that speak of the days when the *Cromwell* and the *Frederick* were being struggled with. The portraits of Sir Henry Taylor and of John Sterling's sister tell of old cherished friendships; the photograph of Carlyle on horseback, the artist's proof of Mrs. Allingham's portrait, and a water-colour sketch by the same artist, make the bare rooms living. Perhaps the books in the drawing-room have most interest of all, though they are mostly reference books, and connected with no special work of his own. Among them are a set of annual registers, another of the *Conversations Lexicon*, Barretti's and several other dictionaries; actually two three-volume novels, one of Bulwer's, and Miss Martineau's *Deerbroke*; and some miscellaneous modern literature, including what are probably presentation copies from the authors, Ruskin, William Morris, and others. When the zealous committee shall have succeeded in tracing and procuring more of the furniture, pictures, and books, and have arranged the manuscripts in cases, they will probably act on the excellent suggestion of some of their number, and make the house a home for some interesting collection of Chelsea books or antiquities, and a meeting-place for learned societies. In the meanwhile, grateful acknowledgment is due to them for all they have already done.



CARLYLE'S STUDY: THE SOUND-PROOF ROOM.

Samuel Rutherford Crockett is a broad-shouldered giant of six-foot-four, with blood tingling in his cheeks and a mercurial activity and exuberance in every fibre of him which suggested to a well-known lady novelist the neat epithet, "healthily happy." He is thirty-four years of age, and was born at Little Duchrae (Black Crag), in Galloway. His people were small farmers who rented their land and worked it for their maintenance, and as a boy of five Mr. Crockett took part in the common labours of the farm. The Dee Bridge, which is described in *The Raiders*, is close behind Duchrae. He went to school at the age of five, walking three and a half miles to a small village school at Lauriston, accompanied by his dog, Royal. When fifteen years old he entered Edinburgh University with a bursary for four years of \$100 a year, with which he eked out his means of subsistence and the wherewithal to pay his fees and buy books by doing journalistic work, writing paragraphic reports for the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, and later by contributing articles among other papers to the *London Daily Chronicle*. At nineteen he obtained, through Jowett of Balliol, a travelling tutorship, which took him all over Europe, where he visited

many historic and romantic places and made the acquaintance of several celebrities, among them James Russell Lowell, his pupil, a young American, happening to be provided with numerous letters of introduction.

While thus serving an apprenticeship to the court of the world Mr. Crockett



S. R. CROCKETT.

sang his youth in a little-known volume of poems entitled *Dulce Cor*, and published it under a *nom de plume*. On his return to Edinburgh, Mr. Crockett first took up the science classes, but after two years' application, much of it spent in reading, writing, and tutoring, he turned to theology, and in 1885 was ordained a minister. After working at Dunfermline for two months he was

called to Penicuik as Free Church minister, and six months after his arrival was married. He retained this charge until his resignation, about a year ago.

As a minister, Mr. Crockett continued to write for the newspapers and periodicals. The writer remembers very well seeing Mr. Crockett's name in *The Christian Leader* (Glasgow), and reading the tales which, appearing also in the colonial papers, attracted Dr. Nicoll's attention, and resulted in the author's collecting them in *The Stickit Minister*. Mr. Crockett tells how they first came to make their appearance. While contributing articles on various subjects to the newspapers, "I also wrote sketches and stories," he says, "which I thought might come to something, and kept these lying by me. It was in this way that the first half of *The Lilac Sunbonnet* was written. I was also writing editorials on theological subjects for religious periodicals, and one day the editor of *The Christian Leader* wrote to me and asked me to send him an editorial, which was wanted at once. I had no time to write one, and I told him so, but at the same time I sent him one of the sketches which I had in my drawer, and asked him if he could use that instead. It was the story called 'A Day in the Life of the Reverend James Pitbye,' which is in *The Stickit Minister*. I didn't think that the editor would use it. However, he wrote me, 'Never send me anything else.' So I continued sending him these sketches, and they met with a great deal of appreciation, and were widely copied in other papers, especially in Canada and Australia. Almost all the tales in

The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men appeared in this way in *The Christian Leader*."

⊛
The original of the character of "The Stickit Minister" was a second cousin of Mr. Crockett's, who took a great interest in the boy's reading while he was at school. It was he who taught him to love Shakespeare and Milton, which he used

to lend the young truant, who would smuggle them into his bedroom under his clothes—for Mr. Crockett's people were strict Cameronians (Covenanters), and he was rigidly brought up in the faith. An unshakable loyalty to the faith of his fathers has honourably won for him the title of "the Covenanter novelist," and *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, just published by the Messrs. Macmillan, is written from a Covenanter's standpoint as fairly as Scott's *Old Mortality* was written from the other standpoint. The "Kirk on the Hill" of *The Play-Actress* (which was written for amusement while the author was deep in *The Raiders*) is the Cameronian kirk at Castle Douglas, a distance of nine miles, to which they used to drive on Sundays in a red farm cart with no springs, for springs were taxed, and the Crocketts were not rich.

⊛
The Lilac Sunbonnet should have been Mr. Crockett's third book, but it was delayed, and in the meantime *The Raiders* was finished and published. Although begun in January, 1893, and finished in February, 1894, the actual writing of it occupied only two months. Before starting on a book he makes copious notes, and when writing of a period he reads as far as possible every book published during that period. When the



LITTLE DUCHRAE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF MR. CROCKETT.

book is written, he writes it all over again. His work is done in the morning. For many years, summer and winter, he has never missed a sunrise. He is usually downstairs and at work by five o'clock, and he never touches his literary work after nine in the morning. He is an ardent student of nature, and prides himself in the exactness of the natural history allusions in his books. "My idea of a holiday," he says, "is to take a powerful pair of field glasses and to go out into the woods or on to the moors and lie down, and for hours together to watch the birds and all the living things that pass."

⊛
The Messrs. Macmillan have now ready their new edition of *The Stickit Minister*, which has a prefatory poem by the late Robert Louis Stevenson, and upwards of fifty illustrations by Murdoch, Pennell, MacGeorge, and other well-known artists. It is published at the popular price of \$1.50.

⊛
A novel by Mr. Crockett, entitled *A Galloway Herd*, has just been issued in book form by Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company. The accompanying portrait of Mr. Crockett is from a new photograph taken for THE BOOKMAN by T. and R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow, Scotland.

Mr. Frederick C. Gordon, who is at present in Logiealmond (Drumtochty), has just sent over a batch of drawings upon which he is engaged for the illustrated holiday edition of *A Doctor of the Old School*, taken from the *Bonnie Brier Bush*, which we noticed in our last number. They have been pronounced by several critics who have examined them to be exceptionally fine in their characterisation, and wonderfully true to life. The picture especially of Dr. MacLure matches Ian Maclaren's beautiful idealisation of that character. Mr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) has been in Drumtochty and is quite enthusiastic in his praise of them. He particularly likes the limning of the Doctor's portrait in all the drawings. By the way, Drumtochty is not so far behind the times as one would imagine. Mr. Gordon writes that the first music he heard in the village was the well-known street song "After the Ball."

Literary veterans in this town are deriving a good deal of quiet amusement from the reported antics of a young author, whose very marked success has a good deal interfered with his philosophic poise. This youth, it appears, is given to taking a whole box at the theatre, and then, just about the middle of the second act, enters with much *empressment*, and walking to the front of the box, stands and surveys the house with great deliberation. He is a conspicuous figure, and at once the whisper runs about the house that this is the distinguished author of so-and-so. All eyes are fixed upon him, the play is forgotten, the young girls thrill with a delicious sense of hero worship, and he himself is very, very happy! *At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dici "Hic est!"*

Messrs. Platt and Bruce, a new firm of New York publishers, have made a good start with their first publication, a volume of short stories by Stanley Weyman, of which over seven thousand copies have been sold in three weeks. Be it noted, too, that with the exception of two stories which appeared in an English magazine only and have since been rewritten, all the stories in *The King's Stratagem* are new and are protected by copyright in both countries. We understand that this house has secured a novel from Mr. George Du Maurier which will

be profusely illustrated by the author; also a new story by Anthony Hope, called *A Foolish Impulse*, which it is said will rival *The Prisoner of Zenda* in dramatic interest. Messrs. Platt and Bruce represent the Western firms, Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company and Stone and Kimball. By the way, an erroneous impression has been received by the trade that Messrs. Platt and Bruce are simply general commission merchants. We wish to correct this by stating that they are publishers in their own right, and that their representation of these Western houses is a matter of individual interest only, and may be regarded in the same relation as that of travelling salesmen.

When Mrs. Barr wrote *Friend Olivia*, many critics felt that she had reached a higher level than in her former novels. The writer remembers reading it as it appeared serially in the pages of the *Century Magazine*; and the lofty tone which it breathed, the noble and imaginative handling of historical characters, and the warm, pulsing throb of human life which impressed them with reality gave the book distinction as a work of art. Since then Mrs. Barr has been engaged on another historical novel. We are led to believe that in this forthcoming work, *Bernicia*, which will be published shortly, she has written a worthy successor to *Friend Olivia*. *Bernicia* has for groundwork the times of George II. of England, just after the dispersion of the Jacobites, and George Whitefield, the great revivalist, figures prominently among the characters.

Mr. George Gissing, whose reputation is now thoroughly assured, is said to be busily at work upon still another novel. If this be so, we should like to wait across the sea a modest petition to one whom we greatly admire. Will Mr. Gissing graciously allow his next hero to adopt a new form of speaking to the heroine, and not continually address her as "dear girl"? We stood it heroically in *Denzil Quarrier*; but when it kept on, for book after book, down to the *Year of Jubilee*, in which it fairly ran riot in the mouth of Lionel Tarrant, we drew the line. "Darling," "love," "pet," etc., are not very original epithets, but in one of Mr. Gissing's books they would come



Yours very truly,
Beatrice Harraden

upon the reader as a startling and refreshing novelty.

Perhaps it would be too much to ask him to give us another type of hero; but it is very trying to find the *jeune premier* of every one of his novels a person whom one would give anything to kick. An educated boor like Denzil Quarrier and a patronising egotist like Lionel Tarrant have really no business to expect any reader's sympathy. They only represent different types of British caddishness, and we have had quite enough of them. We must, in fact, confess to having had a great appreciation of Glazzard's treachery to Quarrier, and if Quarrier had been the only one

to suffer from it we should have held up both hands and feet in ghoulish glee.

✽

Miss Beatrice Harraden expected to leave California for the East on the 14th instant, and if her plans have not been altered, by the time this number is in the hands of the reader she will have already been in New York nearly a week. Miss Harraden made many warm friends when she passed through New York on her westward journey over a year ago, and she is sure of a hearty welcome and congratulations on the improved condition of her health. We take pleasure in presenting the accompanying portraits to our readers, which are reproduced from photographs taken just before Miss Harraden's departure from her friends in the West, by Lorenz, Los Angeles, Cal. It is interesting to note that these portraits are the first to meet with the hearty approval and consent of the celebrated author of *Ships* for publication. Miss Harraden's face looks sad when in repose, as it does here, but she does not allow her friends to see this expression much. Only those who have met her and talked with her know how her countenance lights up with the sparkle and vivacity of her manner in conversation.



Miss Katharine Pearson Woods's forthcoming novel, *John the Beloved*, is now completed and will soon be in the press. A story of hers called *The Crowning of Candace*, which will remind some readers of Charlotte M. Yonge's manner, will begin serial issue in the *Churchman* early in November.

The Merriam Company announce for publication this autumn two fresh additions to the ever-increasing volume of English translations from French memoirs. *Recollections of the Private Life of Napoleon*, by his valet, is to be in three volumes, and *Josephine, Empress of the French*, by Frederick A. Ober, will be in one volume. The numerous illustrations in both books will be an attractive feature of the work.

By the way, we recommend to jaded readers, *Select Conversations with an Uncle*, just published by this firm. It is the work of a clever young writer who has already made a hit in London with his ingenious story, *The Time Machine*, recently published in America by the Messrs. Holt. A new novel of his, entitled *The Wonderful Visit*, will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Company. Mr. Wells is an author worth cultivating; we shall hear more of him by and by.

We have seen the advance sheets of Bliss Carman's new volume of poems, *Behind the Arras*, to be published shortly by Lamson, Wolfe and Company, and in it the poet seems to strike a new note. This collection of poems is certainly the most ambitious work Mr. Carman has yet done. The book is beautifully fashioned, and the decorative work by Tom B. Meteyard gives an attractive setting to some of the poems. Mr. Meteyard will be remembered as the artist who made the designs for the inside of the covers of *Songs from Vagabondia*. Readers of Browning will perhaps be reminded of his "Rabbi Ben Ezra" by the following stanzas, with which Mr. Carman concludes his long poem, "Behind the Arras," which gives the title to the book:

"O hand of mine and brain of mine, be yours,
While time endures,
To acquiesce and learn!
For what we best may dare and drudge and yearn,
Let soul discern.

"So, fellows, we shall reach the gusty gale,
Early or late,
And part without remorse,
A cadence dying down into its source
In music's course;

"You to the perfect rhythms of flowers and birds,
Colours and words,
The heart-beats of the earth,
To be remoulded always of one worth
From birth to birth;

"I to the broken rhythm of thought and man,
The sweep and span
Of memory and hope
About the orbit where they still must grope
For wider scope,

"To be through thousand springs restored, re-
With love imbrued, [newed,
With increments of will
Made strong, perceiving unattainment still
From each new skill.

"Always the flawless beauty, always the chord,
Of the Overword,
Dominant, pleading, sure,
No truth too small to save and make endure,
No good too poor!

"And since no mortal can at last disdain
That sweet refrain,
But lets go strife and care,
Borne like a strain of bird notes on the air,
The wind knows where;

"Some quiet April evening, soft and strange,
When comes the change
No spirit can deplore,
I shall be one with all I was before,
In death once more."

It is said in England that Queen Victoria's favourite novelist is Marie Corelli. This is probably because no one has yet sent to the royal author of *Our Life in the Highlands* a complete set of the works of Laura Jean Libbey.

The London *Spectator* has taken to using the adverb "deadlily." It even appears to like it. Miss Gertrude Hall, whose favourite is "lovelily," should establish a connection with our contemporary.

The recently announced appointment of Lord Wolseley to succeed the Duke of Cambridge as commander-in-chief of the British army is an event that would seem to have no literary side to it; but readers of Rudyard Kipling will think that it has. Mr. Kipling has always been the earnest partisan of Lord Rob-

erts (who was passed over in making this appointment), and in both his Indian tales and his barrack-room ballads will be found innumerable glorifications of "Bobs Bahadur" and "Little Bobs," by which pet diminutives the hero of Kandahar is known to Tommy Atkins. Conversely, Mr. Kipling does not love Lord Wolseley, and has given him here and there many a sly dig through the mouth of the great Mulvaney, though he never mentions him by name. Mr.

M. Aristide Bruant, who has won fame and fortune during the past three or four years by singing songs in thieves' *argot* at his curious place on the Boulevard Rochechouart, in Paris, has now practically retired, and, like so many other quasi-Parisians, will spend his later years in his native provincial town. His songs and monologues, of which he published a small volume some time ago, had so large a sale as to induce him to put forth a second collection under



COVER OF BRUANT'S "DANS LA RUE." (DESIGN BY STEINLEN.)

Kipling's admiration for Lord Roberts is, however, unfortunately not wholly reciprocated. Last year, when the distinguished soldier returned from India to England to receive his peerage and a good berth at home, Mr. Kipling celebrated his arrival by putting forth a new ballad with the refrain, "Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!" which disgusted both Lord Roberts and his friends, as being altogether too familiar a greeting for a great soldier and a peer of the realm.

Mr. Rider Haggard shares with Mr. Rudyard Kipling his appreciation of the work of that rising young author, Mr. Guy Boothby.

the same title, *Dans la Rue*, with a cover and many original drawings by Steinlen, who here shows that his artistic cleverness is not confined to the *affiche*. Each song has the music prefixed to it. The whole volume is one of some two hundred pages, and is published by the author at No. 84 Boulevard Rochechouart at three francs and a half. It is a most curious and original book from both the linguistic and the social point of view.

Two recently published epigrams of the late Mme. Barrotin :

"The invention of the piano derives its chief importance from the fact that it

has so immensely enhanced the value of silence."

"In travelling, an Englishman wants to see everything, a Frenchman to attempt everything, and a German to swallow everything."

The first of these recalls Théophile Gautier's famous definition of music: *C'est le silence gâté.*

The Macmillans announce *Where Highways Cross* in the Iris Library. The author is Mr. J. S. Fletcher, whose Thoreau-like work, *The Wonderful Wapentake*, and a stirring romance, entitled *When Charles the First was King*, both published this year by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, have introduced him to American readers. Apropos of the review on "Romance in Malaya" in the last number of THE BOOKMAN, we are pleased to learn that considerable interest has been taken in Mr. Swettenham's *Malay Sketches*. On the other hand, *Almayer's Folly*, by Joseph Conrad, has not yet fastened on the public. If this novel does not take its place among those of first-rate power and excellence, still it has great qualities; picturesqueness, poetry, deep human sympathy, restraint, and literary ability of a very marked kind. The style has an Eastern, languorous beauty, but it lacks the swiftness conducive to the interest of the volatile Western reader. There are pages of singular fascination and tragic description which De Quincey might have been proud to write.

Mr. Frank Barrett is an English novelist whose name is not unknown to the American reader, but his work has not yet received that attention which one would expect it to command in this country. His new book about to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Company is calculated to stimulate a stronger interest in this author's work. The title, by the way, is a curiosity. It runs thus: *A Set of Rogues*, "namely, Christopher Sutton, John Dawson, the Señor Don Sanchez Del Castello de Castellana, and Moll Dawson: Their wicked conspiracy, and a true account of their travels and adventures; the marriage of Moll Dawson by a sinful means to a worthy gentleman of merit; her second expedition with her former

roguish companions into strange places; her atonement to Mr. William Godwin (whereby she renders up all she ever had of him and more) and selling of herself to Algerine pirates and going into Barbary a slave; together with the tribulation of those who led her to wrongdoing, and many other surprising things now disclosed for the first time as the faithful confession of Christopher Sutton."

We had something to say in the last BOOKMAN about the ignorance of the proper use of "shall" and "will" displayed by so many American writers who ought to know the English language better. As it is an old maxim that for every disease there exists somewhere a remedy, we have lately found an admirable little treatise on the distinction between these two important auxiliaries. Its author is Commander Craig, of the United States Navy, now with the *Concord* in Chinese waters. It was prepared by him for the use of the cadets at Annapolis; but some publisher should take it up and give it a wider circulation, as it is an excellent tract for linguistic sinners. If Mr. Richard Harding Davis will promise to read it, it will give us great pleasure to send him a copy by the next mail.

Lord Acton, the newly appointed Professor of History at the University of Cambridge, of whom we gave a short account in THE BOOKMAN for April, has been delivering his inaugural lecture, and has shown the qualities that might have been expected from a scholar of his peculiar training and antecedents. Ponderous, obscure, with an immense amount of undigested learning, he is a portentous combination of German heaviness and English *Dummheit*. His critical capacity may be gauged by the fact that in his lecture he grouped Mommsen, Ranke, Thiers, and Macaulay as being historians of the same rank! Even the English reviews have not been able to take this very seriously.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, has lately shown himself in a new light by contributing to *Harper's Weekly* some poetical renderings from the Russian of Pushkin. Mr. Dana, having won a very marked victory in the preliminaries of his libel suit, has been spending the

summer in Europe. Every one is rather glad that he was successful, for Mr. Dana is a national institution; yet there is a sort of unholy curiosity as to what would have befallen him in Washington if he had been taken (or "dragged," as he would say) to that city for trial. The editor of the *Evening Post* would have been especially interested in the result, and would have written some of his most feeling editorials of condolence.

⊗
The *Sun* and the *Post* are probably the most individual journals that are anywhere published. People read them even when they disapprove of their utterances, and read them all the more carefully when they disapprove. It is curious that while their general standpoints are diametrically opposed to one another, the general effect which they make upon the mind of the reader is pretty much the same—a fact which gives point to an epigram ascribed to a well-known jurist, and which we here set down with apologies to the respective editors, who can themselves hardly fail to be amused by it. The aforesaid jurist having heard one of his friends denouncing the general demoralisation of New York, broke in with, "Well, what can you expect of a city with two such leading newspapers—the *Sun* in the morning making vice attractive, and the *Post* in the evening making virtue odious!" The same gentleman, who has occasionally fallen under Mr. Godkin's chastening displeasure, once characterised the *Post* as "that pessimistic, malignant, and malevolent sheet, which no good citizen

ever goes to bed without reading!"—a saying which beautifully combines the antidote with the bane.

⊗
Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, N. B., on April 15th, 1861. On his fa-



Bliss Carman

ther's side he is descended of the Carmans who came to New Brunswick from Long Island and founded St. John. His mother belonged to the Bliss family, also Loyalists, who took a leading part in the Revolution. Daniel Bliss's sister, a progenitor of his, was Emerson's grandmother, so that Mr. Carman's residence in the United States is,

in a sense, the return of the native. He graduated in 1881 at the University of New Brunswick, and afterwards studied at Edinburgh, Scotland, under Campbell Fraser and Tait. Mr. Carman says that Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Edinburgh Eleven* comes home to him with the intimacy

Stone and Kimball in launching the *Chap-Book*, which took its rise from his suggestion, though its attractive form and dress were due to Mr. Stone's good taste. Since he left the *Independent* Mr. Carman has held no permanent office. He usually spends his summers in Nova

Scotia and his winters in Washington, D. C., occasionally visiting his friends in Boston and New York. Mr. Carman acknowledges the great liberators in literature to be his masters, among whom he gives precedence to Emerson, Matthew Arnold, and Browning.

Bliss Carman's first published book of poetry was *Low Tide on Grand Pré* (first edition, C. L. Webster and Company, November, 1893; second edition, Stone and Kimball, March, 1894, with three additional poems). His next volume, *Songs from Vagabondia*, was written in collaboration with Mr. Richard Hovey (Copeland and Day, September, 1894). *A Seamark; A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson*, was published by the latter house in April of this year. But before his first book made its appearance Mr. Carman had printed for private circulation in cheap broad sheets, in June, 1894, a ballad entitled *Saint Karin*. It is a satirical skit, cleverly written, but of a personal nature that debars it from publication. We are able to reproduce the pen-and-ink title-page design by B. G. Goodhue, which was not reduced in electrotyping the original.

The report comes from London on apparently good authority that Mr. George Moore is about to marry Mrs. Pearl Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes),



engendered by his knowledge of the men of whom Barrie has written. For two or three years he read for the law; then went into the field as an engineer, but returned to his studies in philosophy and English in 1886 under Child and Royce at Harvard. In 1890 he went on the *New York Independent* as office editor, and remained there nearly three years. Subsequently he assisted Messrs.

whose divorce we lately chronicled. If this be true, it is a perfectly ideal match, and should, we assert, establish a precedent, so that hereafter men and women writers of the erotic and pessimistic school of fiction will marry one another rather than ordinary mortals who are still possessed of scruples and beliefs.

Messrs. Copeland and Day are about to add a volume to the literature of the tenement, which is making a field for itself here as well as in London. *Moody's Lodging-house and other Tenement Sketches*, by Alvan F. Sanborn, is the result of careful research and observation. Like Arthur Morrison, whose *Tales of Mean Streets* has been so popular on the other side (published here by Roberts Brothers), Mr. Sanborn has brought to his work the training and experience which his official labours in settlement institutions, and especially at Andover House, have given him. He has also travelled a good deal and has studied tenement life in London, so that his work has the savour of great expectation, and will be eagerly perused when it appears. Mr. Sanborn's name will not be unfamiliar to readers of the *Arena* and the *Forum*.

Jacques Damour, and other Stories, translated from the French of Émile Zola by William Foster Apthorp, which we announced some months ago, has now been published. The publishers have made the binding after the French manner in yellow cloth, with the title-page reproduced in black on the cover, making it a delicate piece of book-work. Most of the stories in the book have been translated for the first time. A new volume of poems entitled *The Magic House*, by the Canadian poet, Duncan Campbell, is also about to issue from the same house, and in October there will appear the initial volume of a series of small books of verse. The series has not yet been named; the first volume is entitled *Dumb in June*, and is by Richard Burton.

The name of the new poet on whose discovery by Messrs. Copeland and Day we commented last month is William Lindsay, and the title of his book of poems, which will not be published probably until November, is to be *Apples of Istakhar*. The following quatrain indicates the drift of his title:

"Life, like the apples of old Istakhar,
A fruit half sweet, half bitter-baned doth bring:
Shade-cursed and sun-caressed by turns they are;
Shade-cursed and sun-caressed the songs I sing."

"My Mother's Picture" is finely conceived:

"Out of an oval frame there looks at me
My mother's face; a dawning womanhood
Serves to enrich its girlish gaiety
With earnest gaze, dream of God's greater good."

Here is a dainty bit of New England coquetry in verse:

"I tyed Kate's shoe, she paused a lyttle space,
And shewed to me ye truant sylken lace,
Lytting a flounce of flowering brocade,
And lawnie skirts, where fragrant odours played.
'Wilt tye my shoe?' she asked, and paused
apace."

The author of *A Dead Man's Diary, Sorrow and Song* and *A Book of Strange Sins* has written a strange and fascinating little volume. "In *God and the Ant*," says Ian Maclaren, "Mr. Kernahan has addressed himself to the problem which exercised the minds of the Psalmists and lies as a burden on the most sensitive thinkers of to-day. He creates a daring situation—the arraignment of God by the victims on the other side of the grave—and uses it with strength and reverence, with earnestness also and conviction. His answer is that which commends itself to many as the only light on the darkness. This is a book to be read."

The Joseph Knight Company have just published a volume containing half a dozen remarkable psychological stories by L. Clarkon Whitelock. Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, to whom *A Mad Madonna, and other Stories* is dedicated, in gratitude for his appreciation and encouragement, is enthusiastic over them. In a letter, he says, writing of them, "I have read these tales with singular interest. They are really prose poems of a high order."

We have a hearty welcome for the dainty edition of Dr. Norman Macleod's little classic, *The Starling*, with which this firm has started their Round Table Library. The four half-tones taken from the original edition are exquisitely true and characteristic of the parts selected for illustration. Except for an edition which Anson D. F. Randolph and Company imported at one time we are

not aware that there has been a fitting edition of this beautiful Scottish story brought out in America. The little comedy enacted in the village of Drumsylie with "Charlie's Bairn"—the talking starling who sings "Wha'll be King but Charlie!" and in season and out of season cries, "A Man's a Man for a' that"—is one of the most touching and humorous stories of Scottish life. It is long since we first read it, but we read it again with renewed pleasure.



Fiona Macleod, the author of *Pharais* and of *The Mountain Lovers*, to which attention is called among our reviews, is qualified by birth, early association, and long familiarity to be the interpreter of Highland character and landscape. A native of the Western Isles, much of her childhood and girlhood was spent in the Inner and Outer Hebrides.



Her first book, *Pharais* (now published in America by Stone and Kimball), was published last year by Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby, in his Regent Library, and almost simultaneously with another volume of the same series, *Vistas*, by Mr. William Sharp, the author's cousin. It attracted almost immediate attention from several eminent men of letters, winning praise and encouragement from Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Traill, Mr. Grant Allen, who wrote of it with enthusiasm in the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Though it hardly gained a circulating library popularity, it had an unusual suc-

cess for the first book of a young writer, and gained for Fiona Macleod more suggestions from publishers than she can fulfil, for she likes to write at her leisure. At the time of the publication of *Pharais*, *The Mountain Lovers* was partially done, but she was able to submit no more than the "Wind Prologue" (now the first chapter) to Mr. John Lane, of London, who, however, conditionally commissioned the book thereupon.



Nothing else of Fiona Macleod's has appeared in print except some verses and a short tale called "The Anointed Man" in the *Evergreen*, the new Scottish quarterly. One of her poems appears below. But on the head of *Pharais* she received a commission from *Harper's Magazine*, and a collection of Celtic episodes, with illustrations, is to appear in that magazine, probably before the end of the year, under the title "From the Hebrid Isles." Her next book is to be called *The Sin-Eater*. It will be issued early in October, simultaneously in England and America—in this country by Messrs. Stone and Kimball. It consists of ten Celtic tales and episodes. The longest are the title story and "The Dan-nan-Ròu." The backgrounds are nearly all situated in the Inner or Outer Isles (Iona, Mull, Skye, or South Uist, Benbecula, and the other Outer Hebrides). There is one small section called "Tragic Landscapes," comprising three tentative efforts to narrate tragically and movingly yet (in the first) without any human interest whatsoever, or (in the third) with intense human emotion conveyed entirely by extraneous sugges-

DAY AND NIGHT.

From gray of dusk, the veils unfold
To pearl and amethyst and gold—
Thus is the new Day woven and spun.

From glory of blue to rainbow spray,
From sunset gold to violet gray—
Thus is the restful Night re-won.

Fiona Macleod in The Evergreen.

Longer inger Loo.

Paroles
Françaises de

Paroles
Anglaises de

Musique de
SILVY
BONES



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THE MIGRATION OF POPULAR SONGS.

Lest the reader should find, as he easily might, some ambiguity in the title of this short paper, it may be well to explain, by way of premise, that popular songs are here taken to mean only the songs of the day, ephemeral, trivial, and

of little or no musical value—the songs that spring up, as it were, in a night, that are sung and whistled and played for a few weeks or months, and are then forgotten. The songs that endure for generations, though often of no greater

intrinsic merit, are more truly described as national songs; for the national song is by no means necessarily one whose words and music, or even the circumstances of whose composition, are associated with an historical or patriotic event. The *Ranz des Vaches*, for instance, is most truly the national air of Switzerland, though it is only a herdsman's strain; and Bayard Taylor's poem keeps alive the fact that on the eve of the bloodiest battle of the Crimean War the Scotch regiments fed their martial spirit by singing, not the stirring music of their grandest battle hymn, *Scots wha hae*, but the simple strains of *Annie Laurie*. Just what gives vitality to some of these songs it is hard to say; but the fact is plain enough that while most of them pass out of memory within a year, a few express in some subtle way the deeper feelings of a nation and live throughout the rest of its history. Thus *Partant pour la Syrie*, and *Ça ira*, and the *Carmagnole*, and *Yankee Doodle*, and *Marching through Georgia* will outlive the French and American republics, while *En r'v'nant de la revue*, and *Père la Victoire*, and *Just Before the Battle*, and *We Don't Want to Fight* are forgotten in a single generation. And the reason for the immortality of the one and for the oblivion of the other set is about equally mysterious.

The popular song, however, in the restricted sense of the word—the song of the whistling boy and the street piano—is at present often able to secure a brief respite from immediate forgetfulness, to cheat oblivion, and secure a second lease of life by a species of migration.

In these days, when travel is cheap and each nation, being more or less informed about its neighbour's doings, finds it an amusing thing to be imitative and cosmopolitan, the popular song is one of the objects that, like food, fashions, and literature, are amiably borrowed. Thus it happens that when some ditty has become such a nuisance in the land of its birth as to make its public rendition more or less unsafe, it suddenly disappears, and almost immediately reappears in some other country where it is treated as an attractive novelty. When it springs up again in this way among a people whose language is not that of its author, it often suffers a sea-change; but the music is usually unaltered, while the transformation of its words is often very characteristic and amusing.

One would say *a priori* that England and America would be the greatest borrowers of the *chansonette*. As Germany is the most musical land in the world, and as France is the home of the *café chantant*, it might be supposed that the English "music hall" and the American "variety show" would find the French and German airs an inexhaustible store to borrow from. But the truth of the matter is quite the reverse, and for two very different reasons. As regards Germany, it is precisely because the Germans are so musical that the foreign conveyer of popular songs finds so little to appropriate. The German's taste in music is so educated, and he takes his music so seriously as to make nonsense-songs, such as those of our country and of England, appear to him neither amusing nor agreeable. They are simply monstrosities, fit only for eccentric and Philistine nations, such as he supposes us to be. The *Tingeltangel* plays no such important part in the economy of his amusements as does the *café chantant* in the diversions of the French. When he listens to music, it must be good in itself. The difference is well seen in such an establishment as Kröll's Garten, in Berlin—a place in many respects akin to the Folies Bergère, of Paris. It is an immense beer garden; yet its open-air music is rendered by a really fine orchestra, supplemented occasionally by some of the military bands of the garrison; while in the adjacent theatre appear singers of international celebrity, who interpret the rôles of the lighter of the grand operas, such as the *Meistersinger*, the *Trompeter von Säckingen*, and the *Flying Dutchman*. In fact, the German seldom descends to any lower depth, musically, than the comic opera; and when an American, an Englishman, or a Frenchman would be humming *The Band Played On* or *Gigolette*, a German contents himself with a bit of Millöcker or Suppe—something far from classical, if you will, but by no means cheap and vulgar. And as he does not himself produce our sort of popular song, still less does he import those which we have made. Some of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas he will tolerate (the airs from the *Mikado* were rather popular in Germany at one time), and Mr. Reginald De Koven is not unknown; but that is the limit of his toleration. It is true that in the numerous *Tingeltangels* our comic

songs are often heard, but they are sung in their original form by foreign singers, English and American, and are listened to by the Germans in the same spirit in which a visitor to Chinatown enjoys the performance of a Mongolian orchestra. Hence our purveyors of popular music find nothing of the kind in Germany to appropriate; but with true American audacity they have gone straight to the classical music, and from it have filched innumerable themes. It may not be generally known, for instance, that *Annie Rooney* is taken directly, with a mere change of tempo, from a chorale of Bach, and that *Down went McGinty* is stolen from another. It is an amusing fact that Wagner derived the so-called bell-motif in *Parsifal* from the same source; so that we have the great master of modern music drinking from the same fountain of inspiration as the author of *Down went McGinty*!

Not very much is borrowed from the French either. The reason for this is to be found, I think, in the musical characteristics of the French *chansonnettes*. The French popular music is eminently vivacious; it has a sort of sparkle that is eminently Gallic; but there is something about it that makes it rather unattractive to an English ear. It is too jerky; it lacks rhythm and melody; and it does not easily fix itself in the memory. It is, in fact, rather thin, and irresistibly suggests the nasal tones and cracked pianos of the *gargotes* through which it finally passes into oblivion. Hence it is not often borrowed, the exceptions being found principally in semi-military songs. These are occasionally transplanted to England and America, though they are there not sung, but arranged for military bands and for orches-

tras. An instance of this is the Boulangist chant, *En r'v'nant de la revue*, first sung by Paulus at the Alcazar d'Été, and speedily taken up all over France by the partisans of the *bras' Général*. It was at once cabled to this country (a journalistic feat achieved by the New York



Herald), and was heard everywhere, but only as an air, no words ever having been written for it in English, so far as the present writer is informed. A later French success, *Père la Victoire*, also "created" by Paulus at the Eldorado, was at one time a good deal played by military bands in England, where it was also set to new words, but as a song it had no success. Therefore the fact remains that while we borrow French

fashions, French cookery, French plays, and French novels, the Anglo-Saxon world cares very little for French popular songs.

Equally unsuccessful has proved the attempt to adapt for English and American use any of the numerous *canzonette* of Italy, and for the same reasons. Perhaps the last attempt to make a hit in this way was that of Miss Lottie Collins, who, after the song which is especially associated with her name had been worn threadbare, announced with a good deal of journalistic trumpeting a new one entitled *Margurite of Monte Carlo*. This was in reality an English adaptation of a Neapolitan *canzone* by the popular song-writer, Piedigrotta, first sung at the Salone Margherita in Naples in 1892, when it caught the fancy of the populace immensely, and was soon sung, whistled, and played all over Italy. The original was called *Margarita de Parete*, and was written in dialect, the first verse being as follows :

Margarita de Parete
Era 'a saita d' e signore ;
Se pugneva sempe e ddeie
Pe penzare a Salvatore !
Margari
'e perzo a Salvatore !
Margari
Ma l'ommo è cacciatore !
Margari,
Nun ce aje corpa tu !
Chello ch' è fatto è fatto,
Nun ne parlammo cchiù !

It has a good deal of swing to it, but in spite of Miss Collins's own popularity and her persistent efforts to make it a success, it fell rather flat, and never reached the street piano.

Not many of our popular airs, then, are foreign; but a very great many of ours are caught up by the French, especially those songs whose English words have a jingle that tickles the Gallic ear with a suggestion of eccentricity. Such, for example, is an absurd but rather tuneful ditty, now much in vogue in England, though not yet well known in this country, and entitled *Linger Longer, Loo*. The original is by Messrs. Young and Sidney Jones, and it so amused the first Frenchman who heard it that it was almost immediately carried to Paris. French words were written by M. Henri Dreyfus, the English chorus being retained, and it was sung by no less a personage than the famous Yvette Guilbert, and later by Mlle. Duclerc at the Folies

Bergère. The first verse of the French rendering will give a good idea of *le genre Anglaisiste*, so called :

Ça n'vous amuse pas c'que j'dis là
Moi non plus je l'atteste,
Mais il faut bien par ci par là.
Chanter de tout et l'estre.
Mon répertoire est folichon
A c'que dis'nt les familles
Aussi ma p'tite English chanson
Est fait' pour les jeunes filles.
Leurs papas diront c'est plus beau
Bien qu' vous n' comprenez pas un mot,
Ell's pens'ront, sûr, y'a pas d' plaisir
Du moment qu'on n' peut pas rougir !

" *Linger longer, Lucy, linger longer, Loo,
How I love to linger, Lucy, linger long o' you ;
Listen while I sing, ah, tell me you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer longer, linger longer, Loo !*"

The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo was a great favourite with the French, and their version of it was a close paraphrase of the English, though it represented the breaker of the bank as a woman and not a man. The title of it was *J'ai fait sauter la banque à Monte Carlo*. As a rule, the music alone is taken, the French words having no reference to the original ones. Thus, *Daisy Bell*, or, as the French usually write it, *Daysey Bell*, furnished the music for a rather amusing set of verses by M. Dreyfus, who is an Anglophobe, in which *les Anglaises pour vivre* are vigorously mocked—their diet of *bifsteck, rumsteck*, and other *vianades saignantes*, their prudery, and their dress. A verse may serve to amuse the reader.

A Paris va des Anglaises
L'air sec, avec
Des appas comm' des punaises
Des dents longu's et jaun's dans l'bec
Sur l' 'boul'vard chaeun' circule
Vêtu' comm' d'un fourreau
D'un macfarlan' ridicule
Coiffé d'un tout p'it chapeau !

All right! All right!
Rien ne les emotionne ;
All right! All right!
Rien ne les passionne ;
Ell's ont la sech' ress' d'un' planche
Ell's ont aussi sa raideur,
Que c'soit la s'maine ou l'dimanche
Un rien offense leur pioudeur !

The chorus of this had almost as much success in France as the original enjoyed in England and the United States ; and up to the present time, when a *gamin* wishes to jeer at a stray Englishman, he greets him with the " *All right !*" which together with " *Aoh yes !*" is regarded in France as the shibboleth of the Anglo-Saxon race.

As might be expected, *Tarara-boom-de-ay* exactly suited the *Anglaisistes*. It had scarcely appeared in England and America before a French rendering was rushed into print, in fact so rapidly that the author of it, M. Fabrice Lémon, failed to notice the exact title of the original, and altered a syllable, his version bearing the name *Tha-mara-boum-dihé*; but it was a great success, being sung at one and the same time at four of the principal *cafés concerts*—the Alcazar, the Horloge, and the Ambassadeurs, and the Folies Bergère. Before, however, any French version at all had been made, the present writer, being in a provincial town in Normandy, read one day an announcement of the local theatre to the effect that on the following evening a new one-act play would be presented, with the remarkable title *Miss Kiss-my*, in which the forward manners of the typical *mees Anglaise* would be held up to the reprobation of a virtuous French audience. It was also announced as a special attraction that a certain Mlle. Dufort would, in the course of the play, sing the *clébère chanson Anglaise, Tha-ra-ra-boum-der-é*. When the time came, and Mlle. Dufort appeared, she had an immense audience. The first few lines made it evident (not to the audience, however) that this ingenious young woman had shrunk from the task of "getting up" the lines of the genuine version, but had instead constructed a set of verses of her own by piecing together all the English words she had ever heard. The first verse, then, ran something like this :

Ticket tramway clergyman
Bifteck rumsteck rosbiif van,
Sandwich whitebaitis lady lunch
Chéri-gobler, wiskey-ponche ;

Aoh-yes all right shocking stop
Pél-él why-not moton-chop.
Plum kék miousic steamer boxe,
Boule-dogue high-life five-o'clocks.
Tharara boum der-é, etc.

It was an immense success. The audi-



ence rose at her. They knew that the English was all right, because they themselves recognised a good many of the words. She had an ovation and nine encores; and this was probably the first rendition of the *clébère chanson* on French soil.

It has already been noted that the French, in taking over the English popular songs, seldom or never translate the words literally. The reason of this is very characteristic. In the first place, the French mind is too logically reason-

able to relish mere nonsense such as delights with a childish joy a typical Anglo-Saxon audience. Possibly the Gallic lack of humour also stands in the way of an appreciation of pure absurdity. In the second place, the French have an innate literary instinct that demands precision, neatness of phrasing, and point, in even the lightest verses to which they are asked to listen; and the commonplaces of our sentimental ballads are to them indescribably inane. Hence in the lines that they write for our popular music there are to be found almost always a wit and a meaning to which the English words have no claim. Yet in another way the balance is in our favour; for an unpleasant French trait almost always mars their verses—the fondness for striking the note of the uncleanly suggestive. Our English words may be utterly nonsensical, their sentiment may be commonplace and its expression mawkish, yet both words and sentiment are clean and wholesome, the nonsense is good, honest nonsense, and one never carries away, after listening to it, an unpleasant taste; and this quality in our popular songs and popular singers is far better than all the tainted wit of a Dreyfus and a Baneux, and the inspired *diablerie* of Yvette Guilbert and Duhamel. A good instance of how the French bedevil an innocent piece of fun can be seen by comparing the English popular song *Ting-a-ling* with the French version called *Ling-a-ling*, first sung by Edmée Lescot at the Casino de Paris. The English is a rollicking bit of harmless nonsense; but of the French version there is not a single stanza that I should venture to reprint.

There is one thing that seems quite remarkable in the popular songs of the French to-day, and that has a deep significance of its own. When we reflect upon the fact that France is now in reality a great armed camp, that its people are waiting with a feverish anxiety, an intense feeling of hope and fear, for the inevitable hour when they shall strike the great blow to avenge the humiliation of 1870; when one remembers how intensely martial is the spirit of the whole nation, how it is yearning for its old supremacy and the glory that was dimmed at Gravelotte and Sedan, and at the same time recalls how effusive the French temperament is, it is simply marvellous to find the singers of the

people's songs silent on the one theme that lies closest to every patriotic Frenchman's heart. No ballads revile the hated Prussian; no martial songs call for the hastening of the day of reckoning; no new Béranger puts into the lyrics of the street the fierce longing that throbs in the pulses of so many millions. This very silence, ominous, universal, is the most profoundly impressive evidence of the intensity of the flame that needs no outward fanning to keep it in a glow. "The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb;" and the underlying thought seems to be this: that to recall the horrors of 1870 would be humiliating, unbearable; while to sing of what all hope for in the future would be only to play the braggart's part in the face of possibilities that make the lightest spirit shrink back with awe from their contemplation.

I have said that there is scarcely a trace in any popular song of the spirit of *revanche*; yet here and there a word, a phrase, or a turn of expression reveals it as by a flash. One of the most striking illustrations of this, and perhaps the boldest, is found in the *Marche des Treize Jours*, a song that was sung all over France not very long ago. It is professedly only a comic song, narrating the amusing experiences of a *réserve* who goes into camp to perform his thirteen days of required military service; but the last verse strikes a different note:

Quand les treiz' jours sont terminés
L'général nous dit: "J'vous r'mercie,
Vous êtes dign's de vos aînés!
A l'appel sacré de la Patrie
Tous vous viendrez
Et ne direz:

"Les Treize Jours ne tremblent pas!
Pour repousser les hordes étrangères
Nous saurons tous dans les combats
Nous battre comm' de vieux militaires!"
Puis nous mourant noire drapeau
"Sachez mourir," dit-il, "pour sa défense!"
Et l'général élevant son chapeau,
Nous dit "A bientôt! Vive la France!"

There is a world of meaning to every Frenchman in that *à bientôt!*

Another of the recent popular songs in France is also very significant—this one not for its words, but for its music. It is a song that I have already mentioned—*Père la Victoire*—first sung by Paulus at the Eldorado in the winter of 1891-92. The words are nothing—the reverie of an old soldier; but the music.

arranged by Louis Ganne for military bands, is in a way a wonderfully effective thing, a sort of cantata, whose meaning all France interpreted at once. It opens with a roll of drums and a trumpet call, as heralding the military character of its *motif*. Then comes a long strain of melancholy music, sombre, pathetic, rising almost into a wail, though still marked by the military accent. To the listener it depicts France in her humiliation, beaten to her knees by the merciless invader, betrayed, despairing. Then, as the music almost dies away, the muffled drums roll steadily, and a firmer note is struck. France lives. The years of patience, of sacrifice, of preparation have come. Stronger and clearer, the music swells again into a noble march, strong, confident,

courageous. Clearer and bolder ring out the notes, faster and faster and richer and grander are the harmonies. France is once more herself, puissant, girt for battle, invincible. The hour has struck, and a storm of drums overwhelms the ear in a great crash of martial melody, with the trumpets once more ringing out, this time exultant in the fierce joy of victory! It is the musical apotheosis of *la revanche*. Professional musicians may call it a poor thing, but when rendered by a fine military band, as I have often heard it, it has always seemed to me inexpressibly thrilling; and with its hidden meanings it must quicken the pulse and stir the blood of every one who loves France and her chivalrous people.

Harry Thurston Peck.

NUIT DE SEPTEMBRE.

La nuit est pleine de silence,

Et dans une étrange lueur,

Et dans une douce indolence,

La lune dort comme une fleur.

Parmi les rochers, dans le sable,

Sous les grands puis, d'un calme amer,

Surgit mon amour périssable—

Faim de tes yeux, soif de ta chair.

Je suis ton amant, et ta blonde

Gorge tremble sous mon baiser,

Et le feu de l'amour monde

Nos deux cœurs sans les apaiser.

Rien ne peut durer, mais ta bouche

Est telle qu'un fruit fait de sang ;

Tout passe, mais ta main me touche,

Et je me donne en frémissant.

Tes yeux verts me regardent : j'aime

Le clair de lune de tes yeux,

Et je ne vois dans le ciel même

Que ton corps rare et radieux.

George Moore.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AT HOME.

The character and expression of Maurice Maeterlinck are not easy to analyse nor to describe with a few bold strokes

of qualities that constitute the *ego*—the personality of a *somebody*, like a pale reflection of the individual character which, vague and profound at the same time, distinguishes his artistic inspirations. Consequently if his different works are clear only to a restricted number of select and initiated spirits, so indeed his speech, his expression, and his exterior personality do not reveal more quickly the secret of a soul that you persist, however, in wishing to probe, because you feel that it is worth the trouble.

But one does not wish general impressions, and, above all, psychic impressions. One wishes precise indications, clear descriptions, a sort of passport that includes besides the lines of his face, the *modus vivendi* of the artist.

First of all there is not the slightest romance in the genesis of the artistic growth of this young spirit, not the least eccentricity in his manner, in his dress, in his speech, or in his way of living to furnish entertainment to the readers of the *Princesse Maleine*.

Maurice Maeterlinck was born at Ghent in the autumn of the year 1862, in a purely Ghentish family, into which, perhaps, since he has certain brilliant traits, some drops of Spanish blood have entered. He is sprung from burgher stock from the upper provincial burgher class that in Europe still incarnates in itself the immobile prejudices that kill. Maeterlinck has a brother who is a



MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

of the pen. Quite contrary to that which is ordinarily seen in an artist, who often represents in his person and in his life the antipodes of that which he is in his works, the young Belgian symbolist has in himself—in his physiognomy first of all, in his voice, his manner, and, above all, perhaps in the accumulation

1862, in a purely Ghentish family, into which, perhaps, since he has certain brilliant traits, some drops of Spanish blood have entered. He is sprung from burgher stock from the upper provincial burgher class that in Europe still incarnates in itself the immobile prejudices that kill. Maeterlinck has a brother who is a

notary, and he himself is a lawyer, a position he occupies to meet the ordinary exigencies that demand that you have a classified profession. But as he himself says quaintly, "That doesn't bother me."

His life began like that of all who are not hard pressed by the struggle for existence. The young man attended the Jesuit College in the most orthodox Catholic city of all Belgium. While there he sacrificed the study of mathematics to that of literature, and along with other comrades indulged in juvenile inspirations under the cover of his black desk during the algebra class. These make up the sum of his college peccadilloes. But all this characterization is not Maeterlinck, who probably more than any one else was unconscious of what he wished to be or was able to be, and did not feel himself really pushed to scale the heights until he met at Paris, where he spent a year, the great and yet unknown writer, Villiers de l'Île Adam. Of this admirable poet, whom Paris has known so little during so many years, the young author of *L'Intruse* speaks with a respect and an enthusiasm that redound greatly to his credit.

During this year he was truly the neophyte, the spiritual son of this elevated mind, and you can thus naturally explain the light that then came along the proper lines to the young citizen of Ghent. He returned to his native Flanders inspired with a new spirit, and, favoured by a possibility of interior isolation, he was able soon to forget the hostile, ugly, and narrow cage wherein the spirits of his compatriots were housed.

I am quite convinced that on the banks of the solitary canals, on the waste

stretches that shut them in, and in the silence of a city almost inanimate, he caught his manner of reserve, almost of disdain for noise and bustle, which is the characteristic trait of his physiognomy and which inspires the tone of his work. The profession of lawyer was indeed the one least suited to this thinker with closed lips, who has almost nothing to say to you.

Almost always the human mind, in

*Si vous trouvez un autre
moment ou un autre
endroit, pourriez-vous
rien de vouloir bien m'en
informer par dépêche ou
par spécimen? Sinon, j'aurais
que la porte de village
ne me joue encore un de
ces mauvais tours qu'elle
m'a joué souvent.*

*Très très bonsoir. Madame,
Avec mes excuses et mes
remerciements l'expression
de mes sentiments les
plus distingués.*

M. Maeterlinck

order to creep out of its shell, needs some intellectual aid to teach it to make use of itself. In his case this was done by the reading of a very beautiful book, *Les Fleurs*, by Van Lerberghe, another writer of Ghent, who directly prompted in Maeterlinck the courage to write his first book, in which he broke away from his young contemporaries.

His literary life began thus in a city, in a family, in a *milieu*, which ought not to have distracted him at all from that which he was going to see, from that

which he was about to observe in the heart of visible things. Here he showed a characteristic touch. Like all young writers, he had neither money nor a publisher. Then, in quite an original manner, he himself printed, with a press that one of his friends owned, the first work that revealed him, and he turned the mechanism that gave us the verses entitled *Terres Chaudes*.

The deserved but noisy and somewhat snobbish fame that sprang up suddenly and universally about his first writings, the rapidity with which they have been circulated abroad and translated in both hemispheres, even among people of far different genius, have destroyed in the poet from Ghent neither his love of acquisition nor his very sympathetic simplicity, nor (and I have been able to note it with joy) the artist's disdainful dignity.

As in his childhood, he still lives with his parents during the winter in an ordinary city house in a modern quarter of Ghent, where the most ingenious reporter would not be able to glean the smallest suggestive description. A hideous dark-green wall-paper, covered with enormous golden lilies, still makes my eyelids wink even at the thought of it. The dark-green paper speaks much of the young poet's resignation to external things. In the summer he accompanies his family to Oostacker, several miles distant from Ghent. Here, in a Flemish cottage, he dreams, he thinks, he reads, and he writes. He walks a great deal also, and accuses himself of never hesitating to relinquish his pen in favour of the bright sunshine. Maeterlinck adds that he is an early riser, waking at 6 o'clock, that he is sociable or silent, as the case may be, and that his habits of writing are quite irregular.

He does not improvise; besides an improviser could not have the depth of expression which is becoming more and more pronounced even in his articles for papers and reviews. And so, if I cannot point out to you in Maeterlinck's process of work anything particularly startling, nor in the history of his life any journalistic distinction, nor in his daily habits any stupid preoccupation to make him remarked, you must know that the author of *Les Aveugles* is physically a most solidly built person, and the least nervous artist in the world. A contrary report is current, I know.

He is quite tall, and his whole body breathes out health and perfect poise. The Flemish breadth of shoulder has stamped his race. Nothing is more truly healthful than his physical being, nothing more calm, more thoughtful, and even more cold, in the sense a little erroneous that is given to this word, physiologically speaking. Poise is there, and perhaps also that which you could call self-possession. His Flemish blood would lie if it had not stamped on his face this mixture of disdain and of a fierce and concentrated expression—a characteristic of his countrymen—and he would be false to Belgium, in his own person, if he did not add to this nature a little latent raillery, the quiet, provoking satire of a man from the demi-north so different from the quick, light malice of the Gallo-Latin. With these general traits I am glad to remark the deep and dreamy melancholy that softens his features, and a smile which is very genial (for his mouth could not deceive), refining his strong Flemish jaw, and makes young and almost clear that which the contemplative expression conceals. His face hardly shows his age, and yet, like almost all artists of this interesting generation, his eyes and forehead show the advancing growth of spirituality. To complete this portrait, conceive Maeterlinck as a true sportsman, skating in winter, canoeing in summer, and bicycling over the fertile plains of his native country. This constant exercise is the explanation of his good health—a great lesson and a much greater example to his inactive young contemporaries.

I also learned during a flying visit, that which you will find singularly bare of sensational detail, that in the country the author of the *Sept Princesses* is passionately devoted to agriculture. To the deductive spirit it will be clearly evident that Maeterlinck is a true observer, and is always working when he does not write, thus bringing him closer to Nature and inhaling the sweet secrets of her creative power.

This new genius, whom the active would call quasi-indolent, has already published a great number of works in a short time. I have added here the chronological list of his works, which the author himself gave me, and in it are not included his numerous articles in magazines, papers, and reviews.

You must have read the very curious preface that Maurice Maeterlinck has written for the superb translation of your great Emerson done by a woman, a Dutch Belgian, who is everywhere considered to be a superior intelligence, and has translated into French your profound American thinker without once misinterpreting the original.

There is a great harmony between the writer of this preface and the translator, which makes the personal value of each more observable. I attach to this article, which recalls only in a vague way, the classic "interview," a fragment of the writing of Maurice Maeterlinck.

Magdeleine Pidoux.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Is this world the same world,
That thou hast known before ?
Is thy heart the same heart,
That sorrow brooded o'er ?
O world, so kind, so beautiful,
O heart, so strong, so true,
I bid you sing of a strange, sweet thing,
Of a world in a heart made new.

Old world, old world, no wonder you laugh,
With your wealth of autumn sheaves ;
No wonder your forest trees rejoice
In their myriad falling leaves !
The sheaves, the sheaves, shall be garnered in,
Lest the children cry for bread ;
For the leaves ? Let them die ! They have lived their day,
Let them now live their night, instead.

Old world, we know Whose hand's at the helm
Of the ship that carries us twain !
Old world, who cares for a last year's leaf,
When spring hath come again ?
Oh ! a myriad leaves on a single tree,
And a myriad trees in the land,
And a myriad griefs in each human heart :
And He holdeth them all in His hand !

Is this world the old world
Thy heart was troubled o'er ?
Is thy heart the old heart,
Now sorrow broods no more ?
O heart, so free, so loving-full,
O world, so glad, so true,
I give you a song for the whole year long,
Of a world, through a heart, made new.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

DRUMSHEUGH'S REWARD.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

People tell us that if you commit a secret to a dweller in the city, and exact pledges of faithfulness, the confidence will be proclaimed on the housetops within twenty-four hours, and yet no charge of treachery can be brought against your friend. He has simply succumbed to the conflict between the habit of free trade in speech and the sudden embargo on one article. Secret was engraved on his face and oozed from the skirts of his garments, so that every conversational detective saw at a glance that the man was carrying treasure, and seized it at his will.

When one told a secret thing to his neighbour in Drumtochty, it did not make a ripple on the hearer's face, and it disappeared as into a deep well. "Aye, aye" was absolutely necessary as an assurance of attention, and the farthest expression of surprise did not go beyond, "That wesna chancy." Whether a Drumtochty man ever turned over secrets in the recesses of his mind, no one can tell, but when Jamie Soutar, after an hour's silence, one evening withdrew his pipe and said "Sall" with marked emphasis, it occurred to me that he may have been digesting an event. Perhaps the law of silence was never broken except once, but that was on a royal scale, when William MacLure indirectly let out the romance of Drumsheugh's love to Marget Howe, and afterwards was forgiven by his friend.

Marget had come to visit the doctor about a month before he died, bearing gifts, and after awhile their conversation turned to George.

"Dinna speak about ma traivellin' tae see ye," Marget said; "there's no a body in the Glen but is behaddit tae ye, an' a' can never forget what ye did for ma laddie yon lang simmer-time."

"A' did naethin', an' nae man can dae muckle in that waesome tribble. It aye taks the cleverest laddies an' the bonniest lassies; but a' never hed a heavier hert than when a' saw Geordie's face that aifternoon. There's nae fechtin' decline."

* See September BOOKMAN for the first part of this story, entitled "Drumsheugh's Love Story."

"Ye mak ower little o' yir help, doctor; it wes you 'at savit him frae pain an' keepit his mind clear. Withoot you he cudna hae workit on tae the end or seen his freends. A' the Glen cam up tae speir for him, and say a cheery word tae their scholar.

"Did a' ever tell ye that Posty wud gang roond a gude half mile oot o' his road gin he hed a letter for Geordie juist tae pit it in his hands himsel? and Posty's another man sin then; but wha div ye think wes kindest aifter Domsie an' yersel?"

"Wha wes't?" but MacLure lifted his head, as if he had already heard the name.

"Aye, ye're richt," answering the look of his friend, "Drumsheugh it wes, an' a' that simmer he wes sae gentle and thoctfu' the Glen wudna hae kent him in oor gairden.

"Ye've seen him there yersel, but wud ye believe 't, he cam three times a week, and never empty-handed. Ae day it wud be some tasty bit frae Muirtown tae gar Geordie eat, another it wud be a buke the laddie hed wantit tae buy at College, an' a month afore Geordie left us, if Drumsheugh didna come up ae Saiturday wi' a parcel he hed gotten a' the way frae London.

"Whatna place is this, George?" an' he taks aff the cover an' holds up the picture. It wud hae dune ye gude tae hae seen the licht in the laddie's een. 'Athens,' he cried, an' then he reached oot his white hand tae Drumsheugh, but naethin' wes said.

"They were at it the hale forenoon, Geordie showin' the Temple the Greeks set up tae Wisdom, an' the theatre in the shadow of the hill whar the Greek prophets preached their sermons; an' as a' gied oot an' in, Geordie wud read a bonnie bit, and Domsie himsel cudna hae been mair interested than Drumsheugh. The deein'-scholar an' the auld fairmer. . . ."

"Aye, aye," said MacLure.

"Ae story Geordie telt me never ran dry wi' Drumsheugh, an' he aye askit tae hear it as a treat till the laddie grew ower sober—about twa lovers in the auld

days, that were divided by an airm o' the sea, whar the water ran in a constant spate, and the lad hed tae sweem across tae see his lass. She held a licht on high tae guide him, an' at the sicht o't he cared naethin' for the danger; but ae nicht the cauld, peetiless water gied ower his head, and her torch burned out. Puir faithfu' lass, she flung hersel into the black flood, and deith jined them where there's nae partin'."

"He likit that, did he?" said MacLure, with a tone in his voice, and looking at Marget curiously.

"Best o' a' the ancient things George gied him in the gairden, an' ae day he nearly grat, but it wesna for their deith.

"'Na, na,' he said tae George, 'a' coont him happy, for he hed a reward for the black crossin'; laddie, mony a man wud be wullin' tae dee gin he wes luvd. What think ye o' a man fechtin' through the ford a' his life wi' nae kindly licht?'

"Geordie wes wae for him, an' telt me in the gloamin', an' it set me thinkin'. Cud it be that puir Drumsheugh micht hae luvd an' been refused, an' naeboddy kent o't? Nane but the Almighty sees the sorrow in ika heart, an' them 'at suffers maist says least.

"It cam tae me that he must hae luvd, for he wes that consecerate wi' Geordie, sae wummanlike in his manner wi' the pillows and shawls, sae wilie in findin' oot what wud please the laddie; he learned yon in anither place than Muirtown Market. Did ye . . . ever hear onything, doctor? It's no for clashin' (gossip) a' wud ask, but for peety an' his gudeness tae ma bairn."

"Is't likely he wud tell ony man, even though he be his freend?" and MacLure fenced bravely, "did ye hear naethin' in the auld days when ye wes on Drumsheugh?"

"No a whisper; he wes never in the mooth o' the Glen, an' he wesna the same then; he wes quiet and couthy, ceevil tae a' the workin' fook; there wes nae meanness in Drumsheugh in thae days. A've often thoct nae man in a' the Glen wud hae made a better husband tae some gude wumman than that Drumsheugh. It passes me hoo he turned sae hard and near for thirty years. But dinna ye think the rael Drumsheugh hes come oot again?'

The doctor seemed to be restraining speech.

"He's no an ordinary man, whatever the Glen may think," and Marget seemed to be meditating. "Noo he wudna enter the hoose, an' he wes that agitat that aince when a' brocht him his tea he let the cup drop on the graivel. Be sure there's twa fook in every ane o's—ae Drumsheugh 'at focht wi' the dealers an' lived like a miser, an' anither that gied the money for Tammas Mitchell's wife an' nursit ma laddie."

MacLure would have been sadly tried in any case, but it was only a week ago Drumsheugh had made his confession. Besides, he was near the end, and his heart was jealous for his friend. It seemed the worse treachery to be silent.

"There's juist ae Drumsheugh, Marget Hoo, as ye're a leevin' wumman, him ye saw in the gairden, wha wud hae denied himsel a meal o' meat tae get thae pictures for yir . . . for Geordie."

"The Glen disna ken Drumsheugh, and never wull this side o' the grave," and the doctor's voice was ringing with passion, and something like tears were in his eyes; "but gin there be a judgment an' . . . books be opened, the'll be ane for Drumtochty, and the bravest page in it 'ill be Drumsheugh's."

"Ye're astonished, an' it's nae wonder"—for the look in Marget's grey eyes demanded more—"but what a' say is true. It hes never been for himsel he's pinched an' bargained; it wes for . . . for a freend he wantit tae help, an' that wes aye in tribble. He thoct 'at it micht . . . hurt his freend's feelin's and pit him tae shame in his parish gin it werent kout, so he took the shame himsel. A' daurna tell ye mair, for it wud be brakin' bonds atween man and man, but ye've herd enough tae clear Drumsheugh's name wi ae wumman."

"Mair than cleared, doctor," and Marget's face glowed, "far mair, for ye've shown me that the Sermon on the Mount is no a dead letter the day, an' ye've lifted the clood frae a gude man. Noo a'll juist hae the rael Drumsheugh, Geordie's Drumsheugh," and again Marget thanked MacLure.

For the moment the heroism of the deed had carried her away, but as she went home the pity of it all came over her. For the best part of his life had this man been toiling and suffering, all that another might have comfort, and all this travail without the recompense of love. What patience, humility, ten-

derness, sacrifice lay in unsuspected people. How long? . . . Perhaps thirty years, and no one knew, and no one said "Well done!" He had veiled his good deeds well, and accepted many a jest that must have cut him to the quick. Marget's heart began to warm to this unassuming man as it had not done even by Geordie's chair.

The footpath from the doctor's to Whinnie Knowe passed along the front of the hill above the farm of Drumsheugh, and Marget came to the cottage where she had lived with her mother in the former time. It was empty, and she went into the kitchen. How home-like it had been in those days, and warm, even in winter, for Drumsheugh had made the wright board over the roof and put in new windows. Her mother was never weary speaking of his kindness, yet they were only working people. The snow had drifted down the wide chimney and lay in a heap on the hearth, and Marget shivered. The sorrow of life came upon her—the mother and the son now lying in the kirkyard. Then the blood rushed to her heart again, for love endures and triumphs. But sorrow without love . . . her thoughts returned to Drumsheugh, whose hearthstone was cold indeed. She was now looking down on his home, set in the midst of the snow. Its cheerlessness appealed to her—the grey sombre house where this man, with his wealth of love, lived alone. Was not that Drumsheugh himself crossing the laigh field, a black figure on the snow, with his dog behind him . . . going home where there was none to welcome him . . . thinking, perhaps, what might have been? . . . Suddenly Marget stopped and opened a gate. . . . Why should he not have company for once in his lonely life . . . if the woman he loved had been hard to him, why should not one woman whom he had not loved take her place for one half hour?

When Drumsheugh came round the corner of the farmhouses, looking old and sad, Marget was waiting, and was amazed at the swift change upon him.

"Ye didna expect me," she said, coming to meet him with the rare smile that lingered round the sweet curves of her lips, "an' maybe it's a leeberty a'm takin'; but ye ken kindness breaks a' barriers, an' for the sake o' Geordie a'

cupna pass yir hoose this nicht without tellin' that ye were in ma hert."

Drumsheugh had not one word to say, but he took her hand in both of his for an instant, and then, instead of going in by the kitchen, as all visitors were brought, save only the minister and Lord Kilspondie, he led Marget round to the front door with much ceremony. It was only in the lobby he found his tongue, and still he hesitated, as one overcome by some great occasion.

"Ye sud be in the parlour, Marget Hoo, but there's no been a fire there for mony a year; wull ye come intae ma ain bit room? . . . A' wud like tae see ye there," and Marget saw that he was trembling, as he placèd her in a chair before the fire.

"Ye were aince in this room," he said, and now he was looking at her wistfully; "div ye mind? it's lang syne."

"It wes when a' cam tae pay oor rent afore we flitted, and ye hed tae seek for change, an' a' thocht ye were angry at oor leavin'."

"No angry, na, na, a' wesna angry . . . it cuist me half an oor tae find some siller, an' a' the time ye were sittin' in that verra chair . . . that wes the Martinmas ma mither deed . . . ye 'ill no leave without yir tea."

After he had gone to tell Leezbeth of his guest, Marget looked round the room, with its worn furniture, its bareness and comfortlessness. This was all he had to come to on a Friday night when he returned from market; out and in here he would go till he died. One touch of tenderness there was in the room, a portrait of his mother above the mantelpiece, and Marget rose to look at it, for she had known her, a woman of deep and silent affection. A letter was lying open below the picture, and this title, printed in clear type at the head, caught Marget's eye:

"Macfarlane and Robertson, Writers,
Kilspondie Buildings,
Muirtown."

Marget's heart suddenly stood still, for it was the firm that sent the seasonable remittances from Whinnie's cousin. This cousin had always been a mystery to her, for Whinnie could tell little about him, and the writers refused all information whatever, allowing them to suppose that he was in America, and chose to give his aid without communication. It

had occurred to her that very likely he was afraid of them hanging on a rich relation, and there were times when she was indignant and could not feel grateful for this generosity. Other times she had longed to send a letter in her name and Whinnie's, telling him how his gifts had lightened their life and kept them in peace and honesty at Whinnie Knowe; but the lawyers had discouraged the idea, and she had feared to press it.

What if this had all been a make-believe, and there had been no cousin . . . and it had been Drumsheugh who had done it all . . . Was this the object of all his sacrifice . . . to keep a roof above their heads . . . and she had heard him mis-called for a miser and said nothing . . . how could she look him in the face . . . no, she was sure of it, although there was no proof. . . . A grey light had been gathering all the afternoon in her mind, and now the sun had risen, and everything was light.

Any moment he might come in, and she must know for certain; but it was Leezbeth that entered to lay the tea, looking harder than ever, and evidently seeing no call for this outbreak of hospitality.

"The maister's gaen upstairs tae clean himself," said the housekeeper, with a suggestion of contempt. "A' saw naethin' wrang wi' him masel." But Leezbeth was not one that could move Marget to anger at any time, and now she was waiting for the sight of Drumsheugh's face.

He came in twenty years younger than she had seen him in that dreary field, and, speaking to her as if she had been the Countess of Kilspindie, asked her to pour out the tea.

"Drumsheugh," and he started at the note of earnestness, "before a' sit doon at yir table there's ae question a' have tae ask an' ye maun answer. Ye may think me a forward wumman, an' ma question may seem like madness, but it's come intae ma mind, an' a'll hae nae rest till it's settled."

Marget's courage was near the failing for it struck her how little she had to go on, and how wild was her idea; but it was too late to retreat, and she also saw the terror on his face.

Drumsheugh stood silent, his eyes fixed on her face, and his hand tightened on the back of a chair.

"Is't you . . . are ye the freend 'at

hes helped ma man an' me through a' oor tribbles?'"

Had he been prepared for the ordeal, or had she opened with a preface, he would have escaped somehow, but all his wiles were vain before Marget's eyes.

"Ye were wi' William MacLure," and Drumsheugh's voice quivered with passion, "an' he telt ye. A'll never forgie him, no, never, nor speak ae word tae him again, though he be the best man in a' the Glen, an' ma dearest freend."

"Dinna blame Doctor MacLure, for a' he did wes in faithfulness an' luve," and Marget told him how she had made her discovery; "but why sud ye be angry that the fouk ye blessed at a sair cost can thank ye face tae face?"

Marget caught something about "a pund or twa," but it was not easy to hear, for Drumsheugh had gone over to the fireplace and turned away his face.

"Mony punds; but that's the least o't; it's what ye paid for them a' thae years o' savin', and what ye did wi' them, a'm rememberin'. Weelum micht never hev hed a hoose for me, an' a' micht never hev hed ma man, an' he micht hae gaen oot o' Whinnie Knowe and been brokenherted this day hed it no been for you.

"Sic kindness as this hes never been kent in the Glen, an' yet we're nae blude tae you, nor mair than onybody in the parish. Ye 'ill lat me thank ye for ma man an' Geordie an' masel', an' ye 'ill tell me hoo ye ever thoct o' showin' us sic favour." Marget moved over to Drumsheugh and laid her hand on him in entreaty. He lifted his head and looked her in the face.

"Marget!" and then she understood.

He watched the red flow over all her face and fade away again, and the tears fill her eyes and run down her cheeks, before she looked at him steadily, and spoke in a low voice that was very sweet.

"A' never dreamed o' this, an' a'm not worthy o' sic luve, whereof I hev hed much fruit an' ye hev only pain."

"Ye're wrang, Marget, for the joy hes gien ower the pain, an' a've hed the greater gain. Luve roosed me tae wark an' fecht wha micht hae been a ne'er-dae-weel. Luve savit me frae greed o' siller an' a' hard hert. Luve kept me clean in thoct an' deed, for it was ever Marget by nicht an' day. If a'm a man the day, ye did it, though ye micht never

hae kent it. It's little a' did for ye, but ye've dune a'thing for me . . . Marget."

After a moment he went on :

"Twenty year ago a' cudna hae spoken wi' ye safely, nor taken yir man's hand without a grudge; but there's nae sin in ma luve this day, and a' wudna be ashamed though yir man heard me say, 'A' luve ye, Marget.'"

He took her hand and made as though he would have lifted it to his lips, but as he bent she kissed him on the forehead. "This," she said, "for yir great and faithfu' luve."

They talked of many things at tea, with joy running over Drumsheugh's heart; and then they spoke of Geordie

all the way across the moor, on which the moon was shining. They parted at the edge, where Marget could see the lights of her home, and Drumsheugh caught the sorrow of her face, for him that had to go back alone to an empty house.

"Dinna peety me, Marget; a've hed ma reward, an' a'm mair than content."

On reaching home, he opened the family Bible at a place that was marked, and this was what he read to himself: "They which shall be accounted worthy . . . neither marry nor are given in marriage . . . but are as the angels of God in heaven."

Jan Maclaren.

ON LITERARY CONSTRUCTION.

II.

There are some questions of construction in novels connected with this main question of the really narrative or partially dramatic form of construction, of the directness or complication of arrangement. One of these is the question of what I would call the *passive* description, by which I mean the setting up, as it were, of an elaborate landscape, or other background, before the characters are brought on the stage. The expression I have just used, "brought on the stage," shows you that I connect this particular mode of proceeding with the novel in scenes. And it is easy to understand that, once the writer allows himself to think of any event happening as it would on the stage, he will also wish to prepare a suitable background, and, moreover, most often a chorus and set of supernumeraries; a background which, in the reality, the principal characters would perhaps not be conscious of, and a chorus which, also in the reality, would very probably not contribute in the least to the action. Another drawback, by the way, of the construction in scenes and connecting links is, that persons have to be invented to elicit the manifestation of the principal personage's qualities: you have to invent episodes to show the good heart of the heroine, the valour of the hero, the pedantry of the guardian, etc., and

meanwhile the real action stops; or, what is much worse, the real action is most unnaturally complicated by such side business, which is merely intended to give the reader information that he either need not have at all, or ought to get in some more direct way. Note that there is all the difference in the world between an episode like that of the gallows on the road to Pilrig, which is intended to qualify the whole story by inducing a particular frame of mind in the reader, and an episode like that of Dorothea (in *Middlemarch*) sharing her jewels with her sister on the very afternoon of Mr. Casaubon's first appearance, and which is merely intended to give the reader necessary information about Dorothea; information that might have been quite simply conveyed by saying, whenever it was necessary, "Now Dorothea happened to be a very ascetic person, with a childishly deliberate aversion to the vanities." This second plan would have connected Dorothea's asceticism with whatever feelings and acts really sprang from it; while the first plan merely gives you a feeling of too many things happening in one day, and of Mr. Casaubon appearing, not simply as a mere new visitor, but as the destined husband of Dorothea. For, remember that the reader tends to attribute to the personages of a book whatever feelings you set up in him, so that, if you make the reader feel that

Casaubon is going to be the bridegroom, you also, in a degree, make Dorothea feel that Casaubon is to be the bridegroom. And that, even for Dorothea, is rather precipitate.

Another question of construction is the one I should call the question of *retrospects*. The retrospect is a frequent device for dashing into the action at once, and putting off the evil day of explaining why people are doing and feeling in the particular way in which we find them, on the rising of the curtain. This, again, is a dramatic device, being indeed nothing but the narrative to or by the confidants which inevitably takes place in the third or fourth scene of the first act of a French tragedy, with the author in his own costume taking the place of the nurse, bosom friend, captain of the guard, etc. The use of this retrospect, of this sort of folding back of the narrative, and the use of a number of smaller artifices of fore-shortening the narrative, seems to me not disagreeable at all in the case of the short story. The short story is necessarily much more artificial than the big novel, owing to its very shortness, owing to the initial unnaturalness of having isolated one single action or episode from the hundred others influencing it, and to the unnaturalness of having, so to speak, reduced everybody to be an orphan, or a childless widow or widower, for the sake of greater brevity. And the short story, being most often thus artificially pruned and isolated, being in a measure the artificially selected expression of a given situation, something more like a poem or little play, sometimes actually gains by the discreet display of well-carried-out artifices. While, so far as I can see, the big novel never does.

There is yet another constructive question about the novel—the most important question of all—whose existence the lay mind probably does not even suspect, but which, I am sure, exercises more than any other the mind of any one who has attempted to write a novel; even as the layman, contemplating a picture, is apt never to guess how much thought has been given to determining the place where the spectator is supposed to see from, whether from above, below, from the right or the left, and in what perspective, consequently, the various painted figures are to appear. This supreme constructive ques-

tion in the novel is exactly analogous to that question in painting; and in describing the choice by the painter of the point of view, I have described also that most subtle choice of the literary craftsman: choice of the point of view whence the personages and action of a novel are to be seen. For you can see a person, or an act, in one of several ways, and connected with several other persons or acts. You can see the person from nobody's point of view, or from the point of view of one of the other persons, or from the point of view of the analytical, judicious author. Thus, Casaubon may be seen from Dorothea's point of view, from his own point of view, from Ladislav's point of view, or from the point of view of George Eliot; or he may be merely made to talk and act without any explanation of why he is so talking and acting, and that is what I call nobody's point of view. Stories of adventure, in which the mere incident is what interests, without reference to the psychological changes producing or produced by that incident, are usually written from nobody's point of view. Much of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon is virtually written from nobody's point of view; and so are the whole of the old Norse sagas, the greater part of Homer and the *Decameron*, and the whole of *Cinderella* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*. We moderns, who are weary of psychology—for poor psychology is indeed a weariness—often find the lack of point of view as refreshing as plain water compared with wine, or tea, or syrup. But once you get a psychological interest, once you want to know, not merely what the people did or said, but what they thought or felt, the point of view becomes inevitable, for acts and words come to exist only with reference to thoughts and feelings, and the question comes, Whose thoughts or feelings?

This is a case of construction, of craft. But it is a case where construction is most often determined by intuition, and where craft comes to be merged in feeling. For, after having separated the teachable part of writing from the unteachable, we have come at last to one of the thousand places—for there are similar places in every question, whether of choice of single words or of construction of whole books—where the teachable and the unteachable unite, where craft itself becomes but the expression of

genius. So, instead of trying to settle what points of view are best, and how they can best be alternated or united, I will now state a few thoughts of mine about that which settles all questions of points of view, and alone can settle them satisfactorily—the different kinds of genius of the novelist.

I believe that the characters in a novel which seem to us particularly vital are those that to all appearance have never been previously analysed or rationally understood by the author, but are, on the contrary, those which, connected always by a sort of similar emotional atmosphere, have come to him as realities—realities emotionally borne in upon his innermost sense.

Mental science may perhaps some day, by the operation of stored-up impressions, of obscure hereditary potentialities, of all the mysteries of the subconsciousness, explain the extraordinary phenomenon of a creature being apparently invaded from within by the personalities of another creature, of another creature to all intents and purposes imaginary. The mystery is evidently connected, if not identical, with the mysterious conception—not reasoned out, but merely felt, by a great actor of another man's movements, tones of voice, states of feeling. In this case, as in all other matters of artistic activity, we have all of us, if we are susceptible in that particular branch of art (otherwise we should not be thus susceptible) a rudiment of the faculty whose exceptional development constitutes the artist. And thus, from our own very trifling experience, we can perhaps, certainly not explain what happens to the great novelist in the act of creation of his great characters, but guess, without any explanation, at what does happen to him. For, in the same way that we all of us, however rudimentally, possess a scrap in ourselves of the faculty which makes the actor; so also we possess in ourselves, I think, a scrap of what makes the novelist; if we did not, neither the actor nor the novelist would find any response in us. Let me pursue this. We all possess, to a certain small degree, the very mysterious faculty of imitating, without any act of analysis, the gestures, facial expression, and tone of voice of other people; nay, more, of other people in situations in which we have never seen them. We feel that they move,

look, sound like that; we feel that, under given conditions, they would necessarily move, look, and sound like that. Why they should do so, or why we should feel that they do so, we have no notion whatever. Apparently because for that moment and to that extent we *are* those people: they have impressed us somehow, so forcibly, at some time or other, they or those like them, that a piece of them, a pattern of them, a word (one might think) of this particular vital spell, the spell which sums up their mode of being, has remained sticking in us, and is there become operative. I have to talk in allegories, in formulæ which savour of cabalistic mysticism; but I am not trying to explain, but merely to recall your own experiences; and I am sure you will recognise that these very mysterious things do happen constantly to all of us.

Now, in the same way that we all feel, every now and then, that the gestures and expression and tones of voice which we assume are those of other people and of other people in other circumstances; so likewise do we all of us occasionally feel that certain ways of facing life, certain reactions to life's various contingencies—certain acts, answers, feelings, passions—are the acts, answers, feelings, passions, the reactions to life's contingencies of persons not ourselves. We say, under the circumstances, I should do or say so and so, but Tom, or Dick, or Harry would do or say such another thing. The matter would be quite simple if we had seen Tom, Dick, or Harry in exactly similar circumstances; we should be merely repeating what had already happened, and our forecast would be no real forecast, but a recollection. But the point is, that we have *not* seen Tom, Dick, or Harry doing or saying in the past what we thus attribute to him in the future. The matter would also be very simple if we attained to this certainty about Tom, Dick, or Harry's sayings and doings by a process of conscious reasoning. But we have not gone through any conscious reasoning; indeed, if some incredulous person challenges us to account by analysis for our conviction, we are most often unable to answer; we are occasionally even absolutely worsted in argument. We have to admit that we don't know why we think so; nay, that there is every reason to think the con-

trary ; and yet there, down in our heart of hearts, remains a very strong consciousness, a consciousness like that of our own existence, that Tom, Dick, or Harry would, or rather will, or rather—for it comes to that—*does* say or do that particular thing. If subsequently Tom, Dick, or Harry is so perverse as not to say or do it, that, oddly enough, does not in the least obliterate the impression of our having experienced that he did say or do it, an impression intimate, warm, unanalytical, like our impressions of having done or said certain things ourselves. The discrepancy between what we felt sure must happen and what actually did happen is, I think, due to the fact that there are two persons existing under the same name, but both existing equally—Tom, Dick, or Harry as felt by himself, and Tom, Dick, or Harry as felt by us ; and although the conduct of these two persons may not have happened to coincide, the conduct of each has been perfectly organic, inevitable with reference to his nature. I suppose it is because we add to our experience, fragmentary as it needs must be, of other folk, the vitality, the unity of life, which is in ourselves. I suppose that, every now and then, whenever this particular thing I am speaking of happens, we have been tremendously impressed by something in another person—emotionally impressed, not intellectually, mind ; and that the emotion, whether of delight or annoyance, which the person has caused in us, in some way grafts a portion of that person into our own life, into the emotions which constitute our life ; and that thus our experience of the person, and our own increasing experience of ourselves, are united, and the person who is not ourselves comes to live, somehow, for our consciousness, with the same reality, the same intimate warmth, that we do.

I hazard this explanation, at best an altogether superficial one, not because I want it accepted as a necessary premise to an argument of mine, but because it may bring home what I require to make very clear—namely, the absolutely sympathetic, unanalytical, subjective creation of characters by some novelists, as distinguished from the rational, analytic, objective creation of characters by other novelists ; because I require to distinguish between the personage who

has been borne in upon the novelist's intimate sense, and the personage who has been built up out of fragments of fact by the novelist's intelligent calculation. Vasari, talking of the Farnesina Palace, said that it was not "built, but really born"—*non murato ma veramente nato*. Well, some personages in novels are built up, and very well built up ; and some—some personages, but how few !—are really born.

Such personages as are thus not built up, but born, seem always to have been born (and my theory of their coming into existence is founded on this), to have been born of some strong feeling on the part of their author. Sometimes it is a violent repulsion—the strongest kind of repulsion, the organic repulsion of incompatible temperaments, which makes it impossible, for all his virtues, to love our particular Dr. Fell ; the reason why, we cannot tell. Our whole nature tingles with the discomfort which the creature causes in us. Such characters—I take them at random—are Tolstoy's M. Karenine and Henry James's Olive Chancellor. But the greater number, as we might expect, of these really born creatures of unreality are born of love—of the deep, unreasoning, permeating satisfaction, the unceasing ramifying delight in strength and audacity ; the unceasing, ramifying comfort in kindness ; the unceasing, ramifying pity towards weakness—born of the emotion which distinguishes the presence of all such as are, by the necessity of our individual nature and theirs, inevitably, deeply, undyingly beloved. These personages may not be lovable, or even tolerable, to the individual reader—he may thoroughly detest them. But he cannot be indifferent to them ; for, born of real feeling, of the strongest of real feelings, the love of suitable temperaments, they are real, and awaken only real feeling. Such personages—we all know them !—such personages are, for instance, Colonel Newcome, Ethel Newcome ; Tolstoy's Natacha, Levine, Anna, Pierre ; Stendhal's immortal Duchess ; and those two imperfect creatures, pardoned because so greatly beloved, Tom Jones and Manon Lescaut. Their power—the power of these creatures born of emotion, of affinity, or repulsion—is marvellous and transcendent. It is such that even a lapse into impossibility—though that

rarely comes, of course—is overlooked. The life in the creatures is such that when we are told of their doing perfectly incredible things—things we cannot believe that, being what they were, they could have done—they yet remain alive, even as real people remain alive for our feelings when we are assured that they have done things which utterly upset our conception of them. Look, for instance, at Mr. James's Olive Chancellor. It is inconceivable that she should have ever done the very thing on which the whole book rests—taken up with such a being as Verena; yet she lives. Why? Because the author has realised in her the kind of temperament—the mode of feeling and being most organically detestable to him in all womankind. Look again at Meredith's adorable Diana. She could not have sold the secret, being what she was. Well, does she fall to the ground? Not a bit. She remains and triumphs, because she triumphed over the heart of her author. There is the other class of personage—among whom are most of the personages of every novel, most of the companions of those not built up, but born; and among whom, I think, are all the characters of some of those whom the world accounts as the greatest philosophers of the human heart—all the characters, save Maggie and Tom, of George Eliot; all, I suspect, of the characters of Balzac.

Such are the two great categories into which all novelists may, I think, be divided, the synthetic and the analytic, those who feel and those who reason. According as he belongs to one category or the other, the novelist will make that difficult choice about points of view. The synthetic novelist, the one who does not study his personages, but *lives* them, is able to shift the point of view with incredible frequency and rapidity, like Tolstoy, who in his two great novels really *is* each of the principal persons turn about; so much so, that at first one might almost think there was no point of view at all. The analytic novelist, on the contrary, the novelist who does not live his personages, but studies them, will be able to see his personages only from his own point of view, telling one what they are (or what he imagines they are), not what they feel inside themselves, and, at most, putting himself at the point of view of one person-

age or two, all the rest being given from the novelist's point of view; as in the case of George Eliot, Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola, whose characters are not so much living and suffering and changing creatures, as illustrations of theories of life in general, or of the life of certain classes and temperaments.

It is often said that there are many more wrong ways of doing a thing than right ones. I do not think this applies to the novel, or perhaps to any work of art. There are a great number of possible sorts of excellent novels, all very different from one another, and appealing to different classes of minds. There is the purely human novel of Thackeray, and particularly of Tolstoy—human and absolutely living; and the analytic and autobiographical novel of George Eliot, born, as regards its construction, of the memoir. There is the analytic, sociological novel of Balzac, studying the modes of life of whole classes of people. There is the novel of Zola, apparently aiming at the same thing as that of Balzac, but in reality, and for all its realistic programme, using the human crowd, the great social and commercial mechanisms invented by mankind—the shop, the mine, the bourgeois house, the Stock Exchange—as so much matter for passionate lyricism, just as Victor Hugo had used the sea and the cathedral. There is the decorative novel—the fantastic idyl of rural life or of distant lands—of Hardy and Loti; and many more sorts. There is an immense variety in good work; it appeals to so many sides of the many-sided human creature, since it always, inasmuch as it is good, appeals successfully. In bad work there is no such variety. In fact, the more one looks at it, the more one is struck at its family resemblance, and the small number of headings under which it can be catalogued. In examining it, one finds, however superficially veiled, everlastingly the same old, old faults—inefficacious use of words, scattered, illogical composition, lack of adaptation of form or thought; in other words, bad construction, waste, wear and tear of the reader's attention, incapacity of manipulating his mind, the craft of writing absent or insufficient. But that is not all. In this exceedingly monotonous thing, poor work (as monotonous as good work is rich and many-sided), we find another fatal element of

sameness : lack of the particular emotional sensitiveness which, as visual sensitiveness, makes the painter, makes the writer.

For writing—I return to my original theory, a one-sided, perhaps, but certainly also true in great part—is the art which gives us the emotional essence of the world and of life ; which gives us the moods awakened by all that is and can happen, material and spiritual, human and natural—distilled to the highest and most exquisite potency in the peculiar organism called the writer. As the painter says : " Look, here is all that is most interesting and delightful and vital, all that concerns you most in the visible aspect of things, whence I have extracted it for your benefit ; " so the writer on his side says : " Read ; here is all that is most interesting and delightful and vital in the moods and thoughts awakened by all things ; here is the quintessence of vision and emotion ; I have extracted it from the world and can transfer it to your mind. " Hence the teachable portion of the art of writing is totally useless without that which can neither be taught nor learned—the possession of something valuable, something vital, essential, to say.

We all of us possess, as I have remarked before, a tiny sample of the quality whose abundance constitutes the special artist ; we have some of the quality of the philosopher, the painter, the

musician, as we have some of the quality of the hero ; otherwise, philosophy, painting, music, and heroism would never appeal to us. Similarly and by the same proof, we have all in us a little of the sensitiveness of the writer. There is no one so dull or so inarticulate as never in his or her life—say, under the stress of some terrible calamity—to have said or written some word which was memorable, never to be forgotten by him who read or heard it : in such moments we have all had the power of saying, because apparently we have had something to say ; in that tremendous momentary heightening of all our perceptions we have attained to the writer's faculty of feeling and expressing the essence of things. But such moments are rare ; and though the small fragments of literary or artistic faculty which we all are born with, or those are born with to whom literature and art are not mere dust and ashes, can be increased and made more efficient only to a limited degree. What we really have in our power is either to waste them in cumbering the world with work which will give no one any pleasure, or to put them to the utmost profit in giving us the highest degree of delight from the work of those who are specially endowed. Let us learn what good writing is in order to become the best possible readers.

Vernon Lee.

HE MADE THE STARS ALSO.

Vast hollow voids beyond the utmost reach
 Of suns, their legions withering at His nod,
 Died into day hearing the voice of God ;
 And seas new made, immense and furious, each
 Plunged and rolled forward feeling for a beach ;
 He walked the waters with effulgence shod.
 This being made, He yearned for worlds to make
 From other chaos out beyond our night—
 For to create is still God's prime delight.
 The large moon, all alone, sailed her dark lake,
 And the first tides were moving to her night.
 Then Darkness trembled, and began to quake,
 Big with the birth of stars, and when He spake
 A million worlds leapt into radiant light !

Lloyd Mifflin.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

VIII. BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION.

The peculiar quality which culture imparts is beyond the comprehension of a child, and yet it is something so definite and engaging that a child may recognise its presence and feel its attraction. One of the special pieces of good fortune which fell to my boyhood was companionship with a man whose note of distinction, while not entirely clear to me, threw a spell over me. I knew other men of greater force and of larger scholarship; but no one else gave me such an impression of balance, ripeness, and fineness of quality. I not only felt a peculiarly searching influence flowing from one who graciously put himself on my level of intelligence, but I felt also an impulse to emulate a nature which satisfied my imagination completely. Other men of ability whose conversation I heard filled me with admiration; this man made the world larger and richer to my boyish thought. There was no didacticism on his part; there was, on the contrary, a simplicity so great that I felt entirely at home with him; but he was so thoroughly a citizen of the world that I caught a glimpse of the world in his most casual talk. I got a sense of the largeness and richness of life from him. I did not know what it was which laid such hold on my mind, but I saw later that it was the remarkable culture of the man—a culture made possible by many fortunate conditions of wealth, station, travel, and education, and expressing itself in a peculiar largeness of vision and sweetness of spirit. In this man's friendship I was for the moment lifted out of my own crudity into that vast movement and experience in which all the races have shared.

I am often reminded of this early impulse and enthusiasm, but there are occasions when its significance and value become especially clear to me. It was brought forcibly to my mind several years ago by an hour or two of talk with one who, as truly as any other American, stands as a representative man of culture; one, that is, whose large scholarship has been so completely absorbed

that it has enriched the very texture of his mind, and given him the gift of sharing the experience of the race. It was on an evening when a play of Sophocles was to be rendered by the students of a certain university, in which the tradition of culture has never wholly died out, and I led the talk along the lines of the play. I was rewarded by an hour of such delight as comes only from the best kind of talk, and I felt anew the peculiar charm and power of culture. For what I got that enriched me and prepared me for real comprehension of one of the greatest works of art in all literature was not information, but atmosphere. I saw rising about me the vanished life, which the dramatist knew so well that its secrets of conviction and temperament were all open to him; in architecture, poetry, religion, politics, and manners, it was quietly rebuilt for me in such wise that my own imagination was stirred to meet the talker half way and to fill in the outlines of a picture so swiftly and skilfully sketched. When I went to the play I went as a contemporary of its writer might have gone. I did not need to enter into it, for it had already entered into me. A man of scholarship could have set the period before me in a mass of facts; a man of culture alone could give me power to share, for an evening at least, its spirit and life.

These personal illustrations will be pardoned, because they bring out in the most concrete way that special quality which marks the possession of culture in the deepest sense. That quality allies it very closely with genius itself, in certain aspects of that rare and inexplicable gift. For one of the most characteristic qualities of genius is its power of divination, of sharing alien or diverse experiences. It is this peculiar insight which puts the great dramatists in possession of the secrets of so many temperaments, the springs of so many different personalities, the atmosphere of such remote periods of time; which, in a way, gives them power to make the dead live again; for Shakespeare can stand at the tomb of Cleopatra and evoke not the shade,

but the passionate woman herself out of the dust in which she sleeps. There has been, perhaps, no more luminous example of the faculty of sharing the experience of a past age, of entering into the thought and feeling of a vanished race, than the peculiar divination and rehabilitation of certain extinct phases of emotion and thought which one finds in the pages of Walter Pater. In those pages there are, it is true, occasional lapses from a perfectly sound method; there is at times a loss of simplicity, a cloying sweetness in the style of this accomplished writer. These are, however, the perils of a very sensitive temperament, an intense feeling for beauty, and a certain seclusion from the affairs of life. That which characterises Mr. Pater at all times is his power of putting himself amid conditions that are not only extinct, but obscure and elusive; of winding himself back, as it were, into the primitive Greek consciousness and recovering for the moment the world as the Greeks saw, or, rather, felt it. It is an easy matter to mass the facts about any given period; it is a very different and a very difficult matter to set those facts in vital relations to each other, to see them in true perspective. And the difficulties are immensely increased when the period is not only remote, but deficient in definite registry of thought and feeling; when the record of what it believed and felt does not exist by itself, but must be deciphered from those works of art in which is preserved the final form of thought and feeling, and in which are gathered and merged a great mass of ideas and emotions.

This is especially true of the more subtle and elusive Greek myths, which were in no case creations of the individual imagination or of definite periods of time, but which were fed by many tributaries, very slowly taking shape out of general but shadowy impressions, widely diffused but vague ideas, deeply felt but obscure emotions. To get at the heart of one of these stories one must be able not only to enter into the thought of the unknown poets who made their contributions to the myth, but must also be able to disentangle the threads of idea and feeling so deftly woven together and follow each back to its shadowy beginning. To do this, one must have not only knowledge, but sympathy and imagina-

tion; those closely related qualities which get at the soul of knowledge and make it live again; those qualities which the man of culture shares in no small measure with the man of genius. In his studies of such myths as those which gather about Dionysus and Demeter this is precisely what Mr. Pater did. He not only marked out distinctly the courses of the main streams, but he followed back the rivulets to their fountain-heads; he not only mastered the thought of an extinct people, but, what is much more difficult, he put off his knowledge and put on their ignorance; he not only entered into their thought about the world of nature which surrounded them, but he entered into their feeling about it. Very lightly touched and charming is, for instance, his description of the habits and haunts and worship of Demeter, the current impressions of her service and place in the life of the world:

"Demeter haunts the fields in spring, when the young lambs are dropped; she visits the barns in autumn; she takes part in mowing and binding up the corn, and is the goddess of sheaves. She presides over the pleasant, significant details of the farm, the threshing floor and the full granary, and stands beside the woman baking bread at the oven. With these fancies are connected certain simple rites, the half-understood local observance and the half-believed local legend reacting capriciously on each other. They leave her a fragment of bread and a morsel of meat at the cross-roads to take on her journey; and perhaps some real Demeter carries them away, as she wanders through the country. The incidents of their yearly labour become to them acts of worship; they seek her blessing through many expressive names, and almost catch sight of her at dawn or evening, in the nooks of the fragrant fields. She lays a finger on the grass at the roadside, and some new flower comes up. All the picturesque implements of country life are hers; the poppy also, emblem of an exhaustless fertility, and full of mysterious juices for the alleviation of pain. The country-woman who puts her child to sleep in the great, cradle-like basket for winnowing the corn remembers Demeter *Kourrotrophos*, the mother of corn and children alike, and makes it a little coat out of the dress worn by its father at his initiation into her mysteries. . . . She lies on the ground out-of-doors on summer nights, and becomes wet with the dew. She grows young again every spring, yet is of great age, the wrinkled woman of the Homeric hymn, who becomes the nurse of Demophoon."

This bit of description moves with so light a foot that one forgets, as true art always makes one forget, the mass of hard and scattered materials which lie back of it; materials which would not have yielded their secret of unity, and

vitality save to imagination and sympathy; to knowledge which has ripened into culture. But the recovery of such a story, the reconstruction of such a figure, are not affected by description alone; one must penetrate to the heart of the myth, and master the significance of the woman transformed by idealisation into a beneficent and much labouring goddess. We must go with Mr. Pater a step farther if we would understand how a man of culture divines the deeper experiences of an alien race:

"Three profound ethical conceptions, three impressive sacred figures, have now defined themselves for the Greek imagination, condensed from all the traditions which have now been traced, from the hymns of the poets, from the instinctive and unformulated mysticism of primitive minds. Demeter is become the divine, sorrowing mother. Kore, the goddess of summer, is become Persephone, the goddess of death, still associated with the forms and odours of flowers and fruit, yet as

one risen from the dead also, presenting one side of her ambiguous nature to men's gloomier fancies. Thirdly, there is the image of Demeter enthroned, chastened by sorrow, and somewhat advanced in age, blessing the earth in her joy at the return of Kore. The myth has now entered upon the third phase of its life, in which it becomes the property of those more elevated spirits, who, in the decline of the Greek religion, pick and choose and modify, with perfect freedom of mind, whatever in it may seem adapted to minister to their culture. In this way the myths of the Greek religion become parts of an ideal, visible embodiments of the susceptibilities and intentions of the nobler kind of souls; and it is to this latest phase of mythological development that the highest Greek sculpture allies itself."

This illustration of the divination by which the man of culture possesses himself of a half forgotten and obscurely recorded experience and rehabilitates and interprets it, is so complete that it makes amplification superfluous.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

ÉMILE ZOLA'S "ROME."

A new novel by Émile Zola will be published in Paris early in November. It will be the second of the great French writer's works dealing with the three cities, Lourdes, Rome, and Paris. It is now nearly two years since *Lourdes* was published, and Zola has been at work on the second book of the series—*Rome*—ever since. In his suburban mansion at Medan, near Paris, he has laboured almost constantly all this time, and now and again particulars of the book's progress have been given to the world. Its author's visit to the Eternal City, his sojourn there in quest of documentary material, his audience with the King, the closing of the gates of the Vatican at his approach—all these and other sensational details have found their way from time to time into the public prints, and served to arouse curiosity in the novel. The new work was already famous before Zola had written the first line.

A few weeks ago a Viennese journalist visited the French novelist at Medan and saw Zola at work. He describes his visit as follows:

"It was a warm afternoon in June when I arrived. The servant ushered me at once into the library. It was not my first visit to Zola, and I found the room unchanged except that in one cor-

ner, lying on an immense gilded *prie-dieu*, there lay a magnificent illuminated missal which I had certainly never seen before. This evidently was one of the documents of the new work.

"Zola greeted me cordially, as is his custom towards all his guests. He told me he was very busy, and, in a tone of disappointment, said that the new book was taking him longer to write than any of his previous works. As a rule he is a very rapid writer; but the immense amount of notes he has to consult in writing *Rome* compels him to go very slowly. The book will be printed in about one hundred instalments, so that it will be about as voluminous as the most important of his other works.

"I found Zola entirely preoccupied with the ideas and events of the book. Very soon our conversation assumed the form of a monologue, I taking the part of a silent listener. He showed me material and plans, sketches and models, and explained the aim and purpose of the whole. Of course there will be various changes in detail as the book proceeds, although no essential changes, for Zola is a man who can think in advance. He erects the structure of his work as he collects his material and documents, and does not like to be sur-

prised by new ideas or thoughts after he has once planned out the scheme of any given chapter. From the moment he sits down at his desk to produce day by day the same number of pages, he executes as a workman what he sketched out as an artist, the physical work taking the place of the psychical.

"The young priest, Pierre Froment, whose acquaintance we made in *Lourdes*, is also the hero of the new book. On his return to Paris after his pilgrimage he has published a pamphlet, *The New Rome*, which brings him a request to come to the Vatican *ad audiendum verbum*. He must defend himself and his views there. The author describes his sojourn of several months in Rome, where he was witness to a love affair, which is dwelt upon at length in the book. But Zola's main object in writing *Rome* is not to follow Pierre's career. *Les Rougon Macquart*, his former novels, were crowded with action. Great and small events, active life and its constant upheavals, constant incidents, were the very essence of his books. They were intended to be living history, slices of nature seen through a temperament. But with the new book Zola has put on new spectacles. He no longer looks through a temperament, but through a range of thought. No longer do people and things stand in the foreground, but ideas, for which people and things are but examples. And has not this always been the programme of every poet? Did not each one try to illustrate his thoughts through his figures and descriptions? And, finally, is not that the real, genuine formula to which Zola also, perhaps unconsciously, has returned? Not the temperament of the poet, but his range of thought is the factor ruling the work.

"What are now the ideas which Zola is elaborating in his new book? They centre in Leo XIII. 'Oh, I studied the Pope,' he said to me. 'I followed him from the start to his present greatness—during his education in Rome, his brief activity as nuncio in Brussels, and his work in Perugia as bishop. But his true nature was not revealed until the day when he put the tiara on his head as Leo XIII. There are two beings within the present Pope, the inflexible defender of dogma and the smooth politician, ever urging the policy of conciliation. He ignores modern philoso-

phy and believes in the enlightenment of the Middle Ages; but as a European factor he is one of the most astute diplomats living. He seeks to be on good terms with every State and prince, he reconciles the Holy See with Germany, he tries to conciliate Russia; to gain England's friendship he enters into new relations with the Far East. He is on good terms with France, and acknowledges the Republic. Thus he is the living, great defender of the Vatican's politics. The explanation, the development of the politics of the Vatican is the main substance of my book. This policy is the striving for the empire of the world. Rome, the head of the world, the ruler of Rome, the Cæsar of the earth—that is the dream they are seeking to realise, that is the dream felt by everybody who treads on Roman soil. The idea of an empire of the world thrives here because of the magic power of history. Emperor and soldier, republican and conqueror, priest and layman, have absorbed this idea from the atmosphere of the place and given themselves up to it body and soul. And the Pope is willing and will realise it. He looks ahead to the time when he will be ruler and protector of a European unity of States. The United States of the World, and His Holiness their protector—is not that a proud ambition? True, the first step would be an Italian Republic which would acknowledge the sovereignty of the Vatican. Who knows whether it will be long before the world shall see this come to pass?'

"Zola paused for a little while. It seemed to me as though he were finishing the course of his ideas in his mind, as though he could see with the rapidity of a flash of lightning the picture of the future—his prophecy fulfilled.

"'You see,' he continued, 'there is an everlasting war between the three powers—Pope, Emperor, and the people.' And with a French gesture he showed me the example on three fingers of his outstretched hand. 'If the Emperor falls, what is left? Two powers that cannot do without each other; for where there is a ruler there must be somebody who is ruled. The Vatican sympathises with the French republic because it felled the Cæsar, because it advanced a step in the direction the Pope wishes for the development of Europe. Odd as it may sound, the most

monarchically minded of all monarchs, the king of kings, furthers the cause of republics and regards their rise with approval.

“ ‘ And you see,’ he began again, after having meditated for a short while, ‘ in this also you can observe the strange double nature of Leo XIII. With one hand he reaches out for the crown of the world, while with the other he gives his blessing to democracy. When he was Bishop of Perugia he wrote a mandate which was slightly socialistic in tone. Hardly, however, had he mounted the papal chair when he poured out his anger against all the revolutionary movements through which Italy was passing at that time. But he quickly changed his tactics again, recognising what a terrible weapon socialism might become when in the hands of the enemies of Catholicism. He refrains from interfering with the Irish quarrels, he withdraws the excommunication he had put on the Knights of Labour in America, he no longer has the books of Catholic socialists put on the index. In several encyclicals he shows his sympathy for democratic tendencies, and in the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* he speaks of the situation of labour, of the wage earners,

their poverty, their long hours of toil, their poor remuneration. He deprecates the greed of capital and recommends re-organisation of society on a more honest basis. He shows that religion alone can solve the problem, for the Pope believes that the spiritual power is mightier than worldly power, and that only by means of the former can he reach the latter. Once the spirit has bowed before the Church the body will yield also. Once the people has become used to seeing the Pope the spiritual judge, standing high above all parties, whose decision will end all questions, the old-time glory of Rome will soon flood its immortal hills again, and the fate of the world will be decided at the hands of the Emperor. Such is the glorious future of Rome, such is the light that stands out on the horizon ! Rome contains three great institutions, the Palatine, the Vatican, and the Quirinal. In all three I shall symbolise the ideas of my book ; in them I shall symbolise antiquity, the Middle Ages, and modern Rome. With their help I shall show how the thought of a future empire of the world was born and where the thought blossoms. That’s what my work will tell.’ ”

Arthur Hornblow.

EXPERIENCES WITH EDITORS.

II. ACCEPTED ADDRESSES.

Having in my first paper concentrated attention upon the dark side of the shield, it will be a pleasant change now to turn the thing around, and take a look at the brighter side.

Granted some degree of literary talent, the writer who is patient and persistent enough is bound to meet with acceptance some time in some quarter, in spite of the chronically congested condition of the literary mart.

If, however, he has based his expectations of remuneration upon statements he has seen as to the number of cents per word, or of dollars per page, paid by periodicals to favourite contributors, he runs a great risk of sore disappointment.

My first experience of acceptance was with a legal periodical of high rank, to

which I submitted a paper embodying the results of much thought and labour. After a long period of waiting my reward was as follows :

“ You must pardon my seeming neglect, but your article is one of twelve now awaiting my decision as to acceptance. I have read it twice, and with considerable doubt have finally resolved to give you a hearing. *You are not to expect pecuniary compensation.* ”

I was bitterly disappointed, I confess. I had hoped for a cheque at the rate of at least \$5 a thousand words, and not even the privilege of a hearing in the pages of so renowned a periodical entirely consoled me in my disappointment.

My next success was with an illustrated weekly magazine, whose editorial response came in these terms :

“ We think that with a good deal of editing we

can make use of your article. What would be your price for it?"

Made wise by my previous experience, I thought it best to leave the question of price entirely to the editor, and am glad to say had no reason to regret doing so.

I cannot refrain from mentioning, however, with regard to the "good deal of editing," that my article not only was published precisely as forwarded, but that the editorial eye missed in the proofs, which were not submitted to me, several provoking misprints that showed the need of more careful "editing."

Appropos of the matter of the remuneration is a pleasant letter I had from the manager of a well-known scientific periodical to the following effect:

"If you will accept for your article an honorarium of \$— we shall be glad to take it. We are well aware that this amount is a small one for such a paper, but unfortunately our resources will not warrant a larger offer."

There was such manifest sincerity about these words that only a huckster in literary wares could have hesitated to accept the offer they embodied.

On the other hand, when an editor, rather notorious for driving hard bargains, wrote first to enquire whether my story was intended as a "contribution, or was to be paid for," and on my promptly requiring pay, replied that only a portion of the manuscript could be used, and for that portion he could not allow more than \$—, the conviction came quickly that such business methods were better adapted to dealing in old clothes than in new manuscripts.

Whether woman's sphere properly includes the editorial share or not may be left an open question without any weakening of the assertion that she lends a charming grace to it, which is only too often lacking in its masculine possessors.

I have before me some acceptances from feminine editors which illustrate this. These two are from the director of an erstwhile prosperous juvenile monthly:

"Though I am not sure of my orthography in writing your name (she spelled it 'Okley'), I enjoy accepting your manuscript."

And again:

"I like —, and we should be much pleased to have you send us a photograph of the locality concerned."

The following is from the editor of an historical periodical, a woman whose

death a few years ago made a gap in the world of letters that has not yet been filled:

"I am in receipt of your manuscript, and have had time this hurried morning to run my eye hastily over it—quite enough to convince me that it will prove a charming contribution to our readers."

Such editorial amenities go far to sustain one's spirit in the face of experiences like that which I endured in connection with a serial story submitted to an English periodical for young people.

The manuscript was forwarded early in July of a certain year, and no acknowledgment of receipt coming to hand by the end of August, a gentle note of enquiry was despatched.

No answer being vouchsafed, further enquiries were sent at intervals, and finally the kind assistance of friends in London was sought, who made personal efforts to obtain some satisfaction for me, but without any definite result, until finally in April of the following year, nine months after the manuscript had been transmitted, the long-deferred acceptance came, coupled with the gratifying announcement that the serial would begin to be published at once. But my tribulations were by no means over. Having waited so long to learn my fate, I never imagined that I should have to wait almost an equal time to know my fortune. Yet such proved to be the case. Instead of payment being made in full on the appearance of the first part, as I fully expected, it was dribbled over the whole period of publication in monthly instalments, so that the account was not finally settled until full fifteen months after the manuscript left my hands, which could not be considered otherwise than very trying.

In sharp and pleasant contrast to this method of doing business may be placed that of a very widely circulated religious weekly on this side the ocean, of which the following is a fair example: Manuscript sent January 14th. Acceptance received January 18th, followed by a cheque on the 23d, although the article did not appear until some months later.

It is wonderful what a lot of encouragement and comfort the industrious writer can get out of such an experience, and from such editorial brevities as this:

"I like your article very much indeed, and shall be glad to use it at once."

or this :

"I thank you very much for sending me the story —, and it has given me a great deal of pleasure to reach the conclusion that it is a story we want."

Precision is an admirable thing in an editor, but there may be occasions when the contributor would feel inclined to think it capable of being carried too far, as in this case, for instance :

"Enclosed please find \$— for 469 lines editorial matter in March, and 347 lines in February, for which kindly sign and return enclosed receipt form."

Considering that the paper in question was making a net profit of \$50,000 annually, the contributor of the "editorial matter" could hardly be blamed for thinking that the measuring scale need not have been so rigidly applied, and that the number of lines might have been taken as 470 and 350 respectively.

The advantage of having won the confidence of an editor finds pleasing illustration in the following note :

"The manuscript is received. I have not read it through, but presume it will answer. I therefore enclose cheque."

As the manuscript was quite a lengthy serial, and the cheque ran well into three figures, the delightful promptitude of the benevolent editor may be easily appreciated.

Let me bring this somewhat haphazard budget of Accepted Addresses to an end by citing one which remains unique in my experience, although I have had my full share of others containing the precisely opposite request.

"This article is very good, but I would rather give it one of our entire pages, which would call for 2500 to 2700 words. Could you extend this article to that length without padding it? As it is, it counts 1750 words."

I need hardly say with what glad celerity this editorial behest was obeyed, and how ever since that episode this particular editor has occupied an especially elevated place in my esteem.

J. Macdonald Oxley.

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING BY LITERATURE.

As one who has attained a certain position in the literary and journalistic world, I am sometimes asked to advise young men and women as to the best means of succeeding in the profession of "literature." I invariably decline to give any advice on the subject. Nay, more; I invariably endeavour to dissuade the applicant from making the plunge proposed. "If there is anything else that you can do," I say, "do that; do not on any account turn writing into a trade. Almost anything is preferable to that. If you have prospects in business, follow them up; if you have a taste for the mechanical, utilise it; if you have a feeling for the Church, for medicine, or for the law, yield to it. Whatever you do, do not place absolute dependence on your pen."

This species of exhortation is the outcome of twenty-five years' practical and unceasing experience of the literary life. That experience has brought with it a certain measure of reputation, and the ability to support myself and family on a certain scale; but it has also made clear to me the fact that to live by "literature" is a growingly precarious and

disheartening thing. Nay, in the quarter of a century during which I have plied my quill, I have seen the profession of "literature" almost wholly deserted. The professional literary men and women—who have made any mark—can now (apart from the fictionists) be counted almost on the fingers of two hands. This was not always so. Time was when a small army of people, dependent wholly on their pen, set themselves to supply the wants of the public in the way of readable volumes. Their business, mainly, was to condense and to popularise. They rendered palatable the discoveries and conclusions of dry-as-dust historians, biographers, geographers, and savants; they produced translations, they edited classics, they wrote stories and manuals for young people. They stood midway between the specialists and the general reader, making the former intelligible to the latter. They performed a useful function, and obtained a fair reward. It was possible in those days to thrive on "literature;" many made it their *métier*, and succeeded in it.

What is the position now? The work

which used to be done by the literary middleman is done, almost entirely, by the expert and the amateur.

1. The expert no longer allows the professional literary man to stand between him and the public. He does his own condensing and popularising. The present is an age of primers and hand-books dealing with every topic under heaven; and these are written, for the most part, by men and women who have made a speciality of one subject or more. The historians, the biographers, the geographers, the savants, having been approached by the publishing fraternity, now condescend to talk directly and familiarly to the crowd, and in particular to students and young people. They are enabled to do this by the fact, not only that the branch of knowledge on which they discourse is familiar to them, but that in most instances they occupy official positions to which regular incomes are attached. They can afford to dash off, with more or less speed, little manuals into which they compress the experience and the teaching of a lifetime.

2. Then there is the amateur—a noun of multitude. This person rears his head in every direction. Sometimes he is a titled dignitary, who, rejoicing in the possession of private means as well as literary tastes, diverts himself, or advertises himself, and even adds to his pocket-money, by writing more or less copiously for the magazines. He and his feminine counterpart are especially conspicuous in the monthly reviews, to which the possession of a title of some sort is a species of "open sesame." Sometimes—indeed, frequently—the amateur is in business; is a banker, or an accountant, or "something in the City." Sometimes he belongs formally to another profession in which he dabbles—that of the Church, or medicine, or the law. Considerable is the number of beneficed clergymen who, with a natural desire to add to their pecuniary resources, enter the field against the professional man and woman of letters. A large proportion of the fiction of to-day is written, as everybody knows, by barristers. The army and the navy are also largely represented among writers of books and contributors to magazines. And—most unkindest cut of all—the gentlemen of the Civil Service, for the payment of whose salaries we poor literary folk are taxed, are prominent among

literary producers. Though a grateful country employs (or believes it employs) their energies from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., they still have sufficient intellectual and physical force—lucky men!—to turn out, at their leisure, a remarkable variety of publications, on which, apparently, a good deal of research has been bestowed. The public would probably be surprised to learn how many of the names best known to them in current literature are those of men who draw comfortable salaries from the public purse.

I am not complaining of all this. Literature is the most democratic of institutions, and its ranks are necessarily recruited from all quarters. I do not for a moment argue that literature should be produced only by a literary class or caste. We must welcome it, when it is worthy of welcome, from whatever source it comes. The country is no doubt advantaged in the long run by the cerebral activity of all sections of the people. The result is an enormous quantity of output; but that, no doubt, does but supply more chances of discovering what genius and talent we have at our command. In the same way, it is doubtless to the interest of the public that its primers and manuals, its "popular" books, and so forth, should be written by experts, rather than by those who simply "get up" a subject by way of business.

My present object is merely to point to the facts of the case, and to warn the literary aspirant accordingly. All the gates are thronged with suitors. There is no longer, in effect, a literary class. Everybody writes. There is fierce competition on every side. I do not say that an unmarried literary man, if fairly strong, industrious, and competent, cannot contrive to keep going and make ends meet; but even he will find, as he grows older, that the strain grows greater—that he has more competitors, fewer opportunities, and less energy to bestow upon his work. As for the married man, for him of course the strain is all the more intense, because of his heavier responsibilities. He and his must live; and to gain money he must write, or compile, or translate, or edit—if he can get the employment—in the midst, too often, of domestic trials and his own ill-health. This, necessarily, is fatal to good work; and in any case

means, sooner or later, intellectual as well as physical breakdown.

I am aware that a certain number of literary men and women are at this moment making handsome incomes out of the supply of fiction. Fiction is the one product which pays many people well. A few are amassing fortunes by it. But reputations, after waxing, wane; and the popular novelists of to-day are not always the popular novelists of to-morrow. They are apt to be elbowed out of the way by newer and robuster favourites. Prices are apt to go down as rapidly as they have gone up, and the gods and goddesses of the day before yesterday are in some instances cast into outer darkness. The remarkable present-day vogue of the novelist will, we may expect, tempt many a young writer to devote himself to imaginative work; but, however clever that writer may be, he may find himself stranded before long. The competition is strenuous; and the fortunes, after all, are made only by the few. In the lower ranks of fiction-writing the remuneration is akin to that of the penny a-liner; and few occupations, probably, are more dreary.

The young man who thinks to live by "literature" must bear in mind that the profession has scarcely any "prizes," and that, save to a handful, it presents no prospect of "peace and plenty" in old age. All that the hard-working *littérateux* can hope for is that some day he may secure a permanent appointment as reader or editor, or both, to a firm of publishers. He might be glad to accept a librarianship; but posts of that sort are withheld from him because he has had no "previous experience" of their not very mysterious duties. In the event of illness or other misfortune, he has in England only the "Royal Literary Fund" to resort to; and then he must needs go cap in hand and sue *in forma pauperis*, disclosing all his private griefs, with the result, I fear, that he will receive only a pittance sufficient to stave off the more pressing claims upon him, but not sufficient to set him wholly on his legs again. So far as I know, there is no institution from which a literary man can obtain a loan which might enable him to bridge over a period of calamity. There is nothing for him to do but to apply to the Literary Fund, and so pauperise himself entirely. I am

assuming, you observe, that untoward causes have prevented him from "laying up" for the rainy day.

Still more melancholy is the outlook for the literary man's widow who has been left, unhappily, without any means of support. The annual list of pensions on the Civil List will show the literary aspirant at a glance what he has to expect in that quarter. Of how many *working* men of letters have the widows been endowed from the Civil List during the existence of the fund? It does not matter how distinguished or how numerous may be the signatures attached to a petition; by some peculiar dispensation the pensions do not often go to the really destitute, and they go but rarely indeed to the relicts of the men of letters *by profession*.

All this tends to the one conclusion—that no one, however gifted, however strong, however active, should depend upon "literature" for his daily bread, or for the daily bread of those dear to him. Literature cannot be cultivated upon a little oatmeal when there is more than one mouth to feed. Sir Walter Scott was right when he said that literature was a good crutch, but a bad staff. The staff must be sought elsewhere, and preferably in a calling which makes little demand upon the mind or the physique. Literature is best followed, as Helps wrote his Essays, "in the intervals of business." Lucky is the man of literary taste and power who can devote his leisure to the pursuit he loves! It is from such conditions, undoubtedly, that the best results arise.

There is always, of course, the alternative of Journalism. The young man who either cannot, or will not, devote most of his time to the ledger, and has a similar distaste for the "learned" or mechanical professions, usually, if the ink has got into his blood, turns to newspaper work for the means of livelihood which "literature" refuses to him. That, practically, is inevitable. Journalism furnishes the bread and butter of many whose hearts are really in the production of a higher class of literary matter. Unfortunately, it is a hard taskmaster, and it is jealous of all rivals. Its rewards, save in exceptional cases, are small, and it is apt to sap the energies, mental and physical, of all but the most robust. Good incomes are derived from it, but only through the expenditure of

much intellectual and bodily force. In general, I think I may say, it leaves a man little time and still less inclination to tread the loftier paths of literary effort. Many a fine intellect has been frittered away upon it. Journalism is relentless in its demands upon the best capacity of those who follow it. And, in the end, when the ability to supply good work is not what it was, the unhappy newspaper man—if he has not been in a position to exercise the virtue of thrift—has nothing to look forward to but such assistance as the Newspaper Press Fund may be good enough to dole out to him.

I adopt, of set purpose, a pessimistic tone. There has been a great deal of

talk, of late, of the large pecuniary gains of literature and journalism. The talk is true of a limited number of people; it is absolutely untrue even of the average "successful" man. Young men desirous of embracing a literary career ought to be told the truth. It is a career demanding wide knowledge, good health, great industry, and, above all, considerable fortitude; save in a few instances, it yields a monetary return comparatively small. It is a very harassing occupation, and especially so where the writer's domestic circumstances are unfavourable. It is a trying business at the best, and, at the worst, deplorable.

W. Davenport Adams.

PARIS LETTER.

Mr. Benson has, I see, been attacked for writing somewhere that Lord Tennyson was not a man of agreeable manners. I do not see why even the most ardent admirer of the late Laureate's work should object to such a statement, which in no way diminishes the glory of his hero's genius. As a matter of fact, Mr. Benson only wrote what was quite true. Like most men who have studied closely the human heart, Lord Tennyson was a misanthrope, and that he was so is only a proof that his study had been well directed.

I was talking about this the other day at my mother's house, and she told me of the first occasion on which she met Tennyson. That was more than forty years ago. Tennyson was then living with his wife and a baby—the present Lord Tennyson—at a house in Twickenham, "a gloomy house, surrounded by trees." My mother and old Mrs. Wordsworth were staying in the neighbourhood with Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Taylor, a daughter of Lord Mounteagle's and the wife of Henry Taylor, who was a poet himself and wrote a life of Philip van Artevelde. The Taylors knew the Tennysons, and Mrs. Taylor had taken Miss Wordsworth to see the new Laureate. "We were received by Mrs. Tennyson, but the poet did not appear until Mrs. Taylor had asked that he might be sent for. He came into the room looking very gloomy, and only spoke in

monosyllables. Mrs. Taylor, who was a bright, vivacious Irish woman, rallied him on his moroseness. 'One would say, Mr. Tennyson,' she said, 'that you are not pleased to see us.' 'I don't think you would be pleased to see visitors,' cried Tennyson, 'if you hired the *Times* for one hour a day, and the visitors just came during that hour.' Mrs. Taylor then said, 'And you never come to see us, though you know how Mrs. Wordsworth likes to see you. We come here four times to one call from you.' 'It's all very well for you to talk,' said Tennyson, morosely. 'You have only to order your horses to be put in and to drive over here. When I come to see you, I have to go to the expense of a cab or a railway ticket.' He afterwards left the room, leaving me very abashed, for he had taken no notice whatever of me. Mrs. Tennyson noticed my condition, and came and sat by me and spoke very kindly to me. Mr. Tennyson was not well, she said; he suffered from biliousness, and his manners that day meant nothing. She was sorry that I had come just that day, because when Tennyson was in a good humour he was so delightful. 'You cannot imagine, my dear, how pleasant it is to hear him read his poetry aloud. He reads it so beautifully.' She went on to say that he was a most good-hearted man and a most affectionate father. As we were driving home, I told Mrs. Taylor what

Mrs. Tennyson had said to me, and she said, 'Oh, yes, Tennyson is a model father. If the baby is heard crying it is Tennyson who rushes up to the nursery to comfort it, not Mrs. Tennyson, and he spends most of his time over his son's cradle. And I hope,' she added, 'that the baby won't grow up to be a yellow man, though I fear he may, as Tennyson smokes his pipe all the time he is in the nursery, and envelops his heir in clouds of smoke.'" This was Miss Wordsworth's account of her first interview with the late Laureate.

I remember now that my father used to tell me that when he was a boy he once met Tennyson at a dinner-party, and that he was very frightened at his appearance. Tennyson was at that time very fallow, almost yellow, and had long black hair. At dessert the poet bent across the table and addressed my father, in front of whom was placed a dish of fruit, and said: "Evolve me an apple." "I did not know what he wanted me to do," said my father.

I see that the proprietors of *Le Petit Journal* in Paris have started a competition for—we won't say novelists, but writers of fiction available for publication in serial form. The highest prize is to be a sum of fifty thousand francs. I do not gather that the competition is exclusively restricted to French citizens, but it probably is, as *Le Petit Journal* is nothing if not Chauvin. In any case an English novelist would be ill-advised in competing. The French *feuilleton*, such as would be suitable for a paper like *Le Petit Journal*, is an article of manufacture for which a long apprenticeship and a very intimate knowledge of the literary taste of the French masses, a trifle less vulgar, if far more sentimental than the English, are necessary, and how very few succeed in this branch of manufacture is shown by the fact that not more than ten writers have contributed *feuilletons* to *Le Petit Journal* for the last ten years. Till now manuscripts submitted to the editor have always been read by Mme. Marinoni, who, of the working classes herself, is a good judge of what appeals to them, and it is a fact that this lady, who always reads the manuscripts in bed, gives them her most careful attention. The writer who can succeed in moistening the reader's eyes stands a good chance of success, but, of course, the villain must be able to baffle the ex-

aming magistrate till the very last chapter. Whatever may be said of the literary quality of the *feuilletons* published in *Le Petit Journal*, they have at least the merit, rare in these days in France, of being decent in tone.

On the part of the proprietors of this journal the institution of this competition is, doubtless, dictated by a desire to reduce expenses, the prices charged for their stories by the writers who till now have exclusively occupied the *rez-de-chaussée* of the *Petit Journal* being exorbitant. Tenpence a line is the usual rate, and Richebourg, Mary and De Montépin get from £3000 to £4000 for mere serial rights. I expect that the management of *Le Petit Journal* have calculated that one effect of this competition may be to bring down their prices.

The anarchists have often been challenged to state what kind of a society they propose to put in the place of the society they are so anxious to destroy. M. Jean Grave has accepted this challenge, and has just published, through Tresse and Stock, in their Sociological Library Series, a book called *La Société Future*, in which he depicts society as it will be, after *le grand soir* has cleared away existing social institutions. The picture—to me, at least—is not a very attractive one; but I must say that I greatly admire Jean Grave's courage. He has just come out of prison, after having served part of the sentence of two years' imprisonment to which he was condemned for writing *La Société Mourante et l'Anarchie*, and from which the amnesty released him, and now once more affronts the authorities with a scarlet-covered book. Jean Grave is a remarkable man, entirely self-educated, yet endowed with wide knowledge and an excellently convincing style. His merits as a writer of French prose, apart from his political views, were abundantly testified to by a number of literary celebrities who were called as witnesses for the defence at his recent trial.

Oscar Wilde's *Portrait of Dorian Gray* has reached a seventh edition in Paris, and is still selling fast. It has been hailed as a great work of art by all the French critics, and Octave Mirbeau, who "created" Maeterlinck, described it as the most powerful *plaidoirie* in the cause of morality which he had ever read. Wilde's play, *Salomé*, is to be

produced at the Théâtre Libre this winter.

Mr. William Wordsworth, late President of Elphinstone College, Bombay, passed through Paris a few days ago, on his way to the English Lake District, where he proposes to spend a short vacation. Since his retirement from the Indian Educational Service, Mr. Wordsworth has been living in Naples. He is the author of much unpublished poetry, of sufficient merit to attract the great recommendation of Professor Dowden, who strongly urged him to accept an offer from Macmillan to publish it. But in fear of comparisons which might be instituted between his work and the poems of his grandfather, he has preferred to keep his poetry in manuscript. He is by no means the first victim of a celebrated name.

George Du Maurier was a visitor to Boulogne the other day, and was seen looking at the house in the Grande Rue, where so many happy days of his childhood were spent. Mr. Du Maurier is spending his holidays at Folkestone, giving the finishing touches to *The Martians*, and will not return to London till about the fifteenth of next month. He will spend the winter at his house in Oxford Terrace, where *Trilby* was generated.

In October next, *Le Figaro*, following the lead of *Le Gaulois*, will be permanently enlarged to six pages, mainly in view of a largely increased advertising connection. It is proposed to give more space to fiction, and the enlarged *Figaro* will lead off with a *nouvelle* of about twenty thousand words from the pen of Alphonse Daudet, who was one of the earliest contributors to Villemessant's periodical, at a time when its *format* was that of the *Literary World*.

The importance attached by French newspaper proprietors to fiction, as shown by the large prices paid to authors for serial rights, may be attributed to the fact that nine out of every ten purchasers of a newspaper in France take the paper for the sake of the *feuilleton*, and possibly also of the *faits-divers*, or police-news. I have heard hundreds of Frenchmen say, "I only read the *faits-divers* and the *feuilleton*." Next to the *feuilletonist*, it is the "city editor" (in the American acceptance of that term) who draws most money from the newspaper cashier. Pierre Giffard, for

instance, of *Le Petit Journal*, draws £3000 per annum, "besides his lines."

By "besides his lines" I mean that, in addition to his salary, he is paid so much a line for everything he contributes to the paper. This is the usual arrangement in French newspaper offices. A man on the staff of a French newspaper gets a salary of so much a month, and, in addition to this, he receives so much a line for what he contributes, the salary being considered a kind of retainer. On the whole, however, French journalists are miserably paid, and, as a consequence, blackmailing in all its forms has to be winked at more or less by the newspaper proprietors. On the other hand, journalism in France may lead a man to the highest places in the State. In England it seems to lead many to the Charterhouse, some to the Civil List, and only a few to the Consolidated Funds. For instance, a man like George Augustus Sala in France would be allotting pensions, not receiving one, and a beggarly one at that.

Mme. Taine is seeing her husband's memoirs and correspondence through the press. The book is being eagerly expected, not without trepidation by many of the literary mountebanks for whom Taine had so profound a contempt. Taine was as good a hater as he was a good admirer. To what a point he carried his admiration for what he considered good literary work was shown by the fact that on his death-bed he asked for the proofs of De Herédia's poems to be sent to him, as he felt he should not live till the book was published. "And," he said, "I want to die with a little music in my ears." On the other hand, he detested the Naturalists, and vowed that Zola should never be of the Academy, he, Taine, being an Academician. I greatly enjoyed my visits to the Rue Cassette, and have spent many hours smoking Taine's cigarettes, of which he had a great supply always at hand, and listening to his conversation on men and matters of letters.

I have seen it stated in the English papers that Count Henri de Regnier, the poet, is engaged to be married to De Herédia's daughter, the poetess daughter of a poet. This was a report started a year ago, and is not true, as far as I know, and my knowledge is

based on what De Regnier himself told me not very long ago.

De Herédia was speaking the other night in my presence of the "certainties" for the next elections at the Academy, and, as I was very glad to hear,

said that André Theuriot would soon be wearing the palm-embroidered coat. Theuriot is *tout indiqué* for the Academy.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FIRST OF THE REALISTS.*

Mr. Tarver's volume is undeniably to be ranked among the most important books of the year, in that it throws open



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT AT THE AGE OF TEN.

to English readers the sources that give a clear and convincing picture of the personality and genius of a writer whose influence is at the present time paramount in both French and English fiction. The appearance of so elaborate a work in English is, in fact, itself a significant proof of the lasting power of a writer who may be justly styled the immediate founder of the realistic school.

* Gustave Flaubert as Seen in his Works and Correspondence. By John Charles Tarver. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$4.00.

Historically, of course, realism in literature is generally traced back to Rousseau, who in his *Confessions* furnished a suggestion and an example of the tremendous force that exists in naked veracity; and the application of this idea to fiction-writing is to be found primarily in the novels of Marie-Henri Beyle (Stendhal) and of Balzac; but even in Balzac the realism is often in abeyance and the work is coloured by the glow of a great and flaming imagination which throws upon the screen figures larger than life itself, with a splendid yet too romantic exaggeration of every trait of character, so that Baudelaire complains of Balzac that in his pages every one, down to the very scullions, have genius. It is, therefore, in Flaubert, rather than in any of his predecessors, that we are to find the fruition and perfection of the realistic theory; while the influence of his personal association, as well as of his published work, directed the early labours of Turgenieff, Daudet, Maupassant, and Emile Zola.

Gustave Flaubert, the son of an eminent physician of Rouen, possessed of a moderate fortune, with the usual education of a gentleman and endowed with little desire for a career of physical activity, led a life whose external events give little satisfaction to a biographer in search of curious and piquant details. Moreover, Mr. Tarver, in the volume now before us, has held strictly to the admirable theory set forth in his preface, that "an artist's private life should be respected," especially "when so many personal acquaintances are still alive as in the present case." He has, therefore, confined himself to an attempt to set, as vividly as possible, Flaubert's personality before the reader, and to produce a satisfactory and convincing study of his mental and literary development. For

this purpose he has drawn principally upon Flaubert's own works and upon his most interesting personal correspondence, of which the *édition définitive* was published in 1887; making use also of Mme. Commanville's introduction to the first volume of the letters, together with the *Souvenirs Littéraires* of Maxime Ducamp, and the critical and personal estimate written by Guy de Maupassant. These authorities have been thoroughly digested, and Mr. Tarver's own temperate and well-balanced conclusions will command the respect and, we think, the conviction also of the reader.

Flaubert's mental history is a very curious one. As a boy he enjoyed the most rugged health, and was a handsome, sturdy lad, as he himself tells Mme. Arnoux, "fresh, perfumed, breathing life and love;" and to the end of his career he had a deep yearning for physical beauty.

"I should like to be handsome," he wrote in 1846. "to have black curls falling over my ivory shoulders like the Greek youths; I should like to be strong, pure; but I look in the glass and discover myself to be revoltingly commonplace."

Nor was his mind less vigorous than his body. Although at the age of nine years he had not yet learned to read, he showed an eager interest in the folk-lore and historical traditions of his province, and from the Père Mignot, who took a fancy to the boy, he learned much of good literature, while he never grew tired of listening to the evening talks of his father with his friends, noting down with precocious keenness any absurdities that marked their conversation. The creator of Mme. Bovary had, in fact, already unconsciously begun to gather material for his great drama of provincial life.

At the age of twenty-two, however, a great crisis in his intellectual development came upon him. He was attacked by an obscure form of brain disease, perhaps related to epilepsy, and on his recovery from its ravages was a different man. His whole mentality, as well as his physical appearance, seemed changed. He became strangely morbid, with a sombre dread of some indefinable disaster. "I am afraid of life," he wrote to George Sand; and in spite of three years of the most careful treatment he remained gloomy, nervous, and intensely irritable. He describes his

morbid outlook in a very characteristic simile:

"I had a complete presentiment of life. . . . It was like a sickly smell of cooking escaping through a ventilator. One does not need to have eaten to know that it will make one sick."

It is believed by many that this disease, though it came so early in life, marks the end of Flaubert's creative period; and Maxime Ducamp, who knew him more intimately than any other human being, asserts (though Mr. Tarver does not mention this) that substantially all the original part of Flaubert's later work had been conceived if not actually sketched before this time. However this may be, the seizure certainly arrested his mental development and radically altered his entire temperament; and to this also is probably due the lateness with which he began the actual work of production, for his first and greatest work, *Madame Bovary*, was not published until 1857, when the author was in his thirty-seventh year.

This wonderful novel was brought forth with great travail and mental anguish. To write was indescribably difficult to Flaubert, who, like Balzac, tortured himself in his devotion to style, writing, rewriting, excising, waiting hours for just the right word to come to him, and often at the last ruthlessly cutting out paragraphs that had cost him a week's incessant toil. In eight days of endless labour, so he tells a friend, he had finished only two pages; and the agony of creation was intense. Clothed in a dressing-gown of extraordinary pattern, he would rise at four and work till ten, snarling like a wild beast over his desk, groaning, chanting each phrase as he finished it, and sometimes, when just the right phrase seemed hopelessly beyond his grasp, bursting into howls of despair, with floods of passionate tears. But the great reward came to him at last. Published in the *Revue de Paris*, and then in a book, *Madame Bovary* became the sensation of the year. It was, as a critic has said, not a realistic novel; it was, rather, realism itself. The vividness and truth of its every character, the compact and muscular form in which it is cast, the absolute perfection of its style, all raised it to the rank of a classic from the moment of its completion. Only one thing more could possibly enhance the sensation which it produced, and this one thing was not wanting. Dur-

ing the course of its publication in the *Revue de Paris* the government authorities had given a formal warning to the author; and now that the book was finished he was prosecuted for an offence against morality. The prosecution failed, and only resulted in giving to the novel a still greater vogue. Not many years after Flaubert was decorated with the Legion of Honour.

Mr. Tarver furnishes his readers with an admirably concise summary of the plot of *Madame Bovary*; and even those who well remember the original can read once more with interest the story of the young woman, weak, sentimental, shallow, who has a yearning for things above her station and for the experiences of passion, but who is fated to dwell in a dull country town as the wife of a commonplace, uninteresting medical man; her successive lapses into vice; her extravagance; her rejection by both her lovers; the whole sordid tragedy of her suicide and death. Mr. Tarver does well to point out the essential morality of the whole novel, which is in reality a great sermon, a terrible, almost cruel denunciation of sin. For Flaubert, so far from showing any tenderness to the woman whose life he limns, makes his hatred of her at the last startlingly apparent. Line by line and stroke by stroke he accumulates the evidence of her falsity, of her baseness, of her lascivious folly, until at the end one shudders at his pitiless power and the merciless severity of his revelations. There is, in fact, not a line or a paragraph that can allure to vice. One might say *a priori* that a work which in France fell under the censure of the official moralist must indeed be bad; but it must be remembered that the real brunt of the attack upon it was directed by ecclesiastical influence and inspired largely by the horror which many persons felt on reading a single passage—that last scene, where Emma, dying by her own hand, receives the extreme unction from the priest. But, as Mr. Tarver points out, the language of that passage is all but a literal translation of the Paris ritual, and that "the outrage on religion consists in the artistic skill with which the whole scene is led up to and developed. The incongruity between Emma's life and the ease with which she was accepted by the Church in her last moments is brought into startling relief. . . .

What was resented was not Flaubert's irreverence, but his stern severity."

Mr. Tarver translates the passage in question to illustrate his argument. We reproduce it here, as showing better than almost any other the consummate art of the novelist and the compactness and force of his style, whose basic qualities may be felt even in the English version.

"The priest rose to take the crucifix; then she stretched out her neck like a thirsty man, and, pressing her lips on the body of the Man-God, bestowed upon it with all her dying strength the most fervently loving kiss that she had ever given. Then he recited the *Miseratur* and the *Indulgentiam*, dipped his right thumb in the oil and began the unctions: first on the eyes, which had so eagerly coveted all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which had delicately scented warm breezes and amorous odours; then on the mouth, which had opened to tell lies, which had groaned with pride and cried out in debauchery; then on the hands, which had delighted in caresses; and lastly on the soles of the feet, once so nimble, when they ran to the satisfaction of their desires, and which would never walk again."

The whole death scene is appalling, for Flaubert pursues his victim after the breath leaves her body, and denies her even the solemnity that dignifies other deaths. Her watchers quarrel by her side; eating and drinking make the vigil grotesque; and her requiem is the filthy song of the horrible beggar of Bois Guillaume, with the mask-like face and the bleeding eyes.

Madame Bovary is a very striking illustration of the difference between true realism and the excesses of the naturalistic school. Everywhere Flaubert is reticent and self-restrained. Take the famous scene where Emma drives about Rouen with Léon Dupuis in the closed cab—a paragraph suppressed on the original appearance of the story in the *Revue de Paris*—and consider how a naturalistic novelist like Zola would have treated the same incident. Instead of a paragraph we should have had a chapter, and what a reeking, unsavoury, unspeakable chapter it would have been! Moreover, Flaubert's merits are seen just as truly in his treatment of the characters and events that are subordinate to his central theme. All his provincials—Charles, the immortal Homais, the crafty peddler Lheureux, the gentleman-farmer Boulanger, the country notabilities at the agricultural show—all these and a score of others are sketched with a wealth of incident fully equal to Balzac's, and a

fidelity beyond even that of the French Shakespeare. In every portion of this epoch-making work Flaubert is seen to be absolutely apart from the writers who have abused and corrupted the example of their great master, and who, as has been strikingly said, see only the beast in man, and view humanity as "a swarming, huddled mass of growling creatures, each hounded on by his own foul appetites of greed and lust."

It is impossible within the compass of a review to dwell any longer upon Mr. Tarver's excellent work or upon its subject. Suffice it to say that he has dealt with all of Flaubert's work in the same critical and sympathetic spirit, giving the full details that are necessary to a comprehension of its significance. Especially complete and satisfactory will be found his account of the circumstances of the production of *Salammbô*, that remarkable story of ancient Carthage, so interesting to the archæologist for the minuteness and profundity of its learning and for the gorgeousness of its imaginative effects. The whole book is most cordially to be commended, as giving the reader a clear and accurate understanding of the work of one who directly inspired a literary movement that is the most vitally far-reaching of any that our century has seen.

Harry Thurston Peck.

"A LITTLE GLORY."

"As the air grew black and the winter closed swiftly around me, the fluttering fire blazed out more luminous, and, arresting its flight, hovered waiting. . . . Plainly a bird-butterfly, it flew with a certain swallowy double. Its wings were very large, nearly square, and flashed all the colours of the rainbow. Wondering at their splendour, I became so absorbed in their beauty that I stumbled over a low rock and lay stunned. . . . Fearing then another fall, I sat down to watch the little glory, and a great longing awoke in me to have it in my hand. To my unspeakable delight, it began to sink towards me. Slowly at first, then swiftly it sank, growing larger as it came nearer. I felt as if the treasure of the universe were giving itself to me—put out my hand and had it. But the instant I took it its light went out; all was dark as pitch; a dead book with boards outspread lay cold and heavy in my hand."

Some such catastrophe as this is the Nemesis of the reviewer; it is especially likely to overtake one who tries to ana-

lyse and estimate such a book as *Lilith*, which should be followed and not dissected; yet that one may stumble through not taking heed to his steps, even though the way be enlightened by the best of books, is known almost too well by the present reviewer.

It was a delightful surprise, which one scolded one's self for not having anticipated, when the book was announced some months ago. For to what purpose has one been a student of an author these many years, comparing diligently one book with another and tracing the meaning of a fairy tale amid the everyday features of the novel, if one could not perceive that his heart was full of the story of *Lilith*, and foretell that he would one day tell it in full? But no prophet could have foretold the moment at which it would at last reach us!

It was advertised as being like *Phantastes*, and so it is, as the dreams of youth resemble the visions of an age which is not the second, but the first and only, the eternal childhood. It is curious to note the resemblance and the dissimilarity; the identity of the character of the several heroes, Anodos, and Mr. Vane, and yet the growth by virtue of which one has become the other. It would scarcely be true to say that Mr. Vane begins where Anodos leaves off; but certainly he goes much deeper into the eternal verities before leaving off in his turn. The final chord of the one is that of youthful expectancy, "Some great good is coming to thee, Anodos;" that of the other, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come," and, "man dreams and desires; God broods and wills and quickens." But this characteristic is one for which the author did by no means plan; it is involuntary and inevitable; and as it shows growth it proves life, and life proves everything. And it is all true!

The function of the reviewer, however, is to review and not to rhapsodize. Let us confess at the outset that we seriously object to the hero's name. Mr. Vane is of the same significance, perhaps, as Anodos, but does not sound nearly so well. And surely in all the tongues of this modern Babel, one other besides Greek and English or Latin could have been found capable of expressing the concept of instability or "wherelessness." Also, at the first, one is rather repelled by the machinery of

* *Lilith*: A Romance. By George Macdonald. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

the tale; the methods of rapid transit between the worlds of three and of seven dimensions seem unnecessarily complicated and even undignified; the latter term applying particularly to the transformations of Mr. Raven. One is inclined to criticise from within as a fellow of the craft, and to say that the author was hampered by the traditions of *Phantastes*. With a building so infinitely broader and deeper, it had been better to construct a scaffolding of altogether a new and different pattern. But from the effort mentally to erect such a scaffolding for one's own satisfaction, one retired a gladder and a wiser person with the acquired knowledge that even the scaffolding is alive and growing with its roots in essential truth. The mirror which is the doorway to Mr. Raven's country is, as he explains, "the perfect law of liberty," into which a man passes, losing sight of himself altogether if he continue therein. And for the grotesquerie, in what other form than the grotesque can eyes not fully open to the world of seven dimensions behold its truths? How, except in terms of the grotesque, shall things too wonderful for us find expression? Mr. Vane was at his first meeting with Mr. Raven incapable of seeing him as he afterwards beheld him in his dream. It was his fault, and not Adam's or the author's.

To continue the comparison with *Phantastes*, one fancies the character-drawing not so indistinct; even Lady Mara, the Lady of Sorrow, dwelling in the House of Bitterness, born to help and to bring home her wandering brothers and sisters, though she explains and justifies many traits of friends long ago introduced to us by Dr. Macdonald, scarcely impresses us with the vividness of "the old, old woman with the young eyes," through whose door Anodos went out into the Timeless. But perhaps we were younger then! Eve, the Lady of the New Jerusalem, is very shadowy indeed, however beautiful the conception. And the Bags are far inferior to the Blockheads, which *would* trample on the child who was gathering butterfly wings until Anodos stood them on their heads and left them helpless!

But the fault of indistinctness can by no means be charged against Lilith herself; who, whether as vampire, leopardess, princess or penitent, is thrilling with life to the tips of the closed fingers

under which she has held for thousands of years the waters she reft from the desert. Nor is there in all literature—I say it deliberately, aware that I am not myself acquainted with all literature—a keener spiritual analysis than the "punition" of Lilith in the house of Mara. "The worm-thing, vivid as incandescent silver, the live heart of essential fire," which crept into the being of the princess through the black spot upon her side; the hair that alternately stood out from her head and emitted sparks, then lung and poured the sweat of her torture on the floor, while as yet no tears came to her closed eyes; the invisible water which lifted and floated her, the "horrible nothingness, negation positive" that enfolded her, the recoil from Death Absolute, Annihilation! Her triumph, "when suddenly her eyes fixed in a ghastly stare" as she beheld, cast from an unseen heavenly mirror, the reflection of that which God had meant her to be side by side with what she had made herself!

It is a relief to turn from so sombre a picture, though there be hope beyond it, to consider the lilies; one would say, "the Little Ones." Oh! the dear little Lovers; surely no one but Dr. Macdonald ever succeeded in photographing essential childhood! And oh, the Mr. Vanes of this world who would use the Little Ones for conquest and the foundation of empires. For the benediction of childhood is to aid in the redemption of the world, not by doing, but by being. The Little Ones are indispensable to the story, not because Lilith would have devoured them, but because it is a story of seven dimensions, which is the measure of the real. And it is with a sense of discord that we return to the world of shams, of masks and no faces under them; a world which puts the shadow for the substance, unaware of that other world touching it, where the dimensions are only two, the world under the dominion of the great shadow.

It is well to be reminded of the being of that world where dwell Mr. Raven and the Lady of Sorrow; that world but for the existence of which Thoreau would have "moved out of Concord;" the world whose trees grow up from the ruins of our ancient churches and through our kitchen chimneys, while our wedding marches add to the perfume of their rose trees. Some of those

who were accustomed to worship in the ruined church go there still, needing "help from each other to get their thinking done and their feelings hatched." But they have found that each can best pray in his own silent heart. And the prayers are living things, birds or flowers.

But one must really take some account of space if not of time; and reviewing *Lilith* is like reviewing an Apocalypse. Those who live, or at least some of them, as well as those who are only coming alive, will understand *Lilith*—not all of them. There are many true souls for whom it is written in a tongue not understood of the people; and to the Greeks it will be foolishness, to the wise of this world sound signifying nothing. But to others its song is the old, old song:

"The stars are spinning their threads,
And the clouds are the dust that flies,
And the suns are weaving them up
For the time when the sleepers shall rise.

* * * * *

"Oh, the dews and the moths and the daisy red,
The larks and the glimmers and flows,
The lilies and sparrows and daily bread,
And the something that nobody knows."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

FIONA MACLEOD.*

Let us regard Fiona Macleod's *Pharais* and *The Mountain Lovers* as experiments, and this not merely in concession to our halting and wavering judgments. The initiator of a movement is entitled to gratitude over and above that which the success achieved may entitle. These particular books have something in them which must attract certain temperaments, and which, as certainly, will repel others. Let the experimenter's honour, at least, be claimed for Fiona Macleod. Untempered praise is comfortable. Let us be content to be interested, to be charmed very often, and to wait for more. It may be for Fiona

Macleod we are waiting, it may be for some one else. We have been waiting long. Taking the books at their lowest estimate, then, as experiments, they attempt to reveal the heart of a foreign country in the Highlands of Scotland, a tract of Scottish territory in which Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett are aliens as much as are the dwellers across the Scottish border, a country of a different language, and of a different accent and vocabulary when it uses its neighbour's tongue; to a large extent of a different religion, different ideas, different (and fewer) aptitudes; a country in which, since bardic days, poetry has expressed itself but seldom in written words, the home of a people at once highly poetical and unliterary. Tourists with a turn for fiction have travestied their speech and character; immediate neighbours, between whom and themselves, even in these peaceful days, there is a tacit feud, have found in them endless materials for jokes. Their history and legend have been told over and over again by appreciative outsiders, but seldom with the native flavour. Their poetry is lost, or untranslated, or dishonoured by vague and mawkish English words; their music given to the winds to keep, the winds that made it. Scott, the Borderer, skirted the country, and, poet that he was, in a chapter or two, a character or two, more especially in a song or two, spoke out its heart. Stevenson, Lowlander of the Lowlanders, by his genius and sympathy was inspired to make Alan Breck—as Loti, an alien in Brittany, made for himself and us a friend in *Mon Frère Yves*. For the rest the Celtic Scot, or more correctly—for this is no mere question of race, and the Celts are everywhere, but of environment, history, and local circumstance—the Scottish Highlander is unknown still, till he travels, and amalgamates, and leavens the race he mates with. He is not altogether to be read in his more articulate Irish brother; he has a mind and character widely differing from his Welsh and Breton cousins, though all the family records concern him. The notable attempt made by Macpherson in the last century had its ludicrous sides, which help to explain some of the ridicule it excited in the literary England ruled by the prejudices as well as the powers of Dr. Johnson, and though the *Bardengebrüll* it gave

* *Pharais*. By Fiona Macleod. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25 net.

The Mountain Lovers. By Fiona Macleod. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

rise to in Germany was sometimes foolish, yet Ossian, sham and real, was to Goethe an inspiration. Its spirit travelled throughout Europe with a speed and force that almost stamp the later English poetry—save Byron's—as insular, by contrast. The modern poetry of nature owes it an unpayable debt, and to every Celtic heart the Ossian rhapsodies have a reality.

The talent or the ambition to express himself has been hitherto much lacking in the Highlander, and perhaps poetry would be the form most natural to him. But Fiona Macleod has made the attempt in a kind of poetic fiction. She attempts, perhaps luckily, little in the way of plot or circumstance of time more definite than this in *The Mountain Lovers*:

“The tragic end of Anabal Gilchrist, the doom that had fulfilled itself for Torcall Cameron; what was either but apiece with the passing of the ancient language, though none wished it to go; with the exile of the sons, though they would fain live and die where their fathers wooed their mothers; with the coming of strangers and strange ways, and a new bewildering death cold spirit, that had no respect for the green graves, and jeered at ancient things and the wisdom of the old—strangers whom none had sought, none wished, and whose coming meant the going of even the few hill-folk who prospered in the Machar, the fertile meadows and pastures along the mountain bases?”

The ancient language has been passing long; the sons began to wander long ago. Any time from the memorable 1845 to the tourist-ridden present would serve as date. And the story would fit any age. Two young lovers separated by the feuds of their houses, two old ones by the hate bred by love wronged and distorted, and the irresponsible influence on their lives of a child and a dwarf with a half-developed mind—there is little more in it. The dwarf's search for his soul, the child's pranks and elfin singing, love-making, birth, peaceful and tragic death, such are the human contents of the tale, which has less interest as a story than as the fulfilment of an intention. The incidents and characters are there to mark a spirit, the spirit of a humanity that has needed no luxurious epoch, little intellectual or priestly training to purify its soul, that, in its best instances, save under strong excitements, is tender, mild, religious, and poetical, and living in near and sensitive intimacy

with nature. So, at least, in *The Mountain Lovers* does Fiona Macleod read the Highland character and genius with greater power than in *Pharais*. The strongest of all the Celtic passions, the love for earth and sky, may exist without much first-hand observation of nature, may be expressed by rhapsodies that could not be disentangled into the components of their inspiration; but Fiona Macleod does not run this danger. Here, first of all, has she attained to genuine power. One thing we have noted with doubt. It is more a query than a criticism. There is a note in her writing which sounds particularly modern—the cry of the woman for her burden. Is this a Celtic revival? Or merely a rather incongruous borrowing from present discontents? This descent of the Scandinavian pirate on the isles is, however, an interesting, if inharmonious disturbance of the spirit of both books.

Her story no more purposes to reveal the whole character of the Highland Celt than does *Hermann and Dorothea*, for instance, purpose to summarise the Teuton. It breathes merely of their poetical sense and their affections. And the writer is not to blame if a susceptible Southern reader go in vain search of Oona and Alan and Sorcha, in his autumn holiday, and find only persons of very different pattern. The Highlander of to-day, as of yesterday, has such threads in his character, and for the purposes of pastoral poetry and of fairy-tale they are fitting, besides forming an effective contrast to the shrewdness, the sternness, the hard energy, of the Scot portrayed in popular Lowland fiction. We do not moan over what she has omitted. She has led the way; and in further developments the music of the strathspey may mingle with the love-song and the coronach; we may catch glimpses of a more whole and varied Highlander than she has given us—both wild and mild; humorous and morose; gentle and fanatic; enthusiast and pagan; fiddler, dreamer, and dancer; demonstrative to shame any decent Englishman, and with reserves deep as the gullies in his hills; frugal, enduring, patient; endlessly indolent, suddenly fierce. Modern life has reached him now and remade him partly, but the remaking is still only skin deep.

Annie Macdonell.

CERVANTES.*

Mr. Watts must be counted among the happy men, for he has been loyal to an enthusiasm for a great man and a great book; he has spent years of labour in making the glory of these shine brighter, and has never once dishonoured their great names by slovenliness or pedantry. About the worth of such work as his there can be no doubt, and the legions of writers of feeble originalities might well envy him. His reward he may never entirely reap; but one would hope that frequent rumours might reach him of fires lit by him in other hearts, or of smouldering ashes rekindled by the torch of his enthusiasm. We have few good translators to-day, and Mr. Watts deserves a clearer commendation than being named in the first rank. His *Don Quixote* is among the noblest renderings of foreign classics that England has ever produced. We have all read the immortal book in other versions, Shelton's, if we were fortunate, or Motteux's, or Jarvis's, and, even if we are not Spanish scholars, we did not need to wait for Mr. Watts to see the wit and the beauty of the romance. But he has certainly made us faithless to the *Don Quixotes* of our childhood. The sentiment clinging about tattered and be-thumbed old volumes, conned by several generations, vanishes before this prosaically brand-new book. Faithful and accurate as are its renderings, and numerous and painstaking as are its notes, these cold virtues cannot chill us, coming as they do in the company of such loving enthusiasm for the spirit as well as the letter, such zest for the colour and the savour of the original.

These books may be treated as new. The first editions were strictly limited. And to the second have gone much revision, a little compression, some addition in the notes, and considerable enlargement in the biography. This best of all the English versions is one for the general household library; for the publishers have placed it within the reach of most who are willing to make a little

sacrifice for books; and what other book, save Shakespeare, is there that can so effectively wrest time from the greedy grasp of the worthless rubbish of the day? None the less is it the edition for the scholar; its notes, its learned appendices on the romances of chivalry, on the chronology and the itinerary of Don Quixote, and other matters, summarise the results of the best and latest research respecting Cervantes. But one thing should be noted. That notes and appendices are made to be skipped—after the examination epoch of one's life—is the fervent belief of one reader who nevertheless read all these, and who found entertainment in them when he was in no mood for instruction. This is a test of intelligent editing, that a reader with a merely human interest in the classic should be tempted to share all the editor's wanderings. This one takes you into no obscure corners unless he knows of something curious or interesting. So much for a translation which made an honourable reputation on its first appearance, but which merits special mention now in its revised and popular form.

Mr. Watts has virtually written three lives of Cervantes. One previously formed the first volume of his *Don Quixote*. A second appeared in the "Great Writers" series. The present is so amplified and revised a form of the first as to be almost a new book. A comparison between the three will not show much difference in the main sections, perhaps; but besides containing a good many more details of interest, and discussing more fully some doubtful points, the latest version is more harmonious and more readable. He is almost an ideal translator; for his biography it is impossible to say as much. But we can say that it is a delightful book, that it warms the heart with its humanity and enthusiasm, that it is a worthy retelling of a most romantic story. He is a special pleader, of course; he is a lover who hates whatever has brought harm to his darling. He has prejudices, and he says hard things when they are uppermost. The Spanish neglect of *Don Quixote*, and some French translators of the work come in for sweeping condemnation; while Lope de Vega he almost forces us to defend, against our inclinations, by the heat of his indignation. But his

* The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha. By Miguel Cervantes Saavedra. Done into English by Henry Edward Watts. 4 vols. New Edition, Revised. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$8.00.

Miguel de Cervantes, His Life and Works. By Henry Edward Watts. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

partisanship never misleads. Very candid is he respecting facts, and if sometimes he draws too large inferences, you need not follow him. It is too soon yet to join in his suspicions, nay, his certainty, concerning Lope de Vega's connection with Avellaneda's spurious version of the second part of *Don Quixote*. The connection is not proven, and for the credit of human nature let us be careful of Lope's shaky honour while we can. The unpublished letters of Lope are kept from the light, it is said, because they contain "scandal about Lope the priest and Inquisitor." Mr. Watts evidently expects, on poor evidence, if he confides it all to us, that they contain the full explanation of the great wrong done to Cervantes's literary honour—a pure surmise, but with nothing disingenuous about it. Even if he be unjust there is no great harm done, he possibly thinks, for Lope was in all surety a mean-souled creature; and then he had such a good time of it in life compared with Cervantes. Well, Mr. Watts has a fine subject in man and book. Of all the great writers of the world with whom we have as close an intimacy, which of them is so nobly mated with his finest work? Galley-slave, adventurer, tax-gatherer, literary hack, his life is on the face of it a long series of degradations. Vagabond he was, and wastrel he may have been. But not a rumour of him has come down to us, and not a line has he written but stamp him magnanimous, gentle, and brave.

"The most engaging personality in all the world of letters," says his English biographer. And his charm and valour are kept safe forever in the best-loved book of the Western world.

GALT REDIVIVUS.*

The revival of interest in the works and life of John Galt, testified to in so remarkable a manner by the issue of the *Annals of the Parish* and *The Ayrshire Legatees* in the Messrs. Macmillan's Standard Novel Series during the summer, and now by the initial volumes of the Messrs. Blackwood's very handsome edition of Galt's novels through Roberts

Brothers is no doubt due to the success of the present Scottish school of fiction, and of its *dii majores*, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. Canon Ainger, who certainly does ample justice to Galt, and especially to the Goldsmithian side of him, but who yet somehow suggests the idea of a cultured and polite Englishman doing his ineffectual best to be comfortable in a hard-bottomed Scottish arm-chair, in which he has planted himself in obedience to the rude cordiality of "Sit ye doon!" makes a special point of this in his introduction to the Messrs. Macmillan's volume. Referring to *A Window in Thrums*, which he rightly regards as Mr. Barrie's masterpiece, he says it "owes its success to the dominance of character over plot—character drawn with consummate humour and pathos." And he proceeds to express the hope that "Galt's earlier study of life in a Scottish parish, in its different way no less a masterpiece, may once more receive a welcome proportionate to its unquestionable truth and charm." The hope deserves and is likely to be realised, but let there be no misunderstanding of the true significance of its realisation. Beyond all question *The Annals of the Parish* is "in its different way no less a masterpiece" than *A Window in Thrums*. But the difference is really an absolute contrast, for it is the contrast between Scotland of the old Moderate days, and Scotland as it has been spiritualised and morally revolutionised by the Evangelical party, which secured its purely ecclesiastical triumph in the formation of the Free Church in 1843. It is the humour and the pathos of *A Window in Thrums*, *The Stickit Minister*, and *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* that have given them their popularity. But imagine that humour and that pathos no longer in alliance with the intense though mystical religious faith which transformed Chalmers, as it transformed Hendry McQuimpha, the young minister who was neglected of men but not of beasts, and Dr. William MacLure, and these books cease to have any permanent historical or psychological value. Galt could not have laid bare the agonies of the son from London; he could not even have told the story of the glove. On the other hand, Mr. Barrie is incapable of giving us Mr. Cayenne—who is in reality a more finished production than even

* *Annals of the Parish* and *The Ayrshire Legatees*. By John Galt. Edited by D. Storrar Mel drum. With introduction by S. R. Crockett. Two vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.

Peregrine Touchwood in *St. Ronan's Well*—of the whole episode of whose life and death Canon Ainger (being now on safe and familiar ground) says without a tincture of exaggeration, "Had Galt always been up to this level, he would have ranked with the greatest names in English fiction."

The revival of Galt, therefore, means an attempt to give him his proper place as an eminent if not a great British classic—a place beside Goldsmith and Defoe. Both Mr. Ainger and Mr. Crockett, therefore, have done well to emphasise his limitations. When Galt went out of his own experiences to manufacture character, he made great mistakes. He became artificial and worse. Nor is Mr. Crockett the only admirer of Galt who finds it impossible to finish *The Spaewife* or *Ringan Gilhaizic*. The circumstances, the strain and stress, of Galt's "hither-and-thither" but on the whole gallant and not ignoble life, impelled him to produce a great deal of work which, like that of Scott's latest years of desperate hurry, was unworthy of him. Had he written a tenth of what he has done, it would have been on the shelves of the classics ere now. The popular view of that tenth is that it consists of *The Annals of the Parish*, *The Provost*, and *The Ayrshire Legatees*, and that this order is also the order of their merit. Mr. Crockett and Mr. Ainger agree essentially with this view. Yet I confess to cherishing a greater fondness for *The Provost* than for any other of its author's works. It does not contain such a variety of character as *The Annals*; but it is more coherent, and I think also more consistent. It boasts one descriptive passage—the account of "The Windy Gale," which is really the high-water mark of Galt's prose style; and the final narrative of the manœuvres by which Mr. Pawkie secures to himself the presentation of "a very handsome silver cup, bearing an inscription in the Latin tongue," is, as a practical exposition of the creed of what Mr. Crockett happily terms "couthy self-interest,"

absolutely unparalleled. And then in *The Provost*, Galt is absolutely true to his native Irvine, although I suspect Mr. Crockett does not make sufficient allowance for the influence on an impressionable mind of the novelist's sec-



John Galt

ond home, which made Carlyle, the most remorseless of all literary photographers, note "the air of a sedate Greenock burgher." I should say that *The Annals* and *The Provost* stand first among Galt's works—and equal—and that *The Ayrshire Legatees* makes an admirable third. In many respects, indeed, *The Legatees* is the most enjoyable of the three. Cast in the form of letters, it can with perfect ease be read in instalments; it is full of kindness, which is based perhaps on worldliness, but is none the less genuine or comforting on that account; and Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Mickleham, if not also the self-suffi-

cient Edinburgh advocate, Andrew Pringle, are almost as deserving of being taken to heart as the three Mrs. Balwhidders, Mrs. Malcolm, and Kate.

This edition of Galt's works, judged by the volumes which have made their appearance, is deserving of very hearty praise. Mr. Crockett is a very judicious and cordial, but not over-enthusiastic critic. Mr. John Wallace, who illustrates the humour of Galt with an exquisite touch, has only given a taste of his quality, but that is very appetising. Mr. Meldrum edits the novels with his usual painstaking care, and contributes a well-written account of Galt's too strenuous but not passionate life. But why did Mr. Meldrum omit that most delightful incident—Galt's return to Irvine to get the freedom of the burgh offered to him by his own Provost Pawkie, in a speech full of "good sense, of tact, and taste," and devoid of "the sort of balderdash common on such occasions"? At last, we have an edition of Galt worthy of one of the greatest of all masters of the Scottish character and of the Scottish language, whose humour was as real as Scott's, who had no fellowship with vulgarity, and artistically eschewed what Mr. Henley styles "the thick Scots wit that fells you like a mace," and which perhaps exists only in the imagination of those who live beyond the Border and over the seas.

William Wallace.

SISTER SONGS.*

There is a glittering coloured surface on Mr. Thompson's poetry, with a distracting wealth of hybrid design. A reader may not be to blame who gets no further than the surface, who either stays to admire, to revel in shape and hue and image, or who flees from the sight of a nightmare pattern, lawless, restless, and unfamiliar. More apparent than in the earlier volume are his wealth, or his lavishness, or his barbaric splendour—whatever name, kind or unkind, you call the quality by—more apparent, too, his loving craft, or his painful laboriousness. Of even delight there

* *Sister Songs*. By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

need be no expectation. Of spontaneity, in the design and detail, there is little. I think, but would speak guardedly, for spontaneity has not always simple utterance. One could fill long pages with perfectly well-grounded complaints regarding a craftsman who handles his materials with love, and who nevertheless is incredibly careless, who loses himself in strange confusion of delights, and forgets the oversight that breeds harmony. The critical reader may be left to do it for himself. But he will not have judged Mr. Thompson finally by saying he dislikes such lines as—

"Some with languors of waved arms,
Fluctuous oared their flexile way;
Some were borne half resupine
On the aerial hyaline."

One is certainly tempted by fatigue, or by enjoyment, to go no further than the surface, than what delights and interests or irritates the eye as it reads. And, whether attracted or repelled, inhuman poetry does it then appear. But his poetry is not this mere shell. It has an outside, hybrid in design, flamboyant, erring in art through laboured searching for it, original, and only wanting in strength through excess of varied vigour. So the façade and the doors. But there is reason for entering. It is very dark inside, bare, not cheerful, echoing with prayers and songs. These are not difficult or alien, or ambitious; most recognisable, indeed, are they, the prayers and songs of human suffering. A strange poem is this he has written to two little children, inchoate, unwitting its subject, complex and difficult and heavy, where light simplicity seems by every law demanded, yet moving the heart as does hardly another poem of to-day. Before this he has said to any who may search for his face in the other world—

"Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counsellors of God;
* * * * *
Look for me in the nurseries of heaven."

The loved and the sad lover are here pathetically contrasted—the aerial innocence and irresponsible grace with the ugliness through which a soul has passed that has bought experience. Says he to the lady of Spring—

"Oh, keep still in thy train
After the years when others therefrom fade,
This tiny, well-beloved maid!

To whom the gate of my heart's fortalice,
 With all which in it is,
 And the shy self who doth therein immew him
 'Gainst what loud leaguers battailously woo him,
 I, bribed traitor to him,
 Set open for one kiss."

And, in reply, Spring's lady says to Sylvia,

"mine immortalising
 Touch I lay upon thy heart,
 Thy soul's fair shape

In my unfading mantle's green I drape,
 And thy white mind shall rest by my devising
 A Gideon-fleece amid life's dusty drouth."

Yet a child's soul is a temple, and the
 dusty wayfarer will not too much linger
 in its way.

"I will not feed my unpastured heart
 On thee, green pleasure as thou art,
 To lessen by one flower thy happy daisies white."

But the child has given him what cannot
 die out of him :

"This fragile song is but a curled
 Shell out-gathered from thy sea,
 And murmurous still of its nativity."

Even a reviewer may have his reticences. And the most beautiful passage of the book this one would rather tell a reader to search for than write out here. It is a tragic idyll of city childhood, an experience seen and lived through by one lying in suffering underneath "the abashless inquisition of each star." Mr. Thompson builds a defence for himself with many distracting and arresting figures on its outer walls. And he has need of it. Once penetrate, and there lies a soul laid bare. Yet he passes with some for an impersonal, inhuman poet.

This tragic contrast between childhood, gay, free, and exquisite, and the maturity of a poet with experiences terribly bought, is the main theme. There are other incidental points of interest. Among them is his doctrine of the soul, that it

"has no parts, and cannot grow,
 Unfurled not from an embryo,
 Born of full stature, lineal to control,"

and has to wait for the body's and the mind's increase of power ere it fulfil itself. Another is his expression of the irresponsibility of the poet :—

"Where the last leaf fell from his bough,
 He knows not if a leaf shall grow,
 Where he sows he doth not reap,
 He reapeth where he doth not sow ;
 He sleeps, and dreams forsake his sleep
 To meet him on his waking way.
 Vision will mate him not by law and vow."

Of such substance and texture is the poem—unsingable songs to two children, offending and exalting at every other moment, made by a poet who, with an intimate knowledge of the eternal simple verities that appeal to all the world, sings these to the few, a poet, let us add, resignedly, or gratefully, but finally, who is unteachable by critics, literary or otherwise.

"Let workaday wisdom blink sage lids thereat ;
 Which towers a flight three hedgerows high,
 poor bat !

And straightway charts me out the empyreal air.

Its chart I wing not by, its canon of worth
 Scorn not, nor wreck though mine should brew
 it mirth."

A. M.

A FAREWELL TO MR. NORRIS.*

We are obliged to confess that we entertain a personal grudge against Mr. Norris, and we are going to tell the reason why. Some fifteen years ago, when Mr. Norris came before the reading public with his earliest novels, *Mademoiselle de Mersac* and *Heaps of Money*, we began to entertain a very strong conviction that a new novelist of great power and originality had arisen to take the place of the mighty men who had just passed off the scene. This conviction was, as we believed, confirmed and justified beyond a doubt when *Matrimony* was given to the world. *Matrimony* is a really great book, not only relatively, but absolutely. It has keen insight into human nature, a remarkable power of stirring the heart and enlisting all one's sympathies, a wealth of invention, a genuine and genial humour, and a vigorous, muscular, and finished style. Its characters are as full of life and reality as those of Thackeray ; and, like those of Shakespeare and Thackeray, the most unimportant personages are as carefully differentiated and as vitally individual as the protagonists. The wealth of creative invention in this novel is wonderful. The elder Gervis, with his clever cynicism and depths of generosity, the shallow and selfish Nina, the frivolous little Princess with the everlasting skeleton in her closet, the Polish rascal who still has a sneaking remnant of human sympathy,

* Billy Bellew. By W. E. Norris. New York : Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

old Flemyng, the bore, Freddie, Claud, and Genevieve—these are not imaginary personages, but living human beings, as much so as Colonel Newcome, and Arthur Pendennis, and Foker, and Benedict, and Polonius, and Falstaff. And so, for that matter, are the old poacher, and the aspiring young brewer, and the French critic. *Matrimony* is a book to read over at least twice a year as long as one lives.

Well, having read it and vastly admired it, we went about talking Norris to every one who would listen. Here is the great English novelist of the latter half of the century. Here is the hope of contemporary fiction, the dawning glory of our literature. Watch and see what he will do next. So many watched, and we, the prophets of the new cult, watched too. But alas! so did the publishers, who fell upon Mr. Norris and beguiled him with bank-chques, and caressed him with contracts, and killed him with kindness. Then listened he to the voice of the tempter and the clink of coin, so that he sacrificed to Mammon and smothered his talents on the altar of *junesta Pecunia*. In a few of his other novels—*Thirlby Hall*, *No New Thing*, and *Adrian Vidal*—the fire still burned, but the era of pot-

boilers had begun, and we turned away from the spectacle of a brilliant mind prostituting its genius like an intellectual *souteneur*. *Major and Minor*, *The Baffled Conspirators*, *Marcia*, *That Terrible Man*—why sum up the melancholy list? Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it!

And here is the latest of the list, readable, entertaining, full of clever turns, but full also of the suggestion of what might have been. And in it Mr. Norris has the temerity to take us back to Algeria again. We should have thought that the shade of Mademoiselle de Mersac would have risen up and wrested the pen from out his hands. We are not going to review the book, and we shall review no more books of Mr. Norris. Out of the intensity of our admiration for the great work that he did in the days before he was transformed by the Circes of trade, we decline to call any further attention to the painful contrast; we shall leave him hereafter to the undisturbed enjoyment of his mess of pottage. We trust that the pottage is rich and savoury and abundant in quantity. It ought to be all that, because it represents the price for which has been flung away the fruition of a great creative genius.

P. K.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE LITTLE HUGUENOT. A Romance of the Forest of Fontainebleau. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 75 cts.

The success of *The Impregnable City* assured a cordial reception to any later work of the author; but *The Little Huguenot* needs no such victorious advance-guard to open the path to her. She is quite strong enough to stand alone, winning her own way by the might of her innocent wisdom and the irresistible witchery of her rare beauty. It is a very real presence, that of this girl-widow of eighteen living a life of intellectual contentment and usefulness, surrounded by many scholarly men and women—artists, musicians, poets, and philosophers—whom, as like draws like, she has gathered about her. Their minds, no less than hers, are filled with lofty ideals towards the accomplishment

of which their united powers are bent. There is no sense of emptiness or dullness in the days thus spent in the old chateau, which is shut away by the silence and the shadows of the Forest of Fontainebleau from all disturbing sound, all soiling sight of the corrupt court that is so dangerously near.

Time hangs heavier there, where pleasure is the only resource, and the king is weary of everything. So worn and bored that he gives interested attention to the tales—which have hitherto reached him unheeded—of this secluded young widow, who is said to be not only the most pious and the most spotless, but also the most beautiful woman in all France. He suddenly decides that she shall be brought to his court whether she be willing or not. But he hesitates, wanting a pretext, for in so exceptional

a case as this even Louis the Beloved recognises the need of a better one than the divine right of kings. He has it at last! He recalls the pretty name by which she is best known and the heresy that it implies. The messenger selected to seek her and to fetch her to the king is a young officer of the Royal Guard. Handsome, dashing, intellectual, polished in manner, thoughtless rather than deliberately dissolute, he sets out with an armed escort. He goes as unhesitatingly and as gaily as if the enterprises were of the most usual description. After much adventurous wandering through the forest the party comes by accident upon the isolated chateau.

At this point the poetic charm of the story culminates. The atmosphere of romance is completely realised. It envelops like the incense from the censer swinging before the altar of the chapel, wherein the *beau sabreur* finds the lovely *châtelaine* kneeling. And as their eyes now meet for the first time, and love blossoms in their hearts with that first glance, the picturesque descriptive quality of the work is subtly transposed and takes on a psychological aspect. Little by little comes the awakening of the large spiritual element of the young courtier's nature, which has never been touched before. And as love thus ennobles him, it also develops depths—hitherto unsounded—of warm human tenderness in her. Thus as the day follows the night, the lover defies the displeasure of the king in renouncing the object of his errand. His love shall not be dishonoured, though he buy her safety with his life.

The interest of the story gathers intensity as it goes on. The imprisonment of the lover; the treachery of a member of the girl-widow's household; her first helpless anguish and final appeal to the hermit priest; his noble response; her unquestioning obedience to his direction, even though it takes her to the dreaded court and the feared king; the impotent jealous agony of the imprisoned lover, who learns of her presence in the palace without explanation of what has brought her there; his terror at the delayed coming of the priest, and his encounter with the king combine to produce the dramatic *dénouement* of one of the most charming of recent novels.

GRAY ROSES. By Henry Harland. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.00.

MONOCHROMES. By Ella D'Arcy. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.00.

One of Mr. Frank Stockton's short stories celebrates the career of an author who was almost ruined by the extraordinary merit of his first book, with which all his subsequent work was compared by his publishers, and rejected because, though very good, it was not equal to the other; so that the poor fellow was finally obliged to write under a pseudonym in order to make his daily bread. Something of this same penalty for an earlier success has been visited upon Mr. Harland, whose intensely weird novel, *As It was Written*, has made all his later work seem, to the critics at least, somewhat tame and ineffective. Yet there has in reality been no falling off in the merit of Mr. Harland's writing. On the contrary, he has gained in technique and successfully eliminated the crudities of his first few novels. The present volume of short stories bears out this dictum, and its readers will find it most readable, and, in fact, re-readable. Mr. Harland has apparently an ambition to figure as a mild sort of symbolist. In one of his stories he criticises a writer who uses "the obvious and but approximate word." Hence, it may be assumed, Mr. Harland himself selects the words that are less inevitable, but more subtly exact. We confess that after spending a good deal of time in searching for instances of this profounder linguistic spirit, we have been able to discover only a few—but that may be due to the limitations of our own unsymbolical mind. Also, when we have found them they do not appear to be very remarkable. Thus, on page 160 the hero "heard the rhythm of a horse's hoofs." Here "beat" would be the obvious but only approximate word, while "rhythm" is the felicitous term. Let us give Mr. Harland due credit for it, remembering what a difficult task it is to be a symbolist while still writing intelligible English.

We think we notice also that the author of *Grey Roses* has taken a little of the colour of his contemporaries. The French sketches called "The Bohemian Girl" and "A Re-incarnation" probably owe something in the way of unconscious suggestion to Mr. Du Maurier, while there is not a doubt that the way

of putting things in "A Responsibility" and "Castles near Spain" is borrowed from Mr. Harland's friend, Mr. Henry James. This is not at all intended for censure. Mr. James might be very glad to father either of these clever stories, which are indeed distinctly better than some of that author's later work. It is the subject of "A Responsibility" that especially interests us. Mr. Harland tells us how he met at a French *table d'hôte* an English baronet, who exhibited a very natural desire for Mr. Harland's acquaintance. But for some reason, which he vainly tries to analyse, Mr. Harland drew back and gave him no satisfaction—even snubbed him. Vainly the baronet, in a dumb, pathetic way, sought to break down the barrier which Mr. Harland sternly set between them, but it was all in vain. Later, in London, they met in the street, and Mr. Harland only bowed slightly to the baronet and then pursued his way. Three weeks after this, the baronet committed suicide. He could not live without Mr. Harland's society. We are not surprised that Mr. Harland, after telling all this, ends by saying, "When I think of that afternoon in St. James's Street, I feel like an assassin." We should think he would. At the same time, though we know from personal experience how fascinating Mr. Harland's society can be, we should not have thought it quite so fascinating as all that; or, at any rate, we feel that most English baronets are much less susceptible.

Miss Ella D'Arcy (whose name we take to be a pseudonym) is one of the few writers who have won their first favourable recognition through the pages of *The Yellow Book*. Her stories are original, clever, and fascinating, and if she does not soon win distinction in a larger field we are very much mistaken. There is not a page of *Monochromes* but gives evidence of unusual power and at the same time of technical skill and a delicate literary touch.

LYRE AND LANCET. A Story in Scenes. By F. Anstey. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Anstey's is the safest of the lighter books to recommend to holiday-seekers. Even read under less tolerant influences than sea and moorland air, it is still highly diverting. Yet Mr. Anstey has made it hard for himself to succeed. His wild extravaganza is based on the

mixing up of an unhealthy, conceited young poet and a veterinary at a country house, the one there for pleasure, the other on business. It seems on the face of it impossible to keep the thing up for more than a scene or two without foolishness. And each fresh development creates a new difficulty, an improbability hardly to be got over. Every now and again the reader looks ahead and says, Now he is going to be merely absurd, and the fun will cease. But his ingenuity at least keeps pace with his readers' anxiety, and through four-and-twenty parts he pursues his delightful fooling. Satire is too serious a name to call it by; but with the aid of a large house-party he is able to hit off good-humouredly the foibles of nearly all the prominent society types of to-day. The servants' hall and house-keeper's room, too, are stages for the revelation of most varied character; while in the drawing-room the literary young woman, the sporting young woman, the democratic, autocratic aristocrat with a dozen missions, the stupid, shy young man with the heart of gold, and ever so many more, play their parts to perfection. Mr. Anstey generally expresses average ideas in his satire or fun, but his sympathy for the average and the obvious point of view cannot invariably be counted on; and his generosity to Mr. James Spurrell, M.R.C.V.S., in making him so good a gentleman at the back of all his horsey talk, at least in comparison with Mr. Galfrid Undershell, minor poet, would be beyond the reach of most popular satirists.

IN THE FIRE OF THE FORGE. By George Ebers. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Two volumes. \$1.50.

The period with which the latest translation of one of George Ebers's novels deals is the latter part of the thirteenth century in Nuremberg. The old free town was enjoying an era of prosperity, owing to the Emperor Rudolph's strong measures against the robber barons, making the great commercial routes comparatively safe for the trains loaded with merchandise from the southern cities, with which the German town was engaged in trade. The times were remarkably quiet for that epoch, owing to the justness and ability of the great emperor. But the age was peculiarly romantic,

and the place selected for the action in the novel has ever been a favourite with novelists. Ebers ranks among the first of the romanticists, and none is less pretentious. His work contains strong reflections of the German spirit of sentiment and ingenuousness. As a German he knows his people. The home love, trustfulness, and fidelity of the German race characterise the actors in the romance. There are thrilling situations, Scott-like descriptions, and portrayals of scenes that would delight a Dumas. The author knows the surest way of enlisting the sympathy of his audience by making right triumph over wrong. Old Nuremberg's noblest families are involved in the adventures, and throughout there shines the sterling worth of the German nature. The picture of the independence of an old German municipality is instructive. The story is always interesting, and there is no flagging of interest in the narrative. The work of the translator has been so faithful that the delightful Teutonisms of the original are retained.

THE MARTYRED FOOL. By David Christie Murray. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

"If efer you have a chance to hit a chentleman, hit him; you can't go wrong, my boy." Every rich man is a rogue, every poor man a martyr. This lesson was the sole heritage left by Evan Rhys to his son Evan, aged seven. Facts known to Evan and to generations of his ancestors gave the strongest support to this lesson, and of the thousand facts which would have modified it he was ignorant. Through the tragic death of the father the lesson is "bitten into the young soul as if by the action of some corrosive acid"—ineradicable, never to be forgotten for an hour. In all fiction it would be difficult to find a more pathetic picture than that of the hard journey of the penniless child from Melbourne, where a compassionate aristocrat had taken him, to Adelaide, where his father lay under sentence of death, the craving to be near the walls that enclosed his father overcoming every impulse of fear, or hunger, or weariness. The story never loses interest for a moment, though it is necessarily full of tragedy; for it shows how ideas such as these work in a nature true and capable of truest devotion. Reluctantly Evan is forced to see that a question

may have two sides, but it is only when he is inextricably in the toils that he finds that the men who have made a tool of him are "traitors—liars and murderers all."

The author has utilised his travels and adventures—for Christie Murray is an adventurer tasting life at various sources—in Australia, and he knows how to make the best of local colouring for dramatic purposes. At bottom, however, he is a citizen of the world, and his novels are cosmopolitan in their sympathies and tendencies. His chief defect arises from a dangerous facility in writing. We miss in these latter days the quiet power and sane quality of his earlier imaginative work, which promised to raise him to the rank of the author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*.

THE JONESES AND THE ASTERISKS. By Gerald Campbell. New York: The Merriam Co. \$1.25.

This is a series of monologues by different members of the Family Jones and the Family Asterisk, reprinted from the *St. James's Gazette*. There is no doubt that we should think more of them had not one or two people done the same kind of thing at least equally well. Mr. Campbell, however, can be amusing in his own way, which is in broad rather than fine satire, but always well-mannered. And he writes as if he knew his ground. The Joneses and the Asterisks, seniors, are the most disagreeable snobs possible; and because of them we bless "the revolting daughters." There is something in Harry, too, which gives hope for the next generation of the Joneses.

SELECT CONVERSATIONS WITH AN UNCLE. By W. G. Wells. New York: The Merriam Co. \$1.25.

The uncle is an entertaining familiar—or was before his garrulity fell from him at the altar—and we cannot be too thankful to Mr. Wells for introducing us to him. His judgments were pitched a little high at times, and puzzled the Bagshots of his acquaintance. Forgetting his own warning about the folly of bringing ideals into daily life, he went about applying his ideal common sense to things, and "going on" because they did not stand the test. But it was only his habit of discoursing ("one must talk, you know"), the irresponsible excursiveness of a man who has learned

wisdom, yet will not forget his follies. For these we love him; and when he goes from us into the new life, fumbling the ring, we feel towards him as did the nephew who has reported him so excellently, much as though he were a younger brother.

FIDELIS. By Ada Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00; paper, 50 cts.

This is the pleasantest story Miss Cambridge has written, though very likely it is not the cleverest. There is a kindly mellow tone about it that warms like the talk of an old friend, even when he is a trifle slow and tame. There are dull passages here—the description of the hero's literary achievements is dull, and the story is loosely, untidily put together. But we are really and humanly interested in the persons of whom it tells—in Adam Drewe, the grotesquely ugly hero with the clever brain and the generous heart, and in every one of his friends and protégées. His was a very long love-story. An ugly face and modesty stood in the way of his gaining favour with his lady, who married another. He sought and found fortune and made friends, and became beloved in Australia, but always remained unsatisfied. She was not young when he comes back; she was a poor and neglected widow, and completely blind. But he was no stranger. He had written his books for her; and, all unknown to him, she had read their meaning aright. Thenceforward he is wildly happy; and even confident enough of keeping her affection when her sight is restored. Miss Cambridge has convinced us by this rather ill-told story of a deeper understanding and a firmer grasp of human nature than by any of her better-made ones.

ELIZABETH'S PRETENDERS. By Hamilton Aidé. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Paper, 50 cts.

Here is a story to be confidently recommended to the novel reader with a grain of sense. There is good stuff in it, much observation of present-day character, and lively incidents. Mr. Aidé had no very easy task in making us like Elizabeth. In real life, after a little intimacy, we feel we should have got on famously, even if she had snubbed us every day; but in a book it is difficult to care more than respect for so grim a foe. Yet long before the

end, our respect is mellowed into something like affection. She was a great heiress, this Elizabeth, and the attention paid to her for her fortune made her cynical at an age when most girls believe in the disinterestedness of all who are not in jail for picking or forging. Her eyes had been opened from a romantic dream in a cruel way; surely a less cruel one might have sufficed. Thenceforward she determines the world shall know as little as possible of her wealth, and, as she has artistic ambition, she escapes to Paris to study. The other guests in her *pension* are admirably sketched. Indeed, we may say every character in the book is a reality, though, after the gritty, energetic, and honest Elizabeth, none is quite so good as one of the fortune-hunters, Lord Robert Elton. Lord Robert is the serious-minded son of a duke, who is bound to marry money—an ugly young man of brains, ambition, and awkward manners, interested certainly, but honest as the day, and very amusing to the reader. For all his snappy ways, we feel as much goodwill to him as to the young disinterested American artist, who kills the heroine's cynicism at last. Baring is a little too like Elizabeth in character for the union to promise that perfection of happiness we desire for such worthy persons. Wholesome, humorous, and sensible is the story in every chapter. It is a novel of character of uncommon power and interest, and the faults to be found with it are very little ones. But Mr. Aidé should give up the habit of using italics after the fashion of an old-fashioned lady's letter. We like to thrill of ourselves, without being nudged to it.

GOD-FORSAKEN. By Frederic Breton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Paper, 50 cts.

This is a story with an object: the object is to convince its readers that to destroy the belief of an emotionally religious nature is very dangerous. No story ever exactly illustrated a thesis; and this one does not at all points, but certainly quite enough to keep most readers in agreement. The heroine appears at the beginning of the story as an emotional Catholic; the hero as a clear-headed, unemotional scientist. She marries him without feeling for him any very passionate affection, and loses through his companionship her faith in the super-

natural. Her affections crave an outlet, and they find such in her passion for a Norwegian musician, who returns her love, but with capricious intervals. Then the scientific husband grows blind, and she becomes, very improbably, his secretary. The situation at the end is difficult, for she has not learned to love the scientist, and she is torn in two between her unextinguished affection for the musician and her feeling that it is wrong to go back to him. Mr. Breton, wishing her to retain our sympathies, felt there was only one course open to him; and he provides for her an escape by sudden death. *God-Forsaken* is by no means a first-rate story. It is full of a half-digested knowledge of Norwegian literature and of modern social, scientific, and religious theories. But it is by no means commonplace. Christina is a conceivable human being. Her difficulties and emotions and needs are real, and we cannot be indifferent while we read her story. And as for her biographer, we are altogether convinced that the power lies in him to write far better books.

AN IMAGINATIVE MAN. By Robert S. Hichens. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

Whoso desires an immunity from work that he may have time to dream his dreams, let him come hither, and he will learn to give more fervent thanks for his daily work than for his daily bread. The imagination here portrayed is no doubt a diseased one to begin with, but the reins are laid on its neck till it carries the hero to his undoing. That a man's life-motive should be to find an insoluble enigma, and that he should believe that he finds it in the Sphinx, certainly seems an absurdity when baldly stated.

"If I could only find a riddle that I could never guess," Denison had said, sitting in his library in Cadogan Square. And in quite a weird and modern fashion this latest victim to the relentless figure which has kept its watch with the ineffable calm patience that has never tired through so many thousands of years is brought face to face with a great enigma that he feels he can never understand.

"The Sphinx lays a spell upon all. It is too strange to leave no impression upon anybody. But to Denison it had seemed, as he stood before it, the Something he had waited for, wanted, all

his life. The immensity of its gaze, the terrible, unrelenting passivity of its attitude, drew him as the hidden vice draws the holy man till he falls.

"This watching mystery governed him. "Now he stood in the moonlight, gazing at the blurred face, till a definite life seemed to flicker into its eyes.

"He felt that there was a soul behind them that had been unguessed by men through all these ages, a masterful, unreadable soul, profoundly thoughtful, profoundly grave, sternly elevated—a soul that he wanted to worship.

"He watched the marred, majestic face, and wove wild legends round about it as the night wore on. He even ceased to stand outside, like a detective, and observe his own mind's procedure. He immersed himself in the tremendous dignity that seemed to sweep the ages together and put them aside as nothing.

"And as he gazed, till the moonlight faded, and the gray-tressed dawn slipped over the sands, a fantastic passion woke in his heart.

"He trembled while he acknowledged it, as the madman may tremble when the first faint delusion slides into his brain, and, half aware of its monstrous absurdity, he has yet no strength to drive it out."

There is no mistaking the high imaginative quality of such writing, and there are finer descriptions of this ancient, silent land, with its mystery and sinister charm, which we would fain quote here if there were space. The book is an able, if a painful and extremely morbid one, and it vividly conveys the legitimate spell which Egypt lays on the imagination. An acute *bonhomie*, tinged with the instinctive appreciation of drama that vivifies character, stirs an almost unbearable languor of cynicism, into which the story is plunged. It would be abnormal, bizarre, unwholesome did we not keep in view that the whole phantasmagoria is a fitting background to the distorted imagination of the central figure. We very naturally expect from the author of *The Green Carnation* a constant stream of rhetoric, satire, and epigram, and we are not disappointed. After discounting the inherent madness of Denison, which exists for the purposes of art, *An Imaginative Man* stands as a scathing satire on the flood of everlasting cackle and intellectual titillation which overwhelms us on all sides like a deluge. It will well repay the reader to feel the keen edge of this alone.

THE STORY OF FORT FRAYNE. By Captain Charles King. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. \$1.25.

So much romance and adventure are crammed between the covers of

Captain King's new book that we are compelled to cry out upon the author for overcrowding his story with a superabundance of character and incident. Captain King has the facility of a practised story-teller; his style is apt to be florid, but the rapid succession of exciting incident and thrilling situation furnish diversion enough to condone for the faults of style and construction. Fort Frayne, after the Civil War, was a place of stirring action, and until a few years ago, the primitive conditions which made the hardy British-beating stock of the colonists in the East, prevailed within the shadow of the great mountains. King gives us frontier life, or, rather, fort life, with the truth and accuracy of an eye-witness and a soldier. Of course his women are sweet-faced and gentle-hearted, and as true as the men are brave. In the hurried flow of events,

composed of Indian battles, financial crises, loves, joys, and disappointments, a bewildering array of fine characters is paraded before the reader with a dexterity which gives each figure its niche in the gallery of interesting things shown by the writer. The reader, unlike the carping critic, may not find it in his heart to smile at the melodramatic action of the tale. We say melodramatic, for where only the good triumph, where no vice is allowed to flourish, and where all evil is opportunely crushed, one suspects that the author is playing to the gallery. Still if there be no consummate art in the narrative, if the play of motives be not analysed and portrayed with an Eliot-like force and fidelity there is the knack of telling a stirring story in *Fort Frayne*, and for so much we are grateful to the versatile and voluminous Captain King.

AN INTERLUDE.

In the silence and shadow of leaves
 Bow down thy head and rest;
 Drink of the dream that the tree-top weaves
 Over the earth's warm breast;
 The tender and balmful grass,
 The brooding motherhood,
 And let but a few short moments pass
 In learning that life is good!

Somewhere, with tumult rife,
 Is a world of sorrow and shame,
 And men are made by strife
 As the metal is fused by the flame;
 To-morrow thy feet may turn
 From the cool and calm of the wood,
 But forget to-day there are paths that burn,
 And remember that life is good!

Ay, though it wounds and grieves!
 There is strength in the lees of pain.
 O heart, be still in the shelter of leaves,
 And find thyself again!
 Find thyself and be glad
 Of the earth's true motherhood,
 For the lesson of living is great and sad
 But the gift of life is good!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ABOUT PARIS. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

Whatever else one may say of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, he certainly possesses the great virtue of being readable. His infinitives may be split in two, his shalls and wills hopelessly confounded, and his sentences so askew as to make his meaning at first sight altogether doubtful; yet the root of the matter is in him. He sustains, as few contemporary authors do, the one great test, which is this: that having taken up one of his books, the reader does not willingly lay it down until the last word has been reached.

The present volume is the third of those containing Mr. Davis's impressions of foreign travel; and, like the others, it is bright, observant, and entertaining. Persons who are still in that period of their development when a visit to Europe is a delightful novelty, love to get together and compare notes; and to read Mr. Davis's books gives one the sensation of reminiscence with a very clever and sympathetic friend. In this book Mr. Davis tells of the streets and show-places of Paris—especially by night—describes the demeanour of *tout Paris* on the occasion of Carnot's tragic death, chats about the scenes attending the Grand Prix, and discusses philosophically and with a good deal of humour the American colony in Paris. Mr. Gibson's illustrations afford a welcome relief from the proverbial "Gibson girl," in that he has temporarily abandoned the puffy, bull-headed type that he usually exploits, and given us some admirably characteristic French faces, drawn with great spirit and fidelity. With his usual fondness for the author of the book, he works him in again, so that in the illustration facing page 36 we are edified by a portrait of Mr. Davis drinking something out of a cup and looking at a girl with apparent disapprobation.

We are inclined to think that *About Paris* is a little thinner in quality than its two predecessors; and it is also open to a little gentle criticism for another quality not usual in Mr. Davis's work. As a rule, his line is that of a genial comrade who chats over his experiences

with no self-consciousness or *pose*. In *About Paris*, however, there is just the slightest savour of polite condescension, as of one who knows it all and is kindly imparting a few crumbs to his less fortunate reader. This we feel called upon to point out as just the least bit amusing, in view of the fact that to one who knows his Paris well there are few chapters in Mr. Davis's book that do not sufficiently indicate the superficial character of its information. A young gentleman who actually thinks that *un bock* means a glass of bock bier, who imagines that General Dodds was "a dangerous Presidential possibility," and who is *naïf* enough to think that there are no slums in Paris, can hardly be taken seriously as an authority on Parisian life and thought. However, one does not go to his works for instruction, but for amusement; and it is even probable that if Mr. Davis continues travelling and observing, he may at some time in the future acquire quite a fair amount of knowledge concerning the things of which he writes.

LONDON NIGHTS. By Arthur Symons. London: L. C. Smithers.

This volume of verse is interesting wholly apart from its literary quality, as showing the steady growth of the French influence in England. As Mr. George Moore is the English disciple of Zola and Huysmans, so Mr. Symons may now fairly be taken as aspiring to the place of an English Baudelaire. He cultivates sensation and deliberately exalts the sensual; and in his rather ostentatious shamelessness he recalls his Gallic model. His literary art, however, is very unusual, and his best work is worth very serious study, for seldom does one find a poet with a keener perception of the values of words and of the fitting phrase. In quoting him, however, we prefer to turn away from his music-hall experiences, his "chance romances of the streets," and the morbid subtlety of his voluptuousness, to the fine verse that gives him at his best in both subject and treatment. Two bits will suffice to win the reader's admiration. The first, on Yvette Guilbert, has already been much copied:—

That was Yvette. The blithe Ambassadeurs
Glitters this Sunday of the Fête des Fleurs ;
Here are the flowers, too, living flowers that blow
A night or two before the odours go ;
And all the flowers of all the city ways
Are laughing with Yvette, this day of days.
Laugh with Yvette ? But I must first forget
Before I laugh that I have heard Yvette,
For the flowers fade before her ; see, the light
Dies out of that poor cheek and leaves it white,
And a chill shiver takes me as she sings
The pity of unpitied human things ;
A woe beyond all weeping, tears that trace
The very wrinkles of the last grimace.

The second is less serious, but very dainty :

A gypsy witch has glided in,
She takes her seat beside my fire ;
Her eyes are innocent of sin,
Mine of desire.

She holds me with an unknown spell,
She folds me in her heart's embrace ;
If this be love I cannot tell :
I watch her face.

Her sombre eyes are happier
Than any joy that e'er had voice ;
Since I am happiness to her,
I too rejoice.

And I have closed the door again,
Against the world I close my heart ;
I hold her with my spell ; in vain
Would she depart.

I hold her with a surer spell,
Beyond her magic and above ;
If hers be love, I cannot tell,
But mine is love.

QUAINT KOREA. By Louise Jordan Miln.
New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

Mrs. Miln gave us last year one of the most amusing books of recent travel, *When we were Strolling Players in the East*. Now she has written another which, in many respects, is quite as good. Perhaps she is no more observant than other travellers, but she knows how to make a very rare use of her observation when her pen is in her hand. She has a quality few of them seem to possess ; we might call it wit, but if we were challenged we could not sustain her reputation for it. Very likely she is only vivacious and entirely unaffected, and with an aversion to pomposity. She does not appear at her best when there are weighty subjects to be discussed—and poor Korea is so situated that the weighty affairs of several States cannot be ignored in speaking of it. Still, if her views on China and Japan may not satisfy politicians, they are her own, formed in the East, and they are bright-

ly, candidly expressed. Whatever is picturesque, whatever appeals to her emotions, she can see and describe admirably. The chapters on Korean women, on the Korean amusements, on some curious Korean customs, are delightful. This " quaint kingdom of the morning calm," as she calls it, fascinated her. You feel that Mrs. Miln has been there, and her way of telling what she remembers is like the conversation of a good talker in a company where there is no need to pose. Globe-trotters for " copy " get wearisome after a while, but we cannot help feeling Mrs. Miln would not soon degenerate, and wishing she may wander still and may let us hear from her frequently. *Quaint Korea* is a good holiday book.

PONY TRACKS. By Frederick Remington.
New York : Harper & Brothers. \$3.00.

This is one of the most charming books of the season, not because of any great literary excellence in the short stories which, to the number of fifteen, make up the volume, but because there is about them the freshness and breezy unconventionality of the West, while the vigour and occasional crudeness of the better class of people to be met there. It is in the illustrations that the work especially attracts. Men, horses, and cattle are represented in the spirited manner that has distinguished Remington's work in the magazines, and in the execution of which, with perhaps the exception of Thulstrup, he is unsurpassed.

No section of interest in the West has escaped the author's observation, and his strange and adventurous experiences are well worth telling. He has roved among the cow-punchers of the Southwest, where the dread Apache ruled in the fastnesses of mountain and desert ; on the plains of the Dakotas, where the last conflict with the Indians occurred ; at the forts ; behind General Miles on long and forced rides—everywhere, in fact, where the American may still revel in the great red-shirted freedom which has been pushed so far to the mountain wall that it threatens soon to expire somewhere near the top. The selection of picturesque subjects for the full-page illustrations gives the best possible idea of this country and its people in the wild and woolly West. The book is handsomely printed on heavy paper and bound in good stout covers.

OUR SQUARE AND CIRCLE: OR, THE ANNALS OF A LITTLE LONDON HOUSE. By "Jack Easel." New York: Macmillan & Co.

It seems an ungracious task to find any fault with this cheerful author, who so confidently takes for granted the interest of the public in his most trifling domestic arrangements and his ideas on almost every subject under the sun. It must be said, however, that many of these details and ideas are among the things which are only valuable to the owner. But if the reader is not repelled by an extreme discursiveness of style, he will find here many really valuable hints and warnings on the subject of setting up house, and much pleasant gossip on an almost unlimited variety of subjects. It is an open secret, by the way, that the author of these entertaining sketches is Mr. Charles L. Eastlake, Curator of the National Gallery, London. "Jack Easel" will also be identified as *Punch's* sometime "Roving Correspondent."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The Messrs. Macmillan publish an elaborate memoir of Sir Samuel Baker, written by Messrs. T. Douglas Murray and A. Silva White, and dedicated to the Queen. It contains six illustrations and nine maps, all admirably executed, the latter of much interest and value to students of African geography. The memoir is written with much literary skill, and forms a just tribute to the energy and ability of a man whose work has been of immense value to England and to civilisation. (Price, \$6.00.)

In the English Men of Action Series, Mr. Archibald Forbes tells the story of Sir Colin Campbell's life and military services in his usual nervous, concise, and vivid style. The book gives the reader an excellent opportunity to review once more the story of the Crimean War and of the Indian Mutiny. It is published by the Messrs. Macmillan, the price being 75 cents.

In a compact volume of 295 pages the Rev. William Hayes Ward has made an interesting collection of the most striking tributes to Abraham Lincoln from his associates and others. The vein of reminiscence which runs through them makes the book most interesting read-

ing. The publishers are Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, of New York.

The Public Men of To-day Series, published by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company, which we have already had occasion to mention, has now been augmented by a most excellent and timely volume on Li Hung Chang, from the pen of Professor R. K. Douglas, and by another, even more interesting, on the late M. Stambuloff, by Mr. A. Hulme Beaman. We heartily commend them both to our readers, and shall have occasion to review the second of them at greater length in a subsequent number of *THE BOOKMAN*.

Mr. Frank Graham Moorehead is the author of a small book published by the Nixon-Jones Printing Company, of St. Louis. It is entitled *Unknown Facts about Well-known People*. After perusing some of the facts we are inclined to inquire, "Unknown to whom?" That Grover Cleveland, for instance, was once Mayor of Buffalo; that he was twice elected President; and that Mr. George Du Maurier is the author of a novel called *Trilby* are facts that might be regarded as known to persons even less erudite than Macaulay's schoolboy; but this is a criticism upon the title only, for the book itself is really a judicious condensation of a good deal of useful information about contemporary persons, many of whom are as yet to be found in only one of the existing encyclopædias. Foreign personages are very fairly represented, though we notice a few omissions. The biographies are arranged in alphabetical order.

The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field writes very entertainingly of a visit to the provinces dominated by the Canadian Pacific Railway in a book which, with the title *Our Western Archipelago*, is published by the Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Those persons who are contemplating the same very delightful journey, with an extension to Alaska, should certainly take Dr. Field's volume with them or read it before going. Twelve excellent illustrations supplement the text.—The Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati, send us a most complete guide to the Chickamauga National Military Park, written by the competent pen of General H. V. Boynton. It is prepared with great care, and gives the most minute details relating to the great battles

fought in the vicinity of the Park. (Price, \$1.50.)

Messrs. Macmillan and Company go on prosperously with their Illustrated Novels Series. The last volume we have received contains Thomas Love Peacock's *Maid Marian* and *Crotchet Castle* (\$1.25). Mr. Saintsbury is quite at home in criticising such a writer as Peacock, and if we are to have a standard edition of his work, no better writer could be found to stand by him. Nothing will ever make Peacock popular, but he is useful to unscrupulous journalists, as his clever phrases can be borrowed without the smallest risk of detection. The Macmillans are making a fine series of these books, and its popularity should be enduring. We have also to note two further additions to the edition of Balzac published by the same firm, namely, *The Chouans* and *At the Sign of the Cat and Racket* (per volume, \$1.50), and the ninth volume of the dainty edition of Defoe, which contains the famous *Journal of the Plague*.

Two more volumes of Mr. Hardy's novels have been added by the Messrs. Harper to their new edition of this author's work. They are *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Two on a Tower* (per volume, \$1.50). The latter is a story of a loving woman, terribly tried, doing wrong because the force of circumstances is too strong for her, but who is pure and good in spite of her fall. It will be seen at a glance that the subject has close affinities with *Tess*; indeed, we find that when this novel was published some thirteen years ago it did not escape the opprobrious epithet of "improper," from Mrs. Grundy, as affecting morals.—Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company have made a collection of stories redolent of mystery, ghosts, and strange secrets, one of which, "The Secret of Goresthorpe Grange," is by Conan Doyle. The volume bears the appropriate title *Strange Secrets*, and its contents are readable and entertaining.—*The Making of Mary*, by Jean Forsyth, published in Cassell's Unknown Library, is an amusing story steeped in theosophy. Poor Mary made a bad thing of her previous incarnations, and she is still a very unfinished piece of work when we take leave of her.—Readers of that vivacious novel *The Grasshoppers*, published a few months ago, will be glad to read Mrs. Dean's *A Splendid Cousin*, which also appears in the Un-

known Library.—In the Antonym Library—a similar series of booklets issued by the Putnams—a new volume has just been published which contains "The Honour of the Flag" and seven other short stories by the popular chronicler of the sea, Mr. W. Clark Russell.

Messrs. Crowell and Company have sent us the first volume of their Off-hand Series, which is daintily yet substantially bound. *Old Man Savarin and other Stories* contains for the most part a collection of French-Canadian tales by the Canadian writer Mr. Edward William Thomson. Mr. Thomson has a picturesque style, and he shows much versatility, as well as dramatic power, in the narration of his stories. Some of them are very touching and all of them are entertaining. They have a fresh and delightful flavour, which wins the attention of the reader. The same firm have just published a delicious little juvenile by James Otis, not unknown to readers of *St. Nicholas*, in which magazine a serial of his is now appearing. *How Tommy Saved the Barn* (50 cents) tells a story of three little city waifs who spend a holiday at a Maine farm and celebrate themselves in a heroic fashion, not, however, untrue to life, amid the novelty of their experiences. The little volume will especially appeal to those who take an interest in the beneficent work being accomplished by the Fresh Air Fund.

Katharine Pyle has issued through Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company a collection of rhymes of the Slovenly Peter order, with effective drawings, which are calculated by the lessons of thrift, cleanliness, and obedience drawn from her 'orrible tales to quicken the moral sense of her young readers. *The Rabbit Witch, and other Tales* (\$1.50) contains a round dozen of those amusing caricatures, and is well printed and encased in a substantial binding. *What I Told Dorcas* (\$1.25), by Mary E. Ireland, is published by the same firm. It is a story for mission workers, and was suggested to the author by seeing during her long association with missionary societies the need of a book for reading aloud at their meetings—a lively, suggestive, continued story, constructed so as to be read in monthly instalments.—Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have published a collection of stories by Hezekiah Butterworth in their Town and Country

Library, some of which have not been printed before. In *Old New England* contains a baker's dozen of stories, founded on tales which the author used to hear when a boy—stories told on old red settles by chimney fires—which, he says, "have always haunted me at such times as my mind wandered back to the past."—*Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*, by Ambrose Pierce (paper, 50 cents), has been reissued by Messrs. Lovell, Coryell, and Company in their series of American Novels.—The J. B. Lippincott Company publish *Fate at the Door*, by Jessie Van Zile Belden, in a delicate white buckram binding with ornamental design stamped in blue on the cover.

In his preface to *The Golden Book of Coleridge* (Macmillan and Company), Mr. Stopford Brooke tells how his intentions with regard to this book of selections became modified. At first it was to contain only Coleridge's very best. But these poems were so few, and

not representative enough of the mind of the poet. So he included some delightful ones of the second class. Still Coleridge was not all reflected; therefore a few more not so good were inserted, because they had "not only a strong personal interest, but also illustrated his desultory and wandering verse—drifting phantasies of song . . . original in form, unshaped by art, yet shaped enough to make us regret that he did not pursue the new veins he opened, and mould their metal into a finished sculpture." A complete and sympathetic criticism of Coleridge's work is summed up in this editorial statement. The selection is indeed as good as could be made, unless some prose passages from the *Friend* had been included in the *Golden Book*. Mr. Brooke's introduction is an admirable essay; and it is gratifying to see with what enthusiastic admiration he speaks of the Coleridge researches of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell.

THE OLD BOOKSELLERS OF NEW YORK.

"There's nothing hath enduring youth,
Eternal newness, strength unailing,
Except old books, old friends, old truth
That's ever battling—still prevailing."

Among the Nassau Street "book shops of olden time," whose alluring signs no longer salute the eye of the passing bibliophile, was that of John Bradburn, who came to this country in 1820 from County Westmeath, Ireland, where he was born in 1805. He began his career as a vender of second-hand books some ten years later than William Gowans, and in the same humble way. Armed with a basket filled with books of travel and works on navigation he invaded the wharves and ships of the city, and drove a thriving trade with ships' captains and mates just home from a cruise and with money burning holes through their freshly lined pockets.

Mr. Bradburn's first place of business was on the southeastern corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets. In 1852 or 1853 he removed to the northwestern corner of Ann and Nassau, where he remained until he retired from active business in 1868. The old book shops of his day were commonly supplied with outside shelves

and counters, which were laden with books and pamphlets. Here loungers with literary tastes congregated the live-long day, sipping knowledge as the bee sips honey, and forming a feature of New York City street life which has passed almost entirely away.

Mr. Bradburn dealt largely in second-hand law, theological, and medical books, and his shop was a veritable boon to impecunious students of theological seminaries and academies of medicine and to briefless attorneys and counsellors at law. Books of a less utilitarian character, but possessed of more charms for the bibliophile, also found their way to his shop; and the patient searcher for rarities might at any moment meet with one tucked away among the volumes clad in prosaic legal calf which lined his shelves.

When first I knew this veteran of the old book trade he was a pleasant-faced, elderly man with an air of prosperity and contentment about him, in puzzling contrast to the surroundings of his dingy, contracted, but typical old book shop. The book business prospered so well with Mr. Bradburn that he was able to make investments in such choice Man-

hattan real estate as Central Park and Fifth Avenue lots, the "unearned increment" of which in course of time made him well-to-do.

There is not much ozone about old books, nevertheless dealing in them appears to be conducive to longevity. C. S. Francis, to whom we have still to refer, died at the age of eighty-five; and I have had lately the gratification of sending Mr. Bradburn my congratulations upon his attainment, on April 5th,



JOHN BRADBURN.

1895, of his ninetieth birthday, in good health and the full possession of his faculties.

One of Mr. Bradburn's near neighbours was John Pyne, a "man of many friends," who, we are told, resembled Joseph Sabin in this, that he never smoked or used alcoholic liquors. Mr. Pyne removed from Nassau Street to the corner of Broadway and Astor Place. Not meeting with the success he had anticipated, he returned to his former stand, but found that many of his old customers had drifted away. He finally abandoned the second-hand book business and entered the Register's office of

the City of New York, where he remained until his death, in 1894.

In Nassau Street, between Fulton and Ann, was the book shop of T. H. Morrell, at one time the rallying place for antiquarians interested in old New York and Revolutionary history. Mr. Morrell was more conspicuous as an "extra illustrator" than as a dealer in rare books, although he had acquired a knowledge of and trafficked to some extent in the latter. His pronounced penchant was for books on the drama, New York City, and the American Revolution. Although the books he extra illustrated were for sale when completed—unless executed to order—he lavished upon them all the skill and taste of an experienced and enthusiastic amateur. His knowledge of the class of prints to which he confined his attention was thorough, and he inserted in his books the choicest and rarest that he could procure. When necessary he had them repaired and restored by George Trent, that unequalled adept in the art of cleaning, mending, and inlaying books and prints, and then consigned the volumes to the skilful hands of the binder, William Matthews.

A lasting monument to Mr. Morrell's zeal and industry is the copy of Dr. Francis's *Old New York*, which he illustrated and extended to nine volumes. This book finally came into the possession of Mr. J. H. V. Arnold, and at his sale was purchased by Joseph Sabin for Robert L. Stuart at a cost of \$230 per volume. It contains over twenty-five hundred prints, water-colour drawings, and autographs, and among the latter are either letters or signatures of all the mayors of New York up to the time the book was completed. It is by far the most extensively illustrated copy of any book upon New York local history, and will probably never be equalled, for there are no prints which have become so scarce as those which relate to old New York. The lithographic plates in Valentine's *Manual*, which earlier collectors affected to despise and hesitated to use, have become Hobson's choice with the "extra illustrator" of this fair city of Gotham of to-day.

Mr. Morrell had always betrayed strong dramatic proclivities, and he finally donned the tragedian's garb. His formal entrance to the stage was made in the character of Cardinal Riche-

lieu, and he selected Philadelphia as the scene of the first and, as I am informed, last public exhibition of his histrionic ability.

A few steps further up Nassau Street (No. 140) brought the book-hunter on his rambles to "Old Hollingsworth's," who afterwards migrated to the east side of Broadway, near Great Jones Street. He dealt in prints and old magazines; and although his shop was a mere cubby-hole, it was well for the book or print collector to make in it occasionally a tentative cast of his drag-net.

Around the corner, in Fulton Street, was the store of Timothy Reeve and Company, who dealt exclusively in imported rare and standard books, which they sold at retail and to the trade generally throughout the country. They relinquished business in 1866, and were succeeded by the present firm of S. B. Luyster and Company.

Allan Ebbs was located on the west side of Broadway, near Fulton Street. His specialty was high-class and handsomely bound English books. In 1870, with his family, he took passage for Europe, and was lost on the *City of Boston*.

C. S. Francis should have had an earlier place in these sketches. He came to the city in 1826 and opened a store at 189 Broadway, near Dey Street. From there he removed to 252 Broadway, under the famous old Peale's Museum. For many years his store was the headquarters for men of letters and lovers of books. His brother, D. G. Francis, who succeeded him in business, although advanced in years, has only within the last few months relinquished the management of the oldest established book store in this city.

Mr. C. S. Francis published the first American edition of *Aurora Leigh*; and the writer has in his possession Mrs. Browning's note in relation to Mr. Francis's acquisition of the copyright, which reads as follows: "Having received what I considered to be sufficient remuneration for my poem of *Aurora Leigh* from Mr. Francis, of New York, it is my earnest desire that his right in this and future editions of the same may not be interfered with." This warning to trespassers is prominently displayed in the edition published by Mr. Francis in 1857.

C. B. Richardson, bookseller, and pub-

lisher of the *Historical Magazine*, Pollard's *History of the Rebellion*, and a number of Southern books, occupied with the old-established firm of book auctioneers, Bangs, Merwin and Company, a building at No. 594 Broadway, near Houston Street. Mr. Richardson suffered a partial loss of his stock in a conflagration on the 19th of September, 1864, which at the same time destroyed many rare volumes, the property of Thomas Aspinwall, U. S. Consul to London, the collector of many of the choice books of the late S. L. M. Barlow.

Astor Place was for some time and until quite recently a bookselling and publishing centre. Here were established John Wiley and Son, whose business consisted largely of the importation of books bought to order in Europe. Mr. Lenox obtained through their agency his beautiful copy of the Mazarin Bible, the finest of the only two copies of this monument of typography that have ever been brought to this country.

The figure of "Old Cronin" bending beneath the weight of the ponderous folios and quartos in which he principally dealt has been for many years a familiar spectacle in the downtown streets of New York. He still lives and plies his trade, although I am told that he has become quite blind. Another singular character incidentally and spasmodically engaged in the old book business was "Jimmy" Lawlor, who kept an uninviting little shop at the lower end of University Place. For a time he enjoyed a virtual monopoly of a fruitful source of book supply. He would purchase by the cubic foot the contents of old garrets, and probably bought many of his books by the pound, together with the household pots, kettles, and pans. The valuable books that occasionally turned up in these job lots cost him very little, and were cheap to his customers if he charged a profit of 1000 per cent. Acquisitions from this source required careful collation on the part of the buyer; still it was surprising how much knowledge of books Mr. Lawlor picked up in the course of his business career.

Other booksellers of New York thirty to sixty years ago were M'Elrath and Bangs, Calvin Blanchard, Samuel Raynor, Charles B. Norton, and John Doyle whose signboard modestly declared his place of business in Nassau Street to be

"the moral centre of the intellectual world."

The old book shops of the metropolis before the Civil War were for the most part small and unpretentious; but good books and rare ones were constantly to be found in them by alert, persevering, and intelligent collectors, and in those days it did not, as it unfortunately does now, require the bank account of a millionaire to go book-hunting or salmon-fishing.

Indulgence in fond recollections of bygone days is considered an infallible sign of approaching senility, and we are assured that the present days are a vast improvement upon any that have preceded them. Doubtless they are—with exceptions—for the book hunter with a slender purse beyond all question has seen his best days in this or any other land. Alike from the Quay Voltaire, Piccadilly, and Nassau Street,

"— the fabled treasure flees,
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease."
—ALDINE'S BODONIS ELZEVIUS.

Nevertheless, according to Edmund Gosse, there is a pleasure still attendant upon the collector in his poverty—a hap-

piness he shares with gentle Elia (whom for his bibliomania we love the more), namely, "the exquisite pleasure of buying what he knows he can't afford."

When the first of these sketches appeared I was confronted with this query from an old and respected member of the bookselling fraternity: "What is the use of writing about these men? They were simply dealers, and bought and sold books as so much merchandise for profit, and that was all there was to it." Not quite all, my good friend. An old book shop is an instructive place even to visit, and we spend our time over many books the contents of which are less profitable reading than are the pages of a well-made bookseller's catalogue. I am loth to believe that one can pass his life among books, even in the way of sordid trade, without imbibing—it may be in only a superficial manner—a modicum of the wit, wisdom, and philosophy they contain, and thereby becoming a less commonplace fraction of the mass of humanity. But this may be only a bibliomaniac's fancy, liable to be shattered by the first passing breath of common-sense criticism.

W. L. Andrews.

BARON TAUCHNITZ.

Although the name of the German publisher who died on August 13th was familiar to the English-speaking public, the precise nature of his connection with our literature was not equally understood by them. To most, the well-known Tauchnitz edition suggested handy pocket volumes of their most popular authors, which they could read with the added sweetness which is given to forbidden fruit.

Baron Tauchnitz came of a family of publishers who did much to spread a knowledge of the classics and of their own literature, and he carried on their work. Towards the end of the last century his uncle set up in Leipzig a press noted for the cheapness and elegance of the works which issued from it, and the business was continued by a son who died only some ten years ago. It was in 1837 that the nephew, the late Baron, established his publishing business, also

in Leipzig, and in 1841 that he began printing the works of English authors, and so did an immense service to English literature by widening the range of appreciation of it. It is natural that at the moment of his death the generosity towards English and American writers with which he carried out this undertaking should be most commented upon. When the Tauchnitz edition of British authors was begun there was no international copyright, and there was none for several years later; but all along, the German publisher obtained the authors' consent, and paid them for it. That this consideration on his part rewarded him amply when international copyright came to be established there is no doubt; but, from the first, Baron Tauchnitz had an ambition beyond the filling of his own pocket. We believe that in his original prospectus he proclaimed an intention of making the first step towards

an extension of the rights of copyright, and of publishing his edition in accordance with these rights. With the literary relationship between England and Germany which he established thus, there arose a relationship still more delightful between the English author and the German publisher. This was shown by his dedication of his thousandth volume, in 1869, "To my English and American authors, as a token of esteem for the living and a tribute to the remembrance of the dead," and by his celebration of the publication of two thousand volumes, twelve years later, with Professor Morley's well-known *History of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria*. The good feeling on the other side is amply discovered in the letters from English authors contained in the *Fünfzig Jahre der Verlagshandlung Bernhard Tauchnitz*, which appeared as a jubilee volume in 1887.

These letters, which are signed by the most eminent names in Victorian literature, are interesting and pleasant reading: pleasant because of the exhibition they give of friendship and trust on both sides, and interesting because in many cases the correspondents spoke out more freely than they might have been inclined to do in addressing an English publisher. Charles Reade, for example, who was introduced to Baron Tauchnitz by Thackeray, wrote expressing his reliance in the good faith of the publisher, and added: "Only this I beg: let me be paid according to my sale; for instance, if you sell fewer copies of me than of Mr. Thackeray, pay me less; if you sell more, pay me more. Your collection is a notable one. It contains many authors who are superior to me in merit and reputation, but it also contains the entire works of many writers who do not come up to my knee." Dickens, too, was warm-hearted, as this note shows. "I have too great a regard for you and too high a sense of your honourable dealings to wish to depart from the custom we have already observed. Whatever price you put upon the book will satisfy me." The author of *Lothair* wrote with equal cordiality, but in a wholly different style: "The sympathy of a great nation is the most precious reward of authors, and an appreciation that is offered us by a foreign people has something of the character and value

which we attribute to the fiat of posterity. I accept your liberal enclosure in the spirit in which it is offered, for it comes from a gentleman whose prosperity always pleases me, and whom I respect and regard." The whole of the



BARON TAUCHNITZ.

correspondence is a standing testimony to the frankness and delicacy with which, for all that some may say, the transactions of author and publisher may be conducted.

Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz was born on August 25th, 1816. In 1837 he entered business for himself, and in 1843, having turned his mind to the great undertaking of his life, he visited London and laid his project before the English authors whose works he proposed to publish. The broad lines on which an agreement was arrived at were: (1) Payment to English authors; (2) exclusive authorisation of the Tauchnitz edition for the Continent; (3) no importation of the Tauchnitz edition into England or her colonies. Over three thousand volumes of the "Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition," have

been issued since its inauguration. He was created a Baron in 1877 by the late Duke of Coburg, and he was a member

of the Upper Chamber of the Saxon Diet; he was also British Consul-General for the kingdom of Saxony.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKSELLING.

THE SYSTEM ADOPTED IN GERMANY FOR THE PREVENTION OF UNDERSELLING AND FOR PROMOTING THE SALE OF BOOKS.

(Abridged from an address made in London by William Heinemann.)

II.

The sudden abolition of discount, which had increased from 10 to 15 per cent., and then to 20 and even 25 per cent., naturally gave rise to a good deal of dissatisfaction among a certain portion of the public, who tried to insist on the continuance of the accustomed terms; and in places it seemed for a while as if the local bookseller could not resist the pressure. Therefore, it was necessary that he should be protected by the corporate body whose commands he obeyed. For that purpose a carefully prepared circular was given him for distribution among his clients. In it the public were put into possession of the facts of the whole case. It was pointed out that a local bookseller was of inestimable advantage both to the public and the author, because the former was enabled to examine regularly all new publications as they came from the press, while the latter was certain to have his work actually submitted to every possible purchaser. It is also stated that in order to get a living profit on a small turnover, the bookseller must charge full price, and that it is therefore necessary, in order to protect the interests not only of the book trade—the publisher and the bookseller—but also the interests of the author and his public, to make all discount-giving illegal. By no other means could the existence of the small local man be assured. It is natural that a large concern with a large turnover can work relatively cheaper than a small concern with a small turnover, and the larger the turnover the cheaper could the thing be done—so that the whole business would ultimately be done by a few gigantic distributing machines working with the cheapest labour available. But, argues the "Börsenverein"—and very rightly it seems to me,—the more widely you distribute a publication, and the more intelligently you offer it to the public, the larger will be its sale; and the larger its sale, the cheaper can the publisher make it and sell it. Therefore, by the increased sale brought about by the painstaking, intelligent local bookseller, will the public gain likewise in the end: because there will be everywhere a tendency to cheapen the selling prices of books—an advantage, surely, for the classes as well as the masses.

As I have just said, author and publisher are benefited by this system as well as the bookseller, and ultimately the public; because every new book is actually and intelligently put on sale in every corner of the Empire. It is not left to the

chance of a possible customer seeing a possible advertisement. You know yourself best how many sales are lost by that most fatal of answers "not in stock." The local bookseller in Germany, particularly in smaller towns, has an establishment which every educated person in the place visits from time to time—weekly generally, on the arrival of the Leipzig parcel. He inspects the newest publications, sees them within a few days of their issuing from the publishers. He is able to handle them, to examine them, and to select from them. Need I assure you that for this advantage he has at length become perfectly satisfied to pay the price which gives a decent living to his great benefactor and friend, the local bookseller?

But while so regulating the attitude of the book trade toward the public, the "Börsenverein" applied itself at the same time to the regulation of the conditions which should exist between publisher and bookseller. It laid down that in order to carry on a decent and profitable business, the bookseller must be allowed a certain percentage. Publishers are, therefore, required to give at least a minimum discount off all books; or otherwise they shall inform the public that the bookseller is entitled to something extra by way of commission over and above the advertised price. At all hazard, and by every means the bookseller's position must be secured. Without him the publisher could not reach his customer; without him the student must frequently be without a guide and a friend in his difficult and bewildering choice. It was recognised as essential that the profits of booksellers should be adequate and fair, because only by a decent reward was it found possible to attract a sufficiently educated class of young men to the business. Many assistants—I might almost say most of the assistants—in booksellers' shops in Germany have matriculated at one of the universities, and seldom if ever do you find an assistant who is not capable of compiling a catalogue, for instance, to satisfy the exigent requirements of the Librarian of the British Museum. The small bookseller and his studious assistant are the makers of those wonderful bibliographies and catalogues which are the pride of the German book trade, the comfort of the student, and the testimony of an intelligent affection for a business which has many splendid rewards besides the reward of money.

The committee of the "Börsenverein" is kept in close relations with its members through its daily organ, the *Börsenblatt*. I believe there is hardly in the world a more carefully studied, a more widely read paper (for its circulation) than the *Börsenblatt*. It is read by the principals and by every one of his assistants day by day. It is discussed, and on account of its splendid independence and authority, it is respected with an almost ridiculous awe.

The "Börsenverein" also issues annually a Directory of all its members, and of every firm in connection with the German book trade, not only in Germany, but also abroad, forming an enormous volume—not so very much less bulky than the London directory. And there are, further, a number of publications such as the *Archives and History of the German Book Trade*, of which sixteen volumes have so far appeared, a catalogue of the library of the "Börsenverein," which is one of the finest bibliographical libraries in the world, as well as numerous other publications, all of them relating to the interests of the book trade.

The "Börsenverein" has recently established a branch dépôt in New York, bringing the American German book trade—not inconsiderable, I assure you, when one remembers that New York itself has the third largest German-speaking population in the world—under the sway of the home government.

I must touch upon another branch, and a most important one, of the activity of the "Börsenverein." I mean its most efficient and excellent charitable institutions, as well as the provision it makes for old age, sickness, and undeserved difficulties in business of all its members. It has at its disposal a very large fund, which has accumulated partly from the very modest fees imposed on members, and partly from handsome donations. It is now one of the largest charities in Germany, and is able to keep any number of its members from actual destitution and poverty. In addition to this general fund, there is also a fund for widows and orphans of members, and an affiliated benevolent society for the lower assistants and their families, as well as those who are in any way even remotely connected with bookselling.

The local organisations and societies send annually representatives to Leipzig to attend the committee meetings which take place during the Easter Fair. The Easter Fair is, in fact, the *rendezvous* of all engaged in book-selling. Publishers and booksellers meet *en camarade*, exchange views, settle their scores, carry forward books which are out on sale—a system, by the way, which is more largely practised in Germany than with us—and part again with the consciousness that they are full and equal members, all of them, of a sound and splendid republic.

Of course this annual gathering has an enormous influence on the spirit of the whole book trade. It creates an extraordinary feeling of comradeship and of good fellowship. Plans can be formed, suggestions made, difficulties smoothed over; difficulties such as unfortunately crop up even in so peaceful a walk of life as that which we gentlemen have adopted. All this can be done with no unnecessary waste of patience, time, and writing, without an intermediary—directly from mouth to mouth.

The idea, of course, of an annual meeting of this description is less practicable in England, and would hardly be desirable with us. Our publishing business is so centralised in London and Edinburgh, and so few books are published elsewhere; also our bookselling trade is, at present, at least (and I look upon this as one of the gravest aspects of the present condition of your trade), so centralised in large towns that publishers and at least the larger bookseller are brought into continual and fairly close contact. Moreover, our English publishers—in default of the *Börsenblatt* as a medium of daily exchange between ourselves

and our clients; in default of a regular date of settlement (as in Germany, at Michaelmas and Easter, effected at a public exchange in as business-like a way as stock-broking settlements are carried on at our Royal Exchange)—visit through our travellers the country book trade, and are in that way brought into a sort of communication with our customers. Our travellers are welcomed and received kindly by the country bookseller, while the German traveller is abhorred and detested among his clients (if he has any), so that there is hardly a reputable publisher in Germany who employs travellers in the same sense as we English publishers do. Yet I am sure the right thing is to meet and to exchange views and to help one another as far as one can. I for one do not envy the person who is engaged in so undoubling a business as ours, living as he does in the companionship of great minds, past and present; I do not envy him, I say, who feels that in such a calling and in such a cause there is no higher obligation, no other purpose, than that of making profit at the expense of his neighbour; a process, moreover, which from a collective point of view, at least, is simply the taking of money out of one pocket and putting it into the other, but is assuredly not the right road to the making of riches and the creating of a commonwealth.

Protect your interests, your collective interests, as they did in Germany eight years ago, under difficulties greater than are yours at the present moment; insist on a living profit, and put down those who are frivolously dissipating your financial possibilities. Among such an assembly of men there can be no difficulty in finding half a dozen who will bind themselves together and who will unite to fight for this common cause. My one feeling of sorrow and regret is that the movement is not at present shared largely enough by members of my branch of our business. Perhaps I am over sanguine. One is often wrong when one feels strongly and with conviction and enthusiasm about a thing. It seems to me that our old historic publishing houses are doing themselves—but chiefly you—a wrong in their attitude of indifference to the condition of the bookseller. But they will all come in when they see that you are determined to have your way, just as their sleepy *confères* did in Germany. *L'union fait la force!*

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1895.

Unquestionably the most interesting and active feature of the book trade during the last month has been vacations, for in the early part of August business generally reaches its lowest ebb. The month started off with an unusual lull, but later sales improved, and the month as a whole compared favorably with that of the previous year.

While this applies particularly to the retailers and publishers of miscellaneous literature, the makers of holiday books have been busy shipping their orders, which on the whole look well for the season. These lines do not differ materially from those of previous years, consisting largely of 16mos, 12mos, illustrated editions of popular novels, and novelties in the way of calendars and booklets. The large flat table books of former years are now rarely seen, and the cheap board-

bound juveniles are rapidly disappearing, their sale being mostly confined to the dry-goods houses and small towns. The latter part of August has shown the customary revival in school books. Every year shows a falling off of business in the hands of the retailer, as the text-book publishers are gradually securing direct co-operation with the consumer through the boards of education. Of recent educational books which are especially popular may be mentioned Frye's series of Geographies, Hart's *Handbook of Composition and Rhetoric*, Rolfe's *Cornelius Nepos* and Arrowsmith and Whicher's *First Latin Readings*. Orders from libraries have continued good for this season of the year, and the number of lists to be priced indicate an early increase.

The summer trade in paper-bound books is now practically over. While odd volumes have had a large sale, the various series as a whole have not been as successful as in previous years. No new books of especial importance in this style have been recently issued.

The annual publication of Chautauqua books is now ready and is meeting with its customary popularity; *Thinking, Feeling, and Doing*, by Dr. E. W. Scripture, being the most successful volume in point of sale.

Fiction has been the mainstay of the trade for the past month, and under this heading two titles, namely, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, have far outsold all others. The latter has shown in the city and vicinity a marked increase since its dramatisation. Other of the older works still continuing in demand are *The Manxman*, *The Lilac Sunbonnet*, *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, and *Coffee and Repartee*. *About Paris*, by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson, undoubtedly stands first as a probable seller, while *The Little Huguenot*, by Max Pemberton, and *The Veiled Doctor*, by Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, are already having a large sale. Stanley J. Weyman has given us two new books entitled *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France* and *The King's Stratagem*, for which first orders have been good.

The following list of the most popular books during the month is so entirely composed of fiction as to indicate the general relaxation of the season:

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian MacLaren. \$1.25.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.

The King's Stratagem. By Stanley J. Weyman. 50 cts.

Chiffon's Marriage. By "Gyp." 50 cts.

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and Other Stories. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. \$1.00.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50.

The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickensham. By John Oliver Hobbes. \$1.50.

My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. \$1.75.

The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50.

Coffee and Repartee. By John Kendrick Bangs. 50 cts.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.

The Veiled Doctor. By Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. \$1.25.

Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. \$1.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 1, 1895.

Business during the first half of August was very dull, reaching what will probably be the low-water mark for the year. The last two weeks, however, showed a tendency toward a revival, and sales have increased steadily up to the time of writing. From now on we may expect a decided improvement. In surveying the month's business there is not much that calls for special comment. The most striking feature has been the continuance of the extraordinary demand which has manifested itself throughout the summer months for the popular fiction of the hour. The favourites in this class sold splendidly and were, in fact, the mainstay of the month's trade. Several good orders for miscellaneous books have been received from public libraries. Country orders for autumn trade are just beginning to come in, and are, so far, fairly satisfactory in regard to quantity.

From the bookseller's point of view, quantity rather than quality distinguished the books published in August, only two or three of them meeting with more than moderate success. Mallock's *The Heart of Life*, and *The Little Huguenot* by Max Pemberton, were the best of these, and both, especially the latter, are being much enquired for at present. *My Lady Nobody*, Maarten Maartens's new story, which appeared late in July, sold remarkably well, as did also Gilbert Parker's *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*. *An Imaginative Man*, by Robert Hichens, is having a fair run. As an indication that summer reading is not confined to fiction alone, we may mention that the sales of such books as Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, Nordau's *Degeneration*, and Kidd's *Social Evolution* made a very good showing. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* led the van in the month's sales, with *The Adventures of Captain Horn* as a good second. *The Manxman* had a good sale, and *The Story of Bessie Costrell* went better than it did in July. Conan Doyle's books, especially the detective stories, sold well, and *Yale Yarns*, *Princeton Stories*, and *Harvard Stories* were much in request. Interest in books on Hypnotism and Mental Science is still strong, and *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, which has probably had the best run of any book on this subject, is now in its ninth edition.

The Colonial period of our history is one that is of peculiar interest to what may be called the better class of readers, and books by writers who have made this field their own are always sure of a ready sale. Indeed, the success of such books as *Colonial Days and Dames* and *Through Colonial Doorways and Three Heroines of New England Romance* was one of the features of the holiday trade last year. Lovers of the literature of this period will be pleased to know that both Alice Morse Earle and Annie Hollingsworth Wharton have books in preparation for the holidays, which, judging from advance announcements, will equal in interest anything either writer has yet produced.

The following list of books which sold best last month includes, as will be seen, most of the old favourites:

- Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Mac-laren. \$1.25.
 The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50.
 The Manxman. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.
 Trilby. By George Du Maurier. \$1.75.
 My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. \$1.75.
 An Imaginative Man. By R. S. Hichens. \$1.25.
 When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
 The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.
 The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
 The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. 75 cts.
 The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. \$1.00.
 Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. \$1.25.
 The Little Huguenot. By Max Pemberton. 75 cts.
 The Heart of Life. By W. H. Mallock. \$1.25.
 With the Procession. By Henry B. Fuller. \$1.25.
 The Master. By I. Zangwill. \$1.75.
 An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. \$1.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, July 22 to August 17, 1895.

The period above indicated commenced with a slightly improved trade, which was maintained for about a fortnight. Foreign trade remains steady, and, as a whole, satisfactory. This class of business does not, as a rule, fluctuate very much; at least, not so noticeably as other branches.

Trilby, Trilby, Trilby, is the cry from all parts of the kingdom. The sale of this work is without a precedent in the history of the one-volume edition of a popular novel. Every copy of the edition de luxe of the work was sold before publication.

The *Badminton Magazine* starts well and supplies a want, in this country, at any rate. *Chamber's Journal* and the other popular magazines, such as *Strand Magazine*, *Quiver*, *Woman at Home*, etc., show no signs of falling off.

There has been a very free enquiry for the new volume of the *Badminton Library*. Sea-fishing is the subject of which it treats, and the publication of the volume is very well timed. All works dealing with sports and pastimes have their season just now. Possibly these keep the trade alive until the time arrives for the reassembling of the schools.

The interest still evinced in the *Hero of Trafalgar* is noticeable from the reception given to the new volume of "English Men of Action," by J. K. Laughton, dealing with Nelson. The critics pronounce this to be a very remarkable and original work, which may account for its very free sale.

It is reported in the trade that three of the leading writers of the day have disposed of the serial rights only of their new works to American magazines for a sum which must make some of the immortal writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth, aye, and of the nineteenth, centuries turn in their graves.

Appended is a list of the newer publications which are most in request at the time of writing. Fiction predominates, as usual, and probably will always do so. The 6s. novel may now be considered as a well-established item of trade. The demand for the life of Stambouloff shows the interest taken in any matter dealing with Eastern Europe, and the inclusion in the list of H. Norman's work on Japan and China speaks for itself.

- Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
 The Master. By I. Zangwill. 6s.
 The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
 The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
 The Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. 6s.
 Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s.
 Magnificent Young Man. By John Strange Winter. 6s.
 Into the Highways, etc. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Mac-laren. 6s.
 In a Gloucestershire Garden. By H. N. Ella-combe. 6s.
 Gerald Eversley's Friendship. By Rev. J. E. C. Welldon. 6s.
 The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. 6s.
 An Imaginative Man. By R. S. Hichens. 6s.
 The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
 The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
 Lovely Malincourt. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
 Peg the Rake. By Rita. 3s. 6d.
 Sea Fishing. (Badminton Library.) 10s. 6d.
 The Pheasant. (Fur and Feather Series.) 5s.
 Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. net.
 Stambouloff. By A. H. Beaman. 3s. 6d.
 Peoples, etc., of the Far East. By H. Norman. 21s.
 Fifty Years. By Rev. Harry Jones. 4s.
 Nelson. (English Men of Action.) 2s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between August 1 and September 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25 (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 3. Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
 4. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 5. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 6. The Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Princess Aline. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 3. Strange Secrets. By Doyle and Others. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00. (Fenn.)
 4. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
 5. Wild Ass's Skin. By Balzac. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

6. Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

- ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 2. Hon. Peter Sterling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
 ✓ The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ Not Counting the Cost. By Tasma. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
 5. Pleasure Cycling. By Porter. \$1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 6. Lyre and Lancelot. By Anstey. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 3. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 4. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
 5. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)
 6. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

- ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 4. The Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
 6. With the Procession. By Fuller. \$1.50. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

- ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 3. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 6. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)

CINCINNATI, O.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
 3. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
 ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 6. With the Procession. By Fuller. \$1.25. (Harper.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Water Tramps. By Bartlett. \$1.00. (Putnam.)

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 3. Shadow of a Crime. By Caine. \$1.50. (Knight)
 4. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
 5. In the Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

DENVER, COL.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 4. Stories of the Foot Hills. By Graham. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
 5. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)
 6. Under the Man Fig. By Davis. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

HARTFORD, CT.

- ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribners.)
 2. From a New England Hillside. By Potts. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
 3. The Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 4. Story of the Plants. By Allen. 40 cts. (Appleton.)
 ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.50. (Harper.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ Princess Aline. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 5. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 6. The Manxman. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Chiffon's Marriage. By "Gyp." 75 cts. (Stokes.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 ✓ The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 5. Woman Who Did. By Allen. \$1.00. (Roberts.)
 6. Phantom Death. By Clark Russell. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

- ✓ Princess Aline. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 2. Under the War Flags of 1861. By Pickard. \$1.50. (Dearing.)
 3. The Veiled Doctor. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 ✓ When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

- Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW HAVEN, CT.

- In Old New England. By Butterworth. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
- Fort Frayne. By King. \$1.25. (Neely.)
- My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- In Deacon's Orders. By Besant. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

- Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- Billy Bellow. By Norris. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

- Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- The Woman Who Did. By Allen. \$1.00. (Roberts.)
- Sawdust Doll. By DeKoven. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
- The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

- The Lark. By Burgess 5 cts. (Wm. Doxey.)
- When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- An Imaginative Man. By Hichens. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
- The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

- Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- The Manxman. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
- Yale Yarns. By Wood. \$1.00. (Putnam.)

TOLEDO, O.

- My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
- Story of Bessie Costrell. By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
- An Errant Wooing. By Harrison. \$1.50. (Century.)
- Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

- My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- The Gallic Girl. By "Gyp." \$1.25. (Brentanos.)
- Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- The Golden Age. By Graham. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
- The Veiled Doctor. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

- Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- Letters of Celia Thaxter. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
- Wild Flowers of the N. E. States. By Whiting. \$4.50. (Putnam.)
- Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- The Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BLACK, J. S.—The Christian Consciousness, its Relation to Evolution in Morals and in Doctrine. 12mo, pp. xi-244, \$1.25 . . . Lee & S.
- GUERBER, H. A.—Myths of Northern Lands. 12mo, pp. ii-319, \$1.50. American Book Co.
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THE BOOKMAN

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VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 3.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It has been generally understood, and we have ourselves stated, that Mr. Du Maurier's new novel is to be called *The Martians*. His publishers, however, inform us that *The Martian* is the correct title.

Mr. James Lane Allen has just finished the second part of *A Kentucky Cardinal*, to be entitled *Aftermath*. The Messrs. Harper have decided to publish it in book form at once, and its appearance may be looked for shortly.

The King's Stratagem, a little volume of short stories by Stanley Weyman, issued through the new firm, Messrs. Platt and Bruce, and published in September, reached a sale of 10,000 copies inside of four weeks.

The *Literary World* has contributed to our list of amusing typographical errors by alluding to Mr. Stedman's forthcoming *Victorian Anthology* as the *Victorian Anthropology*. When the editor saw this in type he probably felt like committing anthropophagy.

We desire to call Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's attention to the fact that the name of the famous Moorish city is not pronounced "Tetúan." Mr. Warner's uncertainty on this point made one of the lines of his little poem, "Bookra," in the October *Harper's* unmetrically broken-backed and painfully scazonic.

Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, whose sudden death was announced last month, was a very prominent and interesting figure among American men of letters. His vigorous personality, his bluff and sometimes brusque ways, and his great literary fecundity made

his name everywhere known to a wide public. Beginning his literary career as a romanticist, he fell under the influence of Turgenieff, and from that time adopted to the full the realistic theories; yet he never assimilated them in his own



HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

work, for the novels that he wrote in his later years never sounded the true note of life, and he had evidently in abandoning the romantic creed given up more than he had received in return. As a poet, his verses failed to attain the level of his best prose, and are now probably little read.

Professor Boyesen was at his best as a critic and expounder of literature. His literary essays have a delightful freshness and naturalness, and are al-

ways characterised by taste, feeling, and perfect sanity. He had a wide acquaintance with foreign men of letters, and was profoundly read in all departments of pure literature, especially in the Scandinavian and modern German; so that he brought to the critic's task the breadth of view and fulness of knowledge that are too often lacking. As a popular lecturer he was also remarkably successful, having a power of personal magnetism that held his audiences captive and inspired them with intense conviction. His friends felt a deep regret that for some years past he had devoted so much of his time to fugitive and ephemeral production; and as the great critical history of Scandinavian literature, which he had long aspired to write, was never actually begun, there must be added to their sense of personal loss the feeling that he died before the maturity and fruition of his highest powers had been attained.

Professor W. M. Sloane, after finishing his life of Napoleon, should publish an appendix containing the new material which he discovered in the course of his researches, but did not include in his excellent work. For instance, he unearthed, in the governmental archives at Paris, certain letters of Pauline Bonaparte, which he was too verecund to give to the world in a magazine that is largely read by the Young Person, but which, nevertheless, reveal some very curious and rather remarkable facts about the *vie intime* of the great Corsican. If published, they would show with startling clearness the truth of Taine's contention that Napoleon was in reality a belated type of the mediæval Italian—a Borgias three centuries overdue.

The Messrs. Scribner have begun the publication of a very interesting biographical series, which is to include the typical and historic women of the colonial and revolutionary days, and thus incidentally illustrate the domestic manners and customs of the different sections of the country—Puritan, Knickerbocker, and Cavalier. The first volume of the series is by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, who has taken as her subject Margaret Winthrop, the wife of Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts.

The next three volumes will deal with Martha Washington, Dolly Madison, and Mercy Otis Warren, the sister of James Otis.

The new romance upon which the Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus, has been engaged is entitled *Wolffrieden*, and has just been issued by Heinrich Minden, of Dresden. It is said to be a story of fascinating interest, which, while being complete in itself, also forms a sequel to that writer's former production, *Majestät*, published in an English translation last spring under the same title, *Majesty*, by the Messrs. Appleton.

Mr. George Saintsbury, whose *Corrected Impressions* was published here by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company last January, has been appointed Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Saintsbury, who is fifty years of age, was educated at King's College School, London, and at Merton College, Oxford. He was a master at the Manchester Grammar School in 1868, at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, from 1868 to 1874, and at Elgin Educational Institute from 1874 to 1876. During the last twenty years he has devoted himself exclusively to literary and journalistic work, and has been closely allied with the literary department of the Manchester *Guardian*. He is one of the best and most genial of living English critics. A portrait taken from his latest photograph appeared in the March number of THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Saintsbury will be the subject of a critical paper in a series of estimates of the chief living critics by eminent writers to appear in THE BOOKMAN. The first of the series begins with this number, in which Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson writes of Mr. W. E. Henley. Articles will follow on R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, Leslie Stephen, Andrew Lang, and others. Under the title "Neglected Books; Appeals for Consideration," there commences in this number also a series of articles by leading critics on the claims of books which they think have been unreasonably neglected. Frederick Greenwood, S. Baring-Gould, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and others are among the contributors.

A new novel by Miss Lily Dougall, entitled *A Question of Faith*, is announced to appear shortly from the press of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Miss Dougall aroused expectations by her first novel, *Beggars All*, published by the Messrs. Longmans about three years ago, which have scarcely been fulfilled in her later productions. We regret this because we feel that Miss Dougall is capable of sustaining the reputation of her first novel if she were not so weighted down by that bugbear of the lady novelist, the desire to preach. In *Beggars All* and *What Necessity Knows* she showed unusual imaginative force, literary quality of a rare kind in fiction, and the power to create startling situations. But whatever Miss Dougall—who, by the way, is a Canadian—touches, she adorns, and the freshness of her thought keeps pace with a manner of writing which is at least winning if not always entertaining.

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Great things are expected of Mr. Anthony Hope's new serial. The title fixed upon at present is *Phrozo*. The scene is laid in a Greek island which has been bought by a young English lord. The inhabitants conspire to slay the new proprietor. Phrozo is a Greek beauty with whom he falls in love. The rest is not obvious—Anthony Hope is too clever for that; and those who have read the story speak of it in the most enthusiastic terms as the best serial they have ever seen.

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Mrs. W. K. Clifford, who writes the first article of the series on "Neglected Books," which appears on another page, first became known to fame as the author of *Mrs. Keith's Crime*, a novel much talked of in its day, but since somewhat eclipsed by the popularity of her *Aunt Anne*. Besides these two character studies, she has written several striking stories of slighter bulk, notably: *Wild Proxy*, *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*, and *The Last Touches*. She has a new novel in the press entitled *A Flash of Summer*, which she has largely rewritten since its appearance as a serial story in the *Illustrated London News*. She is the widow of the late Professor W. K. Clifford, one of the most brilliant mathematicians of the century.

One of the busiest of young writers in London is Mr. William Le Queux, who is in charge of the literary department of the *Globe*. Since the publication of his very successful *Great War in England in 1897*, which is in its ninth edition, he has made considerable preparations for several novels and stories. *Zoraida*, a



WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

romance of the harem and the great Sahara, recently published by the Messrs. Stokes and noticed on another page, is in its third edition in England. Before writing this romance he made several journeys among the Arabs, where his knowledge of Arabic stood him in good stead. *Stolen Souls*, a society novel, will also be published shortly by the Messrs. Stokes; and the author has another novel now in the press, entitled *The Temptress*, the scenes of which are laid mainly in New Caledonia, the French convict settlement, and partly in Paris. The story deals with a gang of French swindlers, of whom the "temptress" is the leader. Other books of Mr. Le Queux's are *Guilty Bonds* and *Strange Tales of a Nihilist*.

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Once in a while the newspapers publish an account of some gentleman, re-

spected, wealthy, happy in his domestic life, and with no shadow of a scandal hanging over him, who steps casually out into the street, suddenly disappears from sight, and is never seen again. Something like this occasionally happens also in literature. A book is published which every one reads and which gives promise of a good career for its author. The time arrives when it would naturally be reviewed and spoken of, and take a recognised place among the successful publications of the year, and then suddenly—it disappears. No one reviews it. No one speaks of it. It is seen on the shelves of no great bookseller. So far as any critical recognition is concerned, it is lost to sight and swallowed up in mysterious oblivion. An instance that we have in mind is the very unusual and striking piece of realism entitled *Dr. Phillips*. It was published some six years ago, and it exists to-day in half a dozen cheap reprints that continually sell; but the present writer has never yet seen a review of it, nor has he ever heard one single person mention it. Yet it is a really remarkable piece of work—vivid, acute, intense, and in its later chapters powerfully tragical. Thousands of persons have read it with absorbing interest. Why is it, then, in one sense, non-existent?

We know why, and we are going to explain, because the explanation is so interesting, smacking as it does of trap-doors and secret passages and unseen forms lurking behind the arras and all the other mysterious things that delight one's sense of the romantic. The novel deals with a certain stratum of Jewish society in London—the ultra-orthodox, commercial, narrow-minded, Christian-hating set—and it is written with a minuteness of knowledge that is fairly startling, reproducing as it does with photographic accuracy the least details of domestic and social life down to the chatter of the parlours and an enumeration of the dishes eaten at the card-parties, until as we read we can almost smell the fried fish and see the grease. It is a marvel of revelation, and it greatly offended the Jewish portion of the community when it appeared. We do not see why it should have done so, as it is less repulsive in its way than George Gissing's treatment of the very similar

non-Jewish class of Londoners in his *Year of Jubilee*. But it did; and straightway influences were set to work to involve it in a great impenetrable silence that should blight it at its birth. It is wonderful how effectively this has been done; for while the book has been read by many, it has been noticed by few; and to-day it cannot be purchased save in a cheap, paper-covered edition on the stands of the second-hand dealers. There is something really uncanny about this, and even in writing of it we feel much as Bluebeard's wife must have felt when she thrust the rusty key into the lock and opened the creaking door of the forbidden chamber. Yet the very weirdness of the incident is fascinating, and it all goes to show that in these days it is not Isaac of York who is hurried off to Torquilstone to be plunged into a noisome cell; but it is rather Isaac himself who waylays Front de Bœuf and entertains him with the pincers and the thumb-screw.

Apart from this special interest which it possesses, *Dr. Phillips* is to be noticed as the first novel to be written confessedly from the inspiration afforded by George Moore. Its author, "Frank Danby," is a lady who was an early and intense admirer of Mr. Moore. She called him her "master," and he still speaks of her as his "pupil," though they are no longer friends. This book, *Dr. Phillips*, was written under Moore's eye, and when finished was taken by him to Mr. Vizetelly, the publisher, with a very strong commendation of its merits. Mr. Vizetelly read it over and saw its power; but owing to certain crudities of expression and the unnecessary coarseness of some of its details, he refused to publish it as it was. It was then revised, and, much to its advantage, the most objectionable features were partially excised. Mr. Vizetelly then published it with the result described above.

Since that time, for reasons which no one seems to understand, a great coolness has arisen between Mr. Moore and his brilliant disciple; and a few months ago when *Celibates* appeared, "Frank Danby" made a most elaborate and very aggravating attack upon the book over her own name in the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Moore is too old a hand to

write answers to ordinary critics; but this stab, coming as it did from his own "pupil," was too much. He replied in the next number of the *Review*, emptying all the vials of his scorn upon his "pupil's" head. He disowned her as unworthy of him. He accused her of ignorance of the English language. He twitted her with her personal obligations to him. He insinuated that she was only a Philistine. He even called her a coarse-minded person. Altogether it is a very pretty quarrel; but it is a sad beginning for the creation of a great Moore school of fiction.

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Apropos of Mr. Vize-
telly's alterations in the
original text of *Dr.
Phillips*, a very interest-
ing paper might be
written on the changes
which publishers have
made in manuscripts of
famous books as an es-
sential condition of
their acceptance. The
latest instance that we
know of is to be found
in the *Heavenly Twins*.

Madame Sarah Grand had elaborated the medical particulars of Edith's illness in that novel to such an extent that even Mr. Heinemann (who is not easily shocked) felt it necessary to interpose; and so the chapter in question has much less resemblance to a treatise on dermatology than it had when it left the author's hands. Bearing in mind the unusual bulk of the novel, and the remarkable frankness of what remains, one cannot but feel that the reading world is much indebted to Mr. Heinemann's editorial good sense.

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Miss Gertrude Hall, whose *Foam of the Sea*, and *Other Stories* was recently published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, is a daughter of Madame Edna Hall,



GERTRUDE HALL.

the celebrated vocal teacher in Boston. Miss Hall is a native of Boston, but her academic years were spent in Europe, where she lived for nine years, chiefly at Florence. A volume of *Verses* by her appeared in 1890; *Far from To-day*, in 1892; and *Allegretto*, in 1894. She is also responsible for the *Translations from the Poems of Paul Verlaine*, published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball last spring.

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Mr. William Edwards Tirebuck, whose new novel, *Miss Grace of All Souls*, is reviewed on another page, is an English novelist who is not so well known on this side as he deserves to be. Mr. Tirebuck was early associated with Mr. Hall Caine in the literary movements of the



WILLIAM EDWARDS TIREBUCK.

day, and although he has been outstripped by the author of *The Manxman*, we have still high hopes of his ultimate success and popularity.

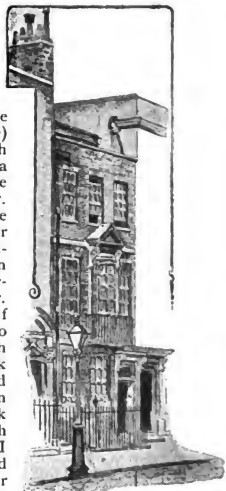
M. Bréal, the distinguished French archæologist, in a lecture lately published, speaking of the etymology and history of the Etruscan word *usil*, says that it appears in the Latin *Aurelia*, and in the name of the French town Orléans, adding incidentally that it has crossed the Atlantic *pour baptiser l'un des États de la république Américaine*; from which it is evident that this very learned man thinks New Orleans a State. How like an archæologist—especially a French archæologist!

After all, one does not expect much knowledge of American geography from a Frenchman, or from an Englishman either, for that matter. Hence we are not surprised to find the *Spectator* speaking of the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* as having been fought

in the Charleston River! But when it comes to European topography, it really is astonishing to stumble upon such an error as that *Journal* recently committed in reviewing *The Grasshoppers*, when it actually spoke of the book as giving an interesting picture of "society in Holland," and of Herr Hansen as "a Dutchman." Evidently the *Spectator* has a private atlas of its own, on which Hamburg is included in the Netherlands.

If it were only geography in which the esteemed English went astray, one might overlook it; but here is an English publisher announcing a life of Admiral Farragut, and speaking of him as "the great Confederate admiral;" and in Dr. John Nichol's book on English literature we find, among his list of American women writers, Mrs. S. M. B. Pratt, Nora Percy, Alice Welling Rollins, Helen Mackay Hutchinson, Owen Insley, and Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustapon!

This sketch of Mr. Anthony Hope's house represents the exterior of 16 Buckingham Street, Strand, close to Charing Cross Station, which contains the den where he puts on his working coat (the one with the hole in the sleeve) and sits down with the punctuality of a bank clerk to the work of the day. "I reach here," he says, "at a quarter to ten in the morning, and work on till four in the afternoon, or even later. I do not set myself any fixed task to be performed each day, but work rather by time, and take what Heaven sends. I am a quick worker, and though I never re-write, I revise carefully, and am very fidgety over my work." He reads little. "I



ANTHONY HOPE'S HOUSE.

have so little time for reading. When I can read, I prefer novels, and my favourite authors are Meredith, Kipling, and Stevenson. I am also fond of Norris's work." As a boy he was greatly impressed by Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which he used to take to bed with him, and fall asleep to dream of Apollyon, and, later, when at school, he became a great reader of Ballantyne, his favourite being *The Three Middies*. He rarely reads poetry, and more wonderful still, has never written a verse of poetry, "with the solitary exception of a valentine."

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Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins was born in Hackney in 1863, and his life has been uneventful—"humdrum," he calls it. *A Man of Mark*, published in 1889 at his own expense, was his first book, and was not a financial success, though its recent republication has made ample amends for its first reception. At this time he looked on the bar as his career in life, and, far from thinking of literature as a profession, he simply wrote for amusement. *Father Stafford*, published in 1890, was his second book, also a financial failure; then followed the writing of short stories for the *St. James's Gazette*, several of which were republished in the volume entitled *Sport Royal*. *Mr. Witt's Widow*, published in 1892, was more successful; *A Change of Air* and



Yours very truly
Anthony H Hawkins.

Half a Hero were published the following year—*Half a Hero*, by the way, has just been reissued by the Messrs. Harper in a new edition; then he wrote *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which established his reputation. Subsequent books of his are *The Dolly Dialogues*, *The God in the Car*, *The Indiscretion of the Duchess*, and at present he is engaged on a series of romantic stories, the scene of which is laid in an imaginary Italian republic in the Middle Ages.

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Mr. Hope has been the recipient of

several flattering invitations to spend a lecturing tour in America; but we have it on his own authority that he has refused them all. "Some day," he says, "I may go; but there is plenty of time for that."

It is interesting to note that the two books most popular with the reading public during the past year have also furnished the material for two of the most popular plays. *Trilby* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* in the hands of the dramatist have been having a run almost if not quite equal to their literary vogue. The reasons for this reversal of the usual rule are quite diverse. Mr. Paul Potter's play has received very warm commendation for its own merits; yet we think that its success is hardly due to its intrinsic excellence. The subtle qualities of Mr. Du Maurier's novel are not and could not be transferred to the stage; and the play would almost certainly not appeal to any one who had

not read the book. It would, in fact, hardly be intelligible to a person unfamiliar with the novel. Yet as every one does know the novel, the play succeeds because it gives pictorially the same story. Those who have wept with *Trilby* and laughed with Zou Zou and the Laird like to see the scenes put before them picturesquely, and they read into it from their memories of the book the

qualities which none of the actors can in reality exhibit by their art. Yet any one who sees the play and really thinks that it is satisfactory in itself must be a person who has missed the esoteric excellence of the novel.

The Prisoner of Zenda, on the other hand, as dramatised by Mr. Rose, is a

fine play absolutely; and even those who know not the book, if there be any such, cannot fail to find the drama one of vivid interest. The novel, in fact, is one that was made for the stage, and so intensely dramatic are its incidents that the playwright had an easy task. It would have been difficult, in fact, to make a dull version of it, so stirring, ingenious, and vividly objective is the story. The play is admirably acted, but Mr. Sothorn is obviously over-weighted by the unwontedly heroic part that he essays. As Rudolf, playing the king, he is not only far from kingly, but he scarcely conveys the impression of high breed-



MR. SOTHERN IN THE CORONATION SCENE IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

From a photograph by Sarony.

ing and reckless daring. In the coronation scene he comes the nearest to the ideal, with his helmet and the added height given him by his built-up heels; in the other parts of the drama he has a way of standing with his neck bent forward and an expression of meekness that is not far from being abject. In the interview with Hentzau, who is admirably presented in all his dare-devil

force and recklessness, Mr. Sothern makes one quite uneasy by the painful contrast that he offers to the bold swash-buckler. His best work is in the prison-scene, where he is relieved from the necessity of looking heroic, and merely grovels in his straw and moans. Here his acting is exceedingly effective.

By the way, some high theatrical authority should lay down a definite law as to the dramatic purposes of broken English. At present the stage conventions are confusing. Take *Trilby*, for instance. In the studio scene Madame Vinard speaks delicious French-English. This would seem to imply that the dialogue is supposed to be in English. But the grisettes, and Antony, and the rest of the crowd speak, on the stage, English that has no trace of accent. Does this represent, conventionally, that they are speaking French? If so, why should Madame Vinard not do the same? Moreover, Zou Zou occasionally indulges in actual French, as does also the Laird; therefore it is evident that the previous conversation must have been in English.

Yet can we assume that the inhabitants of the Latin Quarter all use our language like native Englishmen? Altogether it is very puzzling, and rather detracts from the illusion. A consistent rule would require all persons who are supposed to be speaking French to read their lines in broken English, in order to give the Gallic colour; or else declare there should be no broken English at all. Will some dramatic authority please to take this matter up?



GRACE KIMBALL AS THE PRINCESS FLAVIA IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

From a photograph by Sarony.

successful in dramatising *The Prisoner of Zenda* in collaboration with the author, is already known as a successful dramatic author, and also as an actor. He is a man of versatile talent. He is the dramatic critic of the London *Sunday Times*, and his charming descriptions of the "Stately Homes of England," in the *Illustrated London News*, have attracted wide attention. It was Mr. Rose who dramatised Anstey's fanciful story, *Vice-Versa*, and he wrote a play called *Agatha Tylden*, which was put on the Haymarket by Mrs. Langtry. He has done more

important work than this; but, says a representative of the London *Sketch*, "it is of *Zenda*, as he familiarly calls it, of which he is willing to speak, and will allow no reference to his previous work."

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"I received the book from Arrowsmith one evening," so Mr. Rose tells the story, "and happened to commence its perusal at once. I read on till bed-time, and then took the book to bed with me. Well, I finished it, and, as I lay thinking over it, instead of going to sleep, I said to myself, 'Here is the very

story for a play!' It seemed as though it had been written for the purpose almost. The characters and incidents grouped themselves naturally into acts. It seemed quite plain sailing. At this time, I must tell you, I knew nothing whatever about Mr. Anthony Hope; but next morning I wrote to Arrowsmith for his address, and, when I received it, I wrote to Mr. Hope, asking him if he would agree to let me dramatisé the story. He consented, and that is how the work started. I must say I never met an author with whom it was so

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Mr. Edward Rose, who has been suc-

pleasant to have dealings. Plenty of them cannot believe otherwise than that the story in the play must stand exactly as it is in the book, quite regardless of stage requirements; but Mr. Hope is not one of these—



EDWARD ROSE.

“‘Oh, but look here, Rose,’ interjected Mr. Hope, ‘you know very well that all your suggestions were of the most reasonable character; I could not possibly take exception to them.’

“‘Well,’ continued Mr. Rose, ‘there were some very interesting things that happened in that moat, but we had to do without them. That was a pity, but I do not think there was any way out of the difficulty. As for the rest, the story is pretty closely adhered to until we come to the coronation scene. That, too, was impossible to represent on the stage—at least, it was impossible to do justice to it, and anything less would have cheapened the performance. However, I thought over the matter very carefully, as here was an opportunity for a remarkably effective spectacular display. Now, I am glad to say that this scene will be, I think, a feature of the representation. The guests are seen

going to the grand ceremony and returning from it. Although the coronation itself cannot be seen, I do not think the public will really miss very much in having to imagine it. The procession affords a really gorgeous show, and the dresses are super-magnificent. You know that the scene of the imaginary kingdom of Ruritania is really laid in Germany, so, as far as possible, the uniforms and dresses are of a German character. For the rest, I think you know all, and I really believe I have nothing else to tell you.

“‘Oh, yes! there is something else,’ put in Mr. Hope. ‘The truth is, Mr. Rose is altogether too modest a person, and, in sounding my praises, he has neglected his own performances. The fact that I acquiesced in all Mr. Rose’s suggestions in regard to his dramatisation of the play, you will take, I hope, as an expression of my strongest approval of his work in that direction. But there is another thing which, as I have said, he neglected to tell you. There is a prologue to the play, and that prologue is entirely the work of Mr. Rose. I think it is an excellent idea, for the prologue contains the explanation of those circumstances in the story which it would not be easy to furnish on the stage.’”



Mr. Blackmore’s new Exmoor romance, *Stain by the Doones*, will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company on November 10th. It is not, as has been stated elsewhere, a sequel to his famous story, but it has to do with the same place and period, and some of its characters are identical with those of *Lorna Doone*—the renowned John Ridd, for instance, reappears at a critical stage of the story. Three other tales, hitherto unpublished in book form, are added to the volume.



Lorna Doone, with which Mr. Blackmore’s name is most often associated, in spite of the fact that he has written a dozen or more works of fiction since its publication in 1869, was not the author’s first venture in literature. Nine years previous he had essayed poetry, of which he published several volumes, and a translation of the first two of Vergil’s *Georgics*, under the title *The Farm and Fruit of Old*. His first novel, *Clara*

Vaughan, written in 1852, was not printed until 1864. Mr. Blackmore does not encourage talk about his inanner of work, and seems to care more for his trees and plants, which he insists are the real things; his writing is done of an evening, during which time, so careful and painstaking is his method, he may complete no more than a paragraph at a sitting. This substantiates the story which some one relates of him how, on inquiring for the house of Mr. Blackmore, the author, no one seemed to know him, until a gleam of intelligence entered the mind of one person, who replied, "Perhaps 'tis the fruit man he means! Follow along the wall to the gate, sir," and, sure enough, it was Mr. Blackmore who was thus described. Mr. Blackmore has also a strong unwillingness to let his readers look upon his face; as he puts it with characteristic humour which has a grimness about it, "It appears to me that any man sticking himself up to gaze at his own title-page, and so blinking at his readers, lowers himself by his self-elevation. I keep out of all such curiosity. If I can say a thing to please the public, there is pleasure on both sides; but as for labouring to look to please them, what is the wise man's dictum on the subject? 'More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows.' Let him first know himself."

Mr. Blackmore is nearing seventy, and has spent most of his life in the country, passing his days in that atmosphere of "princely serenity" which pervades all his work. Though of Berkshire birth, he comes of a Devonshire family, and his boyhood was spent in Devon. He graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, and studied law at the Middle Temple, but soon forsook law for letters. His home has long been a few miles out of London, in the valley of the upper Thames, where, behind a great brick wall, he is surrounded with fruit trees and flowers, and mingles the delights of literature and market-gardening. Here he lives a retired life in one of those enviable backwaters of life where he is sheltered from Fame's troublesome waves, and, when in need of change, goes a-fishing. Seldom is he seen in London or by his fellow-authors. The writer remembers reading some years ago how Mr. Blackmore and Mr. William Black met at St. Stephen's Club, in London, and how the latter author delight-

ed his senior with the story of his being toasted at a dinner while in this country as "Mr. Black, gentlemen, the greatest of living novelists, the author of *Lorna Doone*!"

Apropos of what we said in a recent number of Mr. Crockett's Christian names and their connection with the well-known Covenanting divine, Samuel Rutherford, it may be news to many to learn that the author of *Lorna Doone* is a descendant, on the maternal side, of Dr. Doddridge, author of the famous *Rise and Fall*, and that Mr. Blackmore's middle name was given him in consequence, his full name being Richard Doddridge Blackmore.



H. RIDER HAGGARD.

At a dinner of the Association of Authors in London, given in honor of Haggard, Sir Walter Besant, the members with some observations on his career. "The first of the *sheikhs* *moir*. The second was in a single while the my eyes are is *The Sign of the Cross*." *Sign of the Cross*

firm grip, by which I mean that if you begin them you simply have to go on with them." Mr. Rider Haggard's *Joan Haste*, which is noticed on another page, is a new departure by this sanguinary author in fiction. The portrait of Mr. Haggard on the preceding page is taken from a recent photograph.

The author of *The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib*, which, by the way, as Mrs. Cotes confesses, is founded on fact, is



SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN (MRS. COTES).

the subject of a chat in the October number of the *Idler*, which for suggestiveness, wit, and *bonhomie* is one of the finest pieces of dialogue we have seen in interviewing for some time. Mrs. Cotes has just returned to Calcutta, which, she says, "is a good place to write in. Life is one long holiday—I speak as a Mem Sahib, of course, not as a collector. And there is such abundance of material in Anglo-Indian life—it is full of such picturesque incident, such tragic chance." Mrs. Cotes has left behind her an Indian novel which is in Mr. Watts's hands, and which will make its first appearance as a serial in one of the

magazines. Mrs. Cotes was born in Canada.

Mrs. Cotes relates the following humorous incident with regard to the spelling of Hindustani. "I have felt uncertain about the spelling of Hindustani words," she says, "ever since a retired Anglo-Indian wrote to me from Bournemouth, enclosing a list of forty-one mistakes in *The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib*. He had passed a number of examinations—he mentioned them—and proved every case by the Hunterian method, which is arranged on principles that spell 'Cawnpore,' 'Kahn-pur,' for instance, and 'Lucknow,' 'Lakh-nau.' *Mem Sahib's* Hindustani, in which the forty-one mistakes appeared, is less scientific, but it answers very well—the natives understand it"—which is conclusive.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have been very successful with their edition of Dumas, and have just added six new volumes to the series. The Messrs. Dent, of London, publish this edition in England for the Boston firm, and they have also made an arrangement to issue an English edition of Messrs. Little, Brown's Sienkiewicz Polish romances. An important and unusually interesting art romance, from the French of George Sand, will soon be published by this house, entitled *The Master Mosaic-Workers*. It is a story of Venice in the time of Titian and Tintoretto, who figure prominently in the work. Apart from the vivid and glowing descriptions which it gives of St. Mark's and the art tragedies centred about it, the story itself is one of exquisite beauty and great power.

Messrs. Fleming H. Revell and Company have started a dainty series of booklets, bound in delicate leatherette boards, with illustrations. The Renaissance Series, as it is called, contains stories by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Rosa Nouchette Carey, and David Lyall. *Brother Lawrence* and *The Swiss Guide*, an allegory, by Dr. Parkhurst, are included in this series, which is deserving of a wide circulation. The same firm have just published Mr. Bok's "Young Man's Book for Young Men," with the finger-post title, *Successward*.

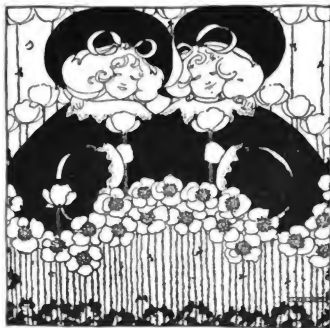
Two notable books in missionary literature are about to issue from the press of Messrs. Revell. One of them is entitled *From Far Formosa*, and from the advance sheets which we have seen it appears to be a book of extraordinary interest and information. Dr. MacKay, who for twenty years has been a missionary on the island and who knows Formosa better than any other living man, is able to give the reading world that knowledge of the conditions of life in Formosa which the China-Japan War has made us curious to learn, but which for the most part has been meagrely attained for lack of reliable information. Apart from this, the record of Dr. MacKay's work will stamp him as a hero among missionary pioneers, and the book will undoubtedly take a foremost place in the literature of the subject. The other book which we refer to is an account of the missionary labours in China of John Livingston Nevius, written by his wife. Both these books are profusely illustrated.

Balzac's popularity would seem to be on the increase, judging by the editions which are continually surprising us by their appearance. There are at least four new editions on the market this autumn, and now we learn that Messrs. Roberts Brothers, elated with the success of Miss Wormeley's translations, are about to commence operations on a sumptuous edition, crown octavo, uncut edges, to be complete in forty volumes and limited to one thousand sets. Antique paper will be used, and each volume will contain several Goupil gravures from drawings made by prominent French artists who have entered on the work as a labour of love for the great French master. This undertaking will involve an immense expenditure, but the Messrs. Roberts are confident of success. Thirty-five out of the forty twelvemo volumes of Balzac, translated by Miss Wormeley, have now been published; and their reception, the publishers say, has been most encouraging and beyond their sanguine expectations.

The new and handsome edition of Henry Kingsley's novels which Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden are exploiting has reached this month its twelfth volume, which contains *The Boy in Grey*,

and *Other Stories*. It is not surprising that the resuscitation of Kingsley's work (which, by the way, has always been considered by the first critics of the day to be superior to that of his brother Charles) should be meeting with success. Few editors in London are so keen to scent the popular taste as Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who edits this edition of Kingsley. An added attraction in the present volume is the biographical sketch of the author by his nephew, Maurice Kingsley, which in itself makes interesting reading, and is a valuable contribution to the biography of the subject.

The author of that remarkable story, *The Rousing of Mrs. Potter*, of which



Mr. Howells speaks highly, has attempted a unique publication for children which that strikingly original designer, Miss Ethel Reed, has made doubly captivating by her charming designs, one of which we take pleasure in reproducing. *The Arabella and Araminta Stories*, by Gertrude Smith, will make one of the most irresistible nonsense books for children which has been issued for a long time. Miss Mary E. Wilkins has been so delighted with the work that she has taken a share in the joy of its production by writing an introduction for it. Messrs. Copeland and Day are the publishers, which is a guarantee for the picturesque and singular attractiveness of the bookmaking expended on this curious publication.

We are to have three translated works of Max Nordau's very soon from the press of Mr. F. Tennyson Neely—namely, *The Farce of Feeling; or, Deceitful Emotions*, a comedy of sentiment; *The Ailment of the Century*, and *The Right to Love*, which will be published at \$1.50 each. The same firm announce *The Land of Promise*, by Paul Bourget, to contain fifteen original wood-engravings for the same price. *The King in Yellow*, by Robert Chambers, published some time ago by Mr. Neely, has just made its appearance in England, where it seems to be meeting with cordial praise from the critics. The saleable qualities of Captain King's work is well known, so that it is not wonderful to see his *Fort Frayne* appear in a sixth edition already.

A battle royal is raging intermittently in England over the merits and demerits of Mr. William Watson as a poet. The champions of Mr. Watson's greatness are Mr. Traill, Mr. Grant Allen, and especially Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, all of whom assert his right to be ranked as the noblest among living English poets, and who greet each new product of his Muse with a chorus of admiring exultation. On the other side, the *advocatus diaboli* is the editor of the *Saturday Review*, in whose columns appear blasts of lofty scorn under such uncomplimentary headings as "Mr. William Watson, Minor Poet." The *Review* sneers at his pretence of classical learning; says that his inspiration is all second-hand; that "his genius is not vigorous, full-blooded, independent, but feeble, æmemic, derivative," and that "the *Spectator's* praise is unmeasured and insane, and worthy only of the uncritical pen of a reckless log-roller!"

Thus the fight goes merrily on, and though no one says so, it is easy to see that the prize of battle is really the vacant office of Poet Laureate, to which Mr. Watson's friends have high hopes that he will succeed. He has already won official recognition in the recent grant to him by the Government of an annual pension of £100; and there is good reason for thinking that the laurel crown may yet be his. The controversy is undoubtedly embittered by the personal animus of the *Saturday Review*

against the *Spectator*; for now that the elections are over, the alliance between the two is relaxed, and, as in many other political friendships, an underlying dislike is coming to the surface.

Looking at the whole contest from an impartial American standpoint, we think that as a purely literary question, the *Spectator* is more nearly in the right than the *Saturday Review*. It is true that Mr. Watson is a rather bookish poet, and that his most splendid similes smell of the lamp; that he sometimes mistakes trochees for spondee (as who does not, in writing English elegiacs?), and that there is little or no passion in even his finest work; yet when all has been said, he is still a writer of very noble and stately lines—a poet of exceptional elevation, taste, discretion, and melody. It is not too much to say that while no living versifier could come after Tennyson without suffering from the comparison, Mr. Watson's appointment as Laureate would be received everywhere with respect; and this is surely very high and unusual praise.

Here are some of his recent lines that justify the warmest eulogy, and that give a very excellent idea of his quality when at his best. The first is from his *Hymn to the Sea*, of which the fine prelude appeared in THE BOOKMAN for June:

"Man that is galled with his confines and burdened yet more with his vastness,
Born too great for his ends, never at peace with his goal;
Man whom Fate, his victor, magnanimous, clement in triumph,
Holds as a captive king, mewed in a palace divine;
Wide its leagues of plesance and ample of purview its windows;
Ailily falls, in its courts, laughter of fountains at play;
Nought, when the harpers are harping, untimely reminds him of durance;
None, as he sits at the feast, whisper Captivity's name.
But would he parley with Silence, withdraw for awhile unattended,
Forth to the beckoning world 'scape for an hour and be free,
Lo, his adventurous fancy coercing at once and provoking,
Rise the unscalable walls built with a word at the prime;
Lo, immobile as statues, with pitiless faces of iron,
Armed at each obstinate gate stand the impassable guards."



WILLIAM WATSON.

1. Aged 9. 2. Aged 19. 3. Aged 26. 4. At the present day.

The second is from his much-admired sonnet on England :

"How England once before the days of bale,
Throned above trembling, puissant, grandiose,
calm,
Held Asia's richest jewel in her palm ;
And with unnumbered isles barbaric she
The broad hem of her glistening robe imperled ;
Then when she wound her arms about the
world,
And had for vassal the obsequious sea."

As THE BOOKMAN goes to press, the daily papers are giving currency to a report cabled from London to the effect that Lord Salisbury has decided to appoint Sir Edwin Arnold to the vacant Laureateship. It is devoutly to be hoped that this rumour is untrue, lest the English-speaking world come to feel that the days of Nahum Tate have returned.



ST. PETER'S AND THE TIBER FROM THE PINCIAN HILL.

ROMA RECENTIORUM.

Strange blending of the old and new,
 Of all that men have thought and done,
 The right, the wrong, the false, the true,
 The past, the present, all in one.
 Here sleep the mighty pagan dead
 Where now stands forth the crucifer,
 And many a temple rears its head
 To tell of Christ and Jupiter.

Where once, before the naked Gaul,
 Rome's infant power swayed and shook,
 Here on the stately Capitol
 Now swarm the hordes of Mr. Cook ;
 While, gazing down the Sacred Way
 By hoary Vesta's ruined wall,
 The cockney tourist chirps to-day
 His ditty of the music-hall.

Where Claudia mocked the rabble rout
 And laughed its helpless rage to see,
 Now giggles as she flits about
 Some pert-faced minx from Chicopee ;
 And where great Cæsar passed in state
 And where Catullus kept his tryst,
 Now potters with uncertain gait
 The blear-eyed archæologist.

Here, too, one time, the pallid nuns
 Called on the saints with timorous trust,
 While from the hills the ape-faced Huns
 Grinned with the joy of blood and lust.
 Now, though the Roman maids no more
 The fierce barbaric host expect,
 Their hapless city quails before
 The modern Hun—the architect.

Builder and tourist, Hun and Gaul,
 Like flies in some stupendous dome
 Flit harmless by ; not one nor all
 Can mar thy majesty, O Rome !
 They come, they go, they pass away,
 While still undimmed thy splendours shine ;
 To them belongs the fleeting day,
 But all the centuries are thine.

To see at dawn the hills of Rome
 Ablaze with gold and amethyst ;
 To watch Saint Peter's distant dome
 Swim in the evening's silver mist—
 This draws aside a curtain vast,
 And, as the kingly dead appear,
 The murmuring pulses of the past
 Reveal the heart of History here ;

For Age transmuted into Youth
 Dwells on this consecrated spot ;
 Here speaks from God the voice of Truth,
 Here dwells the Faith that changes not.
 The world's desire, the nations' dower,
 Find here their one eternal home—
 Glory and grace and deathless power,
 Blent in the mighty name of Rome !

Harry Thurston Peck.

LIVING CRITICS.

I.—WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

To appraise a living writer is at all times a difficult task. His proximity is disconcerting, and the very rheums and humours of the age which has fathered him must necessarily obsess the presuming critic. We should attain a little per-

dorse his authoritative verdicts. Mr. Henley, in particular, is no person for this impertinence. Though it is as a poet he has the highest claim upon us now, and as a poet he will take rank hereafter; yet he has certainly made a



WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

spective ere we aspire to judgment; and, even so, remoteness argues merely a dispassionate desire of fair play, and is no warranty for a sure opinion. The incongruity doubles when one sets forth to criticise a critic, and to reverse or en-

deeper mark upon his generation as a critic than any of his contemporaries. Mr. Lang, who once reigned paramount, has long since discarded his influence, and there is none left to dispute Mr. Henley's royalty. To few did name and fame come more reluctantly. It was not, indeed, until the foundation of the *Scots Observer* that he held any repute except among a handful; and even at the present moment his name sounds unfamiliar in the ears of the wide public. Yet he is beyond question the most formidable presence in English letters to-day. I am not here dealing with him as a poet, but merely as a critic of literature. As such, it is not too much to say that his authority has slowly undermined the prestige of the middle Victorian ideals. In a sense he is the foundation of a new period. That these words are none too extravagant is proved by his present position as the arbiter of a distinct school of fiction. For one who is no novelist himself this is a considerable performance, quite apart from the merits of his influence; and certainly the achievement gives him a right to very serious consideration. By a number of

young writers he is regarded with the affection and reverence that a high priest might claim. He has ordered for them their notions of art, he has disciplined their energies, and he has even been able to impose upon them frequently the mannerisms of his own prose style. But the limits of his influence are not set even here. His ideals, his aspirations, and his code have penetrated elsewhere, and, if we consider gravely, are even now leavening the body of literary thought outside his own immediate circle. The history of a movement is never the history of one man; but as it is Mr. Henley who has borne the brunt of the battle, and who has directed the strategies, it is to him that the credit of the revolution is largely due. Historians will some day find the present period of English literature of remarkable interest, not so much for its products, as for the conversion which has fallen within the last twenty years. The theory which is known as "Art for Art's sake" has been long preached to deaf ears, but the ears are opening, and in whatever regard it is held by lay minds, there seems little doubt but it will inspire and persuade the writers of the future. The great service which we owe to Mr. Henley is his very faithful adherence to this creed. He has consistently fought and suffered for it. He has spread the propaganda through every available channel, has trumpeted defiance at his opponents, and has been, of a truth, the veritable protagonist of this cause.

In this conflict two mental properties have served him—the one an absolute, even an arrogant faith, and the other a reckless courage. These, more than any other characteristics, as I conceive, compose the man's individuality. With this individuality he has been able to fling his influence over the young men with whom he came in contact, whether personally or through his critical writings. They browsed in the rank pastures of the old *Scots Observer*, and came fat and full to the market. They took colour from his phrases, and he pounded into them righteous views upon literature, by which alone they might be saved. There are few backsliders in the faith even after these several years, and a heresy-hunt among them would be fruitless. For the insistence of the man is intense, even in his writings, which might well have suffered from the dis-

passion of cold print. If you would estimate his qualities as a critic, this fever of conviction must first be remembered. As I read him, his spiritual equipment for the task is both elaborate and singular. Soaked to his marrow in the literatures of the modern world—English, French, Spanish, to say no more—he has rather absorbed them than they have engrossed him. Outside and above this gluttonous digestion is something wholly native to himself, in a manner insular, as distinct from mere Gallomania as Mr. Swinburne is distinct from De Musset or Burns from Béranger—something paramount and specific, the actual and individual essence of the man himself. In all his critical writings you may trace this almost barbaric effrontery, this baresark arrogance of personality. Mr. Henley is a stark man in all his professions, and starkest of all is he in his abundant passion for life. It is this which separates him by a whole class from the other critics of his time. They sound, if I may say so, niminy-piminy beside his stout voice. Not but what they have principles and creeds and dogmas to hold by, but these are less manifest, are not so frankly embraced, and derive from later ascendants. The combination of so primary a religion with such remarkable powers of mind is striking enough to arrest attention. The force and the sheer strength in Mr. Kipling I take to have captured Mr. Henley's sympathies on the one hand; while it is perhaps most of all the extreme artistic address which Mr. Stevenson brought to his work which attracted his collaborator in another instance. Finally, and to add a further incongruity, his appreciation is extended to work which is merely fantastic and insubstantial, oftentimes the wildest imaginings of the Keltic mind. On the other hand, and to round this inadequate picture as well as may be, such work as Mr. Howells and his fellows expend their lives upon, is wholly antipathetic to him, as a dozen articles may witness. It is the accidents of passion, the natural phenomena of an unrestrained life—whether in act or emotion—that draw him. For weakness he has no mercy; an old maid's version of life is to him for a jest; a translation of human energy into the mild byeways and stagnant currents he can scarcely credit. Herein, as it seems to me, lies perhaps his great defect. His own

theory is so tenaciously held, so vehemently defended, and so aggressively obtruded, that he has no room to offer further hospitality. But at the same time it must be remembered that that theory is peculiarly wide and generous. The egoism of his faith may be staunch and even bigoted, but that faith is quite catholic. Metaphors and similes make but a cumbrous comparison; yet in a certain way Mr. Henley's critical insight recalls the flare of an electric light. There are queer patches of blackness outside the path of the illumination, passages of darkness along the angles; but within these confines the white light cuts its way rudely, sharply, and with pitiless severity. Along the sphere of the irradiation the white flare is merciless in its scrutiny; every fault and flaw is picked out as by magic, every virtue is assigned its value. For sheer illumination of insight within these broad boundaries Mr. Henley, so far as I know, has no peer alive. It is true that the strong hold he has upon his primary instincts sometimes deranges the proportion of his judgments—as when, for example, he is unjust to Thackeray for being too little of a man and too fond of tea-party fiction; but, contrariwise, his appreciations are the surer and the more generous when they are bestowed.

With this strong devotion to the literature of fundamental human nature go also other predilections, hardly less strong. He loves gaiety, he is enamoured of a paradox, and he will forgive a great deal for nervous, strenuous English. These prepossessions are exhibited in his own prose style. Just as he bears too hardly upon the foibles of Thackeray, so, too, he exalts Disraeli, the novelist, considerably above his proper place. The reason is obvious. He loves a trickster; the picaresque amuses him; and the gaiety, the insolence, the *bohémie* of that Oriental mind touch him to tenderness; so much so that he can even pardon Disraeli's terrible English, passing it over with a sardonic grimace. And this very human

frailty, this friendly indulgence for the personality of the writer rather than a ruthless judgment upon his writing, is perhaps another small flaw in Mr. Henley, the critic. But again the gaiety, the fierce intellectual zest which may lead him into such an error, amply compensates by sharper and broader discriminations elsewhere. The lapses, in fine, are trivial, the performance as a whole is remarkable. I know few things as fine in modern critical writings as a score of passages which I might pick out of *Views and Re-views*, those fragments "recovered from the shot rubbish of some fourteen years of journalism." Here is no place for quotation, nor am I concerned, in this brief appreciation, with Mr. Henley's English style; but the mastery of words, the flow of thought, the wit, the ingenuity, the extraordinary insight, and the admirable knowledge displayed in that slender volume, are for remembrance always. And not the least notable of his characteristics is his extensive learning. I should judge that he never lost an impression, and it is certain that an author, once read, is ticketed and docketed, and relegated for ever to his position in Mr. Henley's mind. His memory is a literary dictionary in which he turns to the proper page on the instant, and if he errs at all, the error is never one of fact, or even of inference, but rather of prejudice. The rampant assurance of his mind and his superb autoocracy consist strangely with a perfect delicacy of detail. He has eyes for the rarest touch, and his fidelity is conscientiously scrupulous. There is no man to-day that has a better or a sounder lover of letters; and there is no man to whom modern literature owes so huge a debt. For the most of critics write very pleasantly, and maybe very justly. We have many Mr. Birrells with us. But their criticism is no more than ink and paper, very amiable to read. Mr. Henley's qualifications lie deeper. He has not only written; he has educated.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

NEGLECTED BOOKS.

C. F. KEARY'S "A WANDERER."

Among comparatively recent books that have been neglected—undeservedly so, that is—is to be counted Mr. C. F. Keary's *A Wanderer*, published in 1888. The writer chose for himself in this his first excursion into a region outside that of history or antiquarianism the pseudonym of H. Ogram Mauce which, I understand, is in some twisted way the Greek for a clerk. Thus the critics have no chance of recognising the author of a book on *Primitive Belief* and of another on *The Dawn of History*, and the modest little volume in dull red cover was overlooked. But though he has since written a couple of clever novels, and is, I see, about to venture a third, he has, in my opinion, done nothing better than this first of his books that had any leaning towards fiction. There is a certain likeness to Heine in his cast of mind, still more perhaps to Jean Paul, and fiction, as we usually understand the word, *A Wanderer* can hardly be called. It is rather a series of connected impressions and "travel pictures," but so real are they, so vivid, and yet so restrained, that the reader has while he reads a strange sense of movement, of being carried forward, not physically only, but spiritually, as his companion takes him by the arm in a manner that is dreamy rather than familiar, and points out the landmarks by the way. They are landmarks of thought as well as of space, and such as those only with souls to understand are likely to take pause before and be thankful. Nominally the book is the account of a year's wandering in the life of an emancipated clerk; but as the writer himself says at the end, "A year may be an epitome of life; and one man's life of the life of all the race."

Almost everywhere the personal element is preserved, but it is never obtruded. The writer tells you of the books he carried with him as travelling companions, and how his own experiences fitted him to receive the lessons they had to give. This passage, for instance, both garners up the experiences of many months spent in walking through Germany, and serves as intro-

duction to what he is going to say about Faust:

"Markets: old women sitting round behind their fruit-baskets in the wide, paved market-place; or those stand markets where the fisher-folk move about among their stalls, and country people expose their wares from barges in the water; barns, with open door behind, through which a patch of sunlight falls upon the heaped-up golden corn, and the dusky figures of the threshers stand out against it; people jogging to the town with their pigs and their fowls; or goose-boys and goose-girls driving their flocks into the stubble fields; men reaping or sowing; the light of a window shining through leaves; a world is in all these things. Sights such as these belong more to humanity as a whole—or seem to do so—than the sights I had been used to in my former life. Our country life even, with its gigs, its dogcarts and smart grooms, its stud horses come out for exercise, its shooting parties, is not so simple and human."

These sights, Mr. Keary says, formed for him a vision of life, and "it was only because my mind had been steeped therein that I could understand the poem [the second part of *Faust*], that I was reading."

Elsewhere he describes how the visions of Dante come upon you when you steal at twilight into some old cathedral. "Within was a lighted altar and deep shadows all round. Far away like a star shone a single lamp before the image of Our Lady." But it must not be supposed that there is any trace of rhetoric or straining after effect. The style is throughout singularly even and, if anything, rather too restrained.

Once he passes the boundary into pure fiction. This is in the story of a certain D—a *rat*—one who all his life has been dreaming of future triumphs in literature and in life, and who sinks into his last sleep with the suppressed murmur of the world's applause ringing in his fancies.

"There was a murmur indeed not far from his ears. It was the murmur of the waves which had been creeping closer and closer as he sank deeper and deeper into the heavy opium sleep. Did they wish to hear what he was thinking about, or to let him know that all nature did not hold so much aloof from him as the world had done? They drew nearer and nearer; they kissed his hands and withered cheeks, and rippled in his hair. They lifted his hat from his head and

passed it from one to another, yet gently withal, though it was but a poor napless thing; and then, with a sort of respectful impertinence they lifted up the lappets of his coat and peered into his pockets. And at last they passed over him altogether, and ran higher up the beach, until some larger waves came and lifted D— up on their shoulders—and yet he never awoke.

"A bell began to toll from the distant village, sending faint echoes across the bay. More lights came out under the mountain, and a large planet rose from behind it and looked brightly over the water towards poor D—, whom the changeful tide, finding, I suppose, that the dreams and hopes and sorrows had gone clean out of him, left presently upon a ridge of sand, where twice a day it throws a multitude of other shells which it has unkindly torn from their quiet beds below."

These quotations alone would, I think, show that *A Wanderer* is a remarkable book, a book to be read and thought over, to be kept and not borrowed. It

is subtle and, above all, restful. Mr. Keary has evidently put much of his heart and soul into this record of days which, if they were not wholly happy, he would not for worlds forget. Professor Huxley, who read the book by chance, without knowing who was its author, was so much struck by it that he referred to it again and again, and had some intention of reviewing it in the *Nineteenth Century*. But it was a busy time with him, and perhaps he did not come upon a quiet hour in which it occurred to him to do it: anyhow, *A Wanderer* found its way to his shelves, and to the shelves of a few others who were struck by it, and stayed there—neglected.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

WHEN WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WROTE HIS PLAYS.

Methinks it was a merry scene,
This London Town of long ago;
The chaste Elizabeth was queen
(Who caused her cousin's blood to flow);
The courtier sought his wit to show,
And voiced his artificial lays;
The Thames was mightier than the Po—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays.

The lasses were alert, I ween,
In sparkled gaud and ribboned bow,
To greet the lads upon the green
And to the fiddle trip the toe;
Proud dames were wont the dice to throw;
Perchance the plotter got the praise;
The fawning friend was oft the foe—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays.

The query of the world has been,
Was William's manner quick or slow?
His doubtful face, was it serene—
Or flashed with introspective glow?
Alack! of him we little know,
And of that little most is haze,
Did other bards the palm bestow—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays?

ENVOY.

Ah, passing old shall England grow
Ere such great poets walk her ways
As in the stately times, I trow,
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays!

A. T. Schuman.

MR. DANA ON JOURNALISM.

Mr. Charles A. Dana is undoubtedly the most conspicuous exponent of American journalism to-day; it is perhaps not too much to assert that he is the most interesting figure that the development of journalism has yet produced. We have, of course, no opinion to express in these columns of the various causes that he has championed, of the views that he has at any time expressed, or of his motives, his consistency, and his intellectual sincerity; but regarded solely as a writer for the million and as a moulder of public sentiment, his work deserves the most serious and thoughtful consideration.

Mr. Dana's equipment for the editorial profession is as unique as is his personality. Receiving while a young man the thorough classical training that was long one of the most noble traditions of New England, his early associations lay among the literary patricians of his generation, whose intimacies he shared, so that he was enrolled in that high-minded if unpractical group who made the historic failure at Brook Farm. Hawthorne, Curtis, Channing, Ripley, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller were his personal friends, among whom, however, he maintained, as he has always done, his own distinctive individuality unchanged. From Horace Greeley, a man of a very different training and mentality, he also received many practical lessons during their association upon the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*—an association that was broken because Mr. Dana refused to subordinate his own views to the vacillating policy of his chief. As Assistant Secretary of War, in the most fearful period of the great civil contest, he developed his executive talent and got the training of a man of affairs at a time when human character was tested as in the white heat of a furnace. His later years have been spent at the head of a great journal, with digressions into pure literature and encyclopædic research; while the most extensive foreign travel and omnivorous reading have both eliminated every trace of provincialism from his mind and stored it with the literary treasures of thirty centuries.

In the case of many another man this training, while it would have made him powerful in many spheres of intellectual activity, would also have made him quite impossible as a journalist. Conventionality would have fettered him too heavily to allow him to keep step with the march of the popular mind; his culture would have stood as a thin, impenetrable wall between him and the great unlettered public. And it is just here that Mr. Dana seems to us so utterly unique as to make it unlikely that he will ever find a real successor. Other men will be as widely read as he and as cultured; others, again, will be as individual and racy; but we can scarcely expect to find again the culture and the experience and the rarely humorous originality all assimilated and blended together in the mentality of a single man.

Mr. Dana's long life makes him, in fact, a link between two schools of journalism. His own career began in the intensely personal period of American newspaper evolution—the period whose worst features have been mercilessly photographed for us in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Colonel Diver and Jefferson Brick were living realities in those days when foul epithets and hideous slander filled the columns of even the greatest journals, and when editors were lashed in the street, only to record their own disgrace as affording welcome materials for a new sensation. Mr. Greeley, with all his undeniable gifts, was only a glorified specimen of this type of editor. A man without any scholastic training, with a gigantic contempt for the graces of life, and with a total lack of the dignified restraint that is often the most effective element in controversial writing, he threw himself upon his newspaper opponents like a wild beast, so that the columns of the *Tribune* often recalled to those who knew him well the profane yells and violent diatribes that sometimes made his editorial chamber resemble the lair of a hyena.

In these days we are getting every day farther and farther away from the traditions of Greeley, and the elder Bennett, and Prentice, and Webb; while the example set even in those early years

by men like William Cullen Bryant is now becoming the rule in the newer journalism. Personality in its extreme forms is now generally relegated to the newspapers of the Far West, and for the readers of the East it has reached the stage of burlesque in such imaginary creations as the *Arizona Kicker*. Mr. Dana's own urbanity never allows him to go the lengths of many of his early contemporaries, yet his journalistic methods have, nevertheless, been strongly influenced by the older license, preserving much of its irreverence and directness, and stopping short only at the threshold of private life. His reticence is only relative, and to a foreign journalist the columns of the *Sun* would still appear appallingly personal; yet compared with the freedom of speech that prevailed fifty years ago, certain definite limitations are always plainly to be seen.

Mr. Dana is by nature and by choice a free lance—a sort of Ishmael of journalism. It delights him to be in opposition, and perhaps most of all to lead a forlorn hope, dashing gallantly amid the smoke of conflict at the breastwork of some doughty foe. His resources of controversy are absolutely unlimited, and to him is always applicable the great line of Lucan, that while the successful cause may please the gods, the cause that is lost is the one that pleases Cato. One could almost imagine that hard as he fought for the election of Mr. Tilden, for instance, he must still have felt a secret joy, a sort of professional joy, so to speak, at his defeat, since it gave so magnificent an occasion for the display of Mr. Dana's peculiar talents in the four years' battle that he waged against the administration of President Hayes. The unceasing stream of invective that he poured out upon that unfortunate official, the Rabelaisian ridicule with which he overwhelmed him, the perfectly marvellous ingenuity that he displayed in turning every move of the administration into contempt, have absolutely no parallel in the history of American journalism; and his success is seen in the undoubted fact that at last even the Republicans themselves felt no pride in their victory, but spoke and acted, even publicly and officially, in an almost apologetic fashion. It is at this late day permissible to say, without treading on the forbidden field

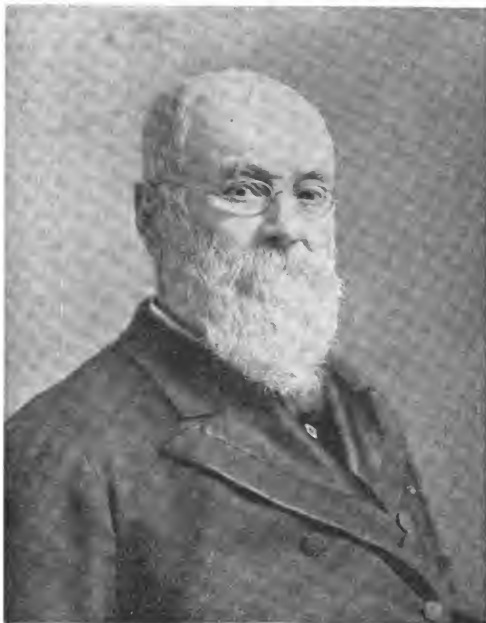
of politics, that practically all Americans have come to recognise the uprightness, purity, and dignity of Mr. Hayes's rule, and to regard it as a most salutary contrast to the scandalous record of the second administration of President Grant; but such was the power of Mr. Dana's invective that, at the time, all this was scarcely evident even to Mr. Hayes's party friends, so searching, overpowering, and irresistible were the newspaper assaults upon the President at the hands of Mr. Dana and his followers.

His controversies with private individuals have been equally remarkable, and the whole country wakes up with an expectant air whenever it becomes known that he has girded up his loins for another fight. His methods of attack are his own and quite inimitable, for they are, from their nature, unanswerable. A Western editor offends him, and Mr. Dana at once dubs him a "hebetudinous crank." Now "hebetudinous" is a word of which probably few of the readers of the *Sun* have ever heard, and it attracts attention and curiosity at once. Mr. Dana then follows up his first stroke by a series of articles on hebetudinosity, and on the psychological effect of hebetudinosity on the "intellectuals," with illustrations drawn from the writings of the editor in question. Showers of paragraphs, squibs, and semi-serious observations coruscate in the *Sun's* columns every day for weeks, until from the Atlantic to the Pacific the hebetudinosity of the unfortunate victim is a household word. Another editor in Cincinnati becomes involved in a similar contest, and Mr. Dana takes an entirely different line. He gravely dubs his opponent "Deacon," and describes him feelingly as a truly good man, but one who is unfortunately under the control of wicked partners, who use him as a cloak for their evil deeds. The *Sun* then teems with speculations as to the personality of those wicked men and the nature of the power they exert over the Deacon. Mr. Dana pretends to think that one of them is descended from Kidd the pirate, and long and serious discussions ensue on this point, coupled all the while with respectful and plaintive regrets over the baleful influences of the nefarious pair, and an undercurrent of respectful sympathy with the afflictions of the truly

good man whose reputation they are destroying. By this time the whole country is in a broad grin, and there is nothing left for the "Deacon" to do but to withdraw from the contest with as good a face as he can. Still another opponent Mr. Dana imagines to be constitutionally mendacious, but to be struggling hard against his infirmity with varying success. The *Sun* daily chronicles the progress of the struggle, and gives readings from an "aethliometer," which Mr. Dana supposes to be used by his adversary to record his lapses from the truth. These are a few of many examples that might be cited to illustrate the variety and play of a singularly original imagination, which is seen not only in his controversies, but in everything that comes from his pen.

In his serious writing there is the same fertility, and here is displayed also his consummate mastery of the English language, with all its manifold resources; for he invariably and instinctively selects exactly the right word, the most effective phrase, the most terse and nervous form of sentence. His vocabulary is worthy of long and serious study, for it is the vocabulary of one who has at command the whole range of our native speech, from the stately English of the Elizabethans and the elegancies of the Addisonian writers down to the quaint and forcible provincialisms of New England and the

latest bit of modern slang. No one has a keener sense of word-values, and no one is fonder of reviving some good old word that has long been obsolete, but for which our present vocabulary has no good equivalent. Nothing gives him more delight than to use one of



CHARLES A. DANA.

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these long-forgotten terms, and then to have some rash correspondent take him to task for it, whereupon Mr. Dana will point out in his columns that the word in question can be found on such and such a page of Skelton or Richard Hooker. With native American coinages it is the same; and every one knows that it was through the columns of the *Sun* that "mugwump" and "crank" passed into the vocabulary of

all English-speaking peoples. His linguistic arsenal is, in fact, supplied with weapons forged in every land and every age; and he will smash an adversary with an Homeric battle axe or riddle his defences with a modern rapid-fire gun with equal readiness and dexterity. It is, in reality, only those as widely read as Mr. Dana himself who can thoroughly appreciate to the full his remarkable stylistic resources; and in his most spontaneous and apparently frivolous productions, the scholar will find with a delighted recognition a thousand subtle echoes and suggestions of the world's great classics. To give a concrete example, it was only the other day, on the eve of the Cornell contest at Henley, that the *Sun* gave utterance to a sort of prose dithyramb of exhortation to the Ithacan crew, couched in the drollest vein of comic rhapsody, and crackling with modern slang. Every one, except perhaps some stray Philistines, read it with delight; yet unless a person were familiar with the Homeric Hymns much of its subtle vein of parody would be absolutely lost to him.

Most striking of all is the immense vitality and vivacity of his writing. An inexhaustible spirit of fun, tricky, mocking, and effervescent, runs through all his work and impregnates it with an almost boyish *joie de vivre*. This proneness to levity is to many a condemnation of the writer. An English journalist's hair would fairly stand on end over some of the things that appear in the editorial columns of Mr. Dana's newspaper—at the unflinching jest, the gleam of humour thrown upon even the most serious things of life, at the spirit which sees fun in everything from a theological controversy down to the consular reports. It is undoubtedly true that no such editorials could ever appear in any but an American newspaper; yet this is the very cream of the whole matter. It is precisely in these things that Mr. Dana is so typically American; and the whole temperament that has been here so imperfectly described is the faithful and accurate embodiment of our national spirit, of the spirit of modern America, in all its humorous levity, its quick assimilation, its irreverence and audacity, and at the same time with all its underlying fund of real earnestness and energy and power.

These considerations give especial in-

terest to a little volume that has lately issued from the press of the Appletons,* containing the text of three lectures delivered by Mr. Dana on the subject of newspaper-making. The first was given before the Wisconsin Editorial Association, at Milwaukee, and treats of "The Modern American Newspaper;" the second was delivered to the students of Union College, and has to do with "The Profession of Journalism;" and the third was prepared for the celebration of Founder's Day at Cornell University, and has for its subject "The Making of a Newspaper Man." In them all Mr. Dana is at his best in both style and manner—lucid, easy, speaking directly to the point, with a delightful fund of anecdote and illustration; while the genial urbanity of his tone charms one like the sunshine of a summer morning. He tells of the details of newspaper-making, of the mechanical processes, the press-work, the illustrating, of the manner of man who is best adapted to succeed, of the preliminary training that is most practical, of the ethics of the profession, and speaks also of the ideals that a journalist should cherish.

It is rather as casting light on Mr. Dana's own opinions than for any really practical end that one reads these interesting lectures. Mr. Dana himself has a healthy contempt for the notion that successful journalism can be taught by rule and precept, rather than by nature herself and by experience. It is not by taking much thought that the journalistic instinct can be acquired, but in so far as it is not born in one, it can be developed by observation, example, and personal contact with its past masters. Mr. Dana himself, for example, has so influenced and moulded his own staff—his "bright young men," as he likes to call them—that every one of them is himself a sort of pocket edition of his chief, knowing perfectly his point of view, and actually writing after his own fashion; so that even when Mr. Dana is in Paris, or Mexico, or Jerusalem, no reader of the *Sun* would ever suspect his absence. Yet it is also true that when these same writers whom he has thus influenced drift off into other papers, they lose almost at once the characteristics of their chief, Antaeus-like growing weak when separated from

* The Art of Newspaper-Making. By Charles A. Dana. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.

the source of their original inspiration.

A few extracts from the lectures will serve to emphasise certain significant features of Mr. Dana's own style. The first has to do with the value of classical training :

"I am myself a partisan of the strict, old-fashioned classical education. The man who knows Greek and Latin, and *knows* it—I don't mean who has read six books of *Vergil* for a college examination, but the man who can pick up *Vergil* or *Tacitus* without going to his dictionary, and the man who can read the *Iliad* in Greek without boggling—and if he can read *Aristotle* and *Plato*, all the better—that man may be trusted to edit a newspaper."

The question of printing illustrations in the daily papers being one that is a good deal discussed at the present time, the following passage is worth quoting :

"They have gone so far as to invent a press which prints pictures in different colours ; so they turn out from one machine, without moving the form at all, pictures that are red and green and yellow and all the colors of the rainbow. . . . I asked Mr. Whitelaw Reid one day what was his opinion, and he said that he was against these pictures, that they didn't add anything to the purpose of the newspapers, which is to convey intelligence and enlighten thought. Any picture, he said, which is in itself of the nature of news, which gives you the likeness of a distinguished man whose portrait you wish to see, or anything which really illustrates to your mind an event of the day, that is a legitimate newspaper picture. 'But the fancy, fantastic, devil may-care pictures,' he said, 'those I am not in favour of.' I think he is entirely right on that subject as on many others."

And this he gives in conclusion :

"There is a tradition in some newspapers of the old school that you must pretend to a silly infallibility and never admit that you have been wrong. That is a silly rule. If a man has not the moral courage to say, 'Yes, I was wrong, and don't now believe what I said at some former time'—if he has not the courage to say that, he had better retire from business and never try to make another newspaper."

This is a fine sentiment, but we fear that Mr. Dana has not yet sufficiently impressed it upon his bright young men. For instance, some years ago, after the

Sun had just finished one of its periodical denunciations of the phrase "in our midst," a scholar residing in the West wrote a very courteous, intelligent, and learned letter, defending the expression by the analogy of many other languages, as well as by citations from the earlier English. The *Sun* printed the letter ; but did it admit that there was at least something to be said on the other side ? Alas ! it lost its editorial temper, and fell upon the unfortunate scholar, and buffeted him sorely, and without answering his arguments called him names, and, in fact, hooted him out of court. The present writer may perhaps be pardoned for relating a personal experience of his own. Mr. Dana is never weary of denouncing (very properly, too) the prevalent and thoroughly senseless trick of speech by which a noun in the predicate is made to refer to something different from the subject of the verb, as "he was given a reception," etc. He likewise on a certain occasion demolished a meek correspondent for using words that "had no lexical authority." Now the present writer having, with malice prepense, kept a scrap-book for this particular purpose, at once sent to the *Sun* a long list of citations from its own editorial columns in which the first named syntactical monstrosity had occurred ; and also a second list of words, also from its editorial columns, but wholly devoid of "lexical authority." It is sad to relate it, but the lists were never noticed in the *Sun*, and a great silence reigned unbroken. Was the *Sun* "pretending to a silly infallibility" ? Perhaps, however, Mr. Dana himself has wicked partners who set at naught his wise rules ; or it may be that, like another more valuable document on a certain historical occasion, the lists were devoured by the office-cat, of which famous animal Mr. Dana in these lectures, much to every one's regret, has not a word to say.

H. T. P.



OPPOSITES.

The young man came in out of the cold dash of rain. The negro man received his outside garments and ushered him into the drawing-room, where a bright fire welcomed him like a smiling hostess.

He sat down with a sudden relaxation of his muscles. As he waited at his ease, his senses absorbed the light and warmth and beauty of the room. It was familiar, and yet it had a new meaning to him. A bird was singing somewhere in the upper rooms, carolling with a joyous note that seemed to harmonise with the warmth and colour of the room in which the caller sat.

The young man stared at the fire, his head leaning on his hand. There were lines of gloomy thought in his face. There were marks of bitter struggle on his hands. His dress was strong and good, but not in the mode. He looked like a young lawyer with his lean, dark face, smoothly shaven save for a little tuft on either cheek. His long hands were heavy-jointed with toil.

He listened to the bird singing and to the answering chirping call of a girl's voice. His head drooped forward in deep reverie.

How beautiful her life is! his thought was. How absolutely without care or struggle! She knows no uncertainty such as I feel daily, hourly. She has never a question of daily food; the question of clothes has been a diversion for her, a worry of choice merely. Dirt, grime, she knows nothing of. Here she lives, sheltered in a glow of comfort and colour, while I hang by my finger-ends over a bottomless pit. She sleeps and dreams while I fight. She is never weary, while I sink into my bed each night as if it were my grave. Every hand held out to her is a willing hand—if it is paid for it is willing, for she has no enemies even among her servants. O God! If I could only reach such a place to rest for just a year—for just a month. But such security, such rest is out of my reach. I must toil and toil, and when at last I reach a place to pause and rest, I shall be old and brutalised and deadened, and my rest will be merely—sleep.

He looked once more about the lovely room. The ocean-wind tore at the windows with wolfish claws, savage to enter.

"The world howling out there is as impotent to do her harm as is that wind at the window," the young man added.

II.

The bird's song again joined itself to the gay voice of the girl, and then he heard quick footsteps on the stairs, and as he rose to greet her the room seemed to glow like the heart of a ruby.

They clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes a moment. He saw love and admiration in her eyes. She saw only friendliness and some dark, unsmiling mood in his.

They sat down and talked upon the fringe of personalities which he avoided. She fancied that she saw a personal sorrow in his face and she longed to comfort him. She longed to touch his vexed forehead with her fingers.

They talked on, of late books and coming music. He noticed how clear and sweet and intelligent were her eyes. Refinement was in the folds of her dress and in the faint perfume which exhaled from her drapery. The firm flesh of her arms appealed to him like the limbs of a child—beautiful!

He saw in her face something wistful, restless. He tried to ignore it, to seem unconscious of the adoration he saw there, for it pained him. It affected him as a part of the general misdirection of affection and effort in the world.

She asked him about his plans. He told her of them. He grew stern and savage as he outlined the work which he had set himself to do. His hands spread and clutched, and his teeth set together involuntarily. "It is to be a fight," he said, "but I shall win. Bribery, blackmail, the press, and all other forces are against me, but I shall win."

He rose at length to a finer mood as he sketched the plan which he hoped to set in action.

She looked at him with expanding eyes and quickened breath. A globed light each soft eye seemed to him.

He spoke more freely of the struggle

outside in order to make her feel her own sweet security—here where the grime of trade and the reek of politics never came.

At last he rose to go, smiling a little as if in apology for his dark mood. He looked down at her slender body robed so daintily in gray and white; she made him feel coarse and rough.

Her eyes appealed to him, her glance was like a detaining hand. He felt it, and yet he said abruptly,—

“Good-night.”

“You’ll come to see me again!”

“Yes,” he answered very simply and gravely.

And she, looking after him as he went down the street with head bent in thought, grew weak with a terrible weakness, a sort of hunger, and deep in her heart she cried out:

“Oh, the brave, splendid life *he* leads out there in the world! Oh, the big, brave world!”

She clenched her pink hand.

“Oh, this terrible, humdrum woman’s life! It kills me, it smothers me. I must do something. I must be something. I can’t live here in this way—useless. I must get into the world.”

And looking around the cushioned, glowing, beautiful room, she thought bitterly:

“This is being a woman. O God, I want to be free of four walls! I want to struggle like that.”

And then she sat down before the fire and whispered very softly, “I want to fight in the world with him.”

Hamlin Garland.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

Peace was here yesterday,
 Joy comes to-morrow;
 Why wilt thou, heart of mine,
 Dark bodings borrow?

Shrilly the tempest shrieks,
 Fierce roar the waves,
 High roll the curling crests,
 Deep the black graves:

Now the cold midnight falls,
 Clouds overwhelm . . .
 Memory lights the seas!
 Hope holds the helm!

Peace was here yesterday,
 Joy comes to-morrow,
 Why wilt thou, heart of mine,
 Dark bodings borrow?

Charlotte W. Thurston

THE PARALYSIS OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

As the German Empire is about to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its creation and of the completion of its unity, several German writers have thought the moment auspicious for a general consideration of the social, literary, and artistic life of the new nation, with a view to determining what the energies of their country, so long scattered by the particularistic spirit, but today united and centralized, have been able to contribute to poetry, to the drama, to fiction, and to the other spheres of German thought.

A professor in the University of Bonn, Herr Berthold Litzmann, develops this investigation in a study that he has recently made of the influence of Germany's new political situation on poetry, fiction, and the drama. The conclusions to which he has been forced by his investigations are by no means flattering to the Germany of Bismarck. At the commencement of his researches, Herr Litzmann declares that in 1870 there was not found in all Germany a poet capable of expressing the exultation of the German people in its first victories over the hereditary foe. Germany was quivering with martial enthusiasm, but the German muse held her peace as though struck dumb. In fact, when he undertook to publish in Germany a volume of poetical songs in honour of the campaign of 1870, the author of this monograph was forced to seek out and include in the collection verses written as far back as 1840 by the poet Arndt, already in his grave.

The poets who were alive in 1870, like Freiligrath or Geibel—they who had been able to sway the hearts of the whole people before the war—put forth after this period nothing but empty declamation, without sincerity and without warmth, and in which the Germans could scarcely recognise their favourite singers. Professor Litzmann, in the course of his conscientious work, quotes several of these patriotic songs, and one is amazed to see that not only is there a great lack of genuine emotion, but that the workmanship is feeble, artificial, and appallingly platitudinous.

Geibel's lack of success in his attempt

to sing the Prussian eagle is very significant. In his youth he had celebrated with great zeal the ancient German Empire, and had invoked with enthusiasm the return of the ancient kaisers. His muse in 1845 had found a genuine inspiration in his dreams of a united Germany; but in 1870, when this dream had been realised, and when all Germany was waiting to see its favourite poet seize the lyre, thrilling with the intoxication of victory, Geibel brought forth the most pitiful specimen of hack-poetry in the shape of a patriotic hymn, "Deutschland." Professor Litzmann, out of regard for a poet who once had some happy inspirations, prefers not to quote these stanzas, "so barren are they of ideas."

Only one German writer, according to Herr Litzmann, has been able to bring his verse fully into harmony with the thunder of the German cannon; and this writer is not a poet, but an historian—Heinrich Treitschke. His "Hymn to the Black Eagle" expresses well enough the impression which the War of 1870 produced in Germany. In other respects it is not a poetical work at all, but a rude war-song, fit enough to be sung by soldiers on the march, but void of any elevated sentiment or any pregnant thought. Treitschke invites the German warriors of every rank to make "one last bloody pilgrimage to the Cathedral of Strasburg," and the whole song is in this fierce and rugged style. Nevertheless, Herr Litzmann pronounces this to be the one pearl of patriotic poetry that Germany has produced since 1870.

Has the new Germany, however, more successfully inspired the writers of romances? Herr Litzmann thinks not. At the time of the War of 1870, Germany possessed two great novelists—Freytag, who has just died, and Spielhagen. She naturally looked to them for a great prose epos of reunited Germany; but this great epos failed to appear. Freytag, who had reproduced with a good deal of cleverness the life of the German middle classes before 1870, seemed suddenly to lose his perception of reality, and began to muddle himself with a swarm of cut-and-dried historical analo-

gies drawn from the history of Rome, of Gaul, of the Franks, and of the early Teutons, and from that time on depicted contemporary life with the dullness of an antiquarian who is collecting documents, instead of producing an impression of living truth.

After this, the Germans looked hopefully to Spielhagen, who before the war had become famous for his powerful picture of Germany in 1848. They were sure that he at least would give them a picture of united Germany true to the very life. But he too disappointed public expectation. After the War of 1870 he published his novel called *Sturmflut*—an attempt at setting forth the moral defects that were debauching German society as the direct consequence of German victory. Spielhagen feebly scourged the loose way of living that everywhere became manifest after the Germans had begun to worship the golden calf, and in consequence had started a mad rush after material comforts and coarse pleasures that seemed to threaten the fatherland from the very moment that the nation became a powerful Empire. Spielhagen set before himself types drawn from the stock-exchange and from the lower circles of politics, unrolling a panorama of financial distress and depicting the money-getting craze that had seized upon Berlin. The novel was intended to give a powerful presentation of one phase of German life, but the work is disappointing. The only impression that one gets from it is that the actual Germany of to-day by no means corresponds to the ideal picture dreamed of by the Germans of 1848.

United Germany, then, which has been able to inspire neither its poets nor its novelists, has, perhaps, one may say, produced some great and talented dramatic writer. Herr Litzmann, in answer to this question, relates certain facts which show how little the dramatic art in Germany has profited by the success of the German arms. In November, 1857, there was established in Prussia a triennial prize of 1600 thalers in honour of Schiller. Until 1869 this prize was regularly awarded every three years; but from 1869-79—that is to say, for a period of ten years—there was not found in Germany a single dramatic work that could be regarded as worthy of being crowned. At last, in 1879, as the Committee could find no single author who

was so obviously conspicuous as to receive all its votes, the prize was divided between three writers, not, however, for the merit of any particular work of theirs, but for having given proof of "excellent dramatic qualities." Herr Litzmann can find in the sphere of the German drama since 1870 only two bright spots—Bayreuth and the theatrical company of Meiningen. In fact, German hopes are practically all directed toward Bayreuth, and are limited to that Wagnerism which is the consummation of the lyric drama as that drama was conceived by another German on French soil. But surely no one will pretend that in the development of Wagnerism the victories won by German arms had any share even as an inspiration, for the greater part of the works of Wagner were written long before 1870. So far as the Meiningen troupe is concerned, it has, it is true, been of great service to the dramatic art. It has revolutionised certain features of the *mise en scène*, and for the first time it has subordinated the individual ambition of the actor to the requirements of general effect, so that in it the actor is dominated by the play and not the play by the actor. It is to be noticed, however, that this artistic result is so far from being the work of united Germany that the Meiningen troupe was maintained by a Prince belonging to the early German Confederation, and that after the changes brought about by the unification of Germany, this fine company was compelled to disband. Luckily, it will once more be brought together under the auspices of an artist well known in France, Herr Paul Lindau, the graceful novelist whom the Grand Duke of Meiningen has placed in charge of his theatre, and who, being himself a dramatic writer, and having shown in his studies on the theatre that he possesses unusual intelligence, will revive no doubt at Meiningen the artistic celebrity which in former years had made the place renowned throughout all Europe.

Professor Litzmann, after a long investigation, has come to this rather depressing conclusion: "The literature of united Germany is neither hot nor cold, but dreadfully commonplace and destitute of individuality." German literature, however, appears to have awakened of late with Hauptmann, and with the publication of the novels and critical works

of Max Nordau. The first of these authors, however, gained his vogue by a socialistic production; and the second as a representative of that modern sci-

ence which prior to 1870 had already made itself conspicuous in Germany.

Michel Delines.

JONAS LIE.

If literature in Norway were imagined to be dominated by a triumvirate—a wholly invidious supposition, since there is quite as much republicanism in the literary life of this redoubtable part of the world as there is in its politics—the third place would unquestionably be occupied by Jonas Lie. As to the personality of the other two members of this supposed junta there will be no difficulty in recognising Björnson and Ibsen. It is perhaps to Jonas Lie's disadvantage that his two fellow-craftsmen stand out so distinctly to the eye of the world, for he is thereby to a certain extent overlooked. This is, however, only outside of Scandinavia. At home he has not only a place definitely accorded him, but a place peculiarly his own. Björnson is a part of Norway itself, a great moving force in the nation's whole economy of living. Ibsen, for his part, is viewed objectively; he is wondered at and admired, as one might admire a giant for his strength; they are proud in Norway to have him among them, but it is safe to say he has never inspired them with any deeper sense. Lie, on the other hand, is part of the people's subjectivity, and he lies warm in the nation's heart. In instituting such a comparison as this it must not be supposed that there is a desire to put the three on a literary plane. Björnson and Ibsen in this way are Titans, who rise head and shoulders above the rest of literary Norway. The common man, however, whose stature most nearly approaches them is Jonas Lie.

Jonas Lie—he has two other names, viz., Lauritz Idemil, wisely felt to be superfluous and never used—was born at Eker, in Norway, in 1833. His father, who was a lawyer, soon removed in an official capacity to the seaport town of Tromsøe, in the extreme wild north of the country, where the novelist's boyhood was passed in an environment that has had a lasting influence

upon his own spirit and has sensibly impressed itself upon his writings. Lie's predilections for the sea, subsequently expressed in some of his most notable novels, had an early origin. It had almost decided his career. As a mere lad he was sent to enter at Fredriksværn, the Norwegian Annapolis, but, after remaining here a year, he was rejected because of near-sightedness. The next years were devoted to preparation for the university. In a little country like Norway it is almost inevitable that the men of a generation shall meet intimately at some point along the educational road, which in its higher levels especially has but few turnings. This is a fact that appears characteristic in the lives of almost all Norwegians, and it results not only in a personal acquaintanceship, but in a certain homogeneity at any given time that is unknown in a larger nation. At Heltberg's gymnasium, accordingly, in Christiania—a "student factory" the Norwegians themselves call it—Lie fell in with both Björnson and Ibsen as fellow-pupils. Between him and the former particularly a friendship soon ripened, which has lasted through life and has had no little influence upon his career.

At the university Lie studied jurisprudence, and in course of time emerged with the proper qualifications to pursue the calling of his father before him. The year after he settled down to the practice of law in Kongsvinger. He married the following year, prospered as a lawyer and as a man of affairs, bought an estate, and entered actively into the social and political life of the place. The financial crisis that came to Norway in the middle of the sixties not only took away everything that he had, but plunged him hopelessly into debt. In 1868 he gave up the practice of his profession and removed to Christiania, in order to devote himself here-

after to a literary career. He had already, in Kongsvinger, written a volume of poems, which had, however, attracted no particular attention, and had contributed political articles and essays to various journals, and his work, at the outset, in Christiania, was a continuation in this latter direction. If, as he says, he had already before this time had "bitter experience in the practical school of life," I suspect that more as bitter was yet to come, for he got along at first but badly. Beside his essays in journalism, he presently took and lost again a position as teacher in the same school where he had formerly been a pupil.

Better days were ushered in by the appearance of his first novel, *The Visionary*, which was published at Copenhagen in December, 1870, and met with immediate and unmistakable success.

The Norwegian Government presently sent him off with a stipend to study matters and manners in the extreme north of Norway, and before he had fairly started on this errand he had been given another, renewed the following year, to enable him to go abroad in order, as the grant itself reads, "to educate himself as a poet." In Rome he wrote the greater part of his next book, *Tales and Sketches from Norway* (1872), and his first novels of the sea, *The Barque Future* (1872) and *The Pilot and*



his Wife (1874). When, after the appearance of the latter book, he was again in Norway, he was voted by the Storting a yearly pension equal in amount to that already accorded Björnson and Ibsen.

Since this time Lie, beside mere visits to Norway, has lived abroad, and, as far as I am aware, but four of the score of books he has published were written at home. His other novels of the sea, *Rutland* (1880) and *Press On* (1882), came to light, the one in the little Ba-

varian village of Berchtesgaden, where Ibsen has also lived and worked and Lie has written no less than six other novels, and the other in Hamburg. Since 1882 he has been a resident of Paris.

It was by way of Paris and in Jonas Lie's next book that modern naturalism found its way into Norwegian literature. This book, written after the author's removal to Paris and published the following year, bears the title of *Livsløven* (*The Life Convict*), and has never found its way into English. A projected translation in the Chicago *Scandinavia* (1886) ended with the first instalment, through the untimely demise of that magazine. A recent writer on this side of the water calls the work, with forbearance, "a dismal tale," and it assuredly is not pleasant reading. Sharp-penned critics in Norway pretended to see in its development of plot too close a resemblance to Daudet's *Jack*, and they pointed to the unmistakable influence of Zola and *L'Assommoir*. The author,

however, in a published letter, assured them that he had brought the idea of the story with him from Christiania, and that he had never even read *Jack*. As for the latter point, while it would be idle to deny the inspiring influence of French naturalism, nothing could be less like Zola than are these or any other pages of Lie's.

The subsequent books—there have been eight or nine of them, novels and collections of short stories—are all in this same direction. In Norway they have been warmly received and eagerly read, and they have been widely translated, although we know nothing of them in English. Lie's one drama, *Grabow's Cat* (1880), written in the generative period, before his fullest literary development, was not a great success. It was promptly returned with thanks from Copenhagen, but was subsequently produced for short periods in Christiania, Bergen, and Stockholm.

William H. Carpenter.

A VAGABOND SONG.

There is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood ;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir :
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

Bliss Carman.

THE CRITICISM OF LIFE.

The best of definitions is usually more or less inexact, and to define the functions of criticism would be to run an extraordinary risk of being inadequate. But the phrase which Matthew Arnold applied to poetry, "a criticism of life," throws a little light, it seems to me, upon criticism of every sort. It is true that Mr. Stedman has expressed some dissatisfaction with this phrase as a definition of poetry. And yet not only poetry, but all literature, is, or should be, a criticism of life, and we appreciate it just so far as our individual culture is based upon a criticism of life. And since national culture is but the infinite sum of individual culture, it is of no slight consequence to discover what the forces are among Americans which make for or against culture. In other words, have we a literature that is in any sense a criticism of life, and have we the culture to appreciate such criticism? Of course much that passes with us for literature is not literature at all. There are but four kinds of literature—poetry, fiction, drama, and criticism; and history or philosophy or science is only literature when it is criticism; in other words, when it is written from that point of view which means perception of the fact in its relations to other facts, when it is the product of knowledge, it is true, but also of something that is higher than knowledge—that is, of culture. What, for example, makes history literature? A chronicle of events is not literature. To the fact must be added the way of looking at the fact. Mr. Freeman's *Norman Conquest* is a valuable work, but it is not literature, while Mr. Froude's *English Seamen*, with all its errors on its head, just as distinctly is literature.

If literature, then, is a criticism of life, and if even all culture worth the name is first of all essentially critical, it is easy to see how important a thing criticism of any kind is, and how the criticism of literature is practically valueless unless it proceeds from the highest culture. There has been altogether too much criticism of literature which has not proceeded from the highest culture, or indeed, from culture of

any kind. At the present time the air is full of the gabble of the imperfectly educated. We make no distinctions, we draw no parallels, but simply content ourselves with proclaiming our crude beliefs. There is a deluge of useless books, written by men and women whose sole equipment for the work is the possession of perfect confidence in opinions which have no large significance, no relation to the criticism of life. And those who should be critics stand hopelessly by, feebly applauding or as feebly denouncing.

I do not deny that there is a vast amount of knowledge in this country. It is a cherished theory of ours that everybody ought to be educated. We delight in our public school system, which is based on the Gradgrind system of filling up the little pitchers with facts. And the little pitchers overflow with facts, the bearing of which on life and those vast issues that make life so terribly complex they have never been taught to appreciate. This kind of education is completely divorced and severed from culture. The main result of it is to create a false atmosphere of intelligence, an impression that we are all equally competent to deal with the problems of the time, and that an appeal to public taste is an appeal to culture. Thus the public taste is the only criticism that we recognise, and its standards the only standards that we accept. In the long run the public taste is sound. Sifted by the process of the centuries, the public judgment stands. But the public taste of the moment, untempered by the matured verdict of the critical few, is quite as likely to be wrong as right. The majority of men have not the trained habit of mind, the way of looking at things which is genuine culture; the point of view from which the true perspective can be obtained. There is nothing surprising in this. The surprising thing is that we should ever imagine it to be otherwise. But we are so much in love with our ideal of universal knowledge, so determined to admit no deficiencies in our plan for a general levelling-up, that we are disposed to shut our eyes to the facts and depend

upon circumstances for the ultimate justification of our theories. It may be admitted that the levelling-up process is what mankind needs for its highest good. But we can have no gain without a compensating loss, and the education of the masses cannot go on unless at the sacrifice of many old ideals. It is plainly impossible to turn out men and women of a critical habit of mind by the public school methods. We can fill them up with facts, we can bring them to that charming belief in their own intellectual powers which forbids them to listen to any voice but their own, but we cannot make them competent to deal with the larger issues of life. Those are in the very nature of things vast and complicated, and all the education in the world will not make an ordinary human brain an extraordinary one.

Culture would be of little value if it implied a basis of ignorance. But I doubt very much if knowledge of that superficial sort which it seems to be the object of our public schools to give is half so important to the welfare of the race as we are inclined to think, and if an imperfect acquaintance with things which do not concern us really enlarges our mental horizon. A smattering of this, that, and the other, a trifle of philosophy, a dab at history, summer courses of ethics and university extension, a lecture on art, and an essay on Buddhism, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses—I have not that confidence in the efficacy of all these things that I should like to have. I think it is still possible to say something in favour of the older theory of education, which comprehended only the three R's. While it may be that all should have an equal chance—for some of the greatest minds of the race have been evolved from a humble environment—perhaps we should do well if we stopped at offering the chance, and did not strive to bestow upon all alike the ability to understand everything and cope with everything unaided by any higher order of intelligence. But we have gone on offering the doubtful blessing of free education with a bountiful hand, and the air, as I have said, is full of the gabble of the imperfectly educated. It is useless now to wonder at the result, or to grieve over it. There it is, and the question is, what next? Is it possible to inform our knowledge with culture, to

refine by the methods of criticism the raw information which most of us possess?

However hopefully we may wish to undertake it, we must admit, I think, that the task is not an easy one. There is something about superiority which enrages the inferior mind, and we have helped to keep alive this rage by our assumption of the equality of mankind. Whether this be true in politics or not, I will not venture to say; but it certainly isn't true in art or in morals. Culture is not a product of democracy, although the argument that it may be is not unfamiliar. If, indeed, our system of education were as potent as we like to fancy it is, if the common mind were a sort of crucible into which the mere fact could be poured and come out in its true proportion to life, then the superiority of culture would be a Pharisaic pretence, with no existence in reality and no basis in any philosophy of aesthetics. We should then have a real democracy of intellect, and one man's judgment would be as good as another's. So far we have not reached this mental millennium, nor can I say that I see how we are ever to reach it. Meanwhile, there remains the necessity of destroying, if we can, the evil influences of the attempt. The attempt, and not the deed, confounds us. A little humility, considering how imperfect our success has been, would be not unbecoming.

Humility is not exactly our *métier* in this country. We are still in the barbarian stage of culture, or only slightly removed from it, and it is a barbarian trick to try to impose upon people by bragging about our importance. The writers of the day who come from the ranks of the imperfectly educated are never weary of proclaiming their entire emancipation from all reverence for the past. They scorn and defy the idols set up by others in the literary marketplace. They have no standards outside of their own tastes, and they accept the instructions of no teachers but themselves. They put forth novels, poetry, essays, in a very ecstasy of fluency, with the superficial cleverness which our system of education has made so easy of attainment. And thus we are getting an American literature of which nine-tenths will be forgotten before the end of another century. It was not so that

Lowell or Holmes or the rest of the men whose places are secure wrote their masterpieces. No one heard them proclaiming that a new era had come, that Shakespeare was only a milestone on a road back to the dusty past, that "we" write better novels than Thackeray did, and all the rest of the familiar jargon. But they hardly were fair products of the new democracy of intellect. They had the reverence which the superior mind can feel without a pang, but which to the inferior mind is gall and wormwood.

Perhaps the future of culture in this country, the growth of a true criticism of life, is not quite hopeless, although one might almost be excused for believing that it is. Certainly our national

system of education has not done much to further such a growth. Our art is feeble and futile; our literature is poor and mean; we show little sense of beauty and dignity in our lives; so that it requires a buoyant optimism and a cheerful courage to maintain one's faith in the ultimate working together for good of so many noxious influences. We are as yet very far indeed from the critical attitude, whether in relation to literature or to life. That is one reason why our worship is so often the worship of delusive gods. Culture is the one thing which is truth; and the truth, when we know it, shall set us free.

Edward Fuller.

HEINRICH VON SYBEL.

Teacher and writer of history; custodian of archives and editor of historical documents; founder and director of the leading German historical review; politician and political pamphleteer—Heinrich von Sybel, who died last August in his seventy-eighth year, has left a record of varied effort and of worthy achievement. The position generally accorded him as the foremost of German historians since Ranke rests mainly on his two monumental works, the *History of the Revolutionary Period, 1789-1800*, and the *Founding of the German Empire. The Revolutionszeit*, of which the first volumes appeared in the fifties and the last in the seventies, was based upon studies in the archives of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, The Hague, and London. It treated the great Revolution, for the first time, from a point of view neither French nor anti-French, but European. It laid especial stress and threw much new light upon the international relations of the time. Anticipating, as it did in many points, the judgment of Taine, this history gave little satisfaction to the intellectual descendants and admirers of the Jacobins; justifying the partition of Poland, it offended sentimentalists all over the world; treating exhaustively, and with a leaning toward the Prussian side, the relations of Austria and Prussia to France, to each other, and to Germany, it was, until 1866, a

campaign document in the contest between the *Grossdeutschen*, or adherents of Austria, and the *Kleindeutschen*, who favoured a "narrower Germany" under Prussian leadership. In the preface to the first volume (1853), the historian summarised the meaning of the Revolution in a sentence which bears to day the stamp of prophecy fulfilled, so strikingly does the present state of Europe confirm his generalisation. "Everywhere," he wrote, "the Revolution completed the overthrow of the mediæval feudal system, . . . and everywhere in favour of the *modern military state*." Sybel's other chief work, his history of the German unity movement from 1848 to 1871, is based, down to the establishment of the North German Federation in 1867, upon the Prussian and other North German archives, and for the entire period upon the writer's personal experience and observation, and upon information furnished him by the leading actors in the drama. The latter fact will give the work enduring value as material for the future historian, even if the vigour and beauty of the narrative should fail to hold the future reader. This book, however, even more than Sybel's other writings, ought long to resist decay by reason of its finish. With laborious research and patient sifting of evidence it unites that distinctively literary quality and charm which the late J. R. Seeley

declared incompatible with scientific historiography. Both of these works, the *Revolutionary Period* and the *German Empire*, have been translated into English.

Before his *Revolutionszeit* made him famous, Sybel was known to scholars at least by his *History of the First Crusade* (1841), and his *Origin of German Kingship* (1844). The impulse to the first of these histories was given by Ranke, under whose guidance the young Sybel pursued his university studies. In this book the "sources" were subjected to scientific examination, and it was shown that the influence of Peter the Hermit and the achievement of Godfrey of Bouillon were mainly legendary. In his preface to a second edition, published forty years after the first, the author notes that later investigators, both in France and in Germany, have accepted the chief results of his early studies, and adds, with a humour regrettably lacking in most German scholars, but thoroughly characteristic of Sybel at least, that in the course of another forty years these results "may be fortunate enough to find their way into the school-books." In his treatise on primitive German monarchy Sybel took issue with Waitz, who had endowed the early Teutons with all the political virtues, and maintained that until the Germans came under the influence of the Roman civilization they were practically barbarians, with no substantial political organization higher than the clan—an opinion which has been abundantly confirmed by subsequent studies in early German law. In addition to these works Sybel published, from time to time, historical essays, of which the most valuable were collected between 1863 and 1869 into three volumes of *Kleinere Historische Schriften* (3d ed., 1880).

In all his historical writings Sybel displayed a constant striving for the impartial and objective point of view, and a conscientious effort to present the truth as he saw it. Characteristic of the man is a passage in the introduction to his *German Empire*. He has endeavoured, he says, "to confess, without palliation, the faults committed and the mistakes made in our own camp; to judge justly and fairly the conduct of our adversaries; in other words, not to derive the motives of their actions from folly or wickedness, but to comprehend them as the result of the historical prem-

ises of their whole position." Still more characteristic is the treatment, in the same book, of his own political attitude in the early sixties. Like nearly all the Liberals of 1848, Sybel was then hostile to Bismarck, and as a member of the Prussian Diet he played a prominent part in the parliamentary opposition to Bismarck's ministry. Like the majority of his political friends, he recognized, in 1866, that he had misconceived Bismarck's aims, and immediately became a supporter of that statesman's policy. In describing the political events of 1861-66, Sybel the historian explains and defends Bismarck's course. When it is necessary, he takes note of the attitude of Sybel the deputy; he mentions the fact that such a resolution was moved or such a report rendered by "Sybel." These notices are as objective as if they related, not to the chronicler, but to a namesake; and there is no attempt, such as a smaller man would surely have made, to explain or defend either the deputy's opposition or the historian's change of view.

In Sybel the man there were clearly qualities that inspired confidence and won respect, quite apart from his reputation as a writer of histories. It was not alone his reputation as a historian which secured to him the use, without conditions or limitations, of the Austrian archives and of the documents in the French foreign office, both jealously guarded until opened to him. His admission to the latter collection was obtained through the direct intervention of Napoleon III., who further showed his appreciation of Sybel's discretion by discussing with him, most frankly and undiplomatically, the then pending Luxembourg question (1867).

Sybel's academic career extended from 1841, when his *First Crusade* obtained him the *venia docendi* at Bonn, to 1875, when he was appointed director of the Prussian State archives. He became extraordinary professor at Bonn in 1844, ordinary professor at Marburg in 1845. He was called to Munich in 1856, and returned to Bonn (as Dahlmann's successor) in 1861. During the first years of his residence in Berlin (1875-76), he lectured in the university, but it does not appear that he became a member of the regular teaching staff.

In the middle of this century, German politics (except as practised by the gov-

erning bureaucracy) were essentially academic in tone and character, and a professorship was a natural avenue into political life. In 1848 Sybel became deputy from the University of Marburg in the Diet of electoral Hesse. In 1852 he sat as a Hessian deputy in the Erfurt Parliament. During these stirring years, as in his later political life, he was a moderate Liberal and a *Klein-deutscher*. In 1862, after his return to Bonn, he was elected to the Prussian Diet, from which he resigned in 1864 on account of an obstinate affection of the eyes. In 1867 he was elected a member of the first or "constituent" Parliament of the North German Federation. In 1874 he was again elected to the Prussian Diet, and retained his seat through two subsequent elections. His active participation in political life accordingly extended, with interruptions, over a period of more than thirty years. During these years he naturally delivered many addresses and published not a few political pamphlets. (A collection (*Vorträge und Aufsätze*) was published at Berlin in 1874. (One address deserves special mention. Early in the seventies, when the enthusiasm and pride of the Germans were at their highest pitch, Sybel told his countrymen, in a speech which was widely noted and discussed, that in almost every field except that of politics they had much to learn from the French.

Closely connected with his academic and literary activity, but not uninfluenced by his political career, was his connection with State archives, first at Munich, where he acted as Secretary to the Royal Bavarian Historical Commission from 1859 to 1861, and inaugurated

a series of important publications, and afterwards at Berlin, where he held the position of Director of the Prussian State archives from 1875 until his death. Here, again, his impulse was felt in the publication of many valuable documents relating to Prussian and German history.* From these archives, by royal permission, Sybel drew priceless material for his *Founding of the German Empire*. Shortly after Bismarck's retirement from office, and before the work was completed, the historian was forbidden to make farther use of the archives. It is commonly believed that William II. felt that Sybel, in his narration of the events prior to 1867, had not duly subordinated the person of the great Chancellor to that of his master the King. In fact, no more attractive picture than that which Sybel gives of William I. has been drawn by any professed panegyrist—none that brings out more clearly the old King's simplicity of nature, rectitude of purpose, and invariably good sense.

As a member of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, Sybel edited the *Political Correspondence of Frederick the Great*. For many years he acted as a member of the commission which supervises the publication of the *Monumenta Germanica*. In 1859 he established the *Historische Zeitschrift*, of which he retained until his death the chief editorial control.

Munroe Smith.

* For a statement of the character and value of the work done in the Prussian archives under Sybel's direction, see H. L. Osgood, "The Prussian Archives," *Political Science Quarterly*, September, 1893.

A SONG OF THE ROSY-CROSS.

He who measures gain and loss,
 When he gave to thee the Rose,
 Gave to me alone the Cross ;
 Where the blood-red blossom blows
 In a wood of dew and moss,
 There thy wandering pathway goes,
 Mine where waters brood and toss ;
 Yet one joy have I, hid close,
 He who measures gain and loss,
 When he gave to thee the Rose,
 Gave to me alone the Cross.

W. B. Yeats.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

IX.—PERSONALITY.

"It is undeniable," says Matthew Arnold, "that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity is the highest function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness." If this be true, and the heart of man apart from all testimony affirms it, then the great books not only embody and express the genius and vital knowledge of the race which created them, but they are the products of the highest activity of man in the finest moments of his life. They represent a high felicity no less than a noble gift; they are the memorials of a happiness which may have been brief, but which, while it lasted, had a touch of the divine in it; for men are never nearer divinity than in their creative impulses and moments. Homer may have been blind, but if he composed the epics which bear his name he must have known moments of purer happiness than his most fortunate contemporary; Dante missed the lesser comforts of life, but there were hours of transcendent joy in his lonely career. For the highest joy of which men taste is the full, free, and noble putting forth of the power that is in them; no moments in human experience are so thrilling as those in which a man's soul goes out from him into some adequate and beautiful form of expression. In the act of creation a man incorporates his own personality into the visible world about him, and in a true and noble sense gives himself to his fellows. When an artist looks at his work he sees himself; he has performed the highest task of which he is capable, and fulfilled the highest purpose for which he was planned by an artist greater than himself.

The rapture of the creative mood and moment is the reward of the little group whose touch on any kind of material is imperishable. It comes when the spell of inspired work is on them, or in the moment which follows immediately on completion and before the reaction of depression, which is the heavy penalty of the artistic temperament, has set in.

Balzac knew it in that frenzy of work which seized him for days together; and Thackeray knew it, as he confesses, when he had put the finishing touches on that striking scene in which Rawdon Crawley thrashes Lord Steyne within an inch of his wicked life. The great novelist, who happened also to be a great writer, knew that the whole scene in conception and execution was a stroke of genius. But while this supreme rapture belongs to a chosen few, it may be shared by all those who are ready to open the imagination to its approach. It is one of the great rewards of the artist that while other kinds of joy are often pathetically short-lived, his joy, having brought forth enduring works, is, in a sense, imperishable. And it not only endures; it renews itself in kindred moments and experiences which it bestows upon those who approach it sympathetically. There are lines in the *Divine Comedy* which thrill us to-day as they must have thrilled Dante; there are passages in the Shakspearian plays and sonnets which make a riot in the blood to-day as they doubtless set the poet's pulses beating three centuries ago. The student of literature, therefore, finds in its noblest works not only the ultimate results of race experience and the characteristic quality of race genius, but the highest activity of the greatest minds in their happiest and most expansive moments. In this commingling of the best that is in the race and the best that is in the individual lies the mystery of that double revelation which makes every work of art a disclosure not only of the nature of the man behind it, but of all men behind him. In this commingling, too, is preserved the most precious deposit of what the race has been and done, and of what the man has seen, felt, and known. In the nature of things no educational material can be richer; none so fundamentally expansive and illuminative.

This contact with the richest personalities the world has produced is one of the deepest sources of culture; for nothing is more truly educative than asso-

ciation with persons of the highest intelligence and power. When a man recalls his educational experience, he finds that many of his richest opportunities were not identified with subjects or systems or apparatus, but with teachers. There is fundamental truth in Emerson's declaration that it makes very little difference what you study, but that it is in the highest degree important with whom you study. There flows from the living teacher a power which no text-book can compass or contain—the power of liberating the imagination and setting the student free to become an original investigator. Text-books supply methods, information, and discipline; teachers impart the breath of life by giving us inspiration and impulse. Now, the great books are different from all other books in their possession of this mysterious vital force; they are not only text-books by reason of the knowledge they contain, but they are also books of life by reason of the disclosure of personality which they make. The student of *Faust* receives from that drama not only the poet's interpretation of man's life in the world, but he is also brought under the spell of Goethe's personality and, in a real sense, gets from his book that which his friends got from the man. This is not true of secondary books; it is true only of first-hand books. Secondary books are often products of skill, pieces of well-wrought but entirely self-conscious craftsmanship; first-hand books are always the expression of what is deepest, most original, and distinctive in the nature which produces them. In such books, therefore, we get not only the skill, the art, the knowledge; we get, above all, the man. There is added to what he has to give us of thought or form the inestimable boon of his companionship.

The reality of this element of personality and the force for culture which resides in it are clearly illustrated by a comparison of the works of Plato with those of Aristotle. Aristotle was for many centuries the first name in philosophy, and is still one of the greatest; but Aristotle, although a student of the principles of the art of literature and a critic of deep philosophical insight, was primarily a thinker, not an artist. One goes to him for discipline, for thought, for training in a very high sense; one does not go to him for form, beauty, or

personality. It is a clear, distinct, logical order of ideas, a definite system which he gives us; not a view of life, a disclosure of the nature of man, a synthesis of ideas touched with beauty, dramatically arranged and set in the atmosphere of Athenian life. For these things one goes to Plato, who is not only a thinker, but an artist of wonderful gifts; one who so closely and beautifully relates Greek thought to Greek life that we seem not to be studying a system of philosophy, but mingling with the society of Athens in its most fascinating groups and at its most significant moments. To the student of Aristotle the personality of the writer counts for nothing; to the student of the *Dialogues*, on the other hand, the personality of Plato counts for everything. If we approach him as a thinker, it is true, we discard everything except his ideas; but if we approach him as a great writer ideas are but part of the rich and illuminating whole which he offers us. One can imagine a man fully acquainting himself with the work of Aristotle and yet remaining almost devoid of culture; but one cannot imagine a man coming into intimate companionship with Plato and remaining untouched by his rich, representative personality.

From such a companionship something must flow besides an enlargement of ideas or a development of the power of clear thinking; there must flow also the stimulating and illuminating impulse of a fresh contact with a great nature; there must result a certain liberation of the imagination, a certain widening of experience, a certain ripening of the mind of the student. The beauty of form, the varied and vital aspects of religious, social, and individual character, the splendour and charm of a nobly ordered art in temples, speech, manners, and dress, the constant suggestion of the deep humanism behind that art and of the freshness and reality of all its forms of expression—these things are as much and as great a part of the *Dialogues* as the thought; and they are full of that quality which enriches and ripens the mind that comes under their influence. In these qualities of his style quite as much as in his ideas is to be found the real Plato, the great artist, who refused to consider philosophy as an abstract creation of the mind, existing, so far as man is concerned, apart

from the mind which formulates it ; but who saw life in its totality and made thought luminous and real by disclosing it at all points against the background of the life, the nature, and the habits of the thinker. This is the method of culture as distinguished from that of scholarship ; and this is also the disclosure of

the personality of Plato as distinguished from his philosophical genius. Whoever studies the *Dialogues* with his heart as well as with his mind comes into personal relations with the richest mind of antiquity.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

A NEMESIS FOR CRITICS.

The dinner had reached its end—a remarkably good dinner it was, too. The cat-like waiter, after setting out the *demi-tasses*, had placed a dainty little silver lamp between us and had disappeared. In the opposite corner the sea-coal sent forth a soft glow that gleaned cheerily on the pictures hanging in artistic irregularity upon the dusky wall. The Successful Author selected a long, thin cigar from the box before him, and lighting it in the flame of the lamp, leaned back in his big leathern chair with the benignant look of one who has dined well and for whom, therefore, Fate has no ill in store.

I thought it a propitious moment to speak of the great success of his latest book, which every one was reading. It had been told me that he disliked any mention of such things, but nevertheless I ventured to say a word of congratulation. He listened to me with no sign of impatience.

"Yes," he said at last, very much as though he were speaking of another man's affairs—"yes, it has done very well—wonderfully well. I believe the sale of it has run up to some forty thousand copies, and that it is still selling. A French translation came out last week, and some one is going to put it into German. That is really as much as one could reasonably ask for."

He was so quiet, so impersonal about it, that he piqued my curiosity. I am always curious about the working of authors' minds, anyhow.

"Anybody would suppose that it didn't interest you," I said. "Doesn't a success of that kind give you a sort of thrill—a keen sense of pleasure? I should think it would."

"Oh, one is pleased, of course ; but by the time that one is enough of an

old hand to score successes, he has got beyond the point when he has any particular emotions from them. So far as my experience goes, the only authors who get any thrills out of their works are the lucky people whose first books succeed—people who leap into fame—and there are precious few of those. Mrs. Humphry Ward and Rudyard Kipling are about the only ones in our generation that I can think of."

"And yourself. I remember well enough the stir your first book made."

"My first novel—yes ; but not my first book. You didn't know that I had published anything but novels? Well, that's a proof of what I was saying, that I'm not one of the lucky ones who score successes at the start, and win the big prize in the lottery at the first drawing. Dear me, one's first book ! What a rare and wonderful thing to any author is his first book ! How he works over it, and caresses it, and gives it a million little touches, and dreams of it, and wakes up in the night and pictures its coming triumph ! How thrilling are the proof-sheets when they first come to him ! When the first complete copy of it actually arrives he wants to shout aloud and dance a waltz. He has fledged out into authorship, and he walks on air—he is a god. And then when he finds that no one reads it, and that even his next-door neighbour has never heard of it—then he falls so far down from his golden heights that he never quite climbs up to them again.

"Now in my own case, looking back on my first attempt, there was no reason why it should have made a great hit. It was not fiction, nor a book that would naturally be especially popular, yet I really think it ought to have had some little success in its way ; and even a

little success would have meant so much to me then! It was a work of research, and it really embodied a very good idea. You wouldn't believe the amount of labour and study and thought that I put into it. But it never sold well enough to pay the publisher for making the plates. It fell absolutely flat."

"Perhaps it was too good for the public," I said, rather feebly.

"Nothing is too good for the public. That is a saying with which people who fail try to excuse a *coup manqué*. No, my first book was murdered—killed at its birth by a confounded reviewer."

This made me smile internally. It sounded so much like a very young author, and not at all like a literary veteran.

"But can a single adverse review kill a book?" I could not help asking.

"That depends. It killed mine. You see, the book was one that contained a good deal of special knowledge. It was almost technical, and rather too much so for the average reviewer. Consequently the general run of them held off for a time, and the first notice of it appeared in the *State*. Now, as you know, the *State* is a very high-class weekly publication. Its reviews are supposed to be—and generally are—from the pens of specialists. Well, the writer who reviewed my unfortunate production simply wrote a few rather tolerantly contemptuous lines about it and passed it by. All the other reviews and magazines took their cue from this, not having any special knowledge on the subject, and either passed over it altogether, or else simply repeated the *State's* opinion in different language. The book never got a fair consideration at all."

"Oh, well," I said, "I suppose every one suffers in that way at some time or another. There isn't any help for it, of course."

"But why 'of course'? That raises the whole question, doesn't it, of the responsibility of critics? I don't see the 'of course' at all. For instance, in reviewing that book of mine, what did the critic say? Why he said that the work before him, while happy in its choice of subject, 'was not to be considered seriously, because the writer had not qualified himself by any preliminary study and research.' Now this was just the one criticism that could kill the book, because lack of preliminary study was

the one fault that would make the whole thing worthless."

"Oh, well, one can't quarrel with the personal opinion of a reviewer. Of course, the opinion may be altogether incorrect; yet if he holds it, what are you to do?"

"Yes, but this was not a question of opinion at all, but one of fact. If he had criticised the style, or objected to the logic of the conclusions, or denounced the dangerous tendency of the argument—all this would have been a matter of opinion, and therefore unassailable. But when he said that I had made no preliminary study of the subject, he simply wrote down what was demonstrably untrue. As a matter of fact, I had given the subject a most thorough study. I had read all the literature that bore upon it (it was an historical topic), I had even spent some eighteen months in Berlin and Paris among the original sources, and the thing had been constantly before my mind for five or six years. This criticism was, therefore, not only false, but could be proven so."

"Well, granting that it could, what then?"

"Why, simply this. By publishing that hasty condemnation, and thus killing the sale of the book, my critic laid himself open, I hold, to legal prosecution. Take a parallel case outside the sphere of literature. Suppose I have a country house that I want to sell. The local newspaper, let us say, speaks of it as a house of no architectural merit, and built on the worst site for getting a good view; it makes fun of the colour of the blinds, and says that the effect of the whole is incongruous and absurd. So far I have no remedy, for those things are matters of opinion. But suppose it goes on to say that the drainage of the house is defective, that the plumbing is unsanitary, and the neighbourhood malarious—those are statements involving questions of fact, and can be disproved; and as they seriously damage the value of my property, I can bring suit against the author of those falsehoods and recover damages. Now why should it be otherwise in literature? I have a book to sell, into which I have put valuable time, labour, and effort. It is just as much property as a house; and if a reviewer makes false statements calculated to affect the value of that property, why

should I not equally recover damages? If he may not steal my book, neither may he wantonly impair its value. And this is just as true of artistic and dramatic criticism as of any other. A critic may find fault with the subject, or the treatment, or the colouring of a picture, and he is well within his rights; but if he says it is out of drawing, then let him be careful, for he is making a statement for which he can be brought to book. And so if he writes of an actor that he has not got up his lines, or of an operatic *débutante* that she flatted her notes, he is saying this at his peril!"

"But how would you propose to call the critic to account?"

"Simply by having authors, for instance, combine for their own protection, and after raising a sufficiently large fund for the purpose, appoint a standing committee to investigate all complaints made by any writer against reviewers who misstate facts in their published criticisms. The committee should sue every such reviewer, just as Fenimore Cooper sued his newspaper enemies, and they should follow it up as he

did until it dawned upon those gentry that property in a book is just as sacred as any other property, and that literary libel is just as punishable as any other libel. At first it would be regarded as a huge joke; but after a few reviewers had been made to pay a hundred dollars or so for the pleasure of slating an author whose work they have only half read, they would begin to think it rather an expensive luxury, and would take their *métier* as seriously as they ought to do."

The Successful Author chuckled at the scheme that he had evolved, and as he finished his cigar, stretched himself luxuriously as though he hugely relished the prospect of a literary vendetta. It was growing late, and I had to come away, leaving him still laughing softly by the fire; but as I walked down the street, it occurred to me to write his notions down to warn the Bludgers of the press that the time may be near at hand when they will actually have to know a little something about the books whose fortunes they so lightly undertake to make or mar.

P. K.

A MARGINAL NOTE.

A poet's volume open in my hand,
 I read his words the while the mighty sea
 Sang in a drowsy undertone to me
 Outstretched in ease upon the smooth white sand.
 All through the afternoon across the land
 A soft, west wind brought hints of melody—
 Message of bird and whispering of tree—
 Dropping them lightly down upon the strand.

Lyrics and Sonnets—on and on I read,
 Unto the music ever listening,
 Nor knowing whether sea or west wind said
 In measured rhyme the memorable thing,
 Or yet if 'twere the poet's voice instead;
 But this I knew—'twas joy to hear them sing!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

LONDON LETTER.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE AUTUMN PUBLISHING SEASON.

The impression prevails in publishing circles that the new season is to be a good one. It is certain that trade is improving, and authors and publishers expect to share in the good things coming. But, as a rule, the new lists are less attractive than usual, and in some cases they are singularly and disappointingly brief. This applies, for example, to the lists of Messrs. A. and C. Black and Messrs. Chatto and Windus, not to speak of other firms. Can it be that some publishers at least were not prepared for the revival, and decided that a cautious policy was advisable? It is tolerably certain that the lists so far as published do not give a complete idea of what we may expect, and that there are some surprises coming, I am in a position to say.

To begin with fiction, Dr. Conan Doyle has just issued his *Stark Munro Letters*, which ran through the pages of the *Idler*. A new book by Dr. Doyle is no longer an event, and it may be doubted whether he has not considerably lost ground since the days of his great popularity. Neither *The Stark Munro Letters* nor *Round the Red Lamp* is worthy of him, although it is needless to say that both bear evident marks of his great ability. The notices of *The Stark Munro Letters* are not unkind, but there is a general sense of disappointment. Dr. Doyle's medical knowledge does not help him. To use the secrets of the doctor wisely in fiction immense refinement and tact are necessary, and these are not Dr. Doyle's strong points. Neither does he shine as theologian or philosopher, though in his last book he makes incursions into their domains. It is, of course, interesting to see what a man like Dr. Doyle thinks of such subjects, but his best friends are of opinion that he is writing too quickly and turning out work too carelessly. His great gift of story-telling does not get fair play when it fails to give to the work the last labour and polish of which he is capable.

Mr. Hardy has at last settled on a title for his new book; *Jude the Ob-*

scure is his final selection. Those who have read the story in *Harper's* must read it again in volume form; the changes are considerable and structural. There is a general unanimity amongst the novelists that Mr. Hardy is their master, and a large circulation may evidently be expected for his latest book. Mr. Kipling gives us nothing but a second *Jungle Book*. He was to publish a volume of ballads, but influenced possibly by the very unfavourable criticisms made on his recent poetical contributions to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he has decided to wait a year. Mr. Kipling has undoubtedly lost ground in England, but he does not seem to be writing too much. Mr. Andrew Lang's tale, *A Monk of Fife*, is considered by Mr. Crockett to be an admirable adventure story, and likely to be a great popular success. Mr. Crockett himself has just issued *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, which has been running through *Good Words* here, and promises to be very popular. Mr. Stanley Weyman holds his public. His volume of short stories, *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France*, has reached at the time of writing a sale of 15,000 copies. Mr. Hall Caine has no book this autumn, but his former novels are being issued in six-shilling volumes with prefaces. Mr. Hall Caine's next story will appear, I believe, in the *Windsor Magazine* here, and in *Munsey's Magazine* in America. Mr. Quiller-Couch hoped this year to publish a complete novel of the usual size. He has been induced, however, to use his materials for a story which will appear in *Yuletide*, Messrs. Cassell's Christmas annual. He will also issue another collection of short stories, a book of criticisms, and another of fairy tales. Mr. Anthony Hope has work in hand which is said to be equal to his best, but Mr. Hope writes so much that not even the most dogmatic bookman will affirm certainly what was his last work. Mr. Barrie publishes nothing this year, but has, however, finished at last his tale, *Sentimental Tommy*, which will commence in *Scribner's* for January. An English

magazine has been endeavouring to secure the serial rights here, but whether successfully or not I cannot at present say. *Sentimental Tommy* deals with child life, and leaves the hero at the age of fifteen. It will probably be followed by a sequel. The atmosphere of Thrums is said to breathe through it. Ian MacLaren's new book, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, will, I venture to predict, be the most popular book of the season. It is in every respect equal to its predecessor, and is sure to command an immense sale. The author has been busy with his new story, *Kate Carnegie*, which is to appear in the *Woman at Home* during 1896. He has been spending part of his holidays among the scenes of the new tale.

Altogether this may be looked upon as fairly satisfactory. I do not see at present any sign of a new writer captivating the public during this year, but one never knows. It is seldom that two years pass without a new star rising. The three-volume novel has been almost stamped out, but Messrs. Bentley have made a bold effort to fight the libraries. I doubt whether they will be successful. Mudie and Smith have greatly profited by the six-shilling novel, having had a much better year since it became the vogue. I am told that they refused to subscribe for a single copy of a recent three-volume novel by a popular author. The sale of three-volume novels to the outside public is too small to make the experiment remunerative.

Turning to the field of biography, some interesting books are promised. By far the most attractive should be the *Letters of Matthew Arnold*. Their publication should revive a name which has grown comparatively dim, though it is only seven years since Arnold died. The *Life of Sir Andrew Clarke*, by Canon MacColl, should contain some important material, but Sir Andrew for all his frankness was very reticent and discreet. It will probably not appear for some time yet. Whether it will throw full light on the painful circumstances of Sir Andrew's birth and childhood remains to be seen. Mr. George Saintsbury's *History of Nineteenth-Century Literature* will be sure to be exceedingly good and suggestive. The present writer, along with Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the eminent bibliographer, has prepared for publication the first volume of *Literary*

Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Contributions towards a Literary History of the Period. It is on the plan of Nichol's well-known *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, and will, it is hoped, contain much material useful to future writers. While the great figures of the century have not been neglected, special attention has been paid to writers of whom no adequate biography exists. Some of the best known of English literary men are giving their assistance in the venture. We are to have two Catholic biographies of importance, one of Cardinal Manning, by Mr. Purcell, part of which has already appeared in the *Dublin Review*. The other is *The Life of Cardinal Wiseman*. This seems a belated book, but in the hands of Mr. Wilfrid Ward it is sure to be attractive. Mr. Heinemann is to publish a translation of Renan's *Memoirs*. *The Life and Letters of John Nichol*, late Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow, will be edited by Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, and J. Pringle Nichol. In his early days, Nichol was closely associated with Swinburne, and they issued a periodical together, the numbers of which are now extremely rare. In poetry, by far the most important book will be the posthumous poems of Miss Rossetti. I understand that her brother has found no fewer than three hundred, and that in his judgment they are fully equal to the best hitherto published. This is good news, and promises a substantial addition to English literature.

In theology, the most popular book will be that of Professor George Adam Smith on the minor prophets, or, as Professor Smith calls it, *The Book of the Twelve Prophets*. He dislikes the word "minor." The exposition is a work of extraordinary vivacity, and promises to become as well known as the same author's *Isaiah*. Another work of importance will be Professor W. M. Ramsay's *St. Paul as a Traveller and Citizen in Asia Minor*. The Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a Bible for English readers. The text is to be that of the Revised Version, and the volumes will be printed like ordinary books. The editor is Professor Moulton. The important *International Critical Commentary on the Old and New Testament* proceeds, three volumes having been already published. More extracts from Professor Hort's lec-

tures are promised by Messrs. Macmillan, but it is doubtful whether the publication of the posthumous works of the Cambridge scholars has not already been carried quite far enough. The lists of the Clarendon Press and the Cambridge Press are this year some-

what meagre, among the most attractive announcement being an introduction to the Septuagint from the competent hands of Dr. H. B. Swete.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, September 23, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

That the pen is mightier than the sword is a fact generally admitted. It now appears that there is something mightier than the pen—and that is the bicycle. It further appears that the bicycling craze accounts for the *crise du livre*, about which book-manufacturers and sellers of every kind, from the binder to the author, are so bitterly complaining in Paris. That this crisis exists is a matter of common knowledge, and though no doubt the bicycling mania has much to answer for, there are various other causes which are grievously affecting the book trade.

So many ladies now bicycle in France—one might better write, so few ladies do not now bicycle in France—that those who were formerly the best customers of the book-shops have now no time for reading. Some also prefer to save their money for the purchase of the newest "pneu," or towards the expenses of a tour, and the first expense that a woman cuts down is that of books—at least, so Parisian booksellers say. The bicycle is not, however, to blame entirely for the existing "slump." The authors have themselves largely to thank for the present state of things, which seems to indicate a tardy if effectual revolt against the kind of wares which the manufacturers of literature have for so many years past been forcing on the French public. Doubtless the introduction of sports, the spread of the fashion of taking abundant out-of-door exercise, and the consequent general elevation of tone, both physical and moral, have disgusted both men and women with the morbid and unhealthy rubbish which in their days of degeneration was their spiritual pabulum. One can emphatically say that this is an excellent sign.

Then again the *cabinet de lecture*, or

circulating library, has been extending in France, or rather, I should say, it has of late been coming into favour once more, for, of course, the circulating library is a French invention, and was at one time as popular in France as it now is in England. But the proprietors of the French *cabinets de lecture* are by no means men of such enterprise as are the proprietors of similar establishments in London. At least, I never heard of even one dozen copies of any new book being ordered by any French *cabinet de lecture*. In England, from five hundred to one thousand copies of a work by a popular author are often subscribed for by each of the big libraries. The *directeur* of a French lending library would faint at the bare idea of such an investment.

Then there are the newspapers, which in France, far more than in England, compete with books. Not only do all the dailies publish serial stories—some papers even publish two or three serial stories simultaneously—but many of them, such as *Le Journal*, the *Echo de Paris*, and the *Gil Blas*, publish daily from one to three short stories by the best writers. Then there are the literary supplements of the daily papers. Most of these are published once a week, as the supplements of *Le Figaro*, the *Gil Blas*, the *Echo de Paris*, and the *Journal*, but others are published bi- or tri-weekly, as the supplement of *La Lanterne*. These supplements supply literature, pure or impure, in abundance, at a price against which it is impossible for the publisher of books to compete. It is true that of late most of the matter, both literary and pictorial, given in these supplements, has been of a very unhealthy kind—in the case of the tri-weekly supplement of *La Lanterne* it has been garbage pure and simple—and that

possibly the reaction to which I have alluded has made itself felt here also; but, on the other hand, such supplements as those issued weekly by the proprietors of the *Petit Journal*, the *Intransigeant*, and the *Petit Parisien* newspapers, contain nothing but what is pure and wholesome, and, no doubt, the competition of these periodicals greatly affects the book-publishers.

Monsieur Albert Cim, in a very interesting article in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, gives another reason for the existing crisis. He blames the publishers themselves, who, he says, inundate the market with their remnants, or "nightingales," as the French slang has it, and mentions that one publishing house alone emptied out on to Paris several hundred thousand volumes at any price they would fetch, merely to clear their warehouses. In England these nightingales usually take wing to the butterman or the waste-paper dealer. In France, remnants go to special dealers at prices which enable these to retail a 3 franc 50 c. book at forty or fifty centimes, to the evident detriment of the latest novelty. I know several gentlemen in Paris—and every visitor to the French capital may have seen them at one time or another—who make a very good living by hawking these nightingales round the *cafés*. Who, seated, for instance, on the *terrace* of the *Café de la Paix*, has not seen a venerable old man, with a long white beard, and a great pile of books in his arms, who shouts as he offers these for sale, "The ruin of the publishers! The downfall of the authors! At forty centimes each. I sell them at forty centimes each"? Many of these books are by well-known writers, these particular works not having "caught on" for some reason or other, or having been printed in excess of the demand for them. The venerable old gentleman in question once told me, over an absinthe, that on an average he earned twenty francs a day, "which," he cynically added, "is more than many of you men of letters earn." And he was quite right.

Émile Zola's *Rome* will not be ready till the spring of next year, though it will previously appear in serial form in *Le Journal*. Zola, however, always advises his friends in confidence not to read his stories in their serial form, as he always makes many alterations,

emendations, and additions before they appear in volumes. It is the same with Hall Caine, who labours hard over his proofs of the book, though little, if at all, over the newspaper proofs.

Hall Caine, by the way, next to Mrs. Humphry Ward, has secured the record prices for serial rights in connection with the book which he is now preparing. For the English serial rights he will receive £1500, from America he will receive at the rate of three cents a word, and fees from other sources will bring the total amount realised by the serial rights of this new novel up to close upon £3000. This is even better than the prices which Émile Zola commands.

Albert Savine will publish a volume this season which will delight the lovers of Stendhal. It is a new edition of his remarkable *Nouvelles Italiennes*, which contain much of his best work. M. Paul Adam has written a curious preface to this book, and this should be very interesting reading, as Adam is one of Stendhal's spiritual children, and his style is a very fair imitation of Beyle's style, one of the best imitations of the many which Stendhal's successors have attempted. It is not a style which I greatly admire, greatly as I admire Stendhal; its aridity being too pronounced, and the general flavour one of affectation. Beyle used to say that he always wrote with the Code Napoléon open before him, modelling his phrases on those in that curtest of codes. Paul Adam, by the way, who now holds a very enviable position in contemporary French literature, first attracted attention to himself—he was then only twenty years old—with a novel, *Chair Nue* (the title explains much), which landed him in the Assize Court. In France, however, that sort of advertisement often helps an author.

Another book which M. Albert Savine will publish shortly is J. Rosny's new novel. One hopes that the two brothers who write as "J. H. Rosny" may at last score a popular success. They have had great literary success, but not the other kind, and they have suffered more misery and hardship than any writers that I have ever heard of.

Paul Bourget is in Scotland correcting the last proofs of his new novel, *L'Idylle Tragique*, which will shortly be published by Lemerre, and is being eagerly looked forward to by Bourget's special *client*.

of ladies and ladies' men. Another work in M. Lemerre's list for the autumn season, which will appeal to a larger public, is the *Souvenirs de jeunesse et Impressions d'Art* of that great painter, M. Jules Breton. The ladies will also be catered to by Marcel Prévost's *Lettres de Femmes*, illustrated by Gerbault, a new edition, and by his new novel, *Le Jardin Secret*. These are two works of which I shall watch the reception with interest, as indicative of the extent of the reaction against the literature of degeneration to which I have alluded.

The coming season will also see the publication of H. R. H. the Duc d'Aumale's great work, *L'Histoire des Princes de Condé*, for which some of us would gladly give all the novels ever written. Of an historical nature—the last manifestations of the Napoleonic craze—are also Maréchal Davout's *Journal de la Campagne de Prusse 1806-1807*,—which should help to soothe the irritation of the French at recent manifestations in Germany—and the *Letters of the Duchess*

de Broglie, edited by the Duc de Broglie. All these works will be published by Messrs. Calmann Lévy, whose list also contains Gounod's *Mémoires d'un Artiste*, and a new book by Pierre Loti, entitled *La Galilée*. Lovers of Gounod's music will read with interest his account of the first performance of *Faust*, which was hissed off the stage on that occasion. Massenet, the composer, who was playing in the orchestra at the time, has often told me of this memorable performance, and of his great indignation with the public. "I wanted to jump out into the stalls," he says, "and smash my trombone over their thick heads."

Jeannot, the artist, has illustrated a complete edition of Paul Déroulède's *Poésies Militaires*, which will shortly be published by Calmann Lévy. Octave Feuillet has prepared a second volume of his *Souvenirs Personnels*. The first volume was a great success.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

NEW BOOKS.

THE NOVELS OF TWO JOURNALISTS.*

The question whether journalism helps or hinders a writer to create literature has recently been discussed by the local press with fresh interest, and the discussion is likely to continue for a long time, inasmuch as the controversialists seek to reach general conclusions where no general conclusion can be reached. Meantime, two novels from newspaper men of New York furnish a contribution to the revival of the subject, whether or not they be accepted as proof on the one side or the other. The authors, Mr. Stephen Crane and Mr. Edward W. Townsend, are both engaged in active journalism, and in the work which first distinguishes them from the army of anonymous writers there is a degree of resemblance. Each in his first work of fiction deals with the

slums, finding the light of his art in the shadows of the under-world which his profession forced him to penetrate. *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, Mr. Crane's first expression of the deep feeling of life thus imbibed is among the saddest books in our language. Mr. Townsend, writing from the same standpoint, touches these terrible problems with alleviating humour, thus increasing rather than lessening the conviction of his sympathy and earnestness. Smiles at "Chimmie Fadden's" extravagances serve to make more acute the pathos of his early life, as the readiest laughter lies always closest to the quickest tears. So far the literary careers of the two journalists may be said to have run on somewhat parallel lines; but in their new books they part company widely, one taking a different theme and the other a different manner. It is a far cry from the field in which Mr. Crane first appeared to *The Red Badge of Courage*, his last book—so very far indeed that he seems to have lost himself as well as

* *A Daughter of the Tenements*. By Edward W. Townsend. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.75.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

his reader. Mr. Townsend still holds to the Bowery as the central scene of his new novel, *A Daughter of the Tenements*, but his manner is essentially different. It is a serious work, wanting the whimsical fun that made his first book delightful and the inimitable slang that made it unique. Nor is it distinctively local as his previous work was; the Battery is not its boundary, and the characters are not all products of Mulberry Bend. Its scope is as wide as the continent, stretching from New York to San Francisco, touching high as well as low life, and reaching from one generation to another. There is a rush in the movement of the story that sweeps one along almost compensating for the lack of the finer literary quality, which might have made the current smoother without lessening its force.

Having a good strong story to tell, Mr. Townsend has told it through some three hundred pages much as he would have set it down with his pencil in columns. And, although such writing can scarcely be called literature, it has a value and gives, in this case certainly, an impression of reality that better work sometimes fails to convey. This effect is difficult to define, but it is somewhat like listening to the simple telling of an actual human experience. In the sympathetic atmosphere, thus unconsciously created, the characterisation is also well affected in some equally unaccountable manner, for there is little description and scarcely an attempt at analysis. The character of Teresa the dancer is perhaps most completely realised. The opening scene, in which she first appears, is also distinct; the flurry of departure behind the scene after the play is over; the fall of Teresa on the stairs, and her cry—not for her own suffering, but for her baby. That is the keynote of the story: the mother-love that would gather the earth and heaven under the feet of the child, that suffers and sacrifices and slaves and sins if need be. The type is rare, but it exists—a terrible, beautiful, fierce, divine thing. Teresa impersonates it; enduring her husband's cruelty, though indifferent to him, for the sake of the child; caring little for his final desertion, since he leaves her the child. This is the character which dominates the story, contrary assumably to the author's intention. His heroine, Teresa's daugh-

ter, never becomes, even after reaching womanhood, more than the vaguest lay-figure, useful to hang socialistic theories upon. Fortunately there are a number of these to be thus disposed of. In the first chapter, when the dancer cries out in terror lest she be robbed of her baby, the Society which takes the children of the poor from them by force is boldly attacked. The child is protected against the Society by political influence, and in showing how so mighty a force is invoked to care for such an atom of obscure humanity the author makes interesting revelation of a certain element in tenement life which the upper world generally little suspects. This is the close, controlling connection between politics and the private lives, the homes of the masses. The force is felt in other parts of the story, and may be said indeed to pervade it as the ruling power over the destinies of most of the characters. This ward "Boss," whom these benighted beings of the slums perhaps never see, thus becomes their Providence. It is he who gives his Irish tool strength to take the baby from the police and to keep it till its mother is well. It is he who gives his Italian tool such business prosperity that the latter thinks of settling in life and taking Teresa—regardless of the runaway husband—for a common-law wife. It is he who through his Irish tool subsequently settles the vexed question of this common-law marriage—from the Bowery point of view. No question, however, is vexed or of any importance to the dancer except in so far as it touches the welfare of the child, and the conditions upon which she consents to marry the Italian all look solely to that. These terms as she enumerates them throw an appalling light on the lives of the tenements. They must never, she stipulates, live in less than two rooms, one of which must be her daughter's; they must never take lodgers, notwithstanding they have two rooms. The child must never be bound to a sweater; she must go to school until she is fourteen; a dollar a week must be put in the bank to send her to Italy to learn dancing. The Italian cries out in amazement, asking if the child be a princess and he a millionaire that such unheard-of demands are made. But a man in love with a pretty woman always consents to the unreasonable, and the young mother

has her way. Day and night the child is never allowed out of her sight. To bring her up as a lady is the sole object of the mother's existence. To reach this aim, she lays hold of every helpful influence, and there is a pathetic picture of her search for a charity school where the child may be taught by "real ladies," whom she can hope to reach in no other way, and thus learn their manners. As the girl learns she grows, blooming into premature womanhood, like a large, dark, red rose. The teacher, realising the peril that the girl's beauty adds to her situation, tries to lift her above it, by making her a teacher like herself. But the mother resists with a mixture of gratitude, jealousy, and suspicion. The girl is to be a great dancer—what could be greater than that? True, the way is not quite clear: the vision of Italy has faded; who can save a dollar a week in Mulberry Bend? But there are masters in New York, and again, by means of the powerful political lever, a place is found for the girl in the ballet. It is all one to her whether she teach, or dance, or do nothing so long as the Irishman's handsome son is near. When she makes a formal and successful *début*, and lovers galore appear, this innocent love affair assumes a new and tragic aspect. The work itself, in fact, suddenly changes here, and the simplicity, which redeemed the earlier part of the story, disappears. A false, artificial manner, running at once into sensationalism, takes its place. All the common elements of the lurid melodrama are forthwith invoked. The villain abducts the heroine; the hero rescues her; the mother attempts to assassinate the villain; mysterious papers, found in the sole of a Chinaman's shoe, give the villain his deserts; a great fortune from the runaway husband and father makes the final happy *dénouement*.

A work more unlike the foregoing than *The Red Badge of Courage* it is scarcely possible to imagine. Whereas Mr. Townsend's is all story, Mr. Crane's is no story at all. The latter may perhaps be best described as a study in morbid emotions and distorted external impressions. The short, sharp sentences hurled without sequence give one the feeling of being pelted from different angles by hail—hail that is hot. The reader longs to plead like Tony Lumpkin, that the author will

"not keep dinging it, dinging it into one so." The few scattered bits of description are like stereoscopic views, insecurely put on the canvas. And yet there is on the reader's part a distinct recognition of power—misspent perhaps—but still power of an unusual kind. As if further to confuse his intense work, Mr. Crane has given it a double meaning—always a dangerous and usually a fatal method in literature. The young soldier, starting out to face his first trial by fire, may be either an individual or man universal; the battle may be either the *Battle of the Wilderness* or the *Battle of Life*. There is virtually but one figure, and his sensations and observations during the conflict fill the volume with thoughts and images as unreal as a feverish dream. The first distant firing he stands without flinching, brave with the courage of inexperience. It is as the strife comes closer that he feels a rising doubt of his own strength. It is when it closes upon him that the agony of fear falls.

"The youth perceived that the time had come. He was about to be measured. The flesh over his heart felt very thin. He was in a moving box. There were iron laws of tradition and law on four sides. All he knew was that if he fell down those coming behind would tread on him. . . . He had not enlisted of his own free will. . . . And now they were leading him out to be slaughtered. Following this came a red rage."

Sullenly, desperately he forges to the front, because it is easier to face the foe than the scorn of a coward. All about him men older, stronger, and wiser are faltering, failing, and falling, as they always are in the battle of the spirit and the flesh, and a sudden, divine sympathy fills him. "He felt the subtle battle brotherhood. It was a fraternity born of the smoke and the danger of death." With this recognition of the universality of suffering comes a certain calmness of endurance.

"He felt a quiet manhood, non-assertive, but a sturdy and strong blood. He knew that he would no more quail before his guides wherever they should point. He had been to touch the great death, and found that, after all, it was but the great death. He was a man. So it came to pass that as he trudged from the place of blood and wrath his soul changed. He came from hot ploughshares to prospects of clover tranquility, and it was as if hot ploughshares were not. Scars faded to flower."

These extracts serve to show that whatever the influence journalism may or may not have had upon Mr. Crane's

literary training, he does not write like a journalist when he undertakes literature. It is in truth rather awful to imagine what an old newspaper editor would do with these pages if he wished to give the author a memorable lesson in what not to do, or, as Dickens says: "how not to do it." A literary editor, on the contrary, would perhaps smile on the same pages as he never would on those of Mr. Townsend's; so that the wisdom of life in this case, as in all others, consists in addressing one's message to the mind that needs it. As for these two volumes, the root of literature seems to lie in Mr. Crane's; but the root seems to be terribly buried, and much in need of being assisted into sunlight and a natural, normal growth.

N. H. B.

THE THIRD NAPOLEON.*

The wave of Napoleonic reminiscence has at last swept beyond the period of the first Emperor and reached the reign of his nephew and successor. From many points of view a study of Napoleon III. is as interesting and as fascinating to the investigator as that of the founder of the family; and in a way it is more fruitful, for one can now scarcely expect to turn up any material that shall throw new light upon the First Empire; whereas the whole history of the other is still to be written. It is curious to note also how within the past year or two the judgment of the age is beginning to modify the verdict, or, rather, the verdicts, once passed upon the son of Hortense. We have hitherto had two portraits always drawn of him—the first that which Kinglake etched with the most biting acids, and the second that which Victor Hugo limned. The first shows us a cold-blooded, crafty, cruel schemer, the Napoleon of the *coup d'état*, a man who greedily sought power at any cost, and who gladly cemented his bastard Empire with the blood of the innocent. The second depicts a mean, petty tyrant, at once feeble and fierce, false, cringeing, and base, in whom meekness and cowardice were

equally combined. At the present time both these figures are being eliminated from the canvas of history, and a figure is taking its place there which is, we believe, destined to stand to succeeding generations as the real Napoleon III.

Probably the general acceptance of this newer conception of a strange and pathetic character dates from the publication of Zola's *Débâcle*, in which the form of the fallen emperor appears and reappears like that of a mournful spirit brooding over the ruin of a great creation. There is nothing more touching in history—for that alleged novel is in reality the most veracious history—than the glimpses given there of the defeated and despairing monarch, dragged hither and thither from the scene of one disaster to another, with painted face and with the mockery of his imperial trappings about him, gazing upon the scenes of his humiliation with infinite despair. The picture touched the heart of France, and the old hatred has largely melted away in pity.

M. De Lano, in the volume before us, supplies much valuable material for this reconstruction of history's verdict, and Miss Bicknell, in a work of a very different character, but with equal opportunities for knowing the truth, strikingly corroborates the assertions that he makes. Taking the two volumes together, one gets a most vivid and impressive view of Napoleon himself and of the strange court in which he lived and ruled. Miss Bicknell was for nine years nominally the governess, but in reality the confidential friend, of the family of the Duchesse de Tascher de la Pagerie, and as such lived with them in the Tuileries, seeing almost daily both Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie. Her book is filled with anecdote and observation, and every line bears out the views set forth by M. De Lano of the two imperial personages. We see Napoleon here revealed as neither the cruel usurper of Mr. Kinglake nor as the contemptible "Badinguet" of Hugo and his faction. He stands forth rather as a man of most winning personal qualities, affectionate, sensitive, an incurable optimist, and always led through his kindly heart by wills that were stronger than his own. Very remarkable, too, is the corroboration given by Miss Bicknell's narrative to the study by M. De Lano of the Empress Eugénie in the other vol-

* Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire. By Anna L. Bicknell. New York: The Century Co. \$2.25.

The Emperor Napoleon III. By Pierre De Lano. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

ume of this series. We see her here drawn to the life—cold-hearted, frivolous, utterly unaware of the duties of the great position into which she had been unfortunately thrown, and unable to play the part with dignity and decorum. We see her flitting about like a school-girl, tolerating the most unseemly follies, yielding to every whim, meddling with matters of State, offending the gravest prejudices of the French people, and yielding herself at all times to the baleful influence of the Princess Metternich, who, like a malicious monkey, took pleasure in making the woman she secretly despised play the fool and mar the fortunes of an Empire. Miss Bicknell's book, whose record is continued to the death of both the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, is sumptuously illustrated with many reproductions from photographs, including portraits of all the principal persons of whose daily life she writes. The two books together form a very fascinating contribution to the history of a remarkable and melancholy chapter in the annals of the French nation.

MEADOW-GRASS.*

We open a volume of New England stories to-day far more critically disposed than we should have been ten years ago. New England country life has been of late very thoroughly exploited in literature; moreover, the most distinctive of American authors has made the field in a peculiar sense her own. Miss Wilkins's success is a result not only of her general creative power and the instinct for beauty that belongs universally to the artist. It rests on the intimate relation between her personality and her subject, so that she interprets sympathetically the life with which she deals and instinctively gives it that exquisitely appropriate expression which belongs to the finality of genius. Miss Wilkins's reticence of manner, the pure and even naked simplicity of her style, are the genius of New England life. Who else can present it so vividly? We have almost conferred upon her the right of a monopoly to her subject.

In Miss Brown's book we have to go

* Meadow-Grass: Tales of New England Life. By Alice Brown. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

no farther than the somewhat studied introduction, "Number Five," with its opulent vocabulary and emotionalism, to miss the excellent plainness of speech which Miss Wilkins has wedded to the New England story. We find much that is pretty and admirable in the sketch, but, prejudiced by past standards, we are sensitive to the least trace of affectation. Again, passing over "Father Eli," a quiet and modest sketch, we suspect in the heroine of "After All" a note of exaggeration. Lucindy seems artificial after Jane Field and the Sallies of Humble Romances. And in the same way Miss Wadleigh, by being a little too preposterously assured, spoils the otherwise admirable tale of which she is the central figure. Overdoing the excellent thing—this is evidently Miss Brown's literary danger.

Yet with a severer taste, the author of *Meadow-Grass* would probably have inherited more of the Puritanic instinct, and we grow to think it a matter for congratulation that she is not Puritanic to the grain. Even when she seems to choose for her theme that old-time dramatic motive, the New England conscience, and gives us Miss Dorcas identifying herself with the woman taken in adultery because of her innocently ideal affection, or Elvin wrestling awfully with the Spirit at Sudleigh Fair, we fancy that the author's avowed motive is not her real inspiration. Miss Dorcas stealing out to the garden where the night is "blossoming, glowing now, abundant," that she may breathe the air of her own strangely full joy, is a more vivid picture than Miss Dorcas on the knees of self-mortification; and the Bohemian Dilly, with her love for the summer holiday and the "live creeturs," is the real excuse for Sudleigh Fair.

Miss Brown has indeed embodied most perfectly in Dilly her own lyric joy in country life, the note that perhaps most distinguishes her from other writers in the feminine school of New England story-tellers. Such a note in Miss Wilkins is quite subordinated to her rigidly dramatic intentions; in Miss Jewett it sometimes rises to be an end in itself; but in Miss Brown it is a constant characteristic and is of a piece with her general capacity for enjoyment. In *Meadow-Grass* there are several stories based on the pathetic meagreness, the pathetic patience of the New England character

—"Father Eli's Vacation" and "Gold in the Poor House" among them—but these, subtly true in motive though they be, have a familiar literary aspect. Miss Brown's own story is "Heartsease," a record of an old lady who, relegated to the kindly but irksome supervision due to her years, reasserts her growth in one night of freedom.

"She washed and rinsed the garments, and, opening a clothes-horse, spread them out to dry. Then she drew a long breath, put out her candle, and wandered to the door. The garden lay before her, unreal in the beauty of the moonlight. Every bush seemed an enchanted wood. The old lady went forth, lingering at first, as one too rich for choosing; then with a firmer step. She closed the little gate and walked out into the country road. She hurried along to the old sign-board and turned aside unerringly into a hollow there, where she stooped and filled her hands with tansy, pulling it up in great bunches and pressing it eagerly to her face."

"Heartsease" is one of the most nearly perfect of all the stories in the book. It has Miss Brown's distinctively lyric quality, but it is also simply true and quiet in manner. It shows the author, whose work is frequently unequal, at her best.

"Joint Owners in Spain" is another story that might divide our allegiance. "Nancy Boyd's Last Sermon," with its original and astute reading of human passion, we rule out, because it is not equal to many of the stories in workmanship. But the former is executed with finished assurance; the narrative is unswerving to its end, and it presents us to two of the most delightfully humorous persons in New England fiction. Miss Blair, who "being 'high spirited,' like all the Coxes, from whom she sprung, had now so tyrannised over the last of her series of room-mates, so browbeaten and intimidated her, that the latter had actually taken to her bed with a slow fever of discouragement;" and Miss Dyer, "a thin, colourless woman and infinitely passive save at those times when her nervous system conflicted with the general scheme of the universe." These two in conjunction—and we have a story! Indeed, if there is any quality in *Meadow-Grass* more grateful than the author's keen enjoyment of the life of beauty, it is her humour, racy and unflagging. It overflows in the speech of her characters, so that they are at times almost too good for real life, and it fashions her keen observation and

her descriptions. "There's a good deal o' pastur' in some places," says Eli, "that ain't fit for nothin' but to hold the world together." Miss Wilkins's inarticulate souls are hardly more delicious than these.

Whither has comparative criticism led us? To the usual position of exclaiming, like Captain Brown when Miss Jenkyns measured *Pickwick* by *Rasselas*: "It is quite a different thing, my dear madame." Qualities in common with the best of New England story-tellers belong to Miss Brown. The feminine delicacy of perception and purity of motive are hers. But in the end it is for her individual quality that we welcome her. Zest and poetic exuberance are certainly not new to story-telling; but their particular application to New England life is not frequent. We are glad to be reminded that there are stray Bohemians in New England; that even among the lonely old women there are feminine Thoreaus. If Miss Brown were the typical New Englander, her work might be more inevitable, but it would lose its peculiar charm. We should go on forgetting that the life which has been chiefly known in literature for the tragedy and humour of its limitations has also its genial side.

Edith Baker Brown.

MISS GRACE OF ALL SOULS.*

Miss Grace of All Souls comes to American readers with the interest attaching to an unknown writer. The author is well known in England as a member of the notable Liverpool group, which includes Hall Caine, William Watson, and Richard Le Gallienne, but it is through his latest novel that we make his acquaintance.

This work comes to us informed with the newest development of economic, political, and socialistic questions. It gives unusually eloquent expression of that spirit of revolt which, like some fiery acid, is eating its way into every part of the social fabric. Portentous as the feeling which convulsed France on the eve of the Revolution, this growing discontent, this open resistance to established order, is rapidly spreading

* *Miss Grace of All Souls*. By William Edwards Tirebuck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

throughout all civilisations both old and new, if the signs of the times, both in literature and out of it, have any meaning. The special point of attack, in the case of this book, is one of the strongholds of hardship, of wrong and of suffering—the life of the great coal field honeycombing the north of England. Here lies the dark background of the terrible picture; among these vast collieries, wherein thousands of human beings spend their lives in subterranean darkness, toiling blindly like ants in a hill, while a fortunate few—to whom these toilers are scarcely more individual than ants—bask in the sunlight above.

Thus the author has chosen as the theme of his powerful work the one condition of life that does more than any other, perhaps, to brutalise humanity. The characters which he has selected as the media for realising his ideas in this field are drawn from the different social grades to be found there. These characters are the vicar of the parish and his daughter, the heroine of the story, who gives the title to the book; the mine owner and his son, who is in love with the vicar's daughter; a collier family, which is composed of an aged grandfather, of the collier himself, his wife, his son, and his daughter—the son being another lover of the titular heroine—together with a number of accessory characters from the mining class.

The vicar is of the type of clergyman who fills his sacred office as if it were some secular profession, and desires no change in the established order of things. His daughter has a heart and a conscience, and they are heavily weighted by the suffering about her, which she labours to relieve. The owner of the mine, a rich ex-member of Parliament, tolerates Grace's arguments and struggles as the harmless sentimentality of a pretty girl, whom he would be pleased to have his son marry; but he steadily opposes all innovation, wishing prevailing conditions to continue unaltered—except to make them more grinding. His son and successor in Parliament is in perfect accord with him upon this point, apart from being influenced by the vicar's daughter. And finally the family of colliers, who are most conspicuous figures and who exhibit in their three generations the type of un-murmuring acceptance in the first, of blind resistance in the second, and

of intelligent revolt in the third. Amid these tumultuous and warring elements moves the girl who is the central spirit on her divine mission of reconciliation, of betterment, and of love. Grappling bravely with the appalling problems of poverty and pain in the humble lives that touch her own life on every side, Grace strives to arouse her father to a sense of his responsibility and, most of all, to his opportunity for amelioration. Failing in this, and cast wholly upon her own resources, she does what she can alone, and in the course of her ministrations is brought into contact with the old collier's grandson. She sees that he has the power of leadership among his own class, and herself learns to lean upon his strength and to defer to his better judgment and knowledge of the wrongs, and the needs, and the difficulties that surround them. Out of this soil of intelligent sympathy springs up the love between them, around which the romantic interest of the story revolves, complicated by the presence of the other lover, the son of the master.

The deep human concern of the tale extends, however, to the other characters; and, upon the whole, the novel may be said to belong to that rare class in which a fine balance is maintained between the discussion of a great economic problem and interest in the characters as simply human beings. If the balance inclines in either direction, it is towards the author's remarkable power of characterisation. The brightest example of this is, perhaps, the collier's wife—an eager, industrious, brave, witty, fluttering little bird of a woman—whose beautiful spirit brings sweetness and light into the gloom; whose staunch conservatism withstands the strain of her loving loyalty to her radical husband and to her democratic son; whose tenderness to the orphans, poorer even than herself, luminously illustrates—what the rich are never enough rebuked by and must forever stand apart from—the helpful generosity of the poor to each other. Another subtle instance of this distinctive portrayal of personality lies in the fine contrast between the gentle, alert little mother and her large, strenuous daughter; the two representing the old and the new of their class and sex. This girl, working in the pit's mouth, makes a fit mate for her miner lover, who stands undaunted in the foul



darkness of the flooded mine, while the water creeps from his chin to his lips. Even their love-making partakes of the sternness of their hard lives; and the description of it constitutes some of the freshest and finest work of the book. At this point should be noted still another distinguishing characteristic of the story—its freedom from the slightest taint of impurity. Nowhere is there the trail of the serpent that marks most of this recent revolutionary literature; and the fact is all the more conspicuous for the reason that the theme, stirring the very dregs of humanity, would seem to necessitate a reference at least to certain attendant phases of moral degradation, if not the representation of them.

The artistic reserve, the judicial moderation with which the author handles his dangerous and difficult subject gives strength and dignity to his work. In this respect it is a lesson to be heeded in view of the trivial and overcharged treatment of grave affairs which is one of the

vices of contemporary fiction. And yet, fascinating as the book is, the end leaves a vague feeling of disappointment. This does not arise from the author's leaving the intolerable economic situation as he finds it. That is necessarily the case, since the prevailing conditions continue unchanged. It comes, perhaps, from the unconscious perception that, after all, the flower of such a work of art is in its ending as a tale of human love; and in this case the union of the lovers in a union of natures is so inherently apart that the conclusion does not blossom out into one of those priceless flowers of the mind which we care to pluck for their lasting sweetness.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE ÉDITION DE LUXE OF "AULD LICHT IDYLLS."*

To this beautiful book, uniform with the *édition de luxe* of *A Window in Thrums*, Mr. Hole has contributed a delightful series of etchings. The technique of all of them is excellent; their interpretation of Mr. Barrie is shrewd and individual. If any qualifying criticism were permissible on such excellent work, it would be on the ground that he has perhaps emphasised a trifle overmuch the grotesque element in a few of the characters of Thrums. Mr. Hole can produce the effects of light in his etchings in a marvellous way, and "Saturday Night in the Square," with its flare of oil lamps on the vans and the faces of the people, is a masterpiece. We are glad to be able to give two reproductions of the portraits of the Rev. Gavin Dishart (not the "Little Minister") and of Lizzie Harrison, the postmistress, who, it was jaloused, "steamed" the letters and confided their titbits to the favoured friends of her own sex.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.†

There is something stimulating in the retrospect which a certain coign of vantage gives a writer at certain periods, when he can look back, as at the present

* *Auld Licht Idylls*. By J. M. Barrie. With eighteen etchings by W. Hole, R.S.A. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$15.00 net.

† *The Greater Victorian Poets*. By Hugh Walker, M.A. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.50. *Literary Types. Being Essays in Criticism*. By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A. (Oxon.) New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

time, over a century or a long reign, and review the literary, social, political, scientific, or artistic movements that have distinguished them. It gives him an opportunity for comparative study, for fine historical perspectives, for marking epochs and types and singling out the greater from the lesser lights. In the two books before us the latter method has prevailed. Professor Walker has already attained to considerable repute as the author of *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature*, so that he comes to us not without commendation. He approaches his subject with fine feeling and sound literary judgment. He faces the difficulty which others have felt in defining precisely the period of literature which he elects for treatment, and substantially follows their lead in closing the former period with the death of Byron and taking up the present with the young Tennyson, who felt that when Byron passed away "the whole world was at an end," and stole away to carve in secret the words "Byron is dead." Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold he takes to be the greatest and best representatives of Victorian poetry. He breaks ground with an introductory chapter, and then proceeds to estimate the work of these poets in chronological sequence, holding that the best possible comparison and the most instructive process of study is between a man in his youth and the same man in his maturity or in old age. As a dictum, Professor Walker applies Matthew Arnold's test to these poets: true poetry, in his conception of it, being a criticism of life. The influences that the politics, science, philosophy, and religion of their day have had upon these poets is fully considered, and taking Milton for a type of one who illustrates almost to perfection the ideal relation of a great man to his own time, he proceeds to study the three great Victorian poets in their relation to the spirit of their time and to the whole of life. The project is a noble one, and is nobly conceived and carried out. By this method results are gained which are perhaps unattainable otherwise. The study of a great life in the light of all life, if lucidly and ably handled, as it is here, must, so far as we have understanding to grasp it, reveal its secret to us.

Literary Types is set to a lower key than Professor Walker's book. It has

been given to the author of this little book of biographical essays to see in certain of the great authors under scrutiny a typical and individual focus, as it were, of a particular phase in literary history. Landor, for instance, is termed a "dramatist," not because he wrote one or two plays, but because all the literary work he did was essentially dramatic in intention and execution. And so De Quincey is a type of the "man of letters;" and "essayist," "philosopher," "novelist," and "poet" are applied after the same manner to Lamb, Carlyle, Dickens, and Coleridge. Whether we may agree with his method of rigid classification or not—and there is much to be said for as well as against it—he has certainly revived for us the human interest of the life of these authors, and has written of them and their works in a way to stimulate fresh study and to evoke greater admiration. He is no "hasty observer or cold chronologist," he has a special fondness



for his subjects; yet for one who is so warm in his literary affections, he is not unduly partial, and his criticism at times is decidedly helpful as well as wholesome. We are amused at the epithets which he applies to some of his "types." De Quincey "may not inaptly be termed the will-o'-the-wisp of literature;" again he is styled as "the Mendelssohn of letters;" Charles Lamb is "in a way the Schumann of literature;" Carlyle is "the Géricault of literature;" Macaulay, its "David;" and under certain modifications of character like unto the great seer of Judah, Carlyle, he says in another place, "might have been regarded as the Jeremiah of the nineteenth century." His "note" on the paths of Dickens, we fear, will do no more than raise a smile on the face of those who read it. To defend Dickens at this day against the charge of sentimentality and maudlin tears in some of his scenes is a briefless case. But what he has to say under the same head on the emotional in literature and the lack of this finer quality in the books of the hour is sound criticism, and we appreciate its vigorous statement; but that is a very different thing. *Literary Types* is worthy of a place in the library, not only because of its dominant idea and the new life to be gained from its novel point of view, but because these essays make admirable introductory studies to the works of the writers therein portrayed.

J. M.

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY.*

The Delectable Duchy appeared at the close of 1893, but it has never received the attention which it merits. Few books are published nowadays which give so much pure and lasting pleasure, and we are in hope that this cheap reprint will stimulate an interest well deserved. It is like a St. Martin's summer, with soft sunshine and lingering hours of brightness. As we read it, the sweetness of spring breathes across the heart of winter, and we see the flowers already opening. No writer of our time has brought the short story to such perfection as "Q," and in this book we see him at his best. This is not a volume to be

* *The Delectable Duchy. Stories, Studies, and Sketches. By "Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch).* New York: Macmillan & Co. Paper, 50 cts.

taken from the circulating library and duly read and returned. It is for the shelf by the fireside and the corner next our hand. No reader will lay it down without a feeling of affection for the author. We think of him as of the shepherds who guided the pilgrims over the Delectable Mountains, themselves a part of the beauty which they showed. The Duchy is Cornwall; Troy and Tregarick may be reached by rail from Paddington, but over all the scenes there hangs a veil which our curiosity does not penetrate. The Cornwall of "Q" is as quaint as the Cornwall of King Arthur, as mysterious and as full of poetry. The spirit of the whole book may be summed up in the lines which introduce "The Spinster's Maying":

"The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do greet—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-wita-woo;
Spring, the sweet spring."

Every lover of Chaucer knows the thrill of new life that comes on reading the first lines of his prologue. The impression of gladness does not wear away, but comes back freshly each time the words return to memory. It is exactly the same with *The Delectable Duchy*. There are pages and sentences which will haunt us on many a winter day, glancing out of the dark air like welcome lamps.

Much might be said of the skill in character-drawing shown in every one of these delightful studies. In the Delectable Duchy all doors open gladly to "Q," and he has looked more deeply than any writer except Mr. Hardy into the heart of the English peasant. Like the monk Ambrosius in the "Holy Grail," he loves to quit his studies for the little thorpe and the chatter of the villagers,

"Knowing every honest face of theirs,
As well as ever shepherd knew his sheep,
And every homely secret of their hearts."

THE MEN OF THE MOSS-HAGS.*

It seems only the other day that we were reading and revelling in *The Raiders*, and here is already a rival to it from

* *The Men of the Moss-Hags. Being a History of Adventure taken from the Papers of William Gordon of Earlstoun in Galloway and told over again by S. R. Crockett.* New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

the pen of its own maker, while all the year between has been dotted with Mr. Crockett's stories, the least of them alive and spirited. This is vitality indeed, which should defeat the degeneracy (if anything could) that the sad prophets say must wait on over-production. It is to those who delighted in *The Raiders* that *The Men of the Moss-Hags* appeals, to those who see the better Mr. Crockett in stories of wild riding and hiding in Galloway and by the shores of the Solway than in the tamer merits of *The Lilac Sunbonnet*. Just at this moment it is not very useful to declare one's preference between the two rival tales. They appeal to the same instincts; they have about an equal amount of adventurous incident, and breathe equally of the open air—a fine feature in a book, and all the horrors of the "killing" cannot cancel its benefit here. It is emphatically a good story, though without any very definite plan or plot, though it postpones some of its romantic consummations till a second part, which shall give us the lives of the hero and his kinsfolk and friends in Holland, and, presumably, the mating of the hero with Maisie and of young Lochinvar with Kate of Balmaghie. It is merely a first volume, and we leave off with an appetite, for we like our company. But we beg Mr. Crockett in his next instalment to hurry a little over the Dutch exile and hasten back to Galloway, where he is ever happiest and surest, where he shows most of his own natural strength. The influence of Stevenson is strong in *The Men of the Moss-Hags*; but whatever echoes from other romancers we find in his characters, there is one thing that is all his own, his "glegness of eye," his sense of the beauty of the earth, and his power to tell it—if it be Galloway earth. Here is a picture of a faring-forth in the early summer:

"Now as we went up the hill a sound followed us that made us turn and listen. It was a sweet and charming noise of singing. There, at the door of Earlstoun, were my mother and her maidens, gathered to bid us farewell upon our sad journey. It made a solemn melody on the caller morning air, for it was the sound of the burying psalm, and they sung it sweetly. So up the Deuch Water we rode, the little birds making a choir about us, and young tailless thrushes of the year's nesting pulling at reluctant worms on the short dewy knowes."

Mr. Crockett has known better than

to make the young hero, William Gordon, a very orthodox Whig. At this time of day orthodox Whigs are not in favour, and we all prefer a hero for whom we can have a warmer feeling than approval. Lame as he is, he is nevertheless more of a soldier than a preacher, and his testimony he gives more willingly by his sword than by word of mouth. A still more original departure is seen in the career of the Wullcat, the young lord of Lochinvar, whose gallantries get his more douce cousin into difficulties at the beginning of the story. Most romancers would have bored us with the love affairs of the hot-headed, irresponsible, and inflammable young man all through, merely from convention, but when once Watt takes to the heather he contents himself with a single lady-love; and he is generally to be counted on to take part in the wildest and least gallant of adventures, without hindrance from his caprices and affections. The silent, devoted, and daring Maisie, take her all in all, is a living personage, but not easily describable. One should not be surprised at any of her exploits after watching her conduct when the dragoons are riding on the conventicle.

"Maisie Lennox, who was nearest to me, looked over to where her father stood at the corner of his company. Then because she was distressed for him, and knew not what she did, she drew a half-knitted stocking out of the pocket that swung beneath her kirtle, calmly set the stitches in order, and went on knitting, as is the Galloway custom among the hill-folk when they wait for anything."

A remarkable woman. But the story of her rifling the mail-bags we cannot believe. It was a feat of the Wullcat and some clerkly allies, if it was done at all. That is the one strong protest we have to make, though, while we are in a dissentient mood, we might mention that there are too many thunder-storms. We have no other grievances; nothing else but praise, indeed, for a fresh and imaginative story.

It is a point to be noted about Mr. Crockett, that where he has to describe he is never dull. It would be easy to select twenty excellent descriptive passages from the book before us to prove this; but none in force and tenderness could rival one part of the terrible tale of Johnstone's brutality to the children.

"Then I saw something that I had never seen but among the sheep; and it was a most pitiful

and heart-wringing thing to see, though now in the telling it seems no great matter. There is a time of year when it is fitting that the lambs should be separated from the ewes; and it ever touches one nearly to see the flock of poor lambs when first the dogs come near to them to begin the work, and wear them in the direction in which they are to depart. All their little lives the lambs had run to their mothers at the first hint of danger. Now they have no mother to flee

to, and you can see them huddle and pack it frightened solid bunch, quivering with apprehension, all with their sweet little winsome faces turned one way. Then, as the dogs run nearer to start them, there comes from them a little low, broken-hearted bleating, as if terror were driving the cry out of them against their wills. Thus it is with the lambs on the hill; and so also it was with the hains that clung together in a cluster on the brae face."

NOVEL NOTES.

A MAD MADONNA, AND OTHER STORIES.
By L. Clarkson Whitelock. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. \$1.00.

Those who are acquainted with Clarkson Whitelock's earlier work will find a pleasant surprise awaiting them in her new volume of stories. There was no hint in that work that she would startle us by-and-bye with a new note, or develop latent power of imagination in striking a fresh vein. That kindest of critics, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, is said to have stood as sponsor for these stories, reference to which was made in the columns of our "Chronicle and Comment" last month; and the critic has no reason to fear that his kindly judgment will be reversed. "A Mad Madonna" is a fine figment of the imagination, clothed in a beautiful style which is more suggestive than expansive, tintured with the sad, melancholy grace that haunts the sojourner in the streets of Rome, and coloured with the soft lights and shadows and radiant beauty of fair Italia. The dumb patience and longing of the "mad madonna" is full of a great pathos that rends the heart, and is eloquent with a voice that melts to tears and moves us to an infinite pity—a pity that does not depress and cast down, but which purges and clarifies the mind. The mysterious madonna and her *bambino*, wandering these hundreds of years in search of the Great Master Raffaello, to whom she sat for his wonderful paintings, and the culmination of her desire, is a striking invention, and wrought with cunning art. The climax reached in the young artist's studio, where the "mad madonna" sits once more as she imagines to her Master, Raffaello, is conceived and executed with a rapidity and force which carries us breathlessly to the *dénouement*. The shad-

owy outline of the wonderful Mother and Child of Raphael grows every moment more distinct:

"He took the brushes dreamily in his hand; but it was moved by a magic force, and there grew before him the marvellous colours of the Madonna, by no power of his own. The cloud of cherubs came once more about him. The room was full of them. The canvas was covered with them. The mother and child stood motionless, all the exquisite living beauty of their faces seeming to pass from them to the picture. . . . It seemed to him that his hand was moved as by the angels of God.

"The earth rocked beneath him, and the blue sky, as he saw it through the window, had turned blood-red.

"He painted on and on, with no other consciousness than that the earth rocked and that the sky had turned to blood. Once a faint sigh came from the child's lips, and the mother caressed it softly. When she moved, it was as if an earthquake shock went through him. The room with its occupants, the canvas with its miracle, faded from his consciousness; a red stream of blood gushed from his lips, and his head fell backwards.

"He heard as from another world, 'Addio, Raffaello,' and was dead."

None of the other stories reach the same height of artistic perfection or are impelled by the same imaginative force to that lasting form which now and again singles out a short story for distinction. Through the half-dozen tales there runs a weird strain of madness more or less mysterious and inexplicable. "Ignoto" comes next in interest and literary execution to "A Mad Madonna," and after that "A Bit of Delft," which is charming in its quaint Dutch setting. "Love's House" is a new and not altogether satisfactory rendering of a time-worn theme, and "Apollo" is ingenious but a little far-fetched. As for the last story, "From Another Country," it scarcely merits the honour which has been given to it by including it with the other stories in book form. It is

amusing, and is written with vivacity, but it is out of harmony with the preceding contents of the volume, and strikes a discordant note. If it were only for the sake of the first and longest story, the book is well worth purchase; all the stories, however, are attractive and have a peculiar interest. The book is well printed and bound, and has several half-tone illustrations.

JOAN HASTE. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.25.

Perhaps Mr. Haggard or another will dramatise *Joan Haste*. The main incidents would have a fine scenic effect on the boards; the fall of Graves from the tower, Joan's heroic method of reviving him, the oath of the villain Rock, the confession of Levinger, and the tragic final sacrifice of the heroine, personating her old lover to save him from the maniacal fury of her husband—none of these could fail to be effective. We confess we like our melodrama best in dramatic form. The facts are there before us, and just because no fine-drawn explanations are given, we accept them. But Mr. Haggard is enough of a modern novelist to write as if he had got inside people's hearts and behind their motives, and with a melodramatic plot this is always unfortunate, especially so when you insist on your characters being, save for their histories, every-day kind of folks that you might meet in any railway train. Mr. Haggard, who is skilled in reading the clear-marked lines of savage natures, fails when he tries subtle investigation of his contemporaries and compatriots. Perhaps he is a little too simple-minded. Perhaps he has sought his material not in life but in romances, those of an earlier, more rhetorical generation. At least, while we regard the plot as a most effective melodrama, we don't much like the filling-up. And, indeed, he has piled the agony of the story rather needlessly, even for scenic effect. If Levinger had spoken a little sooner; if Rock had gone mad a little sooner; if—The fact is, the glamour of Mr. Haggard's romance makes us forget that we are looking at real life; but he insists on playing, with somewhat inappropriate material, the stern realist; and all the explanations which would have established Joan's legitimacy, her heirship, and brought about her marriage with

Graves, come too late. That being so, we have to acquiesce in her death as the next best thing. There is a kind of British robustness about Mr. Haggard which we think would be more fitly employed in writing cheerful fiction. If he cannot give up this mournful attitude, let him think of the excellent opening at the present moment on the sentimental stage.

THE SALE OF A SOUL. By F. Frankfort Moore. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. 75 cts.

THE SECRET OF THE COURT. By F. Frankfort Moore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

The leading lady of the first story, after five years of marriage, finds her soul too great for her surroundings, her individuality pooh-poohed, and her aspirations neglected by a husband immersed in the business of the State. So she makes up her mind to sell this great soul, and thinking Mr. Stuart Forrest would be a liberal purchaser, joins him in a voyage to the West Indies. The neglectful husband mysteriously turns up, behaves affably to Mr. Forrest, and gives his wife uncomfortable doubts about her projected bargain. The husband is diabolically clever, and sees through stone walls; he is a magnanimous cynic on a great scale. In the end the wife changes her mind about the best purchaser for her valuable commodity—which has gone down in price in the estimate book of her mind however—and she and her husband have an adventurous time together floating on a raft and on a derelict ship, till a steamer saves them for the domestic felicity which is now to begin in earnest for them.

The Secret of the Court belongs to the class of story that never seems to go out of fashion, but of which Bulwer was the completest master. It deals with the mysteries of life and death, their unveilers, and the victims of their experiments. The secret of the restoration of life was found in this case, after prolonged study, in an Egyptian temple of incredible age. The description of the temple, by-the-by, is striking, and the weird effect it produces is brought about by no cheap devices. Unfortunately, we think, the experiment is tried on a young Englishwoman who has died, leaving her relatives bitterly sorrowing; it would have kept the story

in far better tone had the East and some fair, mysterious Oriental been the scene and the victim. For victim she must be called. Therein lies the point of the story. The secret referred merely to the physical life, and had no power in the restoration of the soul. The rash Englishman had not listened to the wise warning of the mysterious Albaran; but he learnt through remorse "that when Death knocks at the door he should be admitted as an honoured guest. There are worse friends than Death."

THE COMING OF THEODORA. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The old-time woman was a riddle, the new woman is still a chrysalis, but when we get a pattern of progress upon a groundwork of conservatism, what are we going to do about it? This question is that to which the household of Theodora were reduced after fourteen months of her constant presence with them. A woman of genuine New England faculty, and the certainty which is not unfrequently found in the same section, that there is but one right way to do a thing, and that she knows it; a woman who has made a name and position for herself in the world, and who gives up both, to play the thankless part of a useful maiden aunt in her brother's home, out of her indefeasible love for him and her longing for family ties; a woman with very little tact, and with too much sense to be sensitive, or ever to suspect that she is in the way, yet with a certain brightness and charm of her own, which her chronicler has perfectly succeeded in photographing—such is Theodora. The wholeness of the story, in these days of erotic novels, is something for which to be grateful; the characterisation is well contrasted and vivid; one does so truly appreciate the blankness of Edward and Marie when their studio was "tidied" out of any possibility of ever working in it again! Yet it is also quite comprehensible that Frank Compton's heart should be vanquished by the coming of Theodora. But that the marriage should be broken off because his small daughter so vehemently opposed it—isn't it almost *too* much? To be sure, a New England conscience is capable of anything, but would the opposition of Essie have had that or the contrary ef-

fect upon Theodora? And we are left, with the closed book in our hand, doubting whether *she* would or not, whether *he* would or not, whether they would have been happy together or not (only we think they would!), and various other whethers, chief among which is, whether we like a story with such an unsatisfactory *finale*. But we console ourselves with the reflection that probably, despite Theodora's message, "that chapter" was not "ended," after all. Could she have remained away from Edgecomb all her life? And when they met again, would it not be all right? Of course it would!

THE WAY OF A MAID. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Mrs. Hinkson, author of *A Cluster of Nuts*, and one or two volumes of poems, has now ventured upon a novel of Irish life, and with considerable success. To be sure, there are crudities and a certain awkwardness in the construction; but these will disappear in her future work, while the merits of the present book will reappear and to better advantage. Her touch is a light one, which will probably strengthen with use without losing its delicacy; and there is a simplicity and directness about her way of telling her story that remind one of Miss Austin. Nora is a very fascinating and delightful little heroine; and though one cares rather less for Hilliard, his attraction for her is perfectly comprehensible. We doubt, however, whether Nora proved altogether as charming in married life as she was as a sweetheart; the average man, we fear, would find her somewhat of a responsibility; and it is perhaps quite as well that the pen of her chronicler halted when it did. But the main value of the book and its chief charm is in its thumbnail sketches of Irish life; the visit to the convent, with the laughing nuns, the stately Mother Superior, and the poor family who were equipped, in honour of Christmas, with garments which the sisters themselves had fashioned, with results to the masculine habiliments which can better be imagined than described.

"Lanty was tellin' me, miss, how ould Joe Geray an' the wife an' kid was dressed by the nuns for Christmas. He says Joe's pepperin' for the day after to-morrow till he pawns the duds. Och, God help them cratures o' nuns, it's too inno-

cent they are! Let alone they makes the clothes themselves, and the trousers is all bags. Lanty says the men in the town ud give Joe a quare life if he appeared in them."

The woman who took away her neighbour's character by publicly praying for her as "a great sinner and an old reprobate," is the heroine of another sketch. The book is by no means a *tendenz roman*, for which we are told it is our duty to be grateful; nevertheless our gratitude will be increased, if in her next book Mrs. Hinkson lend the grace and delicacy of her style to a picture of Irish social conditions from which those of us unfamiliar with Irish affairs may draw our own conclusions and accumulate our own tendencies.

ZORAIDA. A Romance of the Harem and the Great Sahara. By William Le Queux. Illustrated. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

Every reader with an ounce of romance in him will bitterly resent the last chapter in this thrilling story. Zoraida is the most ravishingly beautiful and marvellous woman; her capacity of poetical expression is extraordinary, and her occult powers of the rarest. To love her is most interestingly dangerous; thus does she address the daring Cecil Holcombe—

"Yonder knife and potion will bind thy soul unto mine; thou wilt become one of the companions of the Left Hand, whose habitation is the shadowless Land of Torment, where the burning wind scorches, and water scalds like boiling pitch."

"Is there, then, no hope for those who love thee?" he asks.

"None," she replied, sighing. "Neither rest, mercy, nor the Garden of Delights can fall to the lot of him who loveth me."

And yet after all this, and a great many other warnings, Cecil and the darkly romantic Zoraida were actually married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and lived in a Kensington flat; Zoraida wore a tailor-made gown, and had crowded "at-homes." This is the greatest outrage on the romantic feelings that we ever remember to have had practised upon us in the reading of fiction. But, omitting the last chapter, and putting one's self into a fittingly youthful mood, and determined to call the pseudo-poetical language sublime, let us acknowledge the attractions of Mr. Le Queux's story. It is packed full of incident, fighting, loving, plotting, dark crime, treasure-finding, and around all is the mysterious air of the desert.

There are right readers and wrong readers for *Zoraida*. Under appropriate conditions, it should be pronounced an entrancing story.

CLARENCE. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Something may have died out of Mr. Bret Harte since he wrote *The Luck of Roaring Camp*—the power or the opportunity of gathering fresh and piquant incident from wild, rough life to wake up his tame readers from their sleepiness and shake off a prejudice or two in the process. But though some of the freshness has gone from his stories, they have never grown dull. And with years there has come a too little recognised compensation for any loss of youthful vigour. His understanding of human nature has grown in subtlety and in delicacy, till to-day we look confidently to his books for interesting studies in more sophisticated character. His plots are good in their conception, but in their development he is more easily surpassed than in the strong, minute handling of his personages, whom he analyses with a care that is never finicking. The characters here are mostly old friends. In the war between North and South, Clarence Brant, Alice Benham, and the lively Susy are tested to the utmost by the storm and stress of the times. The new heroine, Miss Faulkner, is of course, seeing who has fashioned her, no mild pattern of propriety; but really her asperity on her first appearances we are much more inclined to resent than were Clarence Brant and, evidently, Mr. Bret Harte. It is difficult to resign ourselves to a favourite hero marrying a shrew, however heroic she might be on occasion.

A COMEDY IN SPASMS. By "Iota" (Mrs. Manning Caffyn). New York: F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.00.

The title is a mystery even at the end of the story. The heroine, a young Australian, has bouts of deep discontent, which perhaps gave her physical pain, but, as a rule, she is level-headed and not at all excitable. Titles are trifling matters, however. On the whole, "Iota" has put better work into this book than into her others; it will probably raise her worth in the esteem of critical readers, though it may not reach the popularity of *A Yellow Aster*. The story itself is interesting. The young Aus-

tralian, beautiful, practical, energetic, admiring above all things physical force and comeliness, finds a way out of pecuniary difficulties weighing on her family by marriage with an intelligent, upright, spirited man. But he is physically weak, and a martyr to headaches. He is worth ten of her, and she dimly guesses it, but is too much of a young savage to grasp the idea openly. Meanwhile, the young Adonis and Hercules combined, who had hitherto been unavailable, turns up free. Writhing in her bonds, she would have burst them had it not been for the virtue of Hercules-Adonis. So the young beauty and the middle-aged headachy student have to shake down as best they may. There is a curious jumble, as there always is in Iota's books, of good common sense and prejudices, shrewd understanding of human nature, and limitation of vision. She is gaining conciseness in the form of her stories; but her caste instincts will always obscure humanity to her.

THE CARBONELS. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Thomas Whitaker. \$1.25.

THE LONG VACATION. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

For more years than some of us can remember Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, who comes of a Hampshire family, and first became known to the world as the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, has poured forth volume after volume, from a pen whose sources seem to be perennial; volumes of history, biography, and, above all, of fiction; earnest, helpful, inspiring, pure and refreshing, and all imbued with a strong High Church feeling. She has educated, through the pages of the *Monthly Packet*, a circle of readers in what, after all, if just a little *bornées*, are noble and chivalric ideas of religion and ethics; she has kept up with the times herself, in the most wonderful manner, and all this she has done in the most absolutely unassuming and thoroughly feminine way that it is possible for us to imagine. She has advertised her stories, to be sure, but there is a dearth of anecdotes illustrative of her personality, and on remarkably few occasions does her photograph stare at us from the public prints.

Of the two books now before us, one—*The Carbonels*—has, from her, the value of a historical monograph upon

the social conditions of the English rural districts, in the first quarter of the present century, upon the state of the Church, and the attitude of the landlords. It is quiet in tone, despite some stirring scenes, and though there is absolutely no plot, and the characters are rather types than persons, the story is both valuable and interesting.

The Long Vacation is a continuation of the adventures of that composite family who have grown up from the intermarriage of the personages of the author's earlier novels. Descendants of the people whom one remembers in *Beechcroft*, *The Pillars of the House*, *The Daisy Chain*, *The Castle Builders*, and several others, all connected by as intricate a bond of cousinhood as one could find in any county of Old Virginia, meet, converse, act in private theatricals, and further intermarry, in these pages, which to Miss Yonge's veteran readers have the affectionate value of news from old friends. One must confess, however, that the climax is not well done; it was well imagined, no doubt, to lay young Gerald in the grave beside his father, at "Fiddler's Ranch" by the same hand that had saved him from the Indians; but Miss Yonge's orderly English imagination being inadequate to the task of conceiving American Western life, she was forced to finish her tale through the always clumsy medium of letters from a spectator; and the result is what might be expected. Nevertheless, the book is a delightful one, and in any case Miss Yonge wrote it!

WHEN CHARLES THE FIRST WAS KING. By J. S. Fletcher. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Fletcher has written a delightful tale of adventure. Not only so, but there is a literary charm in its pages permeating its quaint, fascinating style, its intricate plot, and its characterisations which lays hold of the imagination and wins a grateful acknowledgment. The scene of the story is laid in Yorkshire, where the forces of King and Parliament, Cavalier and Roundhead come together in several hard-fought battles. It was in one of the fiercest conflicts on the field of Marston Moor that the hero, Will Dale, a great fellow six-foot-five, met Cromwell. The picture of the great soldier is followed up strongly. Indeed,

the characteristic element in Mr. Fletcher's work is virility. The historic incidents of the time have been caught up by the imagination of the writer and given forth with a pleasant semblance of reality. There is some fine writing in the book; perhaps the finest passages are those in which the author describes the charge of the king's horsemen against Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor, the death of Dennis Watson, and the mad ride of his father, Prince Rupert. *When Charles the First was King* deserves honourable mention as a novel for its virility and sane qualities.

THROUGH RUSSIAN SNOWS and A KNIGHT OF THE WHITE CROSS. By G. A. Henty. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 each.

AT WAR WITH PONTIAC. By Kirk Munroe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

The most recent works of Kirk Munroe and the two latest by Mr. Henty use history as a background for their stories. Mr. Munroe has a pleasing style and a faculty for creating thrilling adventures. Boys like a hero who can brave the greatest dangers and escape injury with facility—it matters little how improbable may be the method. The time chosen for his new story is the critical period succeeding the subjugation of the Canadian French by the English, the formative period of the spirit of 1776. Park-

man was the first to recognise the importance of the Pontiac War and the genius of its moving spirit. Mr. Munroe draws liberally upon fact in his narrative, which has considerable literary merit.

The Henty stories continue the pleasant tradition which their numerous predecessors have created. Like Mr. Munroe's books, they have a certain modicum of value as educators, and are written with the fire and force which appeal to a boy's imagination. *Through Russian Snows* is a slightly coloured account of Napoleon's fateful campaign and retreat from Moscow. In *A Knight of the White Cross* good use is made of the fierce conflict which was waged between Crusader and Moslem in olden time. The story follows the fortunes of a sturdy young Englishman in the War of the Crusades, who figures prominently at the first siege of Rhodes. The "thrill" is unmistakably there; "no penny dreadful" could harrow up more startling situations and rattling episodes. However, the ideal held up to the boyish mind in these stories is wholesome if somewhat exaggerated. The evil is invariably overcome not by bravado, untruth, and intrigue, but by bravery, unswerving honour, and fidelity. Virtue is apparelled in its whitest robes, and vice is cast out into the blackness of darkness.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

LAST POEMS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The value which will be attached to this exquisite little volume will arise more from the melancholy interest of its contents and the beauty of the book in which they are encased than in the quantity or quality of the work. There are ten poems here, the last which Mr. Lowell wrote, and which Mr. Norton believes he might have wished to preserve. Three of them were published before his death; of the rest, two appear here for the first time. The "Verses, intended to go with a posset dish to my dear little goddaughter, 1882," are proof that the author's light touch and nimble wit were with him to the end. In the noble lines, "On a Bust of General Grant,"

we have a burst of the old patriotic fire which glowed with the faith of his forefathers, and with the spirit of his Cromwell hero-worship:

"Strong, simple, silent, therefore such was he
Who helped us in our need; the eternal law
That who can saddle opportunity
Is God's elect, though many a mortal flaw
May minish him in eyes that closely see,
Was verified in him; what need we say
Of one who made success where others failed,
Who, with no light save that of common day,
Struck hard, and still struck on till Fortune
quailed,
But that (so sift the Norns) a desperate van
Ne'er fell at last to one who was not wholly
man."

"Nothing ideal, a plain people's man—"
so he apostrophises Grant—"one of
those still plain men that do the world's

rough work ;" and how fine is the characterisation drawn in that one line :

" He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do."

The finest poem in this scant collection, where choice is almost supererogatory, is, to our thinking, "The Nobler Lover," which has a reminiscent note of Browning's "Christina." We quote the poem entire :

" If he be a nobler lover, take him !
You in you, I seek, and not myself ;
Love with men's what women choose to make him,
Seraph strong to soar, or fawn-eyed elf :
All I am or can, your beauty gave it,
Lifting me a moment nigh to you,
And my bit of heaven, I fain would save it—
Mine I thought it was, I never knew.

" What you take of me is yours to serve you,
All I give, you gave to me before ;
Let him win you ! If I but deserve you,
I keep all you grant to him and more :
You shall make me dare what others dare not,
You shall keep my nature pure as snow,
And a light from you that others share not
Shall transfigure me where'er I go.

" Let me be your thrall ! However lowly
Be the bondsman's service I can do,
Loyalty shall make it high and holy ;
Naught can be unworthy, done for you.
Men shall say, ' A lover of this fashion
Such an icy mistress well besseems.'
Women say, ' Could we deserve such passion,
We might be the marvel that he dreams.'"

An unusual feature of this fine piece of book-making is the printing of the poems on one side of the paper only, leaving the other side blank. To be sure, the book is slight enough, and it would have otherwise reduced its dimensions to an absurd size had the ordinary form been adhered to. But the book as it stands will find favour in the eyes of all book-lovers, and as a memorial volume it is an artistic and exceedingly attractive production. There is a fine new portrait of the poet at the age of seventy, considered by his family to be an admirable likeness of him.

STAMBULOFF. By A. Hulme Beaman. Public Men of To-day Series. New York : Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.25.

The world is being more and more conventionalised, and the purely picturesque is departing from its history. War is now an intellectual exercise, like a game of chess. Statesmanship is largely a matter of figures and finance. Great monarchs ride the bicycle and ar-

ray themselves in pot hats and the costume of the bagman. Nevertheless, there still rise up heroic figures here and there as a sort of protest against the eternal *banalité* of the century's end ; and such a figure is the subject of this very able and instructive volume. Stepan Stambuloff, the son of an inn-keeper and apprenticed to a tailor, a man of rough, half-brutal ways, a peasant in many of his traits, nevertheless is a great and stiking figure in his public career, whether we see him defying the Turk in his early days and carving out a free State for his fellow-countrymen, or defying the Great White Czar in his later years, and holding fast his country's birthright in the face of the master of a million soldiers. Mr. Beaman gives us the full details of a life of which most of us have seen only disconnected glimpses ; and his narrative weaves together all the scattered threads into a consistent and intelligible whole. Stambuloff has been called "the Bismarck of Bulgaria," and the phrase is no idle one. With far greater odds against him than Bismarck faced, he wrought out results which, when their final outcome shall have been seen, may prove to be no less momentous in Eastern Europe than Bismarck's creation in the West. Six photographs given in the work are of especial interest—Stambuloff himself, a semi-Slavic face ; Prince Alexander, a brave soldier, but one who quailed before dangers that his great minister dared to defy ; Prince Ferdinand, the puppet Coburg whom Stambuloff raised from obscurity ; Princess Ferdinand, a mean, unfeeling face ; and Madame Stambuloff and Prince Alexander's wife, two very beautiful women. We cordially commend the volume to all who have marked the career which ended only a few weeks ago, when the greatest of the Bulgarians fell, gashed under the assassins' knives in the streets of Sofia. This series bids fair to prove the most valuable of its kind that any publisher has yet brought out.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. By Stuart J. Reid. New York : Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

This, the last volume in the Queen's Prime Ministers Series, is very largely a history of the foreign relations of England from 1850, preceded by an account of the great Reform movement. For

American readers its most interesting chapter is that which treats (too briefly) of the time when Lord John held the post of Foreign Minister in the Palmerston administration from 1861-65. This portion of the work contains some valuable details regarding the course of the English authorities in letting the *Alabama* escape from the Mersey; and asserts that Russell was in reality a friend of the United States during the Civil War. If this be so, he evidently had a great power of concealing his sentiments; yet it is certainly a fact that he did, in the face of strong pressure, preserve a fairly strict neutrality in that period, as to which Mr. Reid quotes Grote as saying: "The perfect neutrality of England in the destructive civil war now raging in America appears to me almost a phenomenon in political history. . . . It is the single case in which the English Government and public, generally so meddlesome, have displayed most prudent and commendable forbearance in spite of great temptations to the contrary." The fact that all the ruling classes were heart and soul with the South makes it all the more remarkable; and it is certainly to be remembered to the honour of Lord John Russell that he was far-seeing enough to follow out so wise a policy. The book contains also much readable information about the relations of England to Italian affairs in 1861-63, and of the rather pitiful figure cut by its government at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein affair in 1864. A fine portrait of Earl Russell is given as a frontispiece.

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES ON THE STAGE. By Charles E. L. Wingate. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.00.

Mr. Wingate's book is a noteworthy attempt to record the successive appearances of women on the English and American stage who have impersonated Shakespeare's characters "from the beginning." The author has taken great pains to collect all the gossipy details and historical facts which have gathered about these remarkable actresses. After an entertaining fashion Mr. Wingate has followed the histrionic fortunes of Shakespeare's heroines on the stage and has reviewed the large part which women have played in interpreting Shakespeare's plays to the world. As the "one missing book in Shakespearian lore," it fills a place, and will prove interest-

ing to many readers of light literature who are not particularly anxious to follow the development of the drama from the critic's seat of judgment. There are glimpses of the green-room, revelations of the personality of the actresses; and incidentally many anecdotes of actors are included with those which are recounted about the fair sex. The illustrations, many of them from old woodcuts and engravings, enhance the historical value as well as the picturesqueness of the work. The narrative has a sparkle and dash about it which make the reading especially light and vivacious.

THE VIOL OF LOVE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Newton-Robinson. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.

In a prefatory note the poet prepares us for the moods of passion and inspiration which passed over his lyre and gave it spontaneous utterance. "The viol of love," he says, "is an instrument said to derive its beautiful name (*viola d'amore*) from the 'sympathetic' strings, usually seven in number, with which it is fitted below the finger-board. These are never touched by hand or bow, but vibrate of themselves, with a rain of concords and harmonies, in response to the notes which are sounded by the player." One of the best of these gems, "Love Unuttered," we printed from advance sheets in the July BOOKMAN. Another of these poems, entitled "Love Unchallenged," has been widely quoted by the press. The poet's mind as mirrored in these poems finds the keynote of its expression in such lines as these:

"All fairest things have joy in loneliness;
For they are timid that are pure in heart,
Of taint or malison of spirits vile."

Mr. Newton-Robinson hugs his muse in the "pure cloud that spurns the befouled earth," and sings shyly of the glory and the dazzling purity of that vision of love which has been vouchsafed to him—

"And cherishing still the memory of that light,
Looks heavenward for more."

In "Various Poems," which, with several translations, cke out the slender volume, there is one poem which is wonderful for its concentrated passion, depth of tragic feeling, and perfect art. "Forget-Me-Not" is a mad lover's song:

"I planted in the wilderness
The winged seed of Love;
I prayed the sun, the rain, the air
Might bless it from above!

And when the seed had lain a month
 Below the sheltering sod,
 One tiny blade clove out its way
 To glint in the light of God.

"And in another month it grew
 To bear a flower of heaven's blue,
 Men call 'Forget-me-not!'
 Then came an evil-liver by;
 On her he cast his treacherous eye
 With passion's lightning shot!

"He lured, he stole, he marred my pet;
 Mine own in dear remembrance yet,
 Although she sleeps in shame!
 For him—his days are death, and worse!
 I set on him so dire a curse
 It sears his heart like flame!"

These two books of verse, coming as they do from the Bodley Head, are daintily bound and printed, and each is embellished with an appropriate decorative title-page.

STORIES OF THE WAGNER OPERAS. By H. A. Guerber. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

This is one of those useful redactions which are justified by their popularity. Lovers of the opera, and the general reader as well for that matter, will welcome Miss Guerber's paraphrases of the mediæval myths which form the groundwork of Wagner's operas. The author's manner is to describe the legends upon which the operas are based, following them in the latter as they are acted, so that her treatment of each is at once a directory to the acted play and a modern rendering of these weird and fascinating legends and stories. She also traces the origin and conception of the operas in the great composer's mind, and relates the circumstances under which they appeared, and notes their subsequent success or failure. Thus an interesting body of facts concerning Wagner is gathered about these stories of the Wagner operas, which, knit together, one after the other, form a series of links in the chain of his musical career not to be honoured with the name of history or biography, but which contain the material for such. There is a portrait of Wagner and eleven full-page half-tones, illustrating various scenes and characters photographed on the stage. The book has been made in good taste, and the cover has a rather pretty design.

SNOW BIRD AND THE WATER TIGER, AND OTHER AMERICAN INDIAN TALES. Edited by Margaret Compton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The editor of these American Indian

Tales has made splendid use of her materials. The stories are founded, we are informed, on folk-lore contained in the works of Schoolcraft, Copway, and Catlin, and also upon Government records of Indian affairs filed at the Smithsonian Institute. From first to last the narrative shows the firm energy and capability of the aborigines. Running through some of the tales, and especially in "White Cloud's Visit to the Sun Prince," there is an imaginative vein indicative of a high order of intuitive wisdom and moral insight. In power of creation these tales are barely second to the Jungle Book stories. While the descriptions have a richness and warmth of colouring in harmony with the incidents described, there is nothing flowery or superfluous about the style. What is more remarkable is the charming directness and simplicity with which the tales are told, and which is beautifully in keeping with what we know of the poetic in the Indian's character. In this sympathetic treatment of Indian life, Miss Compton has proved herself capable by her qualities of understanding and perspicacity to handle the subject. This collection is not only valuable for its preservation of the myths of a people who have been closely linked to American history, but also as an addition to the few genuine books of folk-lore for grown-ups as well as for children. We would also call attention to the beautiful illustrations which Mr. Walter Greenough has made to accompany these American Indian Tales.

THE WHITE WAMPUM. A Book of Indian Verse. By E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake). Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.

In *Snow Bird and the Water Tiger, and Other Tales*, Miss Compton has recreated the shapes that were wont to dance and flash in the Indian's primeval fancy as he sat by his wigwam, on the vast prairie or in the great forest, and dreamed of the Happy Hunting Grounds. Miss Pauline Johnson, whose proudest claim is that Indian blood courses in her veins, and whose happiest memories are of "the copper-tinted face and smouldering fire of wilder life," sings the swan song of the doomed race. There is a genuine note in her voice as she conjures up the scene of a Red Man's death or follows the "Pilot of the Plains," or gives poignancy to the "Cry from an

Indian Wife ;" and she makes us hark back to the happy, unmolested days of the Indian's reign in many of the poems which commemorate his wild and unrestrained existence under opal-tinted skies on the "Shadow River," by "Moonset," or "In the Shadows." She sings the praise of the Red Man and of his country, and her song has that pathetic strain which comes from the ever-recurring remembrance of the grace of a day that is dead. Her knowledge of the fast-dying race is intimate, and her sympathetic treatment of the virtues and heroism of the redskins quickens almost to tears ; but her art, strange to say, bewrays her, and, after all, we get nearer to the life of the Indian through Longfellow and Whittier. Especially is this so where she deals with human nature ; there is none of the strange fascination that creeps over us as we read *Hiawatha*. But in Nature poetry she is better skilled. When she describes the land he lives in, and still more when she tries to utter the dreams that lie about her there, she rouses us to longing for a sight of the great prairies, and we catch the rapture and sadness of her mood in such lines as these :

" Mine is the undertone ;
The beauty, strength, and power of the land
Will never stir or bend at my command ;
But all the shade
Is marred or made
If I but dip my paddle blade ;
And it is mine alone.

" O ! pathless world of seeming !
O ! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real.
For others Fame
And Love's red flame,
And yellow gold ; I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming !"

In her touching little dedication Miss Johnson offers " this belt of verse-wampum to those two who have taught me most of its spirit—my Mother, whose encouragement has been my mainstay in its weaving ; my Father, whose feet have long since wandered to the Happy Hunting Grounds."

OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES. By Goldwin Smith. New York : Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

This dainty volume of 170 pages is interesting for its own sake, and also because of the purpose with which it was written. Professor Goldwin Smith says in the preface that he hopes to interest

Americans in Oxford, so that to her and to Cambridge in the future the eyes of Americans may be turned no less than to the universities of Germany. But the sort of interest that this little book inspires—an æsthetic and sentimental interest—has never been lacking to Americans. Professor Smith chats very instructively about the history of Oxford, giving many curious facts—not always those that evoke scholastic respect—and is very entertaining. Fifteen fine illustrations beautify the volume, which has also a good index.

CORONATION OF LOVE. By George Dana Boardman, D.D. Philadelphia : American Baptist Publication Society. 75 cts.

The "Coronation of Love" is Paul's canticle in the thirteenth chapter of his first letter to the Corinthians. Dr. Boardman has again touched the lyre and sung the old, yet ever new song in tones that strike new notes and bring out fresh variations on the time-worn theme—time-worn indeed, but which in the skilful hands of such instrumentalists as Professor Drummond and Dr. Boardman becomes keyed to the eternal harmony of the spheres which makes the song endless, deathless in singing. The book itself is beautiful in its artistic simplicity and simple in its artistic beauty. It deserves to take its place along with Professor Drummond's *Greatest Thing in the World*, and we wish it God-speed on its New Year mission.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Mr. Anthony Hope's *Half a Hero*, which preceded *The Prisoner of Zenda* and was published in 1893, has been reissued by the Messrs. Harper in a new and handsome edition. Those who have not already enjoyed reading this work of fiction by Mr. Hope will do well to attempt it in this advantageous form.—Messrs. Macmillan and Company have brought out Mr. Crawford's *Katherine Lauderdale* in one volume, uniform with their dollar edition of this author's novels. The latest volume of Balzac in the new and charming edition which this firm is handling for the Messrs. Dent is *The Country Doctor* (\$1.50). Ellen Marriage, who translates Balzac for this edition, is literate and more, which is something to be grateful for ; and who so able, with

his love for Balzac and his native honesty and reasonableness, to reconcile the reader and introduce each volume to him as the discreet Mr. George Saintsbury? There are those who would read anything recommended to them by Mr. Saintsbury. We have to record two more volumes in the Standard Illustrated Novels Series (\$1.25 per volume), *Ormond*, by Miss Edgeworth, illustrated by Carl Schloesser and prettily introduced, as is her manner, by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie; and *Jacob Faithful*, which has Mr. Brock's happy pen-and-ink pictures and an introduction by Mr. David Hannay. What Mr. Hannay has to say is briefly said and done with; for those who would read *Jacob Faithful* must to the story itself, without preamble. Neither did it need the citation of Thackeray's "beloved *Jacob Faithful*" to win us to this old favourite, which we welcome in its latest modern guise; but the allusion is pleasant and felicitous, and to some readers it will be informing.—*Leighton Court*, "a country house story," is the latest addition to the Scribner's uniform edition of Henry Kingsley's novels. The price is \$1.00.—Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have published an American edition of Mr. John Davidson's *Sentences and Paragraphs* (\$1.00). Mr. Davidson is a master of epigram, and can say strong things well worth saying in an original and sententious manner. His aphorisms, criticisms, and delightful *obiter dicta* have a bracing and invigorating quality about them which, if it be not genius, is something very like it. The same firm have also published a volume of humorous and sympathetic sketches of animal life and home pets, entitled *Subject to Vanity* (\$1.25), by Margaret Benson, a sister of the author of *Dodo*. Miss Benson chats in a delightfully garrulous vein about the curious habits and characteristics of her many pets, and illustrates some of their droll attitudes with drawings of her own.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have produced a beautiful holiday book of Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* (\$2.00). Tricked out in no cheap, flimsy covers, but in a substantial, heavy buckram, with neat, chaste design, printed in clear type on fine paper, it is an example of book-making to shame many of the volumes with which it will lie side by side during the season. But the best

is yet to be said. There is a full-page illustration to each of the twenty-two parts of the poem, from designs by Frederick Remington. This in itself is a feature to commend the book. We know these to be no fancy pictures, but to be the result of years of study on the plains and prairies of the West. It was also a happy idea to give a frontispiece portrait of Longfellow as he appeared in 1840, when he wrote *Hiawatha*. We have now *The Whittier Year-Book* (Houghton, Mifflin and Company) to add to this popular form of devotional literature intended as gift-books, and there is a wealth of material of this sort in the verse and prose of Whittier that may be chosen for the daily food of the lover of thought and beauty. We see many favourite passages here, and others not so familiar, but all are endeared to us by the gentle spirit which gave them being and breathed life and beauty into them. The book is beautifully bound, contains a new frontispiece portrait of the poet, and only costs one dollar. This house has also acquired the rights of Miss Agnes Repplier's little volume of sprightly *Essays in Miniature* (\$1.25), published in 1892, and has issued it in a new edition in a dainty manner befitting the contents. This volume contains the well-conned "Trials of a Publisher," of which the papers made much on its appearance; also the appreciative criticism of Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Intentions*—a book which embodies some of this author's most thoughtful, serious, and scholarly work. Miss Repplier is one of the most companionable of writers, and she is never guilty of writing a dull page.

Dog Stories from the Spectator is an interesting collection of anecdotes illustrative of the canine intelligence, affection, and sympathy. The stories first appeared in the pages of the "Correspondence Columns" of the *Spectator*. An introduction is contributed by J. St. Loe Strachey, and an original cover has been given to the book (Macmillan, \$1.75). The Macmillans have published Matthew Arnold's famous essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" and Walter Pater's "Essay on Style" together in miniature shape, bound in cloth, 75 cents, and in paper, 25 cents. Both are reprints from the authors' collected works published by the same firm.

SOME RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Ginn and Company publish *A History of Our Country*, a text-book for schools, which is a book of especial interest because its authors, Messrs. O. H. Cooper, H. F. Estill, and Leonard Lemmon, are all Texans, and connected with the school system of their State. Its object, as set forth in the preface, is to "present fairly and impartially all sections of the Union. The authors," they say, "have endeavoured to divest the narrative of all bias for or against the North or the South, the East or the West." In this we believe that they have fully succeeded, for we have read with extreme care all those parts of the book where such a bias might be looked for, and have discovered not a word or a phrase that would enable one to detect a suggestion of partisanship. The later ante-bellum period, the war itself, and the era of reconstruction, are all treated with a really remarkable absence of prejudice; and, apart from its immediate purpose, the whole narrative has value as giving striking testimony to the reality of our existing national harmony. The book is handsomely printed in clear, legible type, and is supplied with a large number of interesting illustrations. The same publishers send us a volume, entitled *The Philosophy of School Management*, by Arnold Tompkins, which we reserve for a more extended notice hereafter.

The study of the classics may be on the decline, as many very worthy people say; yet if so, the publishers do not yet appear to have discovered the fact. Never were so many works put forth relating to the language and literature of Greece and Rome; and surely never were there so many of permanent and practical value. Foremost among them is an Appendix to Professor Bennett's condensed *Latin Grammar*, of which we gave a short notice some time ago. This Appendix is in a way of even greater interest and importance, especially to the teacher, than the grammar itself. In it Mr. Bennett takes up, in a most lucid and clean-cut way, a number of questions that have lately come into vogue among Latinists. Among these are especially to be noticed the subject

of Latin pronunciation, of hidden or natural quantities, of correct orthography, and of certain syntactical topics on which the modern doctrine differs from the old. There are no words wasted in this neat little volume of 230 pages, and yet nothing is pinched for space; all of which shows the art and ingenuity of the expositor. We notice here and there, however, that in the intensity of his pursuit of Latin grammatical subtleties the Professor occasionally knocks a hole in English syntax, as when he says, "Neither Gröber nor Körting include it in their collection." The Appendix, like the *Grammar*, is published by Messrs. Allyn and Bacon, of Boston. —Messrs. Ginn and Company have issued a very neat and useful edition of *Selected Lives*, taken from Cornelius Nepos and edited by Dr. Arthur W. Roberts, of the William Penn Charter School of Philadelphia. The quantities are very carefully marked, there are good notes, a list of word-groups with their bases, and a vocabulary, together with a good map and a few illustrations. —Messrs. Leach, Shewell and Sanborn publish *A First Greek Book*, by Professor Graves of Tufts, and Dr. Hawes of the Brooklyn Polytechnic; and the Messrs. Macmillan send us a beautiful little volume intended for beginners in the study of the New Testament, entitled *Essentials of New Testament Greek*, by Mr. J. H. Huddilston, of the Northwestern University. It is both simple and scholarly, and has a brief yet interesting introduction on the Hellenistic Greek and its history. The book should be of much value to theological students. Price, 75 cents. —*The Youth's Classical Dictionary*, by Mr. E. S. Ellis, published by the Woolfall Company, of this city, is a compilation of some 200 pages that may be of use for ready reference, though it is not very carefully made. The price is 50 cents.

To the American Book Company's series of "Eclectic School Readings" there have recently been added *Fairy Stories and Fables*, retold by James Baldwin, and *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston. —Messrs. D. Appleton and Company

send us the latest two volumes of their "International Educational Series"—*Mottos and Commentaries on Froebel's Mother Play* by Henrietta R. Eliot and Susan E. Blow, and *The Psychology of*

Number by Messrs. McLellan and Dewey, both of which will receive a more extended notice in the December number of THE BOOKMAN, together with several other important educational works.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The Library of the University of Vienna reports additions of 18,100 volumes during the past year, raising the total number of volumes in the Library to 435,000.

Librarians, booksellers, and book-buyers who deal with French books will be glad to learn that Le Soudier in Paris proposes to issue shortly, under the title *Bibliographie Française*, a collection of the catalogues of French publishers, like the *American Trade List Annual*. Similar publications have been issued from time to time in England and Italy, following the idea of the *Trade List Annual*, which was started in 1873. The French catalogue will have an index of authors and also of subjects.

The Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale in Florence has just celebrated in a modest way the twenty-fifth anniversary of its creation as a national library by the receipt of the privilege of copyright books for Italy conferred on it in 1870. As a result of this resource, the Library now reports the possession of 435,079 volumes, about the same number of pamphlets, and over 18,000 manuscripts. It announces that it will take up again the publication of the *Indicic Cataloghi*, which has been interrupted for some years.

A number of Belgian enthusiasts have recently held at Brussels a Conférence Bibliographique Internationale, as they style their meeting. They have also founded an Institut International de Bibliographie, which has commenced the publication of a *Bulletin*.

The object of the organisation and the work of the meeting seems to be the compulsory introduction by governmental authority, in all the libraries of the world, of the Dewey Decimal Classification, which attracted considerable attention among librarians in this country a number of years since. Setting out

with the startling information that the system has been adopted by the American Library Association and the national government through the Board of Education, and is in general use here, the Institut proposes to bless Europe with the universal introduction of the Decimal Classification.

Bonn University Library reports the addition, during the last academic year, of 15,974 numbers, which appear to be largely pamphlets, including duplicate dissertations.

The John Crerar Scientific Library of Chicago, which recently appointed as its librarian Mr. C. W. Andrews, formerly of the Library of the Institute of Technology at Boston, has just appointed as assistant librarian Mr. A. H. Hopkins, who has been for the past eight years in a similar capacity in the Library of the University of Michigan. This new library for Chicago has, by the selection of these two young men—among the most capable and most promising of the younger librarians of the country—formed the nucleus of a competent library staff. It has thus avoided the example of some libraries established in recent years, which have proceeded with the preliminary work of buying and arranging the library without first securing the services of competent librarians.

The investigation which has been recently held concerning the matter of copyright fees in the Library of Congress has resulted in making known a regrettable condition of the accounts in that department. The Congressional Library, which is soon to occupy its new building, has been for many years in an increasing state of confusion. In most of its departments it appears to be far behind what should be expected of a national library. The overcrowding of routine work, in the copyright department particularly, and the duty of aid-

ing members of Congress in their researches in the Library, have so far engrossed the time and strength of the venerable librarian, that the wider and more important interests of the Library appear to have been largely neglected. The work of a number of years and a large money outlay would seem to be necessary to put the catalogue and other departments of the Congressional Library in proper working condition as it is understood in the best libraries of the country. The important work of properly cataloguing, arranging, and making available the Library of Congress should be undertaken without further delay.

The Columbia College Library has added during the past college year the large number of 24,839 volumes, raising its total number on July 1st of this year to over 200,000 volumes. Its additions for the month of September are over 3000 volumes. Special attention is being given to enriching the library with sets of scientific periodicals and the transactions of learned societies in various fields. The additions in this class of literature make up many thousand volumes. Work on the new library building given by President Low is being industriously prosecuted, and the foundations are well advanced.

The report of the Chicago Public Library has just been issued. It announces the addition for the past year of 18,485 volumes and a total number of 211,157 volumes. Its circulation for home use has reached the large number of 1,147,862 volumes. The new library building is roofed in, and the interior work is being rapidly pushed.

The Library of the University of Leipzig celebrates this year its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

The Bodleian Library, at Oxford, reports for the past year the largest growth in its history, namely, 60,787 items, of which 44,853 come from copyright. Of the whole number, only 6695 were bound volumes. This illustrates the great reduction which must be made from the number of pieces received by copyright in libraries, to arrive at the real increase in books, and the working strength of a library.

The work of unifying and organising the new library which is to grow out of the combined Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations has in large degree rested during the vacation period.

The financial management has been consolidated, and the funds of the several corporations have passed under the administrative control of the new corporation. The books of the Tilden Library, substantially Mr. Tilden's private library, have been removed to the Lenox Library building.

The Publishing Section of the American Library Association announces as ready for distribution the *List of Subject Headings for Dictionary Catalogues*. It contains about three thousand headings with the necessary references, and ought to prove useful to libraries of moderate size. The section is also publishing small lists of selected titles on special topics, with criticisms and remarks by persons supposed to be authorities.

The schools for library training which have sprung up in such numbers during the past ten years seem to all find pupils in abundance.

The summer school held at Amherst, Mass., under the direction of Mr. W. I. Fletcher, the college librarian, had a class this year of thirty.

Plans for a new library building at Hoboken, N. J., to cost \$50,000 have been adopted.

The authorities of the Newark Public Library are discussing plans for the proposed new building, for which a site has been secured.

Miss Caroline M. Underhill, of Derry, N. H., has been appointed as librarian of the Utica Public Library, succeeding the late Miss Louise S. Cutler, with whom she had been associated as assistant.

Preparations are actively going forward for a large fair to be held shortly for the benefit of the Aguilar Library, of New York City. The work of this institution in its several branches is constantly increasing, and far outstrips the resources in hand. The uptown branch has recently removed from Lexington Avenue to more accessible quarters on Fifty-ninth Street.

The completion of the first series of the index catalogues of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office in Washington, which has just been effected by the issue of the sixteenth volume, seems worthy of notice. This immense catalogue, which is without doubt the most extensive record ever published of a special collection in a definite field, is an unrivalled monument to the industry of

its compilers, and an honour to American libraries. It is an unusual combination of fortunate circumstances that makes it possible for so large and full a collection as the Library of the Surgeon-General's office to be so fully and thoroughly catalogued as that collection has been. It is an added and equally fortunate circumstance that so immense a catalogue, when compiled, could be put into print. It is proposed to issue a second supplementary series of five volumes. The whole work constitutes a bibliographical handbook of the medical sciences far surpassing in fulness and detail the bibliographical apparatus in any other department of human learning. This collection of books and the catalogue has been created largely under the supervision of the librarian, Dr. J. S. Billings, who has now terminated his connection with the Surgeon-General's office, and accepted the Chair of Public Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania.

In a recently issued article on the libraries of Canada, by James Bain, chief librarian of the Toronto Public Library, it appears that the Canadians are still

considerably behind the United States in the matter of library development. Mr. Bain's statistics show that in a total population for the Dominion of Canada of 4,833,239, the entire number of volumes in the various libraries throughout is but 1,557,391, or an average of 310 volumes to every thousand inhabitants. New York State has the reputation of being somewhat behind many of the other States of the Union in library matters, yet the total number of volumes in the libraries of the State is given in a late *Bulletin* of the Regents of the University of the State of New York at 4,133,378, while the population of the State, by the last census, was 5,997,853, giving an average of 689 volumes for each thousand inhabitants.

The largest and most important library in Canada is the Library of Parliament at Ottawa, reported to contain 150,000 volumes; while the second in size appears to be the Library of Laval College in Quebec, which contains 100,000 volumes.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1895.

Text-books for schools and colleges have led all other classes of literature in point of sale during the past month. The retirement, owing to the advance in methods, of many titles and authors that have been popular in the past is noticeable, and in no case more so than in reading and in the study of literature. Where formerly only series of readers and text-books were used, it is now customary to supplement or use entirely selections from the standard authors. Of works especially prepared for this purpose in cheap school editions may be mentioned the Riverside Literature Series, Maynard's Classics, Grimm's Classics for Children, and Rolfe's Shakespeare.

Trade in general literature can hardly be yet said to have fairly started for the autumn and winter months. Dealers are engaged for the most part in completing their stock from the various new lines put forth by the publishers. A feature of the holiday publications will be the numerous year-books. This is a style of book which has come into vogue during the past year or two, and is now in danger of being overdone, as many of this year's authors are hardly known to the general public.

Those by Phillips Brooks, Holmes, and Whittier will perhaps have the largest sales.

New juvenile books in cloth bindings, which seemed rather scarce in the early part of the season, have now been brought out in large quantities, with attractive bindings and illustrations. The following authors continue to be very popular in this class: William O. Stoddard, G. A. Henty, Kirk Munroe, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and James Otis. The latter is particularly prolific, one publisher having no less than five new books of his, while at least four or five others have one apiece.

The prettiest toy books are undoubtedly imported ones, the colouring of the illustrations being very fine, and also the mechanical effects, such as the transformation pictures. Fairy stories are always popular in the holidays, and several new volumes are announced, including *The Red True Story Book* and *My Own Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang.

In fiction, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* still lead in demand, while the works of Stanley J. Weyman, Hall Caine, A. Conan Doyle, and S. R. Crockett come next in popularity. Other books of the month selling well are *Lilith*, by George MacDonald; *Men of the Moss-Hags*, by S. R. Crockett; *The Wise Wom-*

an, by Clara Louise Burnham, and *The Village Watch Tower*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. In other subjects Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, Kidd's *Social Evolution*, and *The Ascent of Man* have had a steady sale, and *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon*, by O. W. Nixon, may also be added to this list.

Travellers for the publishers report good sales during the month, and while retail dealers do not yet feel any marked increase, there is a prevailing impression that business will meet their expectations in the coming months.

For September, the most popular books have been almost the same as those of the preceding month.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Beside the *Bonnie Brier Bush*. By Ian MacLaren. \$1.25.

The King's Stratagem. By Stanley J. Weyman. 50 cts.

From the *Memoirs of a Minister of France*. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.25.

About Paris. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.25.
My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. \$1.75.

College Girls. By Abbe Carter Goodloe. \$1.25.
The Stark Munro Letters. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.40.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.
The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank Stockton. \$1.50.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. \$1.00.
The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.25.

Rhymes of Our Planet. By Will Carleton. \$1.25.

Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. \$1.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, October 1, 1895.

September is an important month to the bookseller, for it marks the opening of the busy season, and the record of business done during this month is an indication of what will follow during the remainder of the year. It must be admitted that trade has been very satisfactory; country buyers have been liberal in their holiday purchases, and have bought especially well of the better class of books. There still exists, however, the tendency to caution which asserted itself so strongly last year, and dealers are wary of investing in costly books. A good deal of interest has been shown in forthcoming books, especially the leading juveniles, and the advance orders for books to appear this month are fully up to expectations. On the whole, we may say the season has opened briskly, and the prospects for the holidays are bright.

Quite a number of good books made their bow to the public last month. The best of them were *The Stark Munro Letters*, by Conan Doyle, and *Weyman's Memoirs of a Minister of France*, which take the leading place from a business point of view in the month's output. *About Paris*, by R. H. Davis, claims the next place, and of the other new books, which are selling well, we may

mention *Rhymes of our Planet*, by Will Carleton, and *The Front Yard*, and *Other Stories*, by Miss Woolson. S. R. Crockett's *Men of the Moss-Hags* was received just as the month closed, and judging from the way it is being taken up will undoubtedly be one of the leading books during October. In regard to the older favourites, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* is surprising everybody by its phenomenal sale, and the demand for the *Chimnie Fadden* books has been remarkable. Every one seems to be reading them. *The Prisoner of Zenda* is also having a greatly increased sale at present, which is probably accounted for by the dramatisation of the story. An amusing thing about Mr. Hope's book is that there are constant calls for a sequel.

It would seem, on the face of it, that, considering the success of so many of the new authors, the present would hardly be an appropriate time to attempt to resuscitate some of the older lights that shone two or three generations ago, but whose lustre time has dimmed. It has been done, however, and successfully, for the reprints of the Ferrer novels, Miss Edgeworth's works, and others have had, and are having, quite a good sale. More of these reprints are under way, for we notice in preparation new editions, amongst others, of the works of John Galt, Henry Kingsley, and Lady Jackson.

Cheirosophy is one of the smaller fads of the hour, and there is quite a constant call for books on this subject. A new work by "Cheiro," entitled *The Language of the Hand*, is having quite a large sale for a book of this kind, notwithstanding the fact that it is a comparatively high-priced work.

The season will be particularly rich in juvenile books, for it appears to be the only line in which publishers have arranged for a larger output than usual. Books for boys lead the van in numbers, and we notice that in addition to three new Henty books, which, like their predecessors, are sure of a large sale, there will be works by such well-known favourites as H. A. Alger, E. S. Ellis, Oliver Optic, Hezekiah Butterworth, G. Manville Fenn, and others.

As will be seen by the subjoined list of books, which were most in demand during the month, many new books take the places formerly filled by the older ones. In addition to the books mentioned, it should be added that people are now beginning to do some of their heavy winter reading, as is evidenced by the increased demand for books on Political Economy, Religion, Sociology, History, and so forth.

Beside the *Bonnie Brier Bush*. By Ian MacLaren. \$1.25.

Chimnie Fadden, 1st and 2d Series. By E. W. Townsend. Each, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The *Manxman*. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.
The *Stark Munro Letters*. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.50.

Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.25.

The Front Yard, and *Other Italian Stories*. By C. F. Woolson. \$1.25.

About Paris. By R. H. Davis. \$1.25.
Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.

Lilith. By George Macdonald. \$1.25.
Tribly. By George Du Maurier. \$1.75.

- When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
 The Little Huguenot. By Max Pemberton. 75 cts.
 The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.25.
 Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. \$1.00.
 The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. \$1.00.
 The Master. By I. Zangwill. \$1.75.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, August 19 to September 21, 1895.

The number of new books announced for publication bids fair to eclipse all previous years. Competent judges, whose opinion must be respected, state that an improved trade is in store for the retail booksellers. The latter unite as one man in hoping that they are not mistaken.

Trilby is still selling freely, and establishing a record of its own. It appeared at a time when a good demand for a six-shilling book was very acceptable indeed.

New books are being delivered in large numbers. One shudders to think what the aggregate will be for the autumn season. The worst feature is that the total value does not increase proportionately with the numbers, the books merely competing with each other.

The leading school-books show no signs of decreased circulation, so far as can be judged in the wholesale trade. The life of a school-book once accepted as a standard work is a long one, and its death is usually very sudden. To this latter fact, the shelves of every retail bookseller bear unanswerable evidence.

Appended is a list of the leading publications of the moment. Six-shilling novels are by no means wanting; in fact, they still form an important item. Novels at 3s. 6d. have not supplanted the higher-priced ones, as publishers state that the leading authors cannot be produced at the price.

- Trilby*. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Mac-laren. 6s.
 From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By S. Weyman. 6s.
 Joan Hastie. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s.
 The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
 Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
 My Lady Nobody. By M. Maartens. 6s.
 The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. 6s.
 The Return of the Native. New Edition. By T. Hardy. 6s.
 All Men are Liars. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d.
 The Lovely Malincourt. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
 The Woman Who Wouldn't. By Lucas Cleeve. 3s. 6d.
 The Woman Who Didn't. By Victoria Crosse. 3s. 6d. net.
 The Carbonels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
 Clarence. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d.
 Mildred Arkell. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 2s. and 2s. 6d.
 Nelson. By J. K. Laughton. 2s. 6d.
 The English Flower Garden. By W. Robinson. 15s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between September 1 and October 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longman's.)
4. About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. The King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)
6. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
3. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
4. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)
5. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
2. Tryphena in Love. By Raymond. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. Macmillan.)
4. Hon. Peter Sterling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sónya Kovalévsky. By Leffler. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. With the Help of the Angels. By Hopkins. Paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)
4. Spoilt Girl. By Warden. Paper, 50 cents. (Lippincott.)
5. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
6. Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
3. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)

4. *Memoirs of a Minister of France.* By Weyman. \$1.26. (Longmans.)
5. *Adventures of Captain Horn.* By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. *Degeneration.* By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. *Letters of Celia Thaxter.* \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. *Heart of Life.* By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
3. *Memoirs of a Gentleman of France.* By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
4. *The Master.* By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
5. *King's Stratagem.* By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)
6. *Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. *Memoirs of a Minister of France.* By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longman.)
2. *Stark Munro Letters.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. *About Paris.* By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. *The Little Huguenot.* By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. *An Infatuation.* By Gyp. 50 cts. (Fenno.)
6. *My Lady Nobody.* By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. *Memoirs of a Minister of France.* By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
2. *The Stark Munro Letters.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
3. *About Paris.* By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. *Chimmie Fadden.* By Townsend. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. *Prisoner of Zenda.* By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. *Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. *Kentucky Cardinal.* By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
2. *The Master.* By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
3. *Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. *Chimmie Fadden.* By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. *My Lady Nobody.* By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
6. *Memoirs of a Minister of France.* By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)

DENVER, COL.

1. *Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. *The Master.* By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
3. *Chiffon's Marriage.* By Gyp. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. *My Lady Nobody.* By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
5. *Princess Aline.* By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
6. *Degeneration.* By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. *A Galloway Herd.* By Crockett. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)
2. *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France.* By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
3. *The Stark Munro Letters.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. *The Men of the Moss-Hags.* By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)
5. *Her Majesty.* By Tompkins. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)
6. *At War with Pontiac.* By Kirk Munroe. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. *Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. *Memoirs of a Minister of France.* By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
3. *Princess Aline.* By Davis. \$1.00. (Harper.)
4. *Ferragus.* By Balzac. \$1.50. (Roberts.)
5. *The Manxman.* By Hall Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. *Fort Frayne.* By Captain King. \$1.25. (Tension Neely.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. *Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. *Story of Bessie Costrell.* By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. *When Valmond Came to Pontiac.* By Parker. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. *Adventures of Captain Horn.* By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. *Fort Frayne.* By King. \$1.25. (Neeley.)
6. *My Lady Nobody.* By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. *College Girls.* By Goodloe. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
2. *A Patriot's Strategy.* By Hargis. \$1.00. (C. T. Dearing.)
3. *Stark Munro Letters.* By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. *Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. *Turning Points in Successful Careers.* By Thayer. \$1.50. (Crowell.)
6. *About Paris.* By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. *Reminiscences of Dr. Andrew Bonar.* \$1.75. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. *Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. *Galloway Herd.* By Crockett. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Fenno.)
4. *Tammias Hodkin.* By Latto. \$1.75. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. *Our Western Archipelago.* By Field. \$2.00. (Scribner.)
6. *Story of Bessie Costrell.* By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
 ✓ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longman.)
 4. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 5. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 6. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Pony Tracks. By Remington. \$3.00. (Harper.)
 ✓ Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 4. Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 5. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
 3. The Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
 4. The Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
 5. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
 6. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 3. Veiled Doctor. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 4. About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 ✓ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
 6. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

2. Manxman. By Caine. (Appleton.)
 3. Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. (Macmillan.)
 4. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. (Macmillan.) 75 cts.
 5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. (Macmillan.)
 6. Coin's Financial School. (Harvey Coin Pub. Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 5. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 4. The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenhams. By Hobbes. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 5. An Imaginative Man. By Higgins. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 6. Her Majesty. By Tompkins. 50 cts. (Putnam.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

- ✓ The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 4. Fire of the Forge. By Ebers. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 5. With the Procession. By Fuller. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 6. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 3. About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 ✓ Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 5. An Errant Wooing. By Harrison. \$1.50. (Century.)
 ✓ My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Letters of Celia Thaxter. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
 ✓ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
 3. Meadow Grass. By Alice Brown. \$1.50 net. (Copeland & Day.)
 ✓ Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 5. The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
 6. About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)

1. Bonnie Brier Bush 100
 2. Memoirs of a Minister of France 47
 3. Stark Munro Letters 33
 4. The Heart of Life 27
 5. The Veiled Doctor 23
 6. King's Stratagem 25

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ALDEN, H. M.—A Study of Death. 12mo, pp. ix-336, \$1.50.....Harper
- CHRISTOPHER: the Angel and the Vision; or, The New Christian Commission. 16mo, pp. 157, \$1.25.....Revell
- CURETON, ELIZABETH.—Beautiful Thoughts of Life Eternal. 16mo, pp. ii-309, 75 cents. Merriam
- DENISON, J. H.—Christ's Idea of the Supernatural. 12mo, pp. iv-423, \$2.00. Houghton, M.
- FOOTE, MARY HASTINGS.—A Life of Christ for Young People, in Questions and Answers. 12mo, pp. xvi-281, \$1.25.....Harper
- ✓GORDON, G. A.—The Christ of To-day. 12mo, pp. viii-322, \$1.50.....Houghton, M.
- GORE, C.—Dissertations on Subjects Connected with the Incarceration. 8vo, pp. xvi-323, \$2.50.....Scribner
- Gleanings, Pure, Pointed and Practical. Gathered Especially for the Members of the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League, etc. 16mo, pp. 155, 60 cents.....Jacobs
- ✓GREEN, W. H.—The Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch. 12mo, pp. xiii-184, \$1.50. Scribner
- ✓GREER, D. H.—The Preacher and His Place: The Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching, delivered at Yale University, February, 1895. 12mo, pp. 263, \$1.25.....Scribner
- HARTZELL, Rev. J. S.—Sin and Our Saviour: Forty Serious Sermons for Forty Serious Days. 12mo, pp. ii-231, \$2.00. Young Churchman Co.
- IVES, C. T., and WOODMAN, R. H.—The Hymnal for Schools. 16mo, pp. vi-294, 50 cents. Fords, Howard & H.
- ✓JOWETT, B.—College Sermons. Edited by W. H. Fremantle. 12mo, pp. xvi-348. Macmillan
- LAZARUS, JOSEPHINE.—Spirit of Judaism. 16mo, pp. iii-202, \$1.25.....Dodd, M.
- MACARTHUR, R. S.—Quick Truths in Quaint Texts. 12mo, pp. 336, \$1.25. Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc.
- MARSON, C. L.—The Psalms at Work. 12mo, pp. 235, \$1.50.....Jacobs
- MCCOOK, C.—The Gospel in Nature. 12mo, pp. 379, \$1.00.....Jacobs
- MURRAY, Rev. A.—Have Mercy Upon Us. 16mo, pp. iii-197, \$1.00.....Randolph
- MURRAY, Rev. A.—Let Us Draw Nigh. 16mo, pp. iii-95, 50 cents.....Randolph
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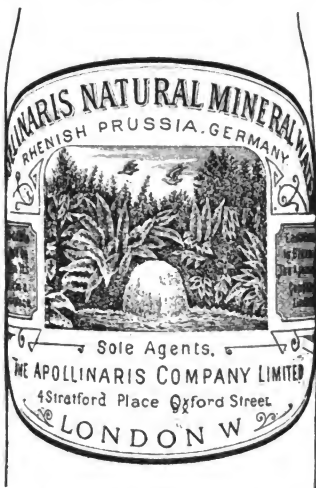
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"ALFRED AINGER."

Here is an interesting story about the title of a book, showing how authors get in each other's way and tangle each other up without intending any harm. Some two years ago Mr. Brander Matthews was at work upon his novel which has just appeared, and which is reviewed on another page of *THE BOOKMAN*. At that time Mr. Matthews had just evolved as its title *The Son of his Father*. It was just the title that he wanted—an ideal title ; in fact, nothing else in the world could possibly be the title. At this very moment, and while he was rolling the title as a sweet morsel under his tongue, he opened a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, and lo ! there was a story by Rudyard Kipling under the heading *The Son of his Father!* It was too bad. So Mr. Matthews sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Kipling, mildly reviling him to the text of *Perçant qui ante nos nostra discernunt*. Mr. Kipling, with an urbanity for which some people do not give him credit, at once wrote back apologising for not being a mind-reader, and promising that when his sketch appeared in book form it should do so under the title *Adam*.

Mr. Matthews felt relieved, and went on with his novel. When it was finished, the manuscript was sent off to the Harpers, and pretty soon came a letter from them stating that their reader had reminded them that some years before they had published a novel by Mrs. Oliphant entitled *The Son of his Father*. Mr. Matthews made some remarks not intended for publication, and of necessity sat down and changed the title of his book to *His Father's Son*. Under this name it was published as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*. After the first few numbers had appeared, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, who is a sensitive soul, sent in a letter calling attention to the fact that fifteen years ago he had published in the *Galaxy* a story with the title *His Father's Son!* However, it was too late

to do anything about it, and this is the title which Mr. Matthews has retained.

On the sixth page of Mr. Matthews's novel there is a sentence about which we must venture to make some remarks. A Wall Street broker's clerk says to the old book-keeper, "I guess it's the first time he ever chipped up for the heathen." Now, we do not profess to be learned in English as spoken on the Street, but we have a dim sort of impression that a man cannot properly be said to chip up. He may, we think, whack up or pony up, but unless we are mistaken he usually chips *in* ; or, to put it scientifically, the operation of chipping connotes inwardness rather than upwardness. But, as we remarked above, we are not an authority on this particular department of the American language, and it may be that our remarks are only foolishness.

Miss Beatrice Harraden arrived in England none the worse for her ocean trip, and the latest advices from her bring a good report of her health. She expects to finish the novel she is working upon during the winter, and it will probably be ready for publication in the spring. It will not be issued, however, until the autumn, when Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish it in this country. Nothing that Miss Harraden has written since *Ships that Pass in the Night* will have been issued in book form prior to the appearance of her new novel.

There are evidences of a revival of interest in the famous sea stories of Captain Marryat, and Messrs. Little, Brown and Company intend to take the tide at the flood with an entirely new and uniform Library Edition of his novels. This will be done in conjunction with the Messrs. Dent, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of elegant and tasteful book-making. Mr. Reginald Brimley Johnson, who edited the edition of Jane Austen for the Dent house, will also be responsible for the literary and critical outfit of Captain Marryat's novels. The edition is to be limited, and will be issued only by subscription.

The Joseph Knight Company are bringing out an illustrated edition of

Mr. Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*, which they are confident will give this fun-making book of his a fitter introduction to a wider and more appreciative audience than it has yet gained in this country. There are nearly one hundred illustrations, suggested by the humour and quaint fancy of the sketches, and the drawings which we have seen are certainly very bright and clever. The artist is a young Englishman, M. B. Prendergast by name, who studied in Paris and arrived in Boston about a year ago unknown and friendless. He had some colour work with him, which he offered to sell at a low price to keep the soul in his body; but his misfortune, we are glad to relate, was not taken advantage of. He got some work to do as an introduction, and has steadily been making his way in Boston during the past year. One of the aforesaid paintings, which he offered to sell for \$10, was exhibited later, and was bought for \$75!

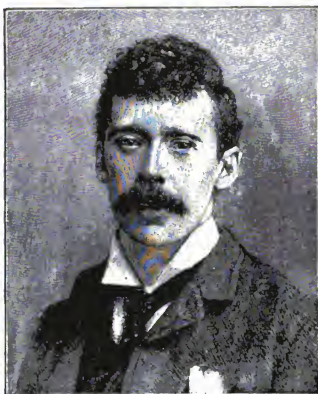


The lack of anything like popular enthusiasm over Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's work in America is a sore puzzle to many English critics. In a letter to the writer the other day Mr. Barrie laments this. "I always wonder," he says, "why some of you don't get more enthusiastic over 'Q.'s' work. He seems to me to catch the magic, the tragic human voice of the sea beyond any of his contemporaries." Mr. Barrie's estimate is well borne out by "Q.'s" recent contribution, "The Roll-call of the Reef," to the Tales of our Coast Series appearing in the *Idler*, and will be further strengthened by two new books of his, one of which, *Wandering Heath*, a volume of eight short sea stories, has just been published by the Messrs. Scribner. *Ja*, a story of love and life by the sea, will be issued shortly by the same firm.



Mr. Quiller-Couch made his reputation by *Dead Man's Rock*, published in 1887. His other books are *A Tale of Troy Town*, *The Splendid Spur*, *Noughts and Crosses*, *I Saw Three Ships*, and *The Blue Pavilions*. He is a writer of great possibilities, his power being shown in his romantic tales, of which *The Splendid Spur* is the best, but even more in his short articles in the *Speaker*, republished in *Noughts and Crosses*. He

is an excellent critic, and no inconsiderable poet. He agrees with W. D. Howells in disliking anonymous criticism. Of his own books, *Noughts and Crosses* is his favourite. He has carefully studied the poor, and thinks them much more interesting than the lower middle class, who are, he says, in a transition stage of culture. Mr. Quiller-Couch dislikes London, and spends most of his time in Cornwall. In the *Speaker* he once wrote that in walking westwards along the park side of Piccadilly on a dark evening, he could always bring himself within sound of Cornish seas. Most of his sketches are from life, and are founded on what he has seen in Cornwall.



A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

The late Professor Minto, whose posthumous work, *The Literature of the Georgian Era*, was recently published by the Harpers, once gave a lecture to the Aberdeen University Literary Society on "Three new story-tellers—K., B., and Q." Mr. Quiller-Couch Professor Minto regarded as in some respects the most powerful artist of the three (Kipling, Barrie, and Quiller-Couch), though he admitted that his view of subject and sentiment was not so widely interesting. In richness of invention, in rapid, graphic portraiture of place and person, in originality of motive and depth of feeling, Professor

Minto held that Mr. Quiller-Couch was at least the equal of his remarkable competitors, and that he was master of a most telling style, strong and full of subtle suggestion. A volume of poems by "Q.," published just before Professor Minto's death, was, we believe, the last book read to him.

Referring to the work put into *The Little Minister*, Professor Minto observed in this lecture that the author had been eighteen months on it, and when one considered the intricacy of the plot and the immense strain which the mode of telling it must have put upon his invention, one could not but wonder at it. It was the triumph of Mr. Barrie's skilful art and happy genius that everything went smoothly and naturally, and that we were tided over a good many probabilities without the least jolt or jar. One of the warmest and keenest appreciations of *The Little Minister* on its publication came from Professor Minto's hand.

One significant and delicate observation made by Professor Minto on this occasion was, we remember, that both Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling, working independently, had given the world two sympathetically-drawn specimens of the evangelical clergy. What made this all the more curious was that in doing so they had made a departure from what might be called the classic conditions of fiction, which had been to treat the evangelical clergy either as whining hypocrites or as unlovable, unbending iron fanatics.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new story, *Sentimental Tommy*, the title of which was first announced in *THE BOOKMAN*, will commence in *Scribner's Magazine* for January. We understand that the Messrs. Scribner have refused an offer of five thousand dollars from an English magazine for the right of simultaneous publication. Although the story commences in the East End of London, Mr. Barrie will be found treading as firmly as ever on his favourite ground at "Thrums."

The evolution of a typographical error is very seldom traceable. One came under our experience the other day showing singular ignorance of Marie

Corelli and the Bible. We had dictated something with reference to the motto on the title-page of Marie Corelli's masterpiece: "Now Barabbas was a robber." The type-writer got it that "Barabbas was a ratter"! which went into the compositor's hands and came forth, "Barabbas was a rotter"!!

Mr. William Watson has completed a new volume of poems. It is entitled *The Father of the Forest and Other Poems*, including his "Hymn to the Sea" and the poem written for the Burns Centennial, both of which have been alluded to in these columns. Messrs. Stone and Kimball will publish the volume in this country.

Mr. E. F. Benson, the author of *Dodo*, has written a new story, which will, we understand, bear the title of *Limitations*. Touching upon many questions of the day, its main interest centres in its treatment of art study and art life. It is no secret that Mr. Benson has spent several winters in Greece and Egypt as a "travelling bachelor" of Cambridge University, so that he has sought his inspiration at the fountain head. It will appear first as a serial.

Taquisara is the title of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new story, which gives a very dramatic picture of Italian life and character. The story will run serially in the London *Queen*, and be published next autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Company in two-volume form.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is at work on another short story.

A biographical and critical notice of Robert H. Sherard and his writings appears in the current number of the *Revue de Paris*. It has been written by M. Hugues Rebelle, a highly esteemed poet and prosateur, who has recently translated into French certain of Mr. Sherard's short stories.

Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose collected poems have just been published in a book of exquisite beauty by Messrs. Copeland and Day, is one of the younger men among the English minor poets to whose career one looks with keen hope

and faith. With all his dreamy temperament, which can be discerned in the accompanying portrait of him, he has a sure gift of energy and perseverance. Ever since he became a writer he has been full of literary activity and plans, many of which have been fulfilled, as witness his poetic leaves, which are scattered among the publishers of London. "I first saw him in 1885," says Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, "when he was twenty, and wore a dark, slight beard. He was then contributing poems to the short-lived *Dublin University Review*. He had written the 'Island of Statues' and 'Mosada,' which I still think one of his most beautiful achievements. After that introduction he was my frequent visitor—coming on Sunday afternoons in winter, striding his five Irish miles in the snow and back again when the moon was up and the hills stood like ghosts in the silver light. As for his love of poetry, it is so great that he will ask nothing better than to read it hour after hour; and Heaven help his unwilling audience of prosaic, amiable people, unless some one comes by and shuts the book and replaces it on its shelf.

"I believe that it was in 1888 that the Yeats family moved to London; but the young poet had already learned the most valuable lesson: to be Irish was his *raison d'être*. Ever since he has been working out his development on these lines. *The Wanderings of Usheen* was his first fruits, and was published in 1889. Since then Mr. Yeats has veered between London and Dublin. Fortunately for his art, the best part of him is not content with London life. On the one hand, he has a rather surprising appetite for the literary circles, but he passes out of them lonely, and hears in the street the laughing of waters around Inisfree

calling him. He follows the voice, else it would be bad for our faith in him, who believe in his future."



William Butler Yeats was born at his grandfather's residence, Sandymount Castle, near Dublin, on June 13th, 1865.



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

His father is an artist, and his mother is a member of a Cornish family long settled in Ireland. Much of Mr. Yeats's childhood and boyhood were spent in Sligo. It was in that lovely country of clouds and sunshine that the poet learned that feeling for the supernatural and earth-born to which his work owes much. After a short time spent at an English school at Hammer-smith he came back to Dublin, and entered a High School there. While at school he was remarkable for his absent-mindedness and strange, singsong manner of reading, which he still retains;

and these things excited the grins of the boys, but he won their sympathy by his love of natural history and the interesting specimens of strange and evil-smelling animals which he used to carry about in his pocket. Mr. Yeats soon became a member of that group of young people who formed a little Renaissance of Irish feeling and art in the later eighties. Mr. Yeats has always stood outside of practical politics, but delights to meet such people and stir up their hearts with lectures on dead heroes, or patriots, or poets who have done so much to keep the sacred fire burning in Erin's isle.



ELLA D'ARCY.

Ella D'Arcy, it appears, is not a *nom de guerre* after all, notwithstanding the rather romantic sound of the name. We have already spoken favourably of her work in *The Yellow Book* and her remarkable volume of stories in the Key-notes Series, entitled *Monochromes*. Miss D'Arcy's story is briefly told. Her original ambition was to become a painter. She studied at the Slade School of Art, and was proposing to go to Paris when her eyesight failed her for a time and turned her thoughts from an artistic career to literature. She wrote short stories and kept sending them out, at first with tedious and futile results. On one occasion the discriminating editor of *Temple Bar* arrested one of her tales on its travels, as did also the editor of *Blackwood* at another time. "The Elegie," included in her volume of stories, appeared in

the latter magazine. In the mean time, while the public was slow to show appreciation, she filled the intervals of patient waiting by reviewing other people's books. By a mere chance she happened to notice a preliminary announcement of *The Yellow Book*, and sent in the story entitled "Irremediable" to the editor, and this step led to better fortune. Mr. Henry Harland was delighted with his happy discovery of a new writer, and at once wrote to her for another story. Since then her place among the ranks of rising young writers in London has been assured, and for whatever work she has yet in store she has earned an appreciative welcome.

Of 165 new books published in one week during the month of October, only 40 were taken into stock by a large and representative uptown bookseller in New York, leaving 125 books untouched.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just published a second series of Miss Barlow's delightful Irish idylls, under the title, *Strangers at Lisconnell*. Miss Jane Barlow is of German and Norman descent, a mingling of nationalities which is sometimes supposed to be conducive to cosmopolitan rather than — Tennyson's definition notwithstanding—patriotic sentiment. But her literary work is much more powerfully influenced by the circumstance that her family has been for many generations practically Irish, and that she has lived all her life in Ireland, though the breadth of the isle lies between her home in the county Dublin and the western Connemarese districts which are the scenes of *Bogland Studies* and *Irish Idylls*. The author of *Irish Idylls* has perhaps inherited some title to meddle in the making of books, as her father, Professor Barlow, of Dublin University, is a writer of historical and philosophical works, and her great-grandfather, Brabazon Disney, was responsible for a commentary on the Psalms which attained to considerable repute, aided, doubtless, by his official status as head of the Dublin University Divinity School. *Irish Idylls* has

been pronounced an Irish classic; and, indeed, no book that has been published for a long time affords a truer insight into Irish peasant character and ways of life and thought. At the time of its publication, nearly three years ago, it was received with enthusiasm, and revived fresh faith and hope in the future of Irish literature. One cannot read such work as Miss Barlow's without, as the *Spectator* says, "laughing lips and a sobbing breast."

✽

Miss Barlow lives in an Old World village (Raheny, county Dublin) which is like to become the Irish "Thrums" or "Drumtochty," within sight and sound of the sea, and with the distant hills—unforgettable hills, surely, to the Irish patriot—looming up rose and gray in the evening light, when Miss Barlow dreams poems of them which have not always found utterance. A sonnet of hers on "The Dublin Mountains," written when she was about seventeen, has escaped the cremation which, she says, was the common lot of all her early writing, and which we are able to give to our readers:

"Fair-fronted hills that look with
frownless brows
Towards yon blue bay, how softly
stoop and rise
Your outlines clear against the pale,
smooth skies.

Softly as e'er the crested barley bows
Its ears submissive when southern
breezes drowse;

Yea, or the heights that swell as
ocean sighs

Remorse beneath the stars' reproach-
ful eyes

When passionate storms hath ceased
their wild carouse.

Ye rear aloft no lonely peak to dwell
In circling clouds and age-long snows arrayed.

As one who fain from our low world would cease:
Yet Heaven, at such calm patience pleased well,
Has of its own free will upon you laid
A shadow of its pure, eternal peace."

✽

Miss Barlow confesses that she is shamefully remiss about reading new books. Her favourites in poetry are Christina Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Meynell, whose poems she thinks are exquisite, and the William Morris, not

of *The Earthly Paradise*, but of *The Defence of Guinevere*. "I have taken very little pleasure," she says, "in any fiction later than George Eliot, whom I consider the greatest novelist we have had.



Yours very truly

Miss Barlow

Kipling and Barrie are great within their limits, but they seem too straitly drawn to allow them to be *very* great absolutely. Mr. Hardy's style is admirable; out I am heretic enough to hate his *Tess*. I have been reading Maarten Maartens; at present my impression is that he will never do his best work in English." Miss Barlow is a staunch admirer of her fellow-countryman, Mr. Standish O'Grady. She finds the cult of Ibsen wholly incomprehensible. In these

things she shows a wholesome judgment; notwithstanding, these opinions of hers are formed, like all her work, with an extreme shyness and modesty, but without a trace of self-consciousness, and in a quietness almost solitary. She writes "pessimist" after her name, but "optimist" were the truer title, seeing that her work, however melancholy it may be, does not depress, but uplifts and stirs the blood.

⊙

Mr. Unwin's new review, *Cosmopolis: An International Review*, is to be issued on January 1st. The title gives some indication of its character. Arrangements are now completed for publishing centres in Berlin, Paris, and London. It will also be issued at New York, practically simultaneously. It is understood that the total number of pages will be 300, and the literary matter will be equally divided between the three languages.—100 pages will be printed in English, 100 in French, and 100 in German. The central publishing office will be Paternoster Square. Mr. Unwin controls the work entirely. The editor is Monsieur F. Ortman, a gentleman who has been identified with the London correspondence of *Le Temps*. He has a position of distinction, and has taken high honours at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France. The literary staff in the three countries comprises some of the most distinguished men and writers in France, Germany, and England.

⊙

We have had shown us an interesting

Dear Sir: I should like to write something about Prof. Burgin, for I love him very much. I am in no sense a reviewer, and I don't believe I could write a criticism of a book or a play. But I should really like to say a few words in favour of my dead friend's greatness and greatness. It happens, however, that I am about to go South and I fear the books will not be ready for you I get away.

Very sincerely yours,

Eugene Field

Omaha, Jan'y 14, 1895.

little find—a manuscript of Thomas Campbell's "Beech Tree's Petition," and "Caroline," in the handwriting of the poet himself. It came into the present owner's hands from the papers of a gentleman who had lived with Campbell in the same lodgings when they were young men, and used to speak of having seen probably the *Pleasures*, and certainly *Gertrude*, in manuscript many years before they were published. He used to relate, also, how at this time Campbell showed his manuscripts to a lad in the East country, and was advised to throw them in the fire, as they were quite without talent, and to descend from his hobby to find a humbler walk in which to make his daily bread. The find is interesting because this is the earliest draft, or, at any rate, a very early one, of "Caroline," which is generally supposed to have been highly revised before publication. The first verse of the second stanza runs:

"There all his wood-wild scents to bring,"

and the fourth stanza of the poem as we have it is omitted. Otherwise there is no difference between the two manuscripts. In the case of the "Beech Tree's Petition," the changes are very slight. The lines,

"Though long and lonely I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,"

now found in the second part, originally stood as the third and fourth lines of the poem.

⊙

The death of Mr. Eugene Field has been received with far more than the somewhat formal regret that usually accompanies the removal of a man of letters. In the tributes that have been called forth by his loss, there is a note of personal sorrow that testifies to the unique place that he occupied in the affections of his readers. His exquisitely tender poems of childhood endeared him to many who never read more pretentious verse; and Mr. De Koven's musical setting of some of his *Lullabys* added to their

beauty and to their popularity. One of them, "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," has already become a children's classic, and deserves a place beside the single lullaby that Tennyson wrote some years ago for *St. Nicholas*. The book by which Mr. Field will perhaps be longest known is, however, his inimitable *Echoes from a Sabine Farm*, where the irreverence of American wit and the vagaries of the American language are blended with a very subtle appreciation of the esoteric beauty of the most human and the most modern of all the poets of ancient Rome. The portrait here given is considered the best likeness of Mr. Field that has ever been made, and is from a recent photograph. The fac-simile of a note also given which we received from him in response to a request to review Professor Swing's *Old Pictures of Life*, last January, is highly characteristic of him in several ways.



EUGENE FIELD.

A good deal of comment has been caused by the variety of portraits of the late Professor Boyesen that have been published in connection with the notices of his death. It therefore gives us great pleasure to inform our readers that the one published in the last number of *THE BOOKMAN* was from a photograph taken only a few months before his death, and is by far the most truthful likeness of him that we have ever seen.

THE BOOKMAN, of course, has nothing to do with politics; but if President Cleveland keeps on splitting his infinitives we shall have to oppose him on a purely literary issue in case he should be a candidate for a third term. A state

paper from his hand is almost certain to display this literary crudity, the last two instances being found in his general order on the retirement of General Schofield, and in his Thanksgiving proclamation. What a bad example for the young—the head of the nation wantonly rending apart an innocent infinitive, and cruelly jamming an adverb between its *disiecta membra*!

Mr. George I. Putnam's story, *The Case of the Guard House Lawyer*, published by the Messrs. Scribner, has been dramatised by Mr. Arthur Hornblow,

and will be produced at one of the New York theatres during the present season.

“Why is it,” asked Mr. Mabie in the course of his Recognition Day oration at Chautauqua, “that our novelists are so wonderfully clever, that they touch our life sometimes with so much skill, so much literary tact, so much wit, so much keenness of characterisation, and yet somehow they do not get to the bottom of it? I can think of only two American novels that seem to me to have really dropped the plummet down to the bottom: *The Scarlet Letter* and later *Pembroke*. And yet we turn to the great English novels and the great Scotch novels, and we say as we read the books, ‘Ah, here is the very sound of life itself; here is something greater than observation, here is something deeper than culture, here is something finer than analysis, here is the mysterious thing which we call life.’”

“Why is it,” continued Mr. Mabie, “that these writers have it and that so few of our writers seem to have compassed it? Is it not that somehow George Eliot and the rest of them have dropped their plummets into the very depths of life? You read an American novel—I do not wish to disparage my own literature—I am not—I am judging it only by the very highest standards—you read an American novel, and how clever it seems and how bright it is and how witty it is! But when you take *Adam Bede*, or *The Mill on the Floss*, or some of those later Scotch stories, do you not hear the lowing of the kine, do you not smell the soil, do you not get the breath from the mountains, do you not enter in through the lowly doors into lowly human lives and possess yourselves of them? We have got to get below the intellect; we have got to get into the heart of things; we have got to live down with the people before the people live up through us into the eternal beauty of the great works of art.”

The same thought ran like an undercurrent which occasionally rose to the surface through the speeches at the Hall Caine dinner, held under the auspices of the Aldine Club on the evening of the first of November. The question why the great American novel has not

yet been written seemed to prompt the unanimous response that as a nation we have not yet reached that happy state of refinement and leisure which Ruskin holds to be essential to the production of any great work in literature. Goethe's watchword, “Unhasting, Unresting,” could scarcely find an abiding home in a land which conceived the audacious idea of formulating a “syndicate of writers” to seek fresh fields and pastures new in a proposed world tour, from which to reap a harvest of literary material for descriptive stories and romances. This was actually considered about two years ago; as to its practical results we have no knowledge.

This project is in keeping with the large and varied resources that have continually given rise to ideas which have during our brief history not infrequently shaken the world; but in no other land possibly could this proposed innovation have arrived at serious consideration. The only novelist we can recall who has borrowed local colour from various parts of the world with great success is Mr. Marion Crawford. He has written with equal dexterity and truth of India, Hungary, Italy, Germany, England, and America. To him and his imitators, his fellow-craftsmen are more indebted than is readily believed. But it does not take much discrimination to discern that between Marion Crawford, as a successful novelist of the day, and the masters of fiction there is a wide gulf fixed. We are willing to pit the chances of Mr. Barrie's work, to take a recent writer, with its enduring qualities against the remarkable but fleeting fascination of Mr. Crawford's pages. After all, the conditions of writing such books as the world will not willingly let die are unalterable, because they are fundamental and are subject to natural law. The strength of all genuine art lies in waiting and in silence, not “in running to and fro on the earth and walking up and down.” The rambling, travelling, widespread, insatiate, hasty spirit misses of art's greatest aim (so named by Wordsworth)—tranquillity. When one considers that the little Isle of Man has been the theatre of Mr. Hall Caine's powerful novels, and that within these prescribed limits he has concentrated the passion

of love and life and drawn from them the deepest notes of human joy and sorrow, we can see that the conditions for producing great work are not bounded by geographical limits so much as by the mental laws that govern the genius of the artist.

⊗

At the time we went to press, it was believed in well-informed circles that the appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin to the Poet Laureateship had been decided upon.

⊗

A volume of poems is announced from the muse of a new American poet, Mr. Ernest McGaffey, who contributes "False Chords" to the present number of THE BOOKMAN. These poems have not only the distinction of perfect rhythmic art, harmony, lyric quality and the French gift of serenity and lucidity which mark the best American poetry, but they possess to a remarkable degree what our own poets sadly lack—namely, depth of feeling, and that emotional quality which gives assurance of capacity for great work. This collection of poems raises high hopes of Mr. McGaffey's future achievements in poetry.

⊗

Mr. John Lane, of London, has a second series of *Fleet Street Eclogues*, by John Davidson, in the press. The American edition of *Fleet Street Eclogues*, which is to be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, will contain the first series as well as the second, giving the poems their proper sequence. It was by his *Fleet Street Eclogues* that Mr. Davidson attracted marked attention and won his spurs as a poet in England, and it is significant that the author as well as many of his critics consider it to be his best work.

⊗

It is evident from the large sale which Mr. Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena* has had during the year, especially in and around Chicago, that a profound interest has been taken in the work of this author, who has a second book on a kindred subject now in the press. Thomas Jay Hudson was born on February 22d, 1834, at Windham, O., and was educated for the bar. He began his practice early in life, first in his native State, and after 1860 at Port Huron,

Mich., where his predilection for journalism led him to become the proprietor of a newspaper, and his interest in politics made him a candidate for State Senator in 1866. Five years later he became editor-in-chief of the *Detroit Daily Union*, and subsequently an editorial writer on the *Daily News* of the



THOMAS JAY HUDSON.

same city. In 1877 he removed to Washington, where he has filled several government positions in succession in the Patent Office, and in which city he has since resided. After the publication of *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* he gave up his official post and engaged in legal practice again. His leisure time is given to literature, which will in all probability prove to be his future career. Those who have read advance sheets of his new work, entitled *A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life*, declare it to be unique in the literature of spiritual philosophy, and are confident that it will establish the author as one of the boldest and most original thinkers of these latter days. The book is expected to appear shortly, and will be published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

The irresistible Rip and his dog Schneider—"Schneider's my dawg; I don't know whether you know him"—is with us again, drinking in his inimitable way "your good health and your families", and may they live long and prosper!" We return the toast. The play has just been published in a handsome book embellished with vignettes and other illustrations which accompany the scenes as acted by Mr. Jefferson. The veteran actor has also written an introduction which relates how the play evolved itself in his mind and developed on the stage until it reached its present setting. "The idea

of acting Rip Van Winkle," he says in this interesting autobiographic fragment, "came to me in the summer of 1859. I had arranged to board with my family at a queer old Dutch farmhouse in Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pocono Mountain, in Pennsylvania. . . . On one of those long rainy days that always render the country so dull, I had climbed to the loft of the barn, and, lying upon the hay, was reading that delightful book, *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*. I had got well into the volume, and was much interested in it, when, to my surprise, I came upon a passage which said that he had seen me at Laura Keene's Theatre as Goldfinch in Holcroft's comedy of *The Road to Ruin*, and that I had reminded him of my father 'in look, gesture, size, and make.' Till then I was not aware that he had ever seen me. . . . I put down the book and lay there thinking how proud I was, and ought to be, at the revelation of this compliment.

And so I thought to myself, 'Washington Irving, the author of *The Sketch*



THE OLD BARN IN WHICH JEFFERSON CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF DRAMATISING "RIP VAN WINKLE."

Book, in which is the quaint story of Rip Van Winkle.' Rip Van Winkle! There was to me magic in the sound of the name as I repeated it. Why, was not this the very character I wanted? An American story by an American author was surely the theme suited to an American actor."



In ten minutes he was reading in the hay-loft of the old barn—memorable to him ever since—the legend of the Kaatskills, which he had not read since he was a boy; but he was sorely disappointed in finding that the story was purely narrative. "What could be done dramatically with so simple a sketch? How could it be turned into an effective play?" The way in which he went to work to solve the problem is graphically related, and makes one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of the stage. The play, now printed for the first time, is offered as a souvenir "of a greater number of performances than I can possibly count," and as such will surely meet with gratifying acceptance.



The Story of the Indian, by George B. Grinnell, will inaugurate a new series which has for its object the preservation of picturesque and individual types of Western life which are fast fading away. The stories, while dealing with the realities of history, will take a romantic form. The elements of romance will be found in abundance in the subjects used—the Indian, the explorer, the cowboy, the soldier, and other representative figures—and will make a series of pictures racy of the Western soil in the truest sense, and also of permanent historical value. To Mr. Ripley Hitchcock's personal knowledge, keen interest, and affection for the various and vagrant types encountered in actual experiences of ranch and mining and Indian life is due the initiation of the plan upon which this series will appear, and to the development of which we will look forward with interest. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company will publish the *Story of the West Series*, as it is to be called.



Parents, take notice. M. Paul Bourget confides to the pages of the *Figaro* that his favourite authors are Walter Scott and Shakespeare. It came about in

this way. When he was a very tiny boy his parents used to place two enormous volumes of Scott and Shakespeare on his chair to raise him during meals to the level of his plate. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, the boy naturally felt curious to know what was inside these useful books. He read them at odd moments, and the intimacy cultivated in this way begot an early and lasting affection for both authors.



The designers of book-covers are at last getting the recognition they have for



FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNED BOOK-COVER.

some time deserved, and are beginning to sign their work like other artists. Among the first signed book-covers that we have noticed are those of Miss Alice Brown's *Meadow Grass*, by Louis J. Rhead, and Mr. Marion Crawford's *Constantinople*, which bears the initials M. A., indicating Miss Margaret Armstrong, a most tasteful and artistic designer.



Messrs. Way and Williams have published an edition of Mr. R. Nisbet Bain's translation of *Russian Fairy Tales*. Mr. Bain is the biographer of what promises to be the standard *Life of Hans Christian*

Andersen. The Chicago firm also announce a translation of a Danish *Paul and Virginia*, by Holger Drachmann, a notable poet and novelist living in Denmark. It is said to be one of the best of this popular novelist's charming short stories.

The following paragraph from the London *Sketch* of September 28th has excited us to what Miss Gertrude Hall and Æschylus call "innumerable laughter" :

"It is always a pleasant matter to record the conferring of foreign honours upon English painters in these days, when English painting has fallen into considerable disrepute, or, at least, into a time (shall we say?) of yellow leaf. We have one or two left, however, whom foreign countries still seem to delight to honour. Mr. John S. Sargent, A.R.A., has just received the small Gold Medal for Painters in connection with this year's Berlin Art Exhibition; and one is at least well assured of this painter that he has deserved all he has got."

The humour of this lies in the tolerably well-known fact that this "English painter" whom "foreign" countries delight to honour is a very good American and a very famous one. *Sic vos non vobis*, Mr. Shorter.

This little slip of Mr. Shorter's is supplemented by another by Mr. Andrew Lang, who really ought to know better. In *Longman's Magazine* for November, Mr. Lang speaks in terms of praise of the bronze relief of R. L. Stevenson, by Augustus St. Gaudens, and casually describes Mr. St. Gaudens as "a French artist"! In the same paragraph, also, he speaks of the Scribner Cameo Edition as "the Gem Edition." Mr. Lang is evidently scribbling too much and thinking too little.

Last month we had to take the esteemed *Spectator* to task for its blunders in American and other geography. We have now to deal with the equally esteemed *Saturday Review* for its blunders in American history. Reviewing Mr. J. W. Moore's book, *The American Congress*, our English contemporary tries to tell the story of the great Blaine-Conkling feud, and gets the boot on the wrong leg in a most remarkable fashion, actually putting Blaine's famous though atrociously vulgar Hyperion-to-a-satyr-singled-cat-to-a-Bengal-tiger invective in-

to the mouth of Conkling! This not only shows the paucity of the editor's knowledge, but lets in a side-light on the thoroughness with which his reviewers read the books about which they write. Incidentally the same Rhadamanthus speaks of Elbridge Gerry as "Eldridge Gervy," but this may possibly be a misprint. Of course it is open to our English friends to say that their ignorance comes from indifference, but the indifference would be more convincing if it were not accompanied by long reviews of American books and discussions of American ways.

Messrs. Way and Williams, of Chicago, have just brought out a reprint of Mr. Gissing's *The Emancipated* in a volume the first sight of which is pleasing, but whose pages show a good deal of broken type. The male personages in the novel are the two species of cads whom Mr. Gissing affects; but we are refreshed by not finding either of them addressing the object of his affection as "dear girl," though the chief artist-cad, speaking to a young lady, begins, "my girl." For this relief, much thanks!

These little tricks of speech seem to be found in some authors much more than in others. Anthony Trollope's pet twists of phrase were, "I would fain" and "such a one as." All the serious characters in his books, especially the young women, say, "I would fain." This is odd, because Mr. Trollope was a genuine realist, and he must have known that off the stage no one ever says that he or she would "fain" do anything. Another pet phrase of his is, "That's as may be," which, being interpreted for Americans, is equivalent to "Perhaps," or "We shall see." Rhoda Broughton's favourite expression, which appears in the mouths of innumerable characters, is, "Before you can say 'knife!'" "knife" being her substitute for "Jack Robinson."

We have received so many inquiries regarding Commander Craig's little monograph on the proper use of "shall" and "will" which we mentioned in the August-September BOOKMAN, as to make it desirable to inform our readers that the treatise was privately printed for the use of the cadets at the United

States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and has never been formally published for general distribution. Any inquiries regarding it may be addressed to Mrs. Craig, "The Gerard," West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

The *Evening Post* grumbles at Mr. Joel Chandler Harris in his latest volume, *Mr. Rabbit at Home*, because "Mr. Rabbit, having taken the floor in place of Uncle Remus, spends his old age in breaking down the distinction between *shall* and *will*."

The *Evening Post's* Paris correspondent, in discoursing upon Marcel Prévost lately, spoke of that author's *Lettres de Femmes* and *Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes* as "love letters of women." If this writer, who is usually well informed, had ever read those very clever and witty sketches, he would know that there are not half a dozen love letters in the whole collection.

In reviewing M. Paul Bourget's *Outre-Mer* in the July number of THE BOOKMAN, we alluded casually to Dickens, among others, as having somewhat misrepresented things American. This remark of ours has roused the intense if somewhat belated wrath of a bold and indignant Briton, who is, however, apparently more indignant than bold, as he abstains from signing his name to the eight-page letter which he has written us from Boston on the subject. This letter, he says, we dare not print; and he is right in a way, as we should probably lose a good part of our subscription list if we loaded up our columns with the whole eight pages. But we are delighted to cull out the choicest bits, and give them a conspicuous place in these columns. We shall even allow our correspondent all the quotation marks, capitals, and italics that are necessary for a literal reproduction of his *seva indignatio*:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

SIR.—In a review you have the coarse impertinence to charge the late illustrious Charles Dickens (a man a hundred times as truthful as the average American) with "falsehood." I need have no hesitation in retorting that injurious accusation twofold on you. . . . Though I came to the United States really quite enthusiastic and prepared to make the best of everything, I had in a short time been so fearfully robbed and cheated, and had found it so hopelessly impossible

to trust or believe any one whatever, that at last I was driven to bay, and gave my opinion of the carnival and raree-show of roguery, lying, promise-breaking, etc., in temperate language, whose only sting was its absolute truth. . . . So, as my criticisms were *not* selfish and mercenary, but temperate, useful, and alas, *true*, a fierce, prompt boycott drove me from all employment. . . . The social tyranny which compels every one who talks or writes about "this glorious, free country, sir," is so grinding that a new journal like yours *must* bow and cringe to Hannibal Chollop, Mrs. Hominy, and Col. Diver, or else contrive to live on foul air! . . . The man who charges the late Charles Dickens with "falsehood" is a *liar* himself. All the worst characters in *Martin Chuzzlewit* are now swaggering, swindling, boasting, bullying and coercing the too out-spoken immigrant as fiercely and tyrannously as ever. . . . As to your vaunted "hospitality," I suppose a greater fraud was never "boomed"! I, a respectable man, coming into two cities armed with fine letters of recommendation to prominent citizens, have been treated in a brutal way. . . . Hospitality? Why, at Chicago I called on a "society" "pious" Lady with a high recommendation from an eminent clergyman. I came with the dress, manners, errand, and recommendation of a Gentleman, and this American "Lady" pushed me down the steps before her palatial residence without a word! I could narrate a hundred such instances. . . . I have done five or six times as much for this country as I ever did in Europe for my own people. In return I have been robbed, cheated, half-killed, falsely-imprisoned, and maligned as I never was in any other country. Now, Mr. Bookman, go and ease your mind by a vociferous cock-crow over the "durned furriners," who *always* do *all* the mischief in this Truthful, Honest, Hospitable, Sober, and Free Country!

ENOBARBUS.

We really do not intend to ease our mind by crowing like a cock, partly because we don't know how, and partly because we are overcome with remorse for our native land. We are particularly sorry to learn that Enobarbus was half killed. We should have supposed that well-trained American ruffians who knew their business would be more efficient.

Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, a sketch by Lily Lewis Rood, printed on French hand-made paper with grey paper covers, is published by Messrs. L. Prang and Company, at one dollar. It contains a portrait of the artist and three reproductions of his paintings. "To talk with Puvis de Chavannes," says the author, "in the grey atelier of the Place Pigalle, and to linger for a space in the garden of pale-tone flowers at Neuilly, is to lose one's self in one of the painter's Dreams, those Dreams which fall like wonderfully wrought curtains between us and the sadness of the

world." And this impression of melancholy beauty and dreaminess of soul in the artist's personality she has very perfectly conveyed in her chiaroscuro of the wonderful French master.



M. Philéas Gagnon, whose admirable volume on Canadian bibliography we notice on another page, is a business man of Quebec, where he was born in 1854. He has taken part in municipal affairs, and is at present *député* of the Quartier St. Jacques. But his passion is for the collection of books, in which he shows all the qualities of an enthusiastic, and at the same time erudite, bibliophile. His library of works relating to Canada, which is the most complete private collection in existence, cost him more than \$20,000, and is to-day very greatly enhanced in value. Our portrait of M. Gagnon is from a recent photograph.

Mr. W. E. Henley, of whom THE BOOKMAN published a critical notice by Mr. Marriott Watson last month, was first discovered by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Stephen, when editor of the *Cornhill*, received one day a batch

of poems addressed to him from the Edinburgh Hospital. Struck by their originality, he wrote at once to Robert Louis Stevenson that there was a strange genius writing from the Hospital, and asked Stevenson to go to see him. He went, taking with him for the sick man's delectation a set of Dumas' novels. Soon afterward, Henley became generally known, for the verses were those remarkable lines that picture the fearful moments of one who lies sickening under the prospect of the surgeon's knife. Who that has once read these lines can ever forget them?

"Behold me waiting—waiting for the knife.
A little while, and at a leap I storm
The thick, sweet mystery of chloroform.
The drunken dark, the little death-in-life.
The gods are good to me: I have no wife,
No innocent child to think of as I near
The fateful minute; nothing all too dear
Unmans me for my bout of passive strife.
Yet am I tremulous and a trifle sick,
And, face to face with chance, I shrink a little:
My hopes are strong, my will is something weak.
Here comes the basket? Thank you. I am ready."

They recall most strikingly the pitiful poem of Hégésippe Moreau, beginning

"Sur ce grabat chaud de mon agonie."

A good deal of unfavourable comment has been excited in certain quarters because a number of the leading American magazines announce, for the coming year, serials by English writers. Thus, the *Century* will publish a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *Harper's*, one by William Black; *Scribner's*, one by J. M. Barrie; and THE BOOKMAN, one by Ian MacLaren. But the persons who are vexing their souls over the alleged Briticising of our American periodicals should remember that by way of compensation the English publications are being equally Americanised. *Chapman's Magazine* having already brought out the prize detective stories of Miss Wilkins and Mr. Brander Matthews, is to follow them up with Bret Harte's *Hollow of the Hills*; the *Illustrated London News* has produced Mr. Howells's *The Day of Their Wedding* simultaneously with its appearance in *Harper's Bazar*; and the *London Graphic* will publish the same author's new novel by arrangement with *Harper's Weekly*. Surely exchange is no robbery, and the American author is avenged!

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Austin Dobson is taken from the portrait etched from life by William Strang which, with seven full-page etchings by Lalauze, are pictorial features of the revised and definitive edition of Mr. Dobson's poems. *Rosina and Other Poems*, by the same author, will also be issued immediately with illustrations by Hugh Thomson, uniform with the *Beau Brocade*, which was published in a like manner two years ago. It has been announced in some quarters that a third series of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* would appear from Mr. Dobson's charming pen this season, but this will not be ready until next year.

Merely as a matter of curiosity we should like to ask how much longer Mr. Poultney Bigelow is going to produce literary pabulum for a patient public on the basis of his having once been at school with the present German Kaiser. Here he is again in the November *Cosmopolitan* telling us the same old things all over again. There is one interesting bit in it, however, and that is a reproduction of the celebrated photograph depicting the War Lord with an incipient beard, which he cultivated for a while in 1891, and then suddenly removed it, at the same time suppressing the sale of the photograph exhibiting it. After seeing the picture, one is not surprised at his action in the matter. In the same number of the *Cosmopolitan* is a paper by J. Lyon Woodruff, of the United States Navy, the reading of which will give any true American a thrill. It tells of the part played by our ships and men in Samoan waters in 1888, when the German naval representatives there had browbeaten the English and then began to try the same experiment with us. How the German man-of-war made ready to bombard Apia in violation of the treaty; how the German commander contemptuously snubbed the American

Consul-General; and then how the good American corvette *Adams* steamed in between the German vessel and the town and ran out her guns, and politely told the Germans to commence whenever they



Truly yours,
Austin Dobson

were quite ready; and how all of a sudden they lost interest in the matter, so that the bombardment never came off—all this and much more is written in the article which we, being Jingoos, advise all our brother Jingoos to read at once and be prouder than ever of their country, which on that occasion, as a great English writer said, "gave England the lead in the path of duty and honour."

The Tory journals of London have been most amusing of late. It appears that Lord Rosebery, just before going out of office, made a peer of one Mr. Joseph Williamson, an estimable dealer in oilcloth. Thereupon the *Saturday Review* began to thunder about this affront to "the proudest aristocracy in Europe." To be sure, it said, our party has made peers out of brewers, but that is, of course, a very different thing; and it explained the difference at great length and with much subtlety. But alas! when the grandeur and awesomeness of the British peerage depend upon a nice understanding of the relative nobility of oilcloth and beer, it certainly seems as though "the proudest aristocracy in Europe" were in rather a bad way.



The fourteenth volume (Rüdesheim-Soccus) of Brockhaus's *Konversations-Lexikon* has just appeared, and reminds us that two more volumes, to appear early in 1896, will complete the revision of this most excellent encyclopædia. This volume, published in the same style and prepared with the same exacting care as the previous ones, contains 1052 pages, 75 full pages of illustrations (of which eight are in colours), 26 maps and plans, and 206 text illustrations. Probably the most prominent article in the book is that on Russia, which, subdivided under numerous headings, occupies 74 pages in addition to 14 pages of maps and four pages of cuts illustrative of Russian art and architecture. That the work is kept up to the times will be seen from the fact that this article on Russia closes with a brief *résumé* of the new Czar's policy up to March, 1895.



Mrs. F. A. Steel, who shares with Rudyard Kipling the honour of being the novelist of India, is of Scotch descent, her father having been Sheriff-Clerk of Forfarshire, and her own childhood having been spent partly at St. Andrews and partly in Argyleshire. She was married when very young and went out to India, where she has led a busy life for the last quarter of a century. For seventeen years she taught in the Government schools of the Punjab, and her duties brought her into contact with thousands of girls, through

whom she got to know the parents, and so learned much that has been useful to her in her literary work. Mrs. Steel thinks *The Potter's Thumb* is perhaps the best of her books, and it has certainly been the most successful. She is at present engaged on a novel dealing with the Indian Mutiny, which will take about two years to finish. The scene will be chiefly laid in Delhi. Her new story, entitled *Red Rowans*, which has just been published by the Macmillans, is noticed on another page.



"I have been writing all my life," says Mrs. Steel, "but I destroyed my manuscripts, and never published a story till about five years ago. My first work was a cookery book, especially intended for Indian schools. It was a great success, and is still the recognised textbook on the subject. I have had more letters of thanks about it than about any other of my books. My first story, "Lâl," appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*. I sent it in on the advice of a friend, who saw that I felt rather in want of work after our return to England, my husband having retired. The tale was at once accepted, and I was asked for more. *Miss Stuart's Legacy* was my first novel, which was followed by *The Potter's Thumb*."



Sir Walter Besant has been delivering an address on the prospects of authors and books in England, in which, judging by the brief report in the *London Times*, he is even more optimistic than usual. Sir Walter thinks that the number of readers is enormously increasing and will still increase, and he has also the highest opinion of their taste and judgment. In the days to come, to deserve success will be to attain it, and failure will be an evidence of unworthiness. We are not so sure. Changes are coming on almost imperceptibly of a startling kind. Ten years ago, the enormous editions and the rapid sales which have now become comparatively common were almost unknown. Only in very rare instances did a publisher venture to order as many as ten thousand copies of a first edition. Such an order is now by no means rare. The gains of authors, owing to the competition of publishers and the rise of the literary agent, are also much greater.

But some qualifications have to be borne in mind. For one thing, these successes are practically all in the domain of fiction. Outside of that, there is very little evidence that sales have greatly increased. For another thing, is it true even now that the books most in favour with readers all belong to literature? And even when they do, is it not evident that their success often is gained not by what is best in them, but by what is worst? This great new public that has arisen seems to read about four books a year. It is quite satisfied with these, and with the innumerable periodicals it purchases, and so the vast majority of publications have small, slow, and comparatively unremunerative sales.



While we cannot subscribe to Sir Walter Besant's optimism, we are, however, by no means pessimistic. There are many tokens that the popular taste is on the whole healthy and sound. Pure and sweet books are eagerly welcomed if they possess elements of life and interest. The business of editors, publishers, and authors is not to cultivate the barren habit of sneering at the masses, but to try to understand them, to meet them in every legitimate way, to teach them the habit of reading in the confidence that gradually their taste will rise, and that they will become appreciative of the best. It is one of Sir Walter Besant's excellent characteristics that he never sneers at the people and their literature, that what he finds interests human beings he takes as interesting to him, and sets himself to study its secret.



We are pleased to announce to our readers that a novel by Ian Maclaren will appear in *THE BOOKMAN* during 1896. This story has been secured in co-operation with the *Outlook*, in the belief that of all living writers of fiction, Ian Maclaren is the one whom our constituency would like best of all to read.

The novel is entitled *Kate Carnegie*, and is a tale of the "Drumtochy" country made famous by the *Bonnie Brier Bush* stories. An attractive feature of the appearance of the story in *THE BOOKMAN* will be the accompaniment of illustrations by Mr. Frederick C. Gordon, whose drawings in the holiday edition of *A Doctor of the Old School*, just published, and whose acquaintance with



IAN MACLAREN (REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.).

"Drumtochy" life and a conversation which he had with the author about the scenes and characters of his forthcoming novel, have especially equipped him for this task. The accompanying portrait is from a recent photograph, and is considered an excellent likeness of Mr. Watson.



Advance orders were received in excess of the first large edition of Ian Maclaren's new volume, entitled *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, before the date of publication. A second edition is printing as we go to press.

CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS.

AUTHOR OF "IN DEFIANCE OF THE KING."

Mr. Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, the author of *In Defiance of the King*, which is reviewed on another page, is, all appearances to the contrary in his work, a New-Yorker. Part of his boyhood was spent in the home of an uncle, resident near New Haven, whose place was called "Hardscrabble," and is the original of the homestead of that name in



CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS.

his story. Mr. Hotchkiss is a man in the prime of life, whose early years were marked by the conflict waged betwixt a commercial career, in which he was not successful, and leanings toward literature and art, in which he has taken a decided step toward success in his remarkable first novel. He was for two years temporarily editor of a paper for a relative, who was prevented from undertaking his duties by illness; but outside of this experience he has had no practical literary training. He has, however, always been a devoted

student of literature, and has written much for his own gratification, but not until recently with a view to publication. He was impelled to the writing of *In Defiance of the King* by the lack of anything like an adequate expression in the fiction of our country of a romance dealing with the time of the Revolution. As Mr. Hotchkiss is in possession of valuable historical facts gained by long research among the archives of that period, he has some reason to believe that he can throw light on the motives that actuated certain prominent actors on that momentous stage of our history, while striving to give romantic form to these scenes, which deserve a higher imaginative illumination than they have yet received in our fiction.

His next novel will open with the siege of Boston, and will proceed to York Harbour and the coast of Maine. Mr. Hotchkiss is especially interested in the character of General Howe, who will appear in this story. As an example of his careful and painstaking study of character, it may be mentioned that he read all the books he could lay his hands on about Benedict Arnold, who merely figures in the story for the space of a few passages; yet the result is a vivid and clear-cut portraiture of the notorious traitor. Mr. Hotchkiss is a surgical photographer in the New York and Roosevelt hospitals, "which is as near to art in a profession," he says facetiously, "as I have been able to get so far." If he succeeds in fulfilling the promise which is betokened in his first story, it is probable that he will devote himself altogether to literature. Mr. Hotchkiss is another instance of merit making its own way from the outside. His manuscript was singled out from the hundreds which pass through a publisher's hands every year, and Mr. Hotchkiss acknowledges graciously the kindly encouragement and assistance which he received from his publishers' reader, who suggested several alterations which improved the story.

OWEN WISTER.

AUTHOR OF "RED MEN AND WHITE."

It can scarcely be more than three or four years since the appearance in *Harper's Magazine* of the first of a series of studies of the West. The stories were fresh and strong; the name of the author, Owen Wister, was new in literature, and at once awakened the interest always felt in the advent of a writer of promise. The look in his direction turned, of course, westward in the beginning, the surety of his touch seeming to identify him with the region which he described. But Mr. Wister was not to be located in army post, or hunting camp, or ranch. All of these had known him, it is true, but to none of them did he belong. On the contrary—as the readers of his writings soon learned—he belongs to the East; to the oldest East; and is the product of Philadelphia's highest civilisation for more than two hundred years.

A good deal of his earlier life was passed amid a still older civilisation abroad. In 1870, when a child of ten, he was taken to Europe, and remained away from his own country for three years, during that most impressionable period lying between childhood and boyhood. Returning then to America, he became a student at St. Paul's School, in Concord, N. H., and so continued until he entered Harvard in his eighteenth year. At both school and college he gave early evidence of the literary faculty, by editing one



Your very truly
Owen Wister

paper and sometimes two papers for each; and later by writing for the Hasty Pudding Club the libretto of *Dido and Aeneas*, an opera bouffe. But toward the end of his stay at Harvard, his taste seemed to become musical rather than literary; and when he graduated in the Class of '82, he carried off the highest honours in music. He was now resolved to adopt a musical career, and with this purpose in view went abroad

a few months after his graduation, and upon the recommendation of Liszt began the study of composition in Paris. But unexpected circumstances occasioned a sudden change of plan, and Mr. Wister returned to America at the close of 1883. Shortly afterwards failing health sent him elk hunting in Wyoming and Arizona, and thus came about the first memorable visit destined to have such lasting results. Seeking health he found not only new strength, but a new world. The novel surroundings, the atmosphere of stirring romance, re-awoke the literary instinct that nods sometimes, but never dies. He appears, however, to have had no conscious intention at this time, or indeed for long after, of writing these things which impressed him so vividly. Instead he returned straightway to the East as soon as he was well again, resolved to enter the legal profession. Entering the Harvard Law School in the autumn of 1885, he graduated two years later with the degrees of LL.B. and A.M.; after which he settled to the practice of his profession in Philadelphia, meaning apparently to make it a life work. But the spell of the West was upon him and could not be broken; the literary instinct which it had stirred could not be stilled, and thus it followed that the young lawyer was irresistibly drawn away from his briefs, again and again, until fifteen separate journeys to the West are recorded within ten years.

Such a struggle can have but one outcome, and the undivided allegiance always demanded by art was gradually granted in this case. In 1891 Mr. Wister began to write, giving less and less attention to his profession, until literature now wholly absorbs him. He has written a number of stories, which are finally gathered into a volume entitled *Red Men and White*, thus making the cumulative showing which alone justifies an attempt to estimate the success of the short story writer. This honest effort is, however, somewhat interfered with in the outset by the preface, which moves heavily and uncertainly through a mist. But, fortunately, the art of the essayist is something apart from the gift of the story-teller, and this introduction, which does not introduce, may therefore be passed without further comment. In the stories themselves there is no uncertainty, no wan-

dering, no fog. Their movement is as direct and as free and as stirring as the sweep of the wind across the plains. This is the first effect of Mr. Wister's work. This feeling of the great plains; of the grandeur, the mystery, and the desolation of their vastness; of the desert's changeless, unfathomable silence; of the bare noonday glare, "making the world no longer crystal, but a mesa, dull and gray and hot;" of the sharp, dim peaks edging the horizon, far off where the unshaded mountains stand; of "the day's transfigured immortal passing where the sun becomes a crimson coal in a lake of saffron, burning and beating like a heart, till the desert seems no longer dead, but asleep;" of the unearthly beauty of the moon, under which the earth grows lovely, "no longer terrible, but infinitely sad." Scarcely any one, perhaps it is only fair to say no one, has so nearly succeeded as has Mr. Wister in communicating the impression made by the great sand sea. And through the stories may be traced the gradual relaxation of this first fierce grasp of the strange country itself on the author's imagination; and the consequent ascension of the psychological over the physical, as he draws nearer to the inner life of the people—to those subtler things which are not spread upon the hot sands, for the casual passer-by to see. He naturally enters first into the nature of the Indian, as the central figure of the situation, and the result is the first appearance of the real red man in recent literature. Perhaps even this partial reservation is less than Mr. Wister's due, and he may be more truly said to be the first to bring the real red man into fiction, either old or new. At all events, his is the real living Indian of to-day, and not the Mohegan or Hiawatha of old-fashioned romance. As Mr. Wister does not idealise him, neither does he depreciate him, but enters into his condition and characteristics and feelings and motives, as one who knows whereof he speaks. Moreover, he differentiates the Indian types, and succeeds in individualising at least two so distinctively as to make an entirely new and valuable contribution to literature. Cheschpah, the young chief of "Little Big Horn Medicine," rather dwarfs the other, for the reason that his is a dominant personality; but E-gante is not less clearly and strongly realised,

and their characters form a fine contrast. Cheschapah's devouring ambition has its grand as well as its absurd side, and E-egante's dandyism and vanity are eminently real and human.

With the last-named story Mr. Wister's study of the red savage ceases, and he passes on to paint the civilisation of the plains, as impeded by primitive white forces. There is a terrific showing of this in "Salvation Gap," and the analysis of the causes evolving the tragedy further shows that the author is steadily working from the rough surface of the life he portrays to its turbulent heart. This deeper tone deepens still more, and also broadens, in "A Pilgrim on the Gila" and "La Tinaja Bonita." In the one it sounds farther than the distant, peaked edges of the sand archipelago, in revealing the influence that an obscure and guilty love may exert over large affairs of state, over even the Capitol at Washington. In the other, the note is, if possible, broader yet, in that it touches one of

the most universal sources of human wretchedness, by showing that jealousy works the same suffering and wrong in the desert as elsewhere.

And yet, effective as these intense stories are, they leave, nevertheless, a vague feeling that Mr. Wister has circumscribed his power in thus dealing almost exclusively with painful themes. This can scarcely have been necessary to the truth of his work. There must be bright spots even on these tragic great plains; and such an artist as he has surely more than a single dark colour for his brush. Indeed, the gleams of humour shining through the perpetual clouds give tantalising glimpses of the sunny flood that might warm the heart, were the sky ever clear. And then to this constant stormy gloom seems to be owing the absence of that subtle touch of finest, truest sentiment, without which work even as good as Mr. Wister's can never wholly satisfy.

Nancy Huston Banks.

A CHAT WITH MISS ETHEL REED.

After ascending the dimly-lighted stairway, the bright apartment with its flooded light and warmth of colour, shed from innumerable sketches and paintings hanging on the walls or flung about the room with a seeming carelessness, refreshed one's vision like a sudden glimpse of dreamland. This was Miss Reed's studio (she rather modestly resented my calling it so), and as I found it empty when I entered—I heard her musical laugh in an adjoining room—I had a few minutes to look around and take my bearings. One cannot help impressing one's individuality upon one's surroundings, and it was pleasant to note the harmonious setting which each detail helped to form in Miss Reed's atelier, and the air of refinement

and softness of outline which pervaded the room. Sketches, nearly all portraits,



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY ETHEL REED.

in varying stages of process, almost covered the walls or lay on the floor, tilted against legs of chairs or other



ETHEL REED. BY HERSELF.

supports. In many of the portraits of women a certain uniformity of type began to assert itself as I glanced from one to another, and it dawned upon me at last that the original of these studies was the artist herself. Later, when she confirmed my observation, I had the pleasure of congratulating her on her choice of a model.

In one corner of the room there was a little shelf containing about a score of books, composed for the most part of well-thumbed literary classics. I remarked especially a copy of Keats and an edition of *Omar Khayyam*, which bore evidences of frequent reading. There was another shelf, I must confess, which groaned beneath the weight of what looked like French novels, whose character I shrank from inspecting lest I should dispel the pleasant illusion I had formed of Miss Reed's elegant and dignified tastes in literature. Lying about were the usual bric-à-brac

so dear to the soul of an artist, one curiosity which I handled with care being a Japanese "snicker-snee." Scattered over the large flat table was a profusion of books, papers, sketches, posters, drawing and painting implements; a couple of pipes, a tobacco-box, and a cigar stump which I looked at suspiciously, she referred to with a merry twinkle in her eye as "artistic properties." I was about to ensconce myself in one of the comfortable arm-chairs, when a glare of warm colour from a sheet of paper on the table caught my eye, and as I happened to be examining it when Miss Reed entered, she at once satisfied my curiosity by saying:

"That is a poster I am making for a little sketch of Puvis de Chavannes, by Lily Lewis Rood, which has just been published in Boston."

On further inquiry I discovered that she had been moved by her interest in the subject to undertake the poster, but that she was

doubtful whether the publishers were likely to go to the expense of reproducing it.

"What's the use of wasting your precious time on it, then?" I asked.

"Oh, well," she answered, "the original will probably be exhibited in Messrs. Damrell and Upham's old bookshop, and will attract attention to the author."

This is but a trifling thing to report, but I mention it as being a characteristic of Miss Reed which is not infrequently absent in youth, especially successful youth; for within the past few months Miss Ethel Reed has made a distinguished appearance in the art of making book posters. This distinction is based on work that is instinct with originality, and which is conceived with a freshness and freedom unpremeditated and strikingly individual. It is the bold and fearless expression of ideas unhackneyed and untrammelled by past traditions or conventionalised forms. Its

very crudeness sometimes is proof of the overmastering strength of conception and the striving to make form and outline subject to the innate force behind the work. There has been an increasing interest in Miss Reed, and a growing conviction that she is an artist of exceptional power and ability, and it was to gratify this interest, and to enlighten the readers of *THE BOOKMAN* about the artist and her work, that I called on her when recently in Boston.

I found that though Miss Reed was willing to talk to me about her work, she was not at all elated with the success she had won, and a natural diffidence and pretty air of self-unconsciousness, which was perfectly sincere, clothed her with a most becoming garment of humility, which nevertheless was disconcerting to the interviewer. I asked her how she came to think of drawing posters.

"I didn't think of it at all. It has all been due to a friend of mine who is connected with the *Boston Herald*. He saw one of my paintings" (a very fair likeness of herself by the way), "and suggested that I should copy it and submit it to the *Herald* as a poster for its Sunday edition. I acted on his suggestion, and was successful. That was last February. You can see," she added, with the sensitive touch with which artists regard their work, "that the reproduction flattened and quite spoiled the effect of the original."

Looking at the original painting, I drew her attention to a picture alongside of it, which depicted a violinist in the act of drawing the bow across his instrument.

"That was taken from life. By the way, I was at one time determined to become a violinist. I have always been passionately fond of music, especially of the violin, and, indeed, it was my first passion."

"And how did you come to give it up?"

"I have not exactly given it up, but the ambition to paint portraits grew upon me, and has exceeded it in strength."

"Where did you study drawing?"

"I cannot say that I have studied anywhere. When I was twelve years old I took some drawing lessons from Miss Laura C. Hills, but my inattention and rebelliousness caused her much

vexation, although she took great pains with me and incited me to work. Two years ago I spent some time at the Cowles School."

"Have you had no special training or course of study?"

"No. I'm afraid you will think me an unaccountable sort of person, for all I can say is that when I have an idea I simply sit down to the paper, and the drawing and colour come to me as I proceed."

"Most of your work is done spontaneously and without much forethought, then?"

"Oh, I think hard enough about it beforehand; but once I have the idea and get started, it takes very little trouble and time to finish the rest."

"But what about your ambition to become a portrait painter—has that been also supplanted?"

"Oh, no," she laughed, "but since I started to make posters, I have had more work than I can keep up with; besides I have been doing some decorative book work, which, you will admit, is more ambitious, and perhaps you would say more dignified, than making posters."

One of these books is a little volume of historical and narrative verse, by Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, entitled *The Love Story of Ursula Wolcott*, which

I am at
 thy request
 drawn for
 the cover of
 and kindly
 drawn them
 When you
 are
 from the
 Paul
 20th. Oct. 1881
 Bolton



HE sound of voices died away,
But overhead complainingly
The bluebird flew with whirr of
wings,
The tree-toad trilled a coming
storm,

And from the parching meadow grass
The katydid proclaimed the heat.
"The law is often perfected
By lawlessness," her father said ;

FAC-SIMILE OF PAGE FROM "THE LOVE STORY OF URSULA WOLCOTT."

will be published immediately by Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company. A little brochure of his, entitled *The Wooing of Martha Pitkin*, was published last year. The facsimile of one of the pages which we give indicates the style of the book and the character of Miss Reed's illustrative work. The other book is Miss Gertrude Smith's *Arabella and Araminta Stories*, about to issue from the press of Messrs. Copeland and Day, and for which Miss Mary E. Wilkins has written an introduction. That the book is "magnificently original," as one critic has said, is largely due to Miss Ethel Reed's happy, artistic rendition of the dreamland of childhood. The pictures are drawn after the manner of the new

success with these drawings ; for to do one's best work, one must truly and thoroughly enjoy it. Had you done any book illustrating previous to this ?

"Nothing with the exception of a little vignette called 'Butterfly Thoughts,' which *St. Nicholas* printed in March, I think it was, of 1894."

"Do you contemplate doing more of this kind of work ?"

"I can hardly say yet. It will depend on circumstances. I am illustrating a book of Fairy Tales, and I am working on a little thing of my own."

By dint of perseverance I overcame Miss Reed's aversion to speak of this "little thing" of her own. She has made a start with Pierrot in *The Garden*

movement in design, but here again Miss Reed has touched the lines with the magic of her own imagination. Unconsciously the Japanese influence in art and the spirit of the French poster enter into their composition, but the key to their inner secret is the childlike quality of tenderest humour and "humanest affection," which is all-pervasive.

"I have never enjoyed doing anything so much," said Miss Reed, "as the drawings for these stories. It was lots of fun ; I was a child with Arabella and Araminta, and dwelt with them in the happy Land of Make-Believe."

"I believe that has been the secret of your

secret of your

secret of your

secret of your

secret of your

secret of your

of *Dreams*, as she thinks of calling her little phantasy, which is conceived as partly pantomime and partly allegory, and is to be illustrated in colour. It may take some time yet to bring the work to completion, but I look to its production with assurance of its originality for one thing, and also with considerable curiosity. I inquired whether she had travelled much.

"No, I have not travelled at all. I was born and lived in 'gentle Newburyport' until five years ago, when my family came to Boston. I spent the winter of 1893 in New York, but could not work there. New York is a good place for play, but give me Boston for hard work. Next spring I hope to go to Paris with my mother."

"Will you study there?"

"Perhaps not in a technical sense, but I shall keep my eyes open and study in the broad school of life."

Miss Reed was discreetly silent about her contemporaries in the new art movement. She evidently distrusts her estimate of their work, at least she was averse to any criticism of hers appearing in print. But one can see that she has decided opinions, and holds to them with strength of conviction. She caught me glancing at her bookshelf.

"You mustn't judge my literary accomplishments by that handful of books. I have read a *few* things," she said, with feigned sarcasm, "and still do, as you can see by one of the recent books I have been reading."

"Max Nordau's *Degeneracy*?"

"Yes," she said, but with such laughter in her voice as showed obviously enough that the trail of the cynical serpent had left no smirch on her healthy young mind.

Looking over some of her photographs for THE BOOKMAN, I came across one or

two in character which evoked the information that she had appeared in amateur theatricals on several occasions.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said I, "if to your other ambitions you added that of aspiring to the stage."

"I'm afraid your guess is correct," she replied archly.

Which went to confirm the conclusion I had come to during our chat, that Miss Reed,

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

has not yet in all probability "found" herself, and that her proclivities, tingling with life and energy, are but the strivings of a strong individuality, not yet fully ripened or matured, to express itself in one form after another. She is of a romantic temperament, is keenly observant and alive to the humorous; and the beautiful mystery and reserve of youth still hang about her like the quivering light of dawn with its eloquent promise. She comes of a stock whose consanguinity of blood—English, Irish, French, and New England—is favourable to the fostering of genius, and we shall not be surprised if Miss Ethel Reed gives substantial evidence in the future of possessing the capacity to achieve something that is not merely ephemeral, but worth sending down to posterity.

The "unpublished drawing," which I carried away as a souvenir of my pleasant visit, was an experimental drawing for the *Arabella and Araminta Stories*. The specimen page from a letter is given because of its peculiar calligraphy, so artistically consistent, as it seems to me, with the striking personality of the writer.

J. M.

ECHO.

Down valley paths and mountain ways

I wander, calling on her name :

Alas ;—the weary, weary days !

"Echo !"—she answers still the same.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

I.

Through the crowded streets returning, at the ending of the day,
 Hastened one whom all saluted as he sped along his way ;
 In his eye a gleam of triumph, in his heart a joy sincere,
 And the voice of shouting thousands still resounding in his ear.
 Passed he 'neath a stately archway toward the goal of his desire,
 Till he saw a woman's figure lolling idly by the fire.

" I have won !" he cried, exultant ; " I have saved a cause from wreck,
 Crushed the rival that I dreaded, set my foot upon his neck !
 Now at last the way is open, now at last men call me great,—
 I am leader of the leaders, I am master in the State !"

Languidly she turned to listen with a decorous pretence,
 And her cold patrician features mirrored forth indifference.
 " Men are always scheming, striving, for some petty end," said she :
 Then, a little yawn suppressing, " What is all of this to me ?"

II.

Through the shadows of the evening, as they quenched the sunset glow,
 Came the other, faring homeward with dejected step and slow ;
 Wistful, peering through the darkness, till he saw, as oft before,
 Where a woman stood impatient at the threshold of the door.

" I have lost !" he faltered faintly. " All is over"—with a groan ;
 Then he paused and gazed expectant at the face beside his own.
 Two soft eyes were turned upon him with a woman's tenderness,
 Two white arms were flung about him with a passionate caress,
 And a voice of thrilling music to his mutely uttered plea
 Said, " If only you are with me, what is all the rest to me ?"

III.

All night long the people's leader sat in silence and alone,
 Dull of eye, with brain unthinking, for his heart was turned to stone ;
 While the hours passed all unheeded till the hush of night had ceased
 And the haggard light returning flecked the melancholy East.

But the other, the defeated, laughed a laugh of merriment,
 And he thrust his cares behind him with an infinite content ;
 Recking not of place and power and the smiles of those above,
 For his darkness was illumined by the radiance of love.

Each had grasped the gift of fortune, each had counted up the cost ;
 And the vanquished was the victor, and the winner he that lost.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE EARLY AMERICAN ALMANAC.

The first product of the printing-press which Stephen Daye set up under the shadow of Harvard College, before the walls of that infant seat of learning were fairly dry, was a pamphlet, *The Freeman's Oath*, to which immediately succeeded an Almanac for the Year of our Lord 1639. We surmise the compiler thereof, one Mr. William Pierce, to have been a weather-beaten old salt, who having abandoned his sea-faring life and cast his moorings ashore for the remainder of his days, was ready to turn his nautical knowledge to practical account. He modestly disclaims the academic title of Philomath assumed by Almanac makers in general, and subscribes himself simply "Mariner."

The following year Daye covered his name as a typographer with imperishable glory by printing the first book ever issued from a press in this part of America, *The Psalms in Metre*, or the *New England Version of the Psalms*, commonly known as the *Bay Psalm Book*, and to the bibliophile as

"One of the books we read about
But very seldom see."

One or more Almanacs were issued annually by Daye and by his successor, Samuel Green, whose name is conspicuous in the typographical annals of this country as the printer of *Eliot's Indian Bible*, that extremely useful book which it is said no man living can read. Following in the wake of these early Cambridge printers, every enterprising proprietor of a hand-press and font of type during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries felt it his bounden duty—or found it to his pecuniary interest—to provide the community with a yearly Calendar. Suspended behind the farm-house kitchen-door, this silent monitor of the passing hours repeated from year to year its trustworthy predictions of returning seed-time and harvest and its dubious prophecies of rain and sunshine, heat and cold, until, yellowed with smoke, begrimed by constant use and thumbed to bits, the last fragment of a leaf fell fluttering to the ground. In view of the extremely utilitarian rôle they were called upon to play, it is not singular that old Almanacs not

things of rags and tatters are difficult to find.

In those primitive days few books beside the Bible, the Psalm-book, the Almanac, and now and then a printed sermon of one of the reverend fathers of the Church—Increase or Cotton Mather, Thomas Shepard or Samuel Willard—found their way over the rugged New England hills to remote and scattered Puritan homes. In the hard struggle for existence of pioneer life, with its scant hours of leisure, they doubtless sufficed for the intellectual requirements of the inmates. We are inclined to believe that the Almanac occupied a higher place in popular estimation than its numerical strength (1 to 4) in this primitive family library would indicate. If the question of dispensing with either the sermon or the Almanac came to a vote in the domestic circle, we would not rely with confidence upon the staying powers of the sermon, especially if it were one of those highly impressive religious discourses which the divines of Massachusetts did on occasion preach of a quiet Sabbath-day morning to a youth in his teens, in the presence of the congregation which during the coming week was to escort the culprit to the gallows, and under the blue sky of heaven hang him for the crime of sheep-stealing.

The feast of fat things that the makers of these harbingers of the new year strove to provide for their readers is thus humorously set forth by Dr. Franklin, in his Almanac *Poor Richard Improved* for 1756 :

"Courteous Reader :

"I suppose that my Almanack may be worth the money that thou hast paid for it, hadst thou no other advantage from it than to find the day of the Month, the remarkable Days, the Changes of the Moon, the Sun and Moon's Rising and Setting, and to foreknow the Tides and the Weather ; these with other Astronomical Curiosities I have yearly and constantly prepared for Thy Use and Entertainment during now near two revolutions of the Planet Jupiter. But I hope that this is not all the Advantage that thou hast reaped ; for with a view to the Improvement of thy Mind and thy Estate, I have constantly interspers'd in every little vacancy, *Moral Hints, Wise Sayings, and Maxims of Thrift*, tending to impress the benefits arising from Honesty, Sobriety, Industry and Frugality ; which if thou hast duly observed, it is

highly probable that thou art *Wiser* and *Richer* many fold more than the Pence my Labours have cost thee. Howbeit, I shall not therefore raise my Price because thou art better able to pay; but being thankful for past Favours, I shall endeavour to make my little Book more Worthy thy regard by adding to those *Recipes* which were intended for the Cure of the Mind, some valuable ones regarding the Health of the Body. They are recommended by the Skillful and by successful Practise. I wish a Blessing may attend the use of them, and to thee all Happiness, being

"Thy obliged Friend,

"R. SAUNDERS."

We find this curious hodge-podge of scraps of useful information, flashes of quaint common sense, and "proverbial sentences which inculcate industry and frugality," embodied in twenty to thirty small octavo or duodecimo pages, which are all that most of these miniature compendiums of knowledge contain.

The most important of these early Almanacs, from a literary point of view, are the *Poor Richards*, begun in 1732 by Benjamin Franklin, and continued by him and D. Hall for over a quarter of a century. They contain the famous *bon mots*, reflexions, and maxims of the great Quaker philosopher, which gained wide circulation at the time through the columns of the colonial press and later were gathered together in the shape of a discourse, entitled *Father Abraham's Advice to his Neighbours*, and published as broadsides or in chap-book form under the title of *Poor Richard's Way to Wealth*. This "discourse" passed through numerous editions, and was translated into a score of tongues, including modern Greek and Chinese.

Dr. Franklin informs us in his *Memoirs* that he endeavoured to make his Almanac both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand that he reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually nearly 10,000 copies.

Commanding higher prices in the market than *Poor Richard*, but solely on account of the typographical importance and greater scarcity of the imprint, are the Almanacs made by Daniel and Titus Leeds, the title-pages of which bear the heraldic embellishment of their family arms. Their Almanacs are better known by the name of the publisher than by that of the compilers. They were printed, the first for the year 1687, by William Bradford, near Philadelphia, and from the year 1694 until 1742 in

New York by the same printer. They are all of the utmost rarity.

The commingling in the column of the Calendar of Bradford's Almanacs of weather prophesies, wise saws, doggerel verse, and epigrammatical paragraphs on every variety of subject, forms an amusing medley, and reminds one of the by-play or asides of the stage. We take as a sample page the Calendar for January, 1738—"A turbid air and rough weather." "Rain or snow." "Fools play with edge tools." "Snow." "This world is bad which makes some mad." "If snow comes now don't be angry." "Cloudy." "Snow, or I'm mistaken." Interlarded between these phrases are the Signs of the Zodiac, the Sun and Moon's Risings and Settings, Eclipses, Lunations, Time of High Water, Feasts and Fasts of the Church, and the Dates of Quaker meetings. Our friend Philomath adopted a very clever ruse with his prognostications. He strung them down the column of his Almanac word by word and left huge gaps between, so that with one oracular sentence he contrived to cover a full third of a month. It would be hard lines indeed if he failed to hit the nail partially on the head one day out of the ten or a dozen he so ingeniously bracketed together.

Among the most interesting items in the column of the Calendar of Bradford's Almanac is one that fixes the date of the birth of New York's first printer on May 20th, 1663, and refutes the date on his tombstone of 1660.

Conspicuous among the disseminators of this evanescent form of literature during the last century were the Ames, father and son, of Dedham, Mass., who issued Almanacs consecutively for fifty years at the price of three shillings per dozen and seven coppers single. Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Isaac Collins, of Trenton, and James Franklin, of Newport, R. I., were Almanac makers. Peter Stewart, of Philadelphia, published an Almanac to which he gave, apparently in imitation of Dr. Franklin, the patriarchal title of *Father Abraham*; Hugh Gaine, of New York, was the printer of the well known and widely circulated *Hutchins Improved*. T. and J. Fleet, of Boston, issued for many years a *Pocket Almanac*, which differs from most others of the period in that it is supplemented by a "Register of the Commonwealth," extending to sixty or

seventy pages, while the Almanac contains less than a dozen leaves. This elongated tail of a Register wags the little dog of an Ephemeris to which it is appended most unmercifully.

All old Almanacs bear a close family resemblance, which extends to the inferior quality of the paper upon which they are printed. After the title comes an address to the "Kind" or "Courteous Reader." Then appears the conventional, sprawling, disembowelled figure representing the "Anatomy of Man's Body as Governed by the Twelve Constellations," followed by an Ephemeris of the Planets' places for certain days in the month, and then the monthly column of the Calendar begins with spaces left at the top and sometimes at the sides, devoted to reading matter. Frequently only alternate pages are occupied by the Calendar, and the intervening ones are filled with the overflow of wit and wisdom from the spaces or "vacancies," as Franklin calls them, in the Calendar itself. The pamphlet closes with two or three pages containing sundry items of local interest, tables of distances, rates of duties, and the like. In all Almanacs up to the year 1752, the old style of reckoning was observed, the year beginning on Lady's Day, March 25th.

For the convenience of their patrons, the editors of these astronomical diaries provided them with blank memorandum leaves, many of which, covered with the commonplace entries of every-day life, still remain intact and in place. Those who parted with these little books often neglected either through ignorance or indifference to remove pages never intended for other eyes than those of the original owners. This is not a matter of surprise either to the bibliophile or the collector of antiquities. Many a treasure which comes to their net uncovers a dead, and to all appearances discarded past. In the back of miniatures still lie soft coils of braided hair, and the cover of a beautiful old book, with its inscriptions and interlocked emblems and ciphers, is often a poem in leather and gold, replete with romantic interest and full of sad suggestions to the thoughtful mind.

The weather predictions of Philomath, it seems, were more to be relied upon if taken by contraries than literally, if the following story has any foundation in

fact, although, to be as honest as the story-teller in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," I don't believe one half of it myself.

A noted Almanac maker, wending his way through the country, halted at a farm-house, and after watering his horse gathered up the reins to proceed on his journey, when he was informed by the sable attendant that if he went on he would certainly get wet. Glancing at

An Astronomical DIARY,
OR, AN
ALMANACK
For the Year of our Lord CHRIST

Containing,
The Sun's and
Moon's rising
and setting, —
Eclipses, —
Time of High
Water, — Lu-
nations, — Af-
fects, — Courts
Spring, — Tides,
— Judgment
of the Weather —

Fests and
Fairs of the
Church of
England —
Quakers
General
Meetings,
Roads, —
Tables of
Loan & In-
terest, &c
&c. &c.

Being **BISSEXTILE** or LEAP YEAR,
Calculated for the Meridian of **BOSTON**, New ENGLAND,
Latitude 42 Degrees 25 Minutes North.

The Year of the Reign of King **GEORGE** the Second
begins the Twenty-second Day of *Jan.*

By **NATHANIEL AMES**.

MARS like a wild Infernal Fury stalks,
And marks his Steps in Blood where'er he walks;
But Peace would from her Native Heav'n descend,
And Olive Branches to the Nations lend.

BOSTON, in NEW-ENGLAND:
Printed and Sold by **JOHN DRAPER**, in Cornhill; **RICHARD
DRAPER** in Newbury-Street; **GREEN & RUSSELL**, and **EDIS
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the sky, in which he was unable to discern a cloud the size of a man's hand, he declared that he could see no indication of an approaching storm, and would take his chances. In about an hour the clouds gathered and the rain fell. Impressed with this remarkable fulfilment of the old darkey's prophecy, he returned drenched and inquisitive to the farm-house, and offered him a half dollar for the secret of his ability to so

correctly forecast the weather. "Nothing easier," said he. "We have that old fool's (here he mentioned the name of the man in the wagon) Almanac in the house. For this afternoon it foretold fine weather and very dry. So I knew it would rain cats and dogs—and it did."

The line upon line and precept upon precept of these little waifs of books is quaint, old-fashioned literature, but quite as profitable reading now as it was a century ago. We have a sample of its quality in the following extracts from *Poor Richard and Hutchin's Improved*:

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be."

"For age and want save what you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

"Avoid going to law, for the quarrelling dog hath a tattered skin. It is better to suffer loss than to run to courts, for the play is not worth the candle."

"It is better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt."

"Idleness is the key of beggary."

"For the want of a nail the shoe is lost, for the want of a shoe the horse is lost, for the want of a horse the rider is lost."

"Prayer and provender hinder no journey."

"It is remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good and extenuates our hatred of the bad."

"Too much of one thing is good for nothing, so we will finish this subject"

We will accept this timely suggestion from John Nathan Hutchins, *Philom.*, and conclude this article with an "extempore sermon," which was published by the same wise counsellor and guide

of his fellow-men for the edification of the readers of his Almanac for the year of Grace 1793. If not a perfect model of pulpit oratory, it cannot be denied that it possesses the twin merits of succinctness and brevity:

AN Extempore SERMON,

Preached at the request of two Scholars—by a
LOVER OF ALE,
Out of a Hollow Tree.

Beloved :

Let me crave your attention ; for I am a little man, come at a short warning, to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit.

And now, beloved, my text is malt ; which I cannot divide into sentences, because it has none ; nor into words, it being but one ; nor into syllables, because it is but a monosyllable ; therefore, I must divide it into letters, M A L T. M, my beloved, is moral ; A is allegorical ; L is literal ; and T theological.

The moral is set forward to teach drunkards their duty ; wherefore my first use shall be exhortation : M, my masters ; A, all of you ; L, leave off ; T, tipping. The allegorical is when one thing is spoken of, and another is meant ; now the thing spoken of is bare malt : M, my masters ; A, all of you ; L, listen ; T, to my text. But the thing meant is strong beer ; which you rustics make : M, meat ; A, apparel ; L, liberty, and T, treasure. The literal is according to the letters : M, much ; A, ale ; L, little ; T, thrift. The theological is according to the effects it works—first, in this world ; secondly, in the world to come. Its effects in this world are : In some, M, murder ; in others, A, adultery ; in some, L, looseness of life ; in others, T, treason. Its effects in the world to come are : M, misery ; A, anguish ; L, languishing, and T, torment. Now to conclude :

Say well and do well, both end with a letter,
Say well is good, but do well is better.

W. L. Andrews.

A SONG-DREAM.

Remembering your music in the night,
I woke from dreams, and listening I heard
Ethereal voices where the zephyr stirred
Amid the green leaves trembling with delight ;
From distant fields down airy paths moon-white,
Floated from time to time a fairy word,
Melodious, the lyric of some bird
That sang to cheer its solitary flight.
Then Sleep's soft fingers brushed mine eyelids o'er,
The zephyr hushed, the bird's voice fainter grew
Until at last I slumbered as before,
To dream again, and in my dream I knew
A song familiar and love's voice once more,
And love—which is another name for you.

Frederic J. Sherman.

SHALL AND WILL.

I was delighted to see in a recent number of *THE BOOKMAN* that Richard Harding Davis does not know how to use the words "shall" and "will." I read with great pleasure everything that Mr. Davis writes, even going to the extreme length of *buying* his books, and besides admiring him as a literary artist, I now "love him for the enemies he has made" in those two detestable words. Zangwill said to me once that he thought it weakness on the part of an author to pay any attention to the rules of grammar. Nevertheless we go on pandering to these rules, as the politician proposed to pander to the respectable element.

I must confess that I haven't the faintest notion of how "shall" or "will" should be used so as to conform with English ideas on the subject. This helplessness on my part doubtless arises through my committing, early in life, the philological error of being born in Scotland. J. M. Barrie's Scottish hero in *When a Man's Single* admits to the editor of the great London daily, on the staff of which he has just been appointed, that, while he is willing to tackle anything from war correspondence to leader-writing, he cannot promise to cope with "shall" or "will." The editor consoles him by saying he will ask the proof-reader to look out for those words in his copy. Thus does a great Scottish author admit the national defect; but I hope to show that it is not a defect at all, that it is, in fact, a merit, and that in this, as in so many other things, enlightenment is to be found in America and north of the River Tweed.

Some years ago, finding that fate intended me to appeal to English readers (I could not delude an American publisher into taking my books in those days), I thought it best to fall in with the prejudices of my patrons regarding "shall" and "will," leaving until a later date, when I should have more leisure, the overturning of the tyranny of these two etymological despots; so I wrote to a friend in Oxford and asked him whether his justly celebrated university had a "shall or will" department or annex where a man from the North, and educated in America, could learn in

any less time than a four years' course how to treat those words as they evidently expected to be treated. The good man did not answer my question; he merely advised me to go on with my writing, send the copy to him, and he would look after the "shalls." I saw from this that he looked on my case as hopeless, for they do not practise surgery at Oxford. (See Sydney Smith on jokes and Scotchmen.) This unfortunate Oxford man has gone over my manuscripts ever since, and I feel that if I were honest, I should put on the fly-leaf of every book I issue: "The author is responsible for all the bad grammar in this volume, with the exception of the 'shalls' and 'wills.'"

It may be thought that I have learned something about these words on seeing the changes the Oxford man makes in my typewriting. As a matter of fact I have not, for his corrections seem to me always arbitrary and often wrong; but if the English people stand it, I don't see that I have any right to complain. I am perhaps going too far in saying I have learned absolutely nothing. I know now roughly how to treat any simple article or story, when my Oxford friend is not within reach. I write along, paying no attention to the two words until the story is finished; then I carefully change all the "shalls" to "wills" and all the "wills" to "shalls." I have purposely not done so in this article, because I hope to goad the Editors of *THE BOOKMAN* into giving us a little lesson on the use of "shall" and "will;" and as they may need a horrible example, I hereby furnish them with it. If the Editors will (or shall) attempt to explain how these words should be used, we shall (or will) have them at our mercy, for I have never yet read any rules on the subject that did not leave the matter ten times more bewildering than it was before.

Dean Alford, in his book, *The Queen's English*, gives several pages on the words "shall" and "will," and I defy any sane man to read them often and preserve his sanity. The Dean's explanation is worse than Mark Twain's item about the street accident.

Alford says: "I never knew an Eng-

lishman who misplaced 'shall' and 'will.' I hardly ever have known an Irishman or a Scotchman who did not misplace them sometimes."

Now this is merely an Englishman's statement that Englishmen are right and the other fellows wrong. The fact is, that we Scotch and Irish have been in the minority, and England has forced its particular version of "shall" and "will" upon us whether we will or no. But the item in *THE BOOKMAN* shows a brighter day is dawning. It says that Lehigh, Johns Hopkins, and Cornell Universities are turning out men who do not know how to use "shall" or "will" according to the English method. It is fair to infer, then, that other educational establishments in the States are similarly occupied, and that the laudable work is going on all over the country. Therefore, if the majority of the English-speaking world is to impose its will (and its shall) on the minority, the union of America, Scotland, and Ireland places our crowd at the head of the poll. England will have to knock under, and nobody can help her.

The truth of the matter seems to me to be this; "will" should be paid off and sent about his business, so that he may not hereafter bring confusion upon honest men who make their livings with their pens. "Will" is an impudent, arrogant modern knave, usurping the place of his betters, trying constantly to shoulder "shall" out of the way. John Earle, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford, speaking of these words in his book, *The Philology of the English Tongue*, says: "Shall was the earliest exponent of future time, and became a pangothic symbol; whereas will is comparatively a recent symbol, which has not yet come to maturity and the complete verification of its province. And this local peculiarity, which we call Celticism, appears to be nothing more than the continued encroachment of will upon the ancient domain of shall; for will is young in symbolic flight, and has not yet ceased to expand."

Robert Barr.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

A VISIT TO DRUMTOCHTY.

What reader of fiction is so devoted a lover of "art for art's sake" that he has no interest in hearing something of the real-life models from whom the author has painted his characters, and of the actual places which have become, under fictitious names perhaps, the scene and setting of the enthralling tale? If there is such, these words are not for him.

Very rarely have stories that are called fictitious been so thoroughly based upon reality, both as to people and places, as are those delightful *Bonnie Brier Bush* sketches by Ian Maclaren. But neither are they mere photographic reproductions. All has passed through the alembic of the author's imagination, and has come forth with that mysterious result called Art. Years have passed since the original pictures were drawn, and nearly all of the human models have passed from the stage. Nevertheless, if you are so fortunate as to visit "Drumtochty," the natives, who are very proud of Mr. Watson and his stories, will point out this place and that, as the scene of the vari-

ous incidents in the book, and they will have many quaint anecdotes to relate of the prototypes of the *Bonnie Brier Bush* characters. With keen delight they will tell you of "Drumsheugh," "Burnbrae," or "Jamie Soutar," and they will show you where they lived. "Peter Bruce" is still the very live and active guard and general factotum of the little railway junction, with an unconscious humour that is an endless source of joy. "Mrs. Macfadyen" is still alive, a perfect type of sweetness, shrewdness, and kindness of heart. The original of the grand old doctor, who, for all his roughness, is nothing less than Christ-like, has gone to his reward; and while there is much that is purely ideal, there is also much that is true in the prototype of "Dr. Weelum MacLure."

When, in the interest of certain drawings for *A Doctor of the Old School*, it became my pleasant duty to visit "Drumtochty," there appeared to be some uncertainty as to the best way of finding and reaching the spot. "Logiealmond,

or some place near it, somewhere along the line of the Grampian Hills, is your destination"—that was about the extent of my information on this side. It was not until having crossed the Atlantic and journeyed up into Perthshire to the quaint old town of Methven, that we (my wife and I) felt quite assured that we were on the right road and near our journey's end. "Ou ay! you can hire a machine here," said the white-bearded stationmaster; "it will be a drive of about six miles, maistly up hill"—and then "Peter Bruce" came up, and, with all kindness of intent, flooded us with information in Scotch dialect so broad that it was all Greek to us. Two months later I could understand Peter very well.

Shall we ever forget that lovely drive of six miles? The rain had just cleared away, and the level rays of the setting August sun glistened over fields as vividly green and fresh as ours can be in May. Such brilliancy of colour everywhere! Wild flowers of every colour—the roadsides lined with them, the fields gay with them! Chief among these, both as to beauty and profusion, was the delicate and graceful harebell, ranging in colour from drab violet to pure white. Along the south stretched the Ochil Hills, purple and misty, while facing us, as we drove north, rose the rugged peaks of the nearer Grampians. We crossed the Almond (the "Tochty") by a new iron bridge close beside the picturesque but unsafe old stone one, and near the spot made memorable by being forded during the flood by "Dr. MacLure" and "Sir George." The rapid little stream had then scarcely enough water to cover the brown stones of its rough bed, but a week later I saw it rise in a few hours to a fierce and mighty torrent, tearing up trees and sweeping away all obstructions. The road we travelled, which, enclosed between low stone dykes, seemed very narrow to our American eyes, was as smooth and perfect as a road can be. It twisted around and up the hills, past sturdy little cottages and farmhouses, through dense forests of pine and fir, and over many stone bridges spanning babbling Highland burns which wound their way between banks and braes of yellow broom.

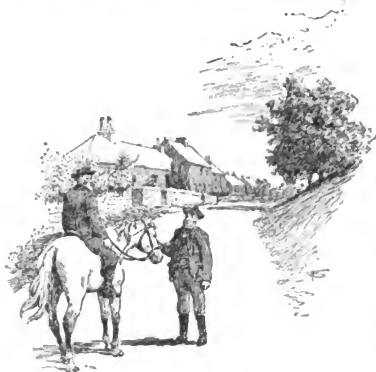
Suddenly we found ourselves bowling along the single street of a village of low stone cottages; then we were whirled

off up a side lane to another lane parallel to the main street, and came to a stand on the brow of a steep brae, and at the gate of the little Free Kirk, which is to be reached only in this roundabout way. Still more secluded we found the Manse, for it stands beyond and hidden by the church, a pretty, two-storey cottage completely embowered in flowers and shrubbery. Here, many years ago, the Rev. John Watson, young, enthusiastic, and impressionable, lived, studied, laboured, and preached, a faithful pastor to a simple and honest people. While dwelling in this quiet nook, he unconsciously absorbed the knowledge and received the impressions which years afterward he was persuaded to embody, for the delectation of the civilised world, in his inimitable tales of the people of "Drumtochty." The Manse was our temporary destination, for we bore a letter to Mr. Watson's successor, the Rev. D. M. Tod. We were received by Mrs. Tod (her husband being absent) with a cordial welcome very touching to the hearts of strangers in a strange land, and through her kindness we found ourselves, before the long northern twilight had ended—that light which, as Wordsworth says, "dwells in heaven half the night"—in very comfortable lodgings near at hand, which became our busy atelier as well as a pleasant home for two peaceful months.

Logiealmond, Ian Maclaren's "Drumtochty," is not marked on the maps of Scotland. It is neither village nor parish. It is an estate, for many generations that of the Lairds of Logie, but now the property of the wealthy Earl Mansfield. It is about eight miles by four in extent, and is situated some twelve miles northwest of the ancient city of Perth, along the foot of the Grampian Hills, whose rugged peaks form, roughly speaking, its northern boundary, while the river Almond marks its limits on the south. The name is of Celtic origin, and signifies "The Valley of the Water." The rare and varying beauty of the surrounding landscape, with its hills and mountains taking on every hue, from the delicacy of the wood-violet to a deep, sombre, saddening purple; with its heathery moors and flower-begemmed fields; its many noisy burns foaming deep down between their rough braes—all of these physical charms that go

to fill the heart of the artist and the true lover of nature with the keenest joy, or with a sort of sweet sadness that is akin to joy—all these must go undescribed; for, indeed, such things are not to be pictured in words. But there are some things of interest that may be more definitely touched upon.

The little hamlet of Harrietfield, where Mr. Watson lived, is the only semblance of a village in the entire Logiealmond district. It consists of two rows of well-built, semi-detached stone cottages, mostly of one storey.* Half of them stand along the north side of the smooth main road, while the others are placed about fifty yards back,



with their fronts facing the back doors of the houses on the street and their rear walls, with no openings but a few tiny windows abutting sharply on the lane behind. This solitary and friendless-looking lane is the only road leading to the Free Kirk and its Manse. And thereby hangs a tale of political and religious oppression, and good Scotch grit in resisting it, that is too long to enter into here. Nearly all of these cottages are half hidden behind a glorious mass of old-fashioned flowers, and their rough walls are veiled by climbing tea roses. The love of flowers has a strong hold on the hearts of these

* The above drawing, taken from "A Doctor of the Old School," gives a bird's-eye view of this street.

hard-working people. They have an annual show of garden produce and flowers, which is their one gay and giddy summer fête. Everybody attends this rural festival in his Sunday best, and it is called, very properly, "The Flower Show." The village possesses two very small grocery stores, one of these being connected with the post-office, and a public house which hides itself somewhere up on the back row. There is a slate quarry near by, and one might expect the conjunction of quarrymen and public house to produce bad results at times. But during a two months' stay here, among a people proverbially fond of good whiskey, I saw but one case of intoxication, and that a mild one.

About two miles east of Harrietfield, hidden from all but the eye of a searcher, in the depths of an ancient and venerable forest, stands the neglected and pathetic ruins of Logie House, which is to be the scene of a coming story by Mr. Watson, a tale of Jacobite times. This old mansion was for centuries the residence of the Lairds of Logie, the last of whom, it is said, died of sorrow and homesickness after the estate passed to Earl Mansfield. A drive of six miles to the west leads to a scene of genuine Highland grandeur, the Sma' Glen, which is a rugged and awe-inspiring cleft through the heart of the Grampians. This is the "Glen Urtaich" of the *Bonnie Brier Bush*.

There are many wild and picturesque spots in the vicinity to be found by those who seek for them. One of these, a few minutes' walk west from the village, but not easily discovered, is the Falls of Ashangar. Down we go, by a steep mysterious path, into the dark of a deep and narrow ravine, dank and musty beneath tier on tier of overhanging trees, which fill it to the summit; and there we come upon a mountain stream, raging itself into a white foam against the imperturbable rocks, and throwing itself madly over many precipitous ledges. We feel, in the perpetual twilight, that we are no longer on the earth, but somewhere in its interior, in the habitation of the gnomes.

Several causes have combined to de-

velop in the Drumtochty character that peculiar individuality and sturdy independence so dear to the heart of the novelist. The district has been so shut off from the hurly-burly, commonplace, outside world, that the native nature has not had all its interesting idiosyncrasies of character rubbed off. Not only are the lives of the tenant farmers spent in constant struggle to wring from a relentless soil enough to satisfy the demands of their landlord and supply their own frugal needs, but they have repeatedly had to suffer for conscience' sake. From the time of the Reformation these simple people have held loyally to their religious faith, in the face, at times, of powerful opposition. Even at the present day this is so. For the past fifty years they have been under a landlord who has used every legal means in his power to make life hard for his nonconformist and Liberal tenants, while he has shown marked favour to those who would attach themselves to the Established Church and the Tory party. Though many have been forced to emigrate to America, few, very few, have turned traitor to conscience.

This struggle for existence, so severe that the women must needs labour in the fields with the men, and leisure is a luxury almost unknown, would, one might suppose, develop a sordid meanness and selfishness of disposition. But if ever the practical working of Christianity is shown in this world, it is among these industrious, frugal folk. Their kindness to each other and to strangers is limited only by their ability, and their devotion to their church is something sublime. Early in this century, it is recorded, there was a long period of exceptional hardship for all Scotland, when the crops often failed, and the people had to live on a meagre dole of oatmeal and potatoes. At harvest time, when the human machine absolutely needed extra strength, a little blood from living cattle was added to the meal. Yet, through all this terrible ordeal, these Logiealmond men and women, this people of grit and integrity, neglected no part of their Kirk con-

tributions, from the minister's stipend to the care of the helpless poor.

One can easily see how character of the finest sort has been developed here, and how fortunate it is for the world that the genius of John Watson was



DOCTOR MACLURE.

placed in such a field at the age when the youthful mind is most keen and sensitive.

Conditions have been changing of late, by the force of modern inventions, and probably it will not be long before some corresponding alteration will be observed in the character of the people. Reaping machines assist some of the farmers in their harvest; bicycles (old-fashioned rattle-bones) carry the quarrymen to and from their work; and Posty, a young and active successor to Ian Maclaren's stern-visaged theologian and "sermon-taster," carries the mail on a fine pneumatic-tire machine. The Free Kirk Manse is fitted with electric bells throughout; and Mr. Watson was quite shocked, on his last visit to his old home, to find that a 'bus is now running twice a week between Logiealmond and Perth.

It was during this flying visit of his that I had the pleasure of meeting him, and the gratification of finding that he

commended my drawings for the story of his greatest character, the heroic Doctor of the Old School. Considerably over six feet in height, broad-shouldered and athletic, of a frank and genial countenance, with just a touch of whimsicality in its expression, the Rev. John Watson is a man who inspires with confidence and admiration at a glance. Literature, he insists, is not his profession, but can only occupy his attention during the irregular intervals in his busy church work in Liverpool. Publishers and editors are evidently using every inducement to secure his work in advance, but he will promise nothing. When he has anything finished, they

may have it, and they must take their chances. "Barrie led the way with these modern Scotch tales, and the rest of us are following," he said with great modesty. "Yes, they seem to be very popular. It is largely a fashion—everything Scotch is fashionable in England just now, from Highland capes to Scotch whiskey and oatmeal porridge." But he must have been convinced before this, by the enormous sale of his stories in America as well as in Great Britain, that the popularity of *his* work, at least, is something more than mere fashion.

Frederick C. Gordon.

THE QUESTION OF THE LAUREATE.

Up to the present moment of writing, no announcement has yet been made in England of the appointment of a successor to Lord Tennyson. Possibly by the time that these lines are read, the question may have been finally disposed of, for it is generally believed that Lord Salisbury will deem it expedient to reach a decision before the wedding of the Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark, in order that the event may not pass without the customary tribute to a Poet Laureate. However this may be, and whether or not the matter is already *res adjudicata*, it may be of some interest briefly to consider the question of the laureateship from the American point of view.

It will, of course, at once be said that an expression of opinion by Americans is a purely gratuitous thing, verging, perhaps, upon impertinence; and that because the office of Poet Laureate is a purely English creation, a post held by direct appointment from the English crown, the question of its disposal is of direct interest to Englishmen alone, just as an election to the French Academy is a matter with which none but Frenchmen have any immediate concern. But this is precisely the question which it is proper at the present time to discuss; and it is possible that a little consideration may justify an American, even in the eyes of Englishmen, in expressing not only a deep con-

cern but a strong opinion regarding the decision that may be ultimately reached.

From the time when Berdic was described in the Domesday Book as "Joculator Regis," and when one Ruherus or Roger was "king's minstrel" to Henry I., down to the appointment of Tennyson as Poet Laureate to the present Queen in 1850, a claim on the part of quasi-foreigners to be consulted in the choice might well have seemed absurd; but the recent growth in England of the imperial idea has radically altered the attitude of all except the "Little Englanders" toward their kindred beyond the seas. Certain striking facts ought carefully to be considered. One of these facts is the remarkable expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race in every quarter of the earth. That race to-day numbers fully 130,000,000 souls, of whom only 40,000,000, or less than one third, are inhabitants of the British Islands. Now, while the Poet Laureate is in a narrow sense only the "king's minstrel," as in the days of William Rufus, he is in a broader sense the laureate of the whole English-speaking world, the master-singer to whom more than a hundred million men and women cheerfully accord the poetical headship of their race. This splendid honour was never disputed in the case of Tennyson; and not only Englishmen, but Americans, Canadians, Australians, Anglo-Indians, and the dwellers at the Cape

all hailed the appearance of each of his magnificent bursts of song as the common glory of their mother-tongue. To-day the feeling of unity, which was once only a vague and intangible sentiment, is growing stronger and taking more definite shape and form; and of those who appeal to it with the greatest fervour, the conservative English are the foremost. A league of the Anglo-Saxon peoples is to-day the dream of many of the ablest statesmen of Great Britain; it forms the theme of innumerable discussions in the English press, and not a week passes without some expression of this strong desire. Perhaps the hope has become more strenuous in the past year, since the strange events that lately startled the Western world, when Japan dropped the mask and revealed the presence of a great power looming up in the Orient—a power with sentiments and traditions wholly alien to our own, and combining the science and discipline of the West with the ferocity and cunning of the East. Only a few years ago Lord Wolseley wrote with deep conviction of the potential menace to Christian civilisation which he detected in the huge, disorganised, but incalculable power of the Chinese Empire. Recent events have minimised this danger, in the form he dreaded; but it is the form alone that is changed. A revived China, with its swarming millions organised, armed, and directed by the quick-witted, unscrupulous, and extremely able Japanese, might easily loom up in proportions so terrific as to make a league of all the white-skinned nations necessary to the preservation of their faith, their civilisation, and perhaps their very existence. The days of Attila or of Amurath may well return again, and the whole fruits of our twenty centuries of enlightenment be staked upon the issue of a single mighty battle. But if such a day shall ever come, the only sure bulwark of our civilisation will be found in the union of the masterful, tenacious, and invincible Anglo-Saxons. No league that can be formed



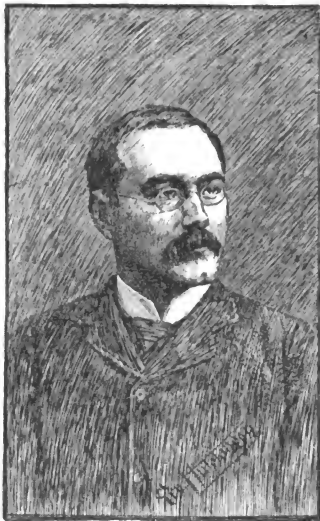
"A KNIGHT OF ASIA" (SIR EDWIN ARNOLD).

From the London Sketch.

by any other peoples can be at once homogeneous, effective, and enduring. French and Germans, Russians and Swedes, Austrians and Italians—the very enumeration recalls only mutual jealousies and rivalries, and the unreality of any common tie; and so if the day of Armageddon should arrive, and the tawny myriads of the East should ever hurl themselves against the strongholds of the West, it is upon the mighty fortress of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, with all their broadsides thundering together, that this appalling tide of invasion would beat in vain.

This possibility may be only the remotest chance; yet putting it aside from one's thought, it is still most desirable, it is even vital, that whenever the opportunity arises, the essential oneness of our race should be emphasised and accentuated so that Englishmen

and Americans, Australians and Canadians, should grow more and more familiar with the thought, and should feel more and more that they are of the same blood, that the same high traditions belong to all alike, and that in the last supreme crisis they would exult in standing side by side and shoulder to shoulder against all who menace what they are taught from childhood to hold most dear. The power that is now in



RUDYARD KIPLING.

Lord Salisbury's possession affords a magnificent opportunity; and if he neglect it, if he throw it away, he will be guilty of nothing less than a crime to the future destinies of the British Empire and the welfare of all nations of our blood and lineage.

With this thought in mind it is interesting to recall the names of those who have been named in connexion with the laurel left by Tennyson. It is generally understood that Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris, who are both as

poets well worthy of high honour, have privately signified their unwillingness to be considered. Sir Edwin Arnold and Mr. Alfred Austin have lately been thrust forward as candidates in high favour with the British Premier, though both of them are most unsuited for such distinction. Sir Lewis Morris is hardly to be seriously considered, though often spoken of as a possible recipient of the prize. There remain two names that deserve much thought, and of which we earnestly hope that one may commend itself to the appointing power. These are the names of Mr. William Watson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Of Mr. William Watson enough was said in the last number of *THE BOOKMAN*. As a poet he can excite no seriously adverse criticism. He has distinction, a noble loftiness of diction, perfect taste and discretion, and he is, moreover, still young; so that he represents, as Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris do not, the future rather than the past. As between him and Mr. Kipling, regarded solely from the standpoint of poetical merit and classic correctness, in the judgment of the mere critic perhaps the scale would incline in Mr. Watson's favour; yet there is one quality in Mr. Kipling which should, we believe, be allowed to outweigh all that Mr. Watson possesses. Mr. Kipling represents not only in his verse, but in his own person, at once the extension and the unity of the race. Born in India, but of English stock, he is closely identified in his life and works with the greatest of England's possessions, whose strange life he first revealed to the wondering world; his knowledge of the other British colonies is almost equally minute. By ties of marriage he is in some degree an American, and his home for a number of years has been in the most homogeneously English portion of this country. He is not, therefore, a mere Englishman, nor a mere Anglo-Indian, nor a mere American, but something above and beyond all these minor distinctions—an Anglo-Saxon. And his verse and prose alike show all the traits that might be expected of this wonderfully wide range of experience. They have the glow and fervour of one who has within him the spirit of conquest that marks our race; they ring like a trumpet and stir the blood, and appeal not to the narrow patriotism of a single land or a single fraction of the men who have subdued all rivals in



SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

every quarter of the globe, but are a sort of *réveille* to rouse them all to the greatness and vastness of an imperial destiny.

Equally weighty is the consideration that Mr. Kipling has an audience such as probably no other living writer possesses. He is not read by the cultivated few alone, and with a merely critical approval, as is Mr. Watson, but his name is a household word in every part of the civilised world. Scholar, critic, man of business—all read with equal eagerness whatever Mr. Kipling writes, and all feel with equal force the magic of his unerring touch, his splendid audacity, and his blended force and fire.

A fine illustration of this special significance of Mr. Kipling's poetical quality—of the imperial side of his genius—comes very opportunely in a poem of his, which appeared in the *London Times* of October 18th. As it has not, so far as the present writer knows, been reprinted in full, it may be very fitly given here. It is entitled

“The Native-Born,” by which Mr. Kipling means the man of English ancestry, who is, however, born out of England :

“We’ve drunk to the Queen, God bless her !
We’ve drunk to our mothers’ land,
We’ve drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand) ;
We’ve drunk to the wide creation
And the Cross swings low to the dawn—
Last toast, and of obligation,—
A health to the Native-born !

“ They change their skies above them,
But not their hearts that roam !
We learned from our wistful mothers
To call old England “home.”
We read of the English sky-lark,
(Of the spring in the English lanes,
But we screamed with the painted lories
As we rode on the dusty plains !

“ They passed with their old-world legends—
Their tales of wrong and dearth—
Our fathers held by purchase
But we by the right of birth ;
Our heart’s where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith and our hope and our honour
We pledge to our native soil !

“ I charge you charge your glasses—
I charge you drink with me
To the men of the Four New Peoples,
And the Islands of the Sea—
To the last least lump of coral
That none may stand outside,
And our own good pride shall teach us
To praise our comrade’s pride.



ALFRED AUSTIN.



WILLIAM MORRIS.

" To the hush of the breathless morning
On the thin, tin, crackling roofs,
To the haze of the burned back-ranges—
And the drum of the shoeless hoofs—
To the risk of a death by drowning,
To the risk of a death by drouth—
To the men of a million acres,
To the Sons of the Golden South.

*" To the Sons of the Golden South (Stand up !)
And the life we live and know
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares
about
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares
about
With the weight of a single blow !*

" To the smoke of a hundred coasters,
To the sheep on a thousand hills,
To the sun that never blisters,
To the rain that never chills—
To the land of the waiting springtime,
To our five-meal meat-fed men,
To the tall deep-bosomed women,
And the children nine and ten !

*" And the children nine and ten (Stand up !)
And the life we live and know
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares
about
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares
about
With the weight of a two-fold blow !*

" To the far flung fenceless prairie
Where the quick-cloud shadows trail,
To our neighbour's barn—in the offing—
And the line of the new-cut rail.

To the plough in her league-long furrow
With the grey lake gulls behind—
To the weight of a half-year's winter
And the warm wet western wind !

" To the home of the floods and thunder.
To her pale dry healing blue—
To the lift of the great Cape combers
And the smell of the baked Karroo.
To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head—
To the reef and the water-gold,
To the last and the largest Empire,
To the map that is half unrolled !

" To our dear dark foster-mothers
To the heathen songs they sung—
To the heathen speech we babbled
Ere we came to the white man's tongue.
To the cool of our deep verandahs—
To the blaze of our jewelled main,
To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,
And the fire-fly in the cane !

" To the hearth of our people's people—
To her well-ploughed windy sea,
To the hush of our dread high-altars
Where the Abbey makes us We,
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine—
To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power house of the Line !

" We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her !—
We've drunk to our mothers' land :
We've drunk to our English brother
(And we hope he'll understand),
We've drunk as much as we're able
And the Cross swings low to the dawn
Last toast—and your foot on the table !—
A health to the Native-born !

*" A health to the Native-born (Stand up !)
We're six white men arow
All bound to sing o' the little things we care
about*



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

*All bound to fight for the little things we care
about
With the weight of a six-fold blow!
By the might of our cable-tow (Take
hands !)
From the Orkneys to the Horn
All round the world (and a little loop to
pull it by)
All round the world (and a little strap to
buckle it)
A health to the Native-born !"*

Now this is by no means one of the best of Mr. Kipling's poems. It was evidently dashed off on an impulse. It has a number of very evident blemishes. That he should twice introduce such a rhyme as "dawn" and "born," which suggests the pronunciation of a Georgia negro, is a very serious technical defect. The repetition of "charge" in "I charge you charge your glasses," is ugly. The chorus lines printed in italics introduce a metrical variation which seems unrhymical and somewhat ischiorrhic. Moreover, the lines,

*"To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power-house of the Line !"*

which we have heard praised for their cleverness and audacity, are by no means commendable; for their clever-

ness is rather of a journalistic sort, and the metaphor of the trolley speaks of the audacity of the literary gamin rather than of the audacity of the literary genius. But these are only minor objections. The poem as a whole has a wonderful lyric quality, and it flings before one's eyes with a breathless, startling vividness pictures that cannot be forgotten. "The thin, tin, crackling roofs" is a remarkable assonance; "The drum of the shoeless hoofs" is inimitable, and so is his marvellous prairie-verse. And more than all stand out the vast sweep and comprehensiveness of the whole—English, but more; British, but more still.

Altogether, if the office of Laureate be something more than a petty insular distinction, if it is to become one of the innumerable symbols of Anglo-Saxon unity, a possession of Greater Britain, and if our whole race could choose its occupant, it is unthinkable that the choice should be a matter of any doubt, or should single out another name than that of Rudyard Kipling.

H. T. P.

BY THE FIRE.

Within my door, good Dame To-day
Spins by the hearthstone bright,
And keeps me at my task away,
Till taps my neighbour Night;
Then brushes she the hearth, betimes,
And bids the wheel be still,
And, with her gossip Duty, climbs
The path up yonder hill.

While neighbour Night and I, alone,
Beside the hearth's low flame,
Sit hearkening the wind's wild moan,
But speak no word nor name;
For neighbour Night, right young is he,
And I have heard it said
That, haply, he will some time be
With gay To-morrow wed.

And I am old. Each hour I track
The step of Watchman Time;
So soon will Dame To-day come back,
Then farewell dream and rhyme!
But now, with neighbour Night, a space
Is mine, he'll not gainsay,
To brood awhile upon a face,—
My lost love, Yesterday.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.



LIVING CRITICS.

II.—HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

"Criticism," said Mr. Mabie, in the course of a recent conversation, "has many different uses. There is the criticism which aims simply to give an account of a book at the moment of its appearance for the information and guidance of those who want to know

what books to read—that is legitimate criticism; but it is purely temporary in its character. Great criticism, practised by such men as Goethe, Coleridge, and Matthew Arnold, attempts not only to give us an estimate of a man's work, but to show us his soul."

"Would you say that the functions of criticism and of literary interpretation are distinct and separate from each other, or are they identical?"

"I don't think that they are identical, but I believe that in the best and truest criticism both functions are discharged. One includes the other, I should say. The great principles of criticism lead us through the individual work of an author into the world of universal art. That is to say, every great writer illustrates the general laws of art just as he expresses certain general truths, and the great critic is he who not only gives us a definite impression of the man's value as a writer, but who also makes us see his relation to the larger world of which he is a part."

What Mr. Mabie has said in general of the highest exercise of the functions of criticism and literary interpretation is particularly applicable to himself, and entitles him to the rank which a recent English writer gave him, who spoke to an American audience of Mr. Mabie as "one of your best critics." The place which Mr. Mabie has undoubtedly taken in modern criticism has yet to be fully and adequately recognised, but already he has won a large following by his delightful books, and there is abundant evidence of an increasing interest in the literary career of one who has made a niche for himself in the world of letters. Approaching literature, filled equally with reverence for the unbroken vitality of its past and faith in its exhaustless future, and imbued with the virility and vigour of our democratic era, Mr. Mabie has caught the tide of the modern critical movement begun by Winckelmann, Herder, and Goethe in Germany, continued by Coleridge, Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold in England, and in some measure by Emerson, Lowell, and Stedman in this country. He has inherited the new conception of literature which these names in modern criticism exemplify; a conception which has immensely deepened and freshened the feeling toward literature, and intensified the relation which it bears to life by opposing the vast and varied movement recorded in history as a development, a coherent expression of human life to a cold judicial criticism controlled by mechanical and arbitrary ideas. "Life is at bottom," he has said, "the prime characteristic

of literature. . . . Literature is no product of artifice or mechanism; it is a natural growth, its roots are in the heart of man, it is the voice of man's needs and sufferings and hopes."

Mr. Mabie lives in Summit, N. J., on one of the most enviable sites a writer could wish to choose. His house is literally a covert from the fret and fever of the outside world; wherever you turn you seem to be surrounded by trees, giving one the impression of a clearing in the forest, albeit the railway station is only a ten minutes' walk distant. Here, you say, is "leisure to grow wise and shelter to grow ripe." And while Nature forms a sanctuary without, home affections and the gentle influences of art and literature brood within and complete the charm which brings to man all that earth affords of heaven. Mr. Mabie's working den is upstairs; but we sat in the library, with its large windows, its capacious "study fire," its walls lined with books, and here and there stray evidences of the writer's craft, but all in order, betokening the deft touch of a woman's hand.

Mr. Mabie has reached that happy stage of life when one enters, as Browning describes it, into the possession of "manhood's prime vigour." "I was born at Cold Spring, on the Hudson, and came from New York stock on both sides. My ancestors have always lived in the Empire State; one of them, my great-grandfather, Mercer Hamilton, was a Scotchman, and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. From him I take my Christian name.

"I prepared for college under a private tutor instead of attending a preparatory school. I went to Williams College, where I took the course, graduating in '67. Among my classmates were President Stanley Hall of Clark University, President Dole of the Hawaiian Republic, Francis L. Stetson, Henry Loomis Nelson, the editor of *Huiper's Weekly*, Gilbert Tucker, who has recently published a book on *Our Common Speech*, and Judge Teller, the Democratic candidate for the Court of Appeals."

"Did you have any profession in view when you went to college?"

"No, I had no definite professional aim in my education. I have been a great reader all my life; if there is anything which I might venture to claim for myself, it is that I belong to the class



"MY STUDY FIRE."

Lowell called the great readers. I have been reading as long as I can remember. As a boy I was very fond of Sir Walter Scott's novels; indeed, my memory begins with Walter Scott. The first poet I remember reading was Longfellow.

"While in college I read constantly and omnivorously. I know of no greater joy I have had in life than the long winter terms at Williams when I used to begin reading about seven o'clock in the evening, and read, often uninterruptedly, until eleven. In this way I gave five or six hours a day to solid reading. I found out then for the first time that the Greek classics were literature, and I did not discover it in the class-room so much as outside of it. I became also deeply interested, during this period, in German literature."

"When you left college, was it with the intention of entering on a literary career?"

"I had a very strong literary bent in

my aims and feelings even before I entered Williams, and while in college it almost became a passion with me. I had a group in my class, as I have already said, who were men of exceptional ability. We formed an informal talking club, which met on Saturday evenings, and our discussions on literature, art and philosophy were of distinct educational value to me. They remind me of Tennyson's account of similar undergraduate discussions at Cambridge:

"Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land."

But I was greatly lacking in confidence, and when I left college was still very young and immature—*young, that is, for my years.* I could not make up my mind to adopt literature as a profession, so I did what so many others have done under similar circumstances, I studied law, taking the course at the Columbia

College Law School. After qualifying myself, I began to practise, but devoted most of my time to reading."

"How did the way open up for you eventually?"

"It became more and more clear to me that I must follow the bent of my nature in order either to be happy or successful, so I resolved to make a break for it; and about that time I was offered a position on the editorial staff of what was then the *Christian Union*. That was sixteen years ago last June."

Dr. Lyman Abbott became the editor of the *Christian Union* about the same time as Henry Ward Beecher's retirement from that position. Since then Dr. Abbott and Mr. Mabie have worked together in the closest amity on this religious weekly, now the *Outlook*, and to their enterprise and foresight is largely due the prominent position which the periodical has taken among the leading religious journals of the world. As soon as Mr. Mabie felt at home with his editorial work he began to engage himself with other writing, and published a little volume of Norse stories—his first literary effort—in 1884, which was the first fruits of a long and interesting study of mythology and folklore.

I asked him how he came to write the articles which appeared subsequently in the pages of the *Christian Union*, and were afterward collected and published under the title *My Study Fire*.

"At that time," Mr. Mabie replied, "there were growing up constantly within me clearer ideas about the function of literature and the attitude and spirit of the literary man. I think those papers express feeling and sentiment with reference to the literary life rather than definite thought, and that is what they were meant to do. My theory is that a man's leading ideas about life are germinated quite early; probably most writers have received before the age of thirty the general ideas which they work out subsequently. I think that perhaps the real formative ideas come even earlier, and that what a man does for the rest of his life is to clarify, elaborate, and expand these ideas into clear expression and form as far as his ability will permit."

"In your case," I ventured to suggest, "it is plain to my mind that a definite idea has been present in your work from the start, growing stronger and clearer

as it proceeds, to wit, the recognition of, and insistence on, what you have yourself called the spiritual element in literature."

"I think," said Mr. Mabie, "that the thing which gave me the deepest interest in literary study was the perception, becoming more and more clear, that literature is really the cry of the human soul; it is an expression of what is deepest in man's nature under all the varied experiences of life; and there has grown upon me the thought of its unity and its wholeness as an utterance of humanity under historical conditions, and that closeness of art to life came in my mind to be the fundamental thought about literature. It seems to me to be, in all its greater developments and epochs, the perfectly genuine and almost spontaneous expression of what men are feeling and thinking and doing. The artist depends for his success on the soundness and range of his relations with life. It seems to me that the fruitfulness, the productivity, and the power of a man's work in art depend on the fruitfulness and reality of his relation to life, and that the depth and force of a man's ideas are determined by the closeness of this relation."

"So far as my knowledge and observation go," I interpolated, "I think that your chapter on 'The Spiritual Element in Literature' in *Short Studies* is a unique and isolated expression of this truth."

"The spiritual life of a man is not, from my point of view," Mr. Mabie rejoined, "a section or department of his life; it is the whole life expressing itself in its relation to spiritual things. So I look upon all the arts, when they are nobly prosecuted, as expressions of the spiritual nature, literature being on the whole the most complete and intimate expression of the spiritual nature of man."

"I should infer then that you consider a man's intellectual power as only efficient in proportion as it is magnetised by his spiritual nature, so to speak."

"I do. I think that the measure of a man's power is not to be found in any special gift, but in the depth and richness of his own personality. 'Whatever a man does greatly,' says Goethe, 'he does with his whole nature.' In its noblest forms literature is essentially a harmonious expression; a man's nature is not broken up into fragments, it ex-



A CORNER OF MR. MABIE'S STUDY.

presses itself as a unit. In fact, I think there has been nothing more confusing or misleading than the attempt to divide the nature of man into parts, just as I think nothing has been more mischievous or misleading than the attempt to divide the character of God into attributes. Great art and fundamental morals are bound together as sun and light, as truth and beauty. I don't believe that a man can be fundamentally bad in his dealings with the life about him and continuously sound in his creative activity. I think that greatness and continuity of production in art depend on the soundness of a man's relation to life."

"So that you cannot conceive a man of vicious habits or immoral life producing a perfect work of art?"

"While a great many beautiful things have been done by men of unwholesome habits, I think that great work involves

always self-restraint, continuity of effort, power of will, and general healthfulness of nature. I do not think that the Greek tragedies or the plays of Shakespeare or the *Divine Comedy* or the works of Goethe or the novels of Balzac, of Thackeray, of Walter Scott could have been produced save by men who were essentially sane, and by sane I mean healthful; and the only healthful man is the man who stands in normal relations to the universe about him. When a man violates the laws of life, he separates himself from the power which nourishes him. He creates centres of self-consciousness, and loses the power of reflecting transparently the world about him."

"As a student of contemporaneous literature," I observed, "you must have reflected on the causes for the apparent lack of any great literary impulse in America."

"I think there are a great many hopeful indications in this country," said Mr. Mabie. "While it is true that we have no writers of the first magnitude, it is also true that we have a number of writers of genuine quality. Many of our writers of short stories are giving us the real thing—that is, they are giving us the local and provincial life of the country in lasting forms. I do not expect national writers for a long time to come. I do not see how we can have a national literature in the sense in which the Italian, the Spanish, French, German, and English possess a national literature until we have certain fundamental ideas universally held, and a deep and rich national experience in which every man in every section of the country shares. This country has been broken up into sections; wherever there have been a homogeneous population and tradition there

has been a local literature. Sometimes, as in New England, we find a high and beautiful art which approaches the point of becoming a national literature. I think, for instance, that Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode' is the nearest approach to great poetry that we have yet had on this side of the Atlantic. Hawthorne and Emerson, I believe, are the greatest writers we have yet had. I consider *The Scarlet Letter* our finest piece of fiction. I regard Hawthorne's genius as on the whole the most genuine, the most subtle, and the most interesting. Hawthorne had the true spirit of an artist."

"Do you agree with certain writers that what we need at present is a more searching critical spirit?"

"No. A critical period, in my judgment, does not precede but follows a productive period. For instance, there could not be a critical period in literature unless there had been before it a considerable body of work produced to inspire the criticism. When Matthew Arnold says that a great literary productivity must be fed by a free movement of ideas among the people at large or by a critical movement, I understand him to mean by the latter a general presentation, discussion, and rearrangement of ideas and knowledge rather than of artistic forms. For instance, before the time of Schiller, Goethe, and Herder there was no critical movement in Germany in the literary sense. There was, however, a wonderful movement in the intellectual and spiritual sense; a discussion of the significance of art and life, and the working out in a kind of unconscious harmony of a view of life which was in the highest degree stimulating and illuminating. The result of such a movement directly fosters the making of literature. In this country, however, the movement of life has been largely along practical lines, and discussion has mainly touched practical questions. Our discussions have been governed by the exigencies of our situation, and we have had to settle political, local, and social questions to such a degree that our interest in theological, philosophical, and art questions has been very subordinate. The hopeful thing to me in this country is the evidence which I see on so many sides that great masses of people are awake to the necessity of enriching their lives. One feels particularly in the West a restless-

ness with purely material prosperity, and a growing feeling that all the resources of life must be invoked and developed. I think there are an eagerness for knowledge and a catholicity of interest in many parts of the West which are in the last degree encouraging."

"You don't agree with Matthew Arnold, then, when he says that the great mass of mankind will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they are, and that they are easily satisfied with very inadequate ideas. Do you dissent from his general view?"

"There is a kind of crudity which is more hopeful and likely to be more productive than a certain kind of definite attainment. I think that crudity which is full of aspiration, which knows itself to be crude, which is accompanied by an intense desire for better things, is more likely to produce better things than that finality of attainment which has exhausted interest in creative activities and has become purely critical. The kind of half education which a great many people in this country mistake for education is very barren and unfruitful, and substitutes a very cheap imitation of culture for culture itself. What we need in this country before everything else is culture, but by culture I do not mean merely refinement of taste or extensive familiarity with books and art. I mean emancipation from provincial ideas, I mean openness to the truth from all quarters—I mean rightness of spirit and sanity of nature."

"Do you not sometimes fear the practical outcome of the reading circles—Chautauqua and otherwise—so much in vogue nowadays? 'To act is so easy,' says Goethe, 'to think is so hard.' In other words, it is so easy to read and absorb fact after fact, date after date, and be well stocked with knowledge and have a vague notion of it all, studying with a pleasurable sensation of intellectual titillation; but are the mental faculties concentrated on the reading, is the imagination fired, are the true relations to literature and life involved?"

"I think that a great deal of popular education in this country is very superficial, and will never bear any permanent fruit; but I think also that the organization of the whole country into reading clubs, while it may lead to a great deal of superficiality, is an expression of a very deep instinct, and that the working

out of that instinct in one or two generations is going to mean genuine culture.

"The significance and place of art have never been at all adequately understood in this country," continued Mr. Mabie. "Very few people, even among cultivated Americans, have grasped the real idea of art, so far have we grown away from it; and I think it is going to take a long time to make us understand that we shall not be finally successful on this continent until we have given expression to our life in some form of art. So long as we feel that the supreme fruit of true living is incessant activity, we shall not reach true living itself. As the deepest and most vital religious life shrinks most from professional forms, follows most closely natural channels, and separates itself instinctively from the use of the religious *patois*, so the richest and fullest national life is evidenced by depth of feeling, by breadth of personal resource, and by ripeness of spirit rather than by incessant activity."

"Don't you think that Emerson's warning to the young man, 'Shun the spawn of the press,' is as applicable to-day as it was then?"

"I think that one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of real culture in this country is the spirit in which the great mass of newspapers are now edited. So many newspapers deal so exclusively with the mere news side of things, and with the purely gossip aspect of the news side, that they never come in contact with general principles, and never even suggest to their readers the sense of the relative values of events. In many of our newspapers there is no sense of proportion; the ephemeral, the vulgar, and the inane almost exclude a discussion or presentation of news that really contributes to the thought and growth of the reader. The habit of newspaper reading in this country stands in the way of the real culture of the great majority of men and women who have formed it."

Within the past few years Mr. Mabie has given many addresses before colleges and literary societies, and I asked him how he came to go on the platform.

"My public speaking," said Mr. Mabie, "is a matter of the last four or five years. It has come about without any effort on my part, and it has grown to very considerable proportions without any urgency from me. My lectures are

always on literary or educational subjects."

"Do you find your audiences uniformly responsive?"

"I find American audiences almost without exception courteous, intelligent, and responsive. So far as the West is concerned, I think that a great many Eastern people have very provincial ideas regarding it. They know nothing whatever about the real condition of things in the central West or in the far West. There is a great deal of intellectual activity in both sections, and there is a host of highly educated men and women scattered all over the West. In fact, any discrimination between the East and the West in this respect may be taken as a sign of the ignorance of the person who makes it."

"Are you going on with your lectures?"

"Yes, but I am keeping speaking subordinate to my writing. I find it very stimulating and helpful to meet audiences in different parts of the country. I do not believe in Matthew Arnold's idea of the remnant; I think it is the function of a few to interpret and express, but I think it is the function of the many not only to comprehend, but to supply the material of expression."

Speaking of his experiences as a lecturer, Mr. Mabie related this incident:

"I had a long talk with Mr. Curtis one summer morning at Ashfield with regard to the matter of public speaking. He told me, among other things, that when he began to speak, and found that he was likely to be frequently called upon, he went to a person whom he knew to have some local reputation as a speaker, and asked him for a few hints. This gentleman said, 'To begin with, Curtis, despise your audience, and regard yourself as superior to them.' Mr. Curtis said, 'I knew very little about public speaking then, but I knew that that was wrong. I have always treated my audiences as made up of my equals, because I have believed that half the men to whom I speak could speak as well as I if they had the same opportunities of training.'"

This, Mr. Mabie added, seemed to him to be the true attitude of the speaker toward his audience, of the writer toward the men and women who surround him, of the artist toward his own age.

Mr. Mabie also told me a very significant and characteristic story about General Grant. After a great demonstration in one of the large manufacturing towns in England, Grant was asked how he felt when he faced a great crowd of people all looking eagerly at him, as if he were the centre of their interest. He answered very simply, "Why, I feel like one of them." "That ability to feel 'like one of them,'" said Mr. Mabie, "is the secret of great power in art. Certainly Shakespeare owed his success in interpreting and illustrating almost the whole range of human experience to his ability to feel with and for almost every type of human character. I think that the greatness and virility of artists are measured by their freedom from professionalism, from the spirit of aloofness, and from the *dilettante* atmosphere and tone."

With respect to his future literary plans, Mr. Mabie said :

"I expect to elaborate to a certain extent the series of articles now in course of publication in *THE BOOKMAN*, and to make a book of them, which I hope may be of some service to those who are trying to discover the most fruitful methods of using books. From my point of view, the real end of life is not to accomplish some definite external thing, but to give one's own personality the highest and freest development. It is through the perfection of themselves and in the perfection of themselves that men are able to serve the world most effectually and nobly; so that the supreme thing in every life is not so much to preserve it from external dangers as to unfold its own indestructibility, force, and life. I look upon it, therefore, as in the last degree important to discover and disseminate knowledge regarding the most fruitful methods of living, and I have written these chapters on books and culture in the hope of saying something in a very inadequate way which would open up books not simply as sources of information and knowledge, but as sources of life. I hope to accompany this book with another,

treating nature from the same standpoint, and endeavouring to trace those analogies between the methods of nature and the methods of human life which seem to me to give us suggestions for the best conduct of life."

"You have been engaged on this book for some time, have you not?"

"It will not make a large book, but I have given a good deal of time to working out the ideas which will be presented in it."

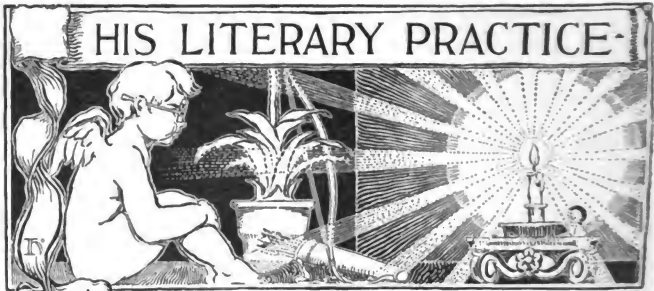
Mr. Mabie's favourite exercise has always been walking. The region of Northern New Jersey in which he lives is very picturesque, and affords ample opportunity for the ambitious walker, both as regards exercise and the enjoyment of nature. His editorial work is done under very favourable conditions, congenial in its associations and flexible in its engagements, so that Mr. Mabie is able to spend at least half his time at home.

In an age characterised by superficial thinking and utilitarianism, Mr. Mabie's sane and thoughtful view and estimate of life, expressed in his books and elsewhere, offer a healthy protest against a blind devotion to material ends, and appeal to that deep vein of idealism which he believes to exist beneath the apparent grossness of our civilisation. Their vital utterance and insight—to adapt some wise words of his own—confirm a struggling faith in the reality and necessity of art, liberating and clarifying minds breaking away from old provincialisms of thought and feeling, and longing for vital contact with the richer and more inclusive intellectual movement of the time. "Scepticism," he declares, "is the root of all evil in us and in our arts. We do not believe enough in God, in ourselves, and in the divine laws under which we live. Great art involves great faith—a clear, resolute, victorious insight into and grasp of things, a belief real enough in

'The mighty hopes which make us men' to inspire and sustain heroic tasks."

James MacArthur.





ANY publisher will tell you that certain absolutely essential elements go to the making of a successful book.

Love was having trouble with his eyes. He had had more or less difficulty with them for a long time. "My friends fear that it is something serious," he said to the young physician upon whom he called. "I would like to have you give me your opinion."

"Sit down," said the physician, "and I will examine your eyes."

Love seated himself and watched the physician arranging the lights and the instruments. "My trouble seems to be somewhat unusual," he explained. "When I look intently at one object it is very difficult for me to readjust the focus and see other things at different distances."

"Muscles of accommodation strained," said the physician. "Now please look me in the face."

Love looked up as he was told, and the physician studied his eyes carefully.

"As my occupation requires that I look constantly at different things, it is an immeasurable inconvenience," pursued Love.

"And what is your occupation?"

"I am a bookman," answered Love. "That is, I provide the plots for books."

"I am writing a book," said the physician smiling.

"Is my case in it?" inquired Love.

"No," replied the physician; "the book I am writing deals simply with Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism."

"It will not go," said Love. "Now my case here contains the elements of a successful book. You write it up, and I will guarantee that it succeeds."

The physician moved his instrument and gazed intently in the eyes of Love. "I am glad you came to me," he said at last, "I have read of cases like yours in the treatises."

"In many treatises," assented Love. "I tell you if you want your book to pay you'll put me in."

"I never saw so much assurance," the physician cried. "Do you have authority for thinking that?"

"The very best authority," Love answered. "I know all the publishers. I am their friend. They cannot afford to publish a book that is not about me—unless some celebrated man has written it."

"I—I will give you a prescription for your eyes," the physician said. "You have been overusing them. If the difficulty increases it must be operated on—by some celebrated man."

"I shall come to you," said Love. "I am sorry that I cannot pay you for this consultation; but if you will act on the suggestion of a layman and put my case in your book, you will become a celebrated man, and that will remunerate you in the end. There is a great national element in my case that is absolutely essential to the making of a successful book."

"Even to a book on Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism?" the physician asked.

"Try it," said Love, "and see."

II.

An unprincipled man found himself growing too far-sighted in his evil eye. "My whole reputation is founded on a fortunate short-sightedness," he said. "I am manager of a great syndicate that takes up little misunderstandings and develops them into the great elements of discord between the central figures of successful books."

"I should think myopia would be against you," the physician said.

"On the contrary," declared the unprincipled man. "I am in favour with the public for the reason that my schemes always fall short, so that the element of discord is completely eliminated in the final chapter. Of late I fear that my evil sight is failing to fail me at the last moment, and it must be remedied at once."

"That is very natural," said the physician. "The tendencies of the evil eye are apt to be the reverse of those of the moral eye; in other words, myopia increases in the moral, decreases in the evil eye."

"But," said the patient, "I must warn you that you will have to pay the damages if you prescribe anything which throws it too far the other way. I have never been too myopic to develop the most microscopic misunderstanding into the necessary discord in a successful book. The one on which I am now at work will make a great stir between the central figures. It is of national importance, and the nicest exactitude of short-sightedness is needed to perfect it. You understand, I suppose, what kind of a lotion I want. I would like it in a vial, so that if it comes in my way to administer it to some one else it will be in literary shape."

"I do not give things to administer to some one else," said the physician firmly.

"You will give it to me," said the unprincipled man.

"Indeed," said the physician, "I will not." They stood measuring each other. "You have not grown very far-sighted," the doctor went on, "if you think a respectable practitioner will help you in your little schemes."

The unprincipled man bowed and twirled the ends of his moustache. "You relieve me greatly," he said. "My object in coming to you was to

test my faculty. If it had failed to fail me you would have prescribed. I am glad to find that I need nothing. Receive, sir, the assurance of my esteemed consideration."

He withdrew, and when he had withdrawn the physician saw that he had left behind the national element of discord on which he was at work. A vague unrest took hold of the physician.

"I suppose," he said, "that it would make a great stir between the figures of my book on Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism. I wonder if it could be eliminated in the final chapter."

III.

A literary observer who was noted for his local colour found his peripheric vision unequal to the vast fields of country covered by modern books.

"The top of this window near your desk was open," he explained, "and from my balloon observatory I noticed with my telescope that you were writing a book. It at once occurred to me that we might arrange an exchange of favours,—advantageous to you, advantageous to me."

"Yes?" said the doctor. "And is it part of your professional etiquette to take observations into open top windows?"

The literary observer shrugged his shoulder in a way that made the physician recognise him as a privileged character. "How did you think I could be of service to you?" the physician added.

A pleased look brightened the observer's face. "I want you to fit me with glasses that will help me to see more out of the sides of my eyes," he said. "You see I compose all the local colour that is used in successful books. A book covers so much country in these days, that if the author depended on his own arrangement of local colour, it would come out as striped and streaked as a barber's pole, without a particle of vibration. That is the great principle of local colour, vibration."

"I understand," said the physician, "and you want something to broaden your peripheric vision, so that while you keep your eyes on the plot you can encompass half the continent out of the sides of your eyes."

"Exactly," cried the literary observer. "I knew when I saw you through my

little spy-glass that you were an intelligent man."

The physician laughed as he placed a test card at the extreme end of the room. "Now," he said, "while you look at this card can you see the organ-grinder outside the window, and on which side of the test card does he appear to you?"

"I can only see the outer edge of the window casing," sighed the literary observer. "It is almost behind me, to the left of the test card."

"Wrong," said the physician, "it is to the right. You have used your peripheral vision until you do not know where you see things. I will write a letter for you to take to the optician. He will fit you with glasses having side lenses. They will help to widen your field of vision, and at the same time rest your eyes. Now what I would like to see myself is where the reciprocity comes in."

"Just here," said the literary observer, feeling in his breast-pocket. "You are writing a book in which there is not so much as a date-palm nor a prairie dog nor a snowshoe nor an elevated railroad, and I am going to give you all these things composed in such a way as to make a vibration that will be felt by every one who glances at your book. It is the greatest piece of national local colour that I have ever produced."

"Then use it yourself," said the physician. "My book is a scientific monograph. It deals entirely with Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism."

"Don't I know what it deals with?" interrupted the literary observer. "And, my dear fellow, it is just the sort of book that needs local colour to give it verity. A scientific book is valueless if it has not verity. I do not use these things myself. I am much too busy composing them for successful writers. I shall take this letter to the optician, and if you sit right down and put in the vibrations, by the time I am at work with the new lenses in my observatory I shall see all the lovers of good literature devouring your monograph. There is nothing like local colour to give verity to the situations of a successful book."

IV.

"I have come to get a soothing pre-

scription from you," an elderly woman said. "I want something which will quiet the pain through the eyes in the back of my head."

The physician drew forward an easy-chair. "That is strange," he said. "The eyes in the back of the head are usually so free from pain. How long have they been troubling you?"

"For many years," she answered. "My life work has been furnishing moral lessons for books, and to have these lessons well rounded, the eyes in the back of the head are necessarily in constant use."

"But I have never seen them where they were injured by use," the doctor said.

"My case is a peculiar one," she admitted. "My daughter-in-law grew very tired of my life work. She was not in sympathy with my views, and as I had found it inadvisable for moral lessons to obtrude themselves, I moved into the cellar. My work there has been very successful, but it has strained the eyes in the back of my head."

"Perhaps," said the physician, "if you were upstairs again where the eyes in the back of your head could have natural, healthy employment about the house while you are writing—"

"I do not write," said the elderly woman. "I inculcate moral lessons in other writers, and, as I say, it is a strain to do it in the cellar."

The physician shook his head in perplexity as he sat down to write a prescription. "Surely, madam," he said, "your work should be easy to you, from the fact that you so constantly practise your principle of not obtruding the moral lesson."

"That is what my son tells me," she answered impatiently, "but you neither of you understand." She sat with her back toward him as he wrote, but she noticed that he had pushed aside a pile of manuscript. "Now I will venture that no one will receive the smallest benefit from the work you are preparing there."

"It does not aim to benefit any one in the way you mean," said the physician meekly; "it is a mere treatise."

"My dear young man," she cried, pointing her parasol at him over her shoulder, "you are making a fatal mistake. Your book will not succeed. I have been pleased with you, and now,

instead of paying in the ordinary way for this prescription, I am going to make you a present of one of my greatest national moral lessons, which you are to inculcate in your book in such a way that it will not obtrude itself while it furnishes food for reflection."

"But I—really, madam, in a book which treats purely of Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism—"

"Not a word of thanks, young man, not a word of thanks," she said, folding the prescription and putting it into her purse. "The only return I wish when this book has made you famous is a few copies to distribute among the poor. Good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon," the physician echoed, and while the elderly woman went out he felt that the eyes in the back of her head were watching him as he stood looking dubiously at the moral lesson.

V.

The young physician was toiling over his manuscript, for he had been much interrupted by patients who were only willing to pay by giving him suggestions for the book. He had taken down the ledger in which were entered these suggestions, and had read them in the order of their entry.

"Love (grateful patient). Muscles of accommodation strained. Recommended himself as a most essential national element for my book.

"Unprincipled man (grateful patient). Myopic in evil eye. Refused treatment. Left national element of discord for my book.

"Literary observer (grateful patient). Deficient peripheric vision. Fitted with side-lens glasses. Exchanged element of national local colour for my book.

"Elderly woman (grateful patient). Nostalgia of the eyes in the back of the head. Donated national moral lesson for my book.

"I don't see how I can make my practice profitable," the doctor had said, "unless I put them all into the book."

That was how he came to be toiling over the manuscript. He was putting their suggestions in the book. When it was all finished and he sent it to the publishers they were surprised to find love, and an element of discord, and local colour, and a moral lesson in a monograph on Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism, but they paid him a very large price for it, because they saw that it contained all the elements of a successful book.

But when it was published, and the whole world was devouring it, the young physician experienced a surprise greater than that of the publishers, for he found that his book on Compound Hypermetropic Astigmatism was the Great American Novel.

Marguerite Tracy.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

X.—LIBERATION THROUGH IDEAS.

Matthew Arnold was in the habit of dwelling on the importance of a free movement of fresh ideas through society; the men who are in touch with such movements are certain to be productive, while those whose minds are not fed by this stimulus are likely to remain unfruitful. One of the most suggestive and beautiful facts in the spiritual history of men is the exhilaration which a great new thought brings with it; the thrilling moments in history are

the moments of contact between such ideas and the minds which are open to their approach. It is true that fresh ideas often gain acceptance slowly and against great odds in the way of organised error and of individual inertness and dulness; nevertheless, it is also true that certain great ideas rapidly clarify themselves in the thought of almost every century. They are opposed and rejected by a multitude, but they are in the air, as we say; they seem to diffuse themselves through all fields of thought, and they are often worked out

harmoniously in different departments by men who have no concert of action, but whose minds are open and sensitive to these invisible currents of light and power.

The first and the most enduring result of this movement of ideas is the enlargement of the thoughts of men about themselves and their world. Every great new truth compels, sooner or later, a readjustment of the whole body of organised truth as men hold it. The fresh thought about the physical constitution of man bears its fruit ultimately in some fresh notion of his spiritual constitution; the new fact in geology does not spend its force until it has wrought a modification of the view of the creative method and the age of man in the world; the fresh conception of the method of evolution along material and physical lines slowly reconstructs the philosophy of mental and spiritual development. Every new thought relates itself finally to all thought, and is like the forward step which continually changes the horizon about the traveller.

The history of man is the story of the ideas he has entertained and accepted, and of his struggle to incorporate these ideas into laws, customs, institutions, and character. At the heart of every race one finds certain ideas, not always clearly seen nor often definitely formulated save by a few persons, but unconsciously held with deathless tenacity and illustrated by a vast range of action and achievement; at the heart of every great civilization one finds a few dominant and vital conceptions which give a certain coherence and unity to a vast movement of life. Now, the books of life, as has already been said, hold their place in universal literature because they reveal and illustrate, in symbol and personality, these fundamental ideas with supreme power and felicity. The large body of literature in prose and verse which is put between the covers of the Old Testament not only gives us an account of what the Hebrew race did in the world, but of its ideas about that world, and of the character which it formed for itself largely as the fruit of those ideas. Those ideas, it need hardly be said, not only registered a great advance on the ideas which preceded them, but remain in many respects the most fundamental ideas which the race as a

whole has accepted. They lifted the men to whom they were originally revealed, or who accepted them, to a great height of spiritual and moral vision, and a race character was organised about them of the most powerful and persistent type. The modern student of the Old Testament is born into a very different atmosphere from that in which these conceptions of man and the universe were originally formed; but though they have largely lost their novelty, they have not lost the power of enlargement and expansion which were in them at the beginning.

In his own history every man repeats, within certain limits, the history of the race; and the inexhaustible educational value of race experience lies in the fact that it so completely parallels the history of every member of the race. Childhood has the fancies and faiths of the earliest ages; youth has visions and dreams which form, generation after generation, a kind of contemporary mythology; maturity aspires after and sometimes attains the repose, the clear intelligence, the catholic outlook of the best modern type of mind and character. In some form every modern man travels the road over which his predecessors have passed, but he no longer blazes his path; a highway has been built for him. He is spared the immense toil of formulating the ideas by which he lives, and of passing through the searching experience which is often the only approach to the greatest truths. If he has originitive power, he forms ideas of his own, but they are based on a massive foundation of ideas which others have worked out for him; he passes through his own individual experience, but he inherits the results of a multitude of experiences of which nothing remains save certain final generalisations. Every intelligent man is born into possession of a world of knowledge and truth which has been explored, settled, and organised for him. To the discovery and regulation of this world every race has worked with more or less definiteness of aim, and the total result of the incalculable labours and sufferings of men is the somewhat intangible but very real thing we call civilisation.

At the heart of civilisation, and determining its form and quality, is that group of vital ideas to which each race has contributed according to its intelli-

gence and power; the measure of the greatness of a race being determined by the value of its contribution to this organised spiritual life of the world. This body of ideas is the highest product of the life of men under historic conditions; it is the quintessence of whatever was best and enduring not only in their thought, but in their feeling, their instinct, their affections, their activities; and the degree in which the man of today is able to appropriate this rich result of the deepest life of the past is the measure of his culture. One may be well trained and carefully disciplined, and yet have no share in this organised life of the race; but no one can possess real culture who has not, according to his ability, entered into it by making it a part of himself. It is by contact with these great ideas that the individual mind puts itself in touch with the universal mind and indefinitely expands and enriches itself.

Culture rests on ideas rather than on knowledge; its distinctive use of knowledge is to gain material for ideas. For this reason the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are of more importance than Thucydides and Curtius. For Homer was not only in a very important sense the historian of his race; he was, above all, the expositor of its ideas. There is, involved in the very structure of the Greek epics,

the fundamental conception of life as the Greeks looked at it; their view of reverence, worship, law, obligation, subordination, personality. No one can be said to have read these poems in any real sense until he has made these ideas clear to himself; and these ideas carry with them a definite enlargement of thought. When a man has gotten a clear view of the ideas about life held by a great race, he has gone a long way towards self-education; so rich and illuminative are these central conceptions around which the life of each race has been organised. To multiply these ideas by broad contact with the books of life is to expand one's thought so as to compass the essential thought of the entire race. And this is precisely what the man of broad culture accomplishes; he emancipates himself from whatever is local, provincial, and temporal by gaining the power of taking the race point of view. He is liberated by ideas, not only from his own ignorance and the limitations of his own nature, but from the partial knowledge and the prejudices of his time; and liberation by ideas, and expansion through ideas, constitute one of the great services of the books of life to those who read them with an open mind.

Hamilton W. Mabie

LONDON LETTER.

IAN MACLAREN.

As *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* is about to come out in England and America, I thought it might be appropriate this month to send you a letter on Ian Maclaren. To all intents and purposes it is a continuation of its predecessor, and the two put together give the annals of a Perthshire parish called by the author Drumtochty. Indeed, he once thought of giving this name to the whole work. There are some remarkable circumstances connected with this book. A year ago the author had practically written nothing. Although he had attained the comparatively mature age of forty-five, and had been long a

leading clergyman in Liverpool, he was quite unknown to the public as an author, and yet in one short year the sales of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* have exceeded in England and America 100,000 copies, and are still as rapid as ever. Thirty thousand copies were to be printed of the first English edition of *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, and at the time I am writing, it seems as if they would all be exhausted in advance of publication. A fortnight before the book was published five thousand copies had been ordered in Edinburgh alone. Ian Maclaren's popularity is not merely Scotch; all over the country he is widely read, and

in America his name is a household word.

Through his kindness I am able to give the full particulars of his history, which are mostly fresh, and which may

spects different from her husband. She was Highland, and understood Gaelic, though she could not speak it. It was, she used to say, the best language for love and

for anger. Though also firm in her religious convictions, she was not like her husband, an Evangelical, but leaned rather to the highest type of Moderatism, as it is called in Scotland. The name in England would perhaps be Broad Church. She was a woman of strong convictions and equally strong aversions. Her kindness was unbounded. She knew no distinction of class in her friendships, and was accustomed especially to visit those who were in trouble. Of the gratitude and affection felt for her there was very remarkable testimony when she died. In death she was what she had been in life, absolutely courageous, unselfish, and truthful. When her minister, Dr. Beith, of Stirling, asked her whether she was firm in the faith, she replied that she believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, and that if she had not believed it long before, she would think it a mean thing to begin believing it now.

I hope you will
like the second volume.
Love me has been most
kind to the first.

With kind regards,
Yours faithfully
John Watson.

FAC-SIMILE OF IAN MACLAREN'S AUTOGRAPH.

be taken as accurate. Mr. Watson (for it is a very open secret that Ian Maclaren is the Rev. John Watson, M.A., of Sef-ton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool) is a pure Scot, although he was born in Manningtree, Essex, where his father, who was engaged in the Excise, and reached a very high position in that service, was stationed at the time. Very shortly after his birth the family removed to London, of which Ian Maclaren has a distinct recollection. The formative years of his childhood were spent, however, first at Perth and then at Stirling. He was an only child, and his father and mother were both of them remarkable personalities — the father strongly religious, profoundly interested in religion, and a devoted elder of the Free Church of Scotland. Ian Maclaren's mother, to whose memory his last book is dedicated, was in some re-

Young Watson was accustomed for many years to spend the summers with his uncles, who were farmers in a large way, first about Blairgowrie, then about Meikle. They belonged to the Established Church in Scotland, so that his sympathies were well divided between the two great Presbyterian Churches of that country. In due time he went to Edinburgh University, and although diligent and studious, was not specially impressed by any of the professors with the single exception of Dr. Masson, who has just retired from the Chair of English Literature. He liked classics, and was attracted by Sellar, the Professor of Latin. In philosophical studies he was also interested, and was secretary and afterwards president of the Philosophical Society connected with the University. When he had completed his studies, he decided to be a minister of the Free

Church. This was the strong wish of his father, and he was willing, although he never felt the call to the ministry as some say they have felt it whose usefulness has certainly not been greater than his. He passed through the curriculum of the New College, Edinburgh, but the only teacher who left any impression on his mind was Dr. A. B. Davidson, the famous Professor of Hebrew. He was, however, greatly moulded by the friendships he formed there for such men as Dr. James Stalker, Professor Henry Drummond, Dr. George Adam Smith, and the Rev. D. M. Ross, of Dundee, who were all of them students at the time. These friends formed a society, "The Gaiety Club," which still meets periodically, and to the intercourse carried on there and elsewhere all of them express a continual debt. Mr. Watson says that the first writer who left any impression on his mind was Scott, whom he read very eagerly. He studied the *Waverley Novels*, with their prefaces, introductions, and notes, and became saturated with Scott's spirit. Another stage of his development was marked by the name of Thomas Carlyle, and still another by that of Matthew Arnold. Four authors he singles out as his masters—Scott, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and Seecley, the author of *Ecce Homo*.

During his stay in Edinburgh Mr. Watson attended the ministry of Dr. Horatius Bonar, the well-known hymn-writer; a friend of Dr. Bonar's, the Rev. John Milne, had been his minister in Free St. Leonard's, Perth; and in Stirling he had heard the sermons of Dr. Beith, whom he describes as a great Highland orator. Though not in sympathy with the strict conservatism of the Bonar school, he was attracted by their ministry. The mystical element in their preaching proved especially congenial. He served as assistant for a short time to Dr. J. H. Wilson, of the Barclay Church in Edinburgh, and then became minister of the Free Church in Logiealmond, in Perthshire, now so well known as Drumtochty. There his uncle had been minister before the Disruption of 1843. The congregation was very small, but the work was pleasant, and the young minister made a close study of his people. It is noteworthy that while at Logiealmond he had literary plans very much in the line of those which were carried out twenty years

later. He had, in fact, conceived a book which would have been very much on the lines of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, but self-distrust prevented him from going on. Doubtless neither he nor the world has suffered from this delay. A brilliant popular preacher, he naturally soon received invitations to leave his quiet parish, and he ultimately accepted one from St. Matthew's in Glasgow to be colleague to Dr. Samuel Miller. Dr. Miller was a man of the old school, and very pronounced in his views; but his relations with his colleague were most harmonious, and he once said that he had never heard Watson say anything to which he could not say amen. But Mr. Watson found his true sphere when, three years later, he became minister of a new Presbyterian church built in Sefton Park, Liverpool. The building was a very handsome one, and the neighbourhood was gradually rising. The young minister was now able to draw round him people of his own type, and he thinks he began to find himself shortly after he settled in Liverpool. Now the fine church is constantly crowded by one of the largest and most influential congregations in Liverpool, and there cannot be much hesitation in saying that among English preachers of the younger generation Mr. Watson holds a foremost, if not the first place. Although he writes his sermons, he does not read them, and he is a speaker of extraordinary force and clearness. Touches of pathos are not infrequent in his sermons, but, as a rule, he avoids humour. He has a strong sense of reverence, and the service in Sefton Park Church, which has been carefully arranged by himself, satisfies every requirement alike of culture and devotion.

Mr. Watson went on happily and busily in this service for seventeen years, making for himself a great reputation in Liverpool, where he was, and is, perhaps, the most influential minister, but not much known outside save in Presbyterian circles. It is not two years since, on the suggestion of a friend, he commenced writing the sketches which have given him a world-wide fame. His devotion, however, is still given to the pulpit, and his literary work he looks upon as quite secondary. Besides the *Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* he has printed a number of religious articles, which will ultimately

be collected; and his first long novel is to be published during 1896 in the *Woman at Home* in England, and conjointly in *THE BOOKMAN* and the *Outlook* in America, under the title *Kate Carnegie*. The first instalment appears in January.

Mr. Watson is a most energetic worker; he never loiters, he never trifles, but has always everything in strict order. The books in his beautifully furnished study are mostly of a technical kind. There are many works of philosophy and theology; evidently ethics is a favourite

subject. Of fiction and light literature generally there is very little, but one notices a fine set of Thackeray. There are many of the best books on art, a subject in which Mr. Watson is deeply interested. In reply to urgent invitations from America, Mr. Watson has arranged to visit that country in the autumn of next year. His business arrangements will be managed by Major Pond.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, October 24, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

"I do not know who was the writer of the alarming articles about my health," writes Alphonse Daudet to me in answer to a letter I sent to Champrosay. "They resemble that interview which was printed on my return from England, in which I was made to comment on the want of beauty amongst Englishwomen. I am," he continues, "in no worse health than usually. Pain . . . but life and power to work." It had been reported that he was too ill to be moved from Champrosay. In his letter he informs me that his family and himself are returning to Paris in a week. Daudet always delays his return as much as possible, because he is so much happier in the country. Madame Daudet, on the other hand, *vraie Parisienne* as she is, is never really happy away from Paris. It is a pity that these alarming reports are periodically spread about Alphonse Daudet's health, causing, as they do, anxiety to his numerous friends the world over. It is all the more a pity because these reports are prompted by malevolence at their original source. Actual injury is done to M. Daudet by them; for people naturally do not care to buy books which are represented as having been written on a bed of sickness. Daudet has complained to me bitterly of these manoeuvres. At the time when *La Petite Paroisse* was published, he had been so sedulously represented as being in the last stages of physical and mental prostration that at first very few persons bought his

new book. "I was quite prepared for a complete failure," he told me.

Mr. Albert Savine writes, apropos of a note of mine in last month's *BOOKMAN*, to say that the *Nouvelles Italiennes* of Stendhal, which he is about to publish, is not a new edition of certain of Stendhal's *nouvelles*, but a collection of unpublished stories by that great writer. I did not know, until I received Mr. Savine's letter, that there remained a single line of Stendhal's writings unprinted. All the more interest will attach to this volume.

The most absurd stories have been circulated as to the amounts offered to M. Henri Rochefort for his memoirs by the American publishers, and I see that one of these stories has got over to London, and that one of the papers there gravely prints the statement that M. Henri Rochefort has received an offer of one hundred thousand pounds sterling for the American rights of his memoirs, which are now appearing in *Le Jour*. There is, of course, not a word of truth in this, though very possibly some American publisher may have boasted of having made such an offer, absurd as the statement is on the face of it. Rochefort's memoirs are being pirated day by day, each *feuilleton* being hastily translated and mailed to the States. This is what used to be done with Émile Zola's books, when appearing in *feuilleton*, before M. Zola took steps to protect his foreign rights. There was a regular factory of pirated

goods for export to America in those days in Paris; a factory presided over, I am sorry to say, by an Englishman. This scoundrel used to hire English governesses out of work in Paris to do the translations, and used to pay the wretched girls two francs a day for twelve hours' work. He insisted on having all Zola's realistic expressions translated into equally realistic English words. One of his slaves came crying to me to complain of her treatment, and I wrote to Mr. Stead about it. A sharp note in the *Pull Mall Gazette* gave a useful hint to the pirate and sweater.

Rocheport's memoirs ought to be interesting from about four years before the war, when he began publishing his famous *Lanterne*, which did more to overthrow the Third Empire than even Sedan. His boyhood and early manhood were humdrum enough. Daudet met him when he was about twenty-five, and found him a quiet, unpretending, modest young man, who, at that time, filled an obscure post in the offices of the Municipal Council, whence he used to send out on municipal paper contributions to various Parisian papers, which for the most part were promptly rejected. His experiences in the Commune and as a political prisoner are already well known, and one will be curious to hear what new things he may have to say about them. I hope that he may be frank and full about his relations with poor General Boulanger, and let us know exactly to what extent he influenced that unhappy man's action. His comments on England and life in England are sure to be not only interesting, but flattering to our *amour propre*, as during his exile in London he grew to like us and to admire our institutions. Everybody is reading *Le Jour*. Of this paper, under Laurent's editorship, there used to be printed about five hundred copies, of which perhaps two hundred were sold. I hear that the circulation is at present above 200,000 copies. Rocheport is very popular with many classes in Paris, though certain Socialist groups detest him; and I can well understand his popularity. He is not only a brilliant writer and a humourist with whom few can be compared, but a thoroughly honest and most good-hearted man. Of his kindness of heart I can give two examples. Whilst he was living in London he heard one day

that a man who had been hanged in Newgate some days previously for a murder which had excited Rocheport's interest, had left a little daughter entirely unprovided for and destitute. Rocheport had the child brought to him, and adopted her. Again, whilst he was living in London, his scullery-maid—an English girl—got herself into "trouble" and being unable to conceal her condition any longer, went to see the "master" and confessed, expecting to be bundled out of the house. Rocheport spoke to her very kindly, and enquired the name of the man. The girl told him it was his coachman. Rocheport at once sent for him, pointed out to him what his duty was, and promised that if he would marry the girl he would provide her with a trousseau and a small dowry, and would keep both in his service. The man consented, and there is one betrayed woman the less in London. The fact is that Rocheport is a gentleman, and, though he scoffs at all class distinctions, is in himself and in his character the exemplification of the old boast of the classes: *noblesse oblige*. I have known him for the last eleven years, and never once had any reason to alter my very high opinion of his character. But what I chiefly admire in him is his talent. Each day he has something fresh and striking to say in his daily article in *L'Intransigeant* which most of us would as soon miss as the first cigarette after *déjeuner*. These articles are written with extraordinary rapidity. I once called upon Rocheport at the *Intransigeant* office, and found him in his shirt sleeves, just preparing to write his daily leader. "One minute," he said, sitting down to his table, "*un moment et je suis à vous.*" He then sat down and began writing with great speed. He was certainly more than a minute, but whatever the space of time was, it was very short. He had written his *chronique* as I sat there. A curious circumstance about Rocheport's articles, which are always preceded by remarkably witty titles, is that he never decides on his title until the article is written. I have seen many of his pieces of copy. At the end of each article one sees the words: Head this—(whatever the title may be).

A society of authors who have syndicated for the purpose of printing and publishing their own works has recently

been formed in Paris, under the designation of "Société Libre d'Édition Des Gens de Lettres." Its offices are at 11 Rue d'Ulm, and the secretary-general's name is Henri Rainaldy, who very willingly sends all information on the subject of the expectations of the Society. Its fundamental principle is "Les Auteurs éditant eux-mêmes leurs œuvres sous le régime de la Mutualité" Amongst distinguished authors on the Comité de Patronage are Alexander Dumas, Stéphane Mallarmé, Jules Barbier, Henry Becque, and Henry Bauer. The Society has already got to work, and has just published at its expense two books written by members and approved of by the readers to the society: *La Grande Nuit*, by Henry l'Huissier, and *Quand le Tour est joué*, by Michel Jicé. Both these books are published at 3 francs 50 c. although it is the intention of the Society eventually to force down the price of the French novel from 3 francs 50 c. to 2 francs. I shall wait to see the Society more fully at work, and, when it has come out of the very fierce battle which it will have to fight against the various monopolies in France, I will give some further account of it in these pages. Personally speaking, I do not think that, under existing circumstances, it has much chance of success.

"Gyp," I am glad to say, is quite well again, after a very serious illness. The fact is that Madame de Martel greatly overworks herself. It takes her more labour than most imagine to turn out, polish and repolish, the light but most elegant literature which is associated with her name.

On Thursday last, October 17th, Henri de Régnier, the poet, married Marie de Herédia, the daughter of Herédia, Parnassian poet and Academician. This marriage was first spoken of about eighteen months ago, but was persistently denied both by the Herédias and by de Régnier himself; so recently,

indeed, that only two months ago I felt authorised to deny the report in *THE BOOKMAN*. However, it is now a *fait accompli*, and Marie de Herédia is now Marie de Régnier. The marriage was a good deal talked about in Paris, both Régnier and the Herédias being extremely popular in fashionable as well as in literary society. One cannot imagine Herédia being anything else than popular, or a "jollier" man—jolly is the adjective to apply to him—it would be impossible to meet. He is a boisterous, exuberant man, and when he is in a drawing-room never ceases talking. His conversation, however, is so entertaining that one is glad to listen. Albert Mérat, in his triolets on the contributors to *Le Parnasse*, which was the official organ of the Parnassian poets, thus spoke of him:

"Tout tremble, c'est Herédia,
Herédia qu' incendia
Un rayon de mil huit cent trente !
Tout tremble, c'est Herédia
A la voix farouche et vibrante."

He has written poetry for thirty years, but with such infinite care that his entire production is limited to a single volume, *Les Trophées*; on the strength of which he was elected to the French Academy. His son-in-law, Régnier, who may aptly be described as the Lucien de Rubempré of letters, is of poets, as of *hommes du monde* in the Paris of to-day the most elegant. Amongst his poetical works may be mentioned: *Flûtes d'Avril et de Septembre*, *Poèmes Anciens et Romanesques*, *Tel qu'en Songe*. He is a very precious writer of prose. Madame de Régnier, née de Herédia, has written, under a pseudonym, certain poems, which, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other important reviews, have attracted a good deal of favourable attention.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.



NEW BOOKS.

TWO HISTORIES OF LITERATURE.*

Here we have indeed a *rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cycno!* We give the quotation in full, as in some way expressive of our astonishment. Dr. Wells is a scientific student of his subject; he has heard Scherer at Berlin, and instead of dabbling here and there promiscuously, has had the severely scholarly training of the German universities; yet he can put himself in the place of the general reader, and feel a thoroughly genuine sympathy with that point of view. He even says in his preface that "most cultured foreigners will never be Germanists," and that of what was printed in Germany before Lessing's *Literary Letters* "there is very little that a cultured foreigner, not a specialist, needs or cares to know."

This is a specialist after our own heart, with all the accuracy and minuteness of learning that a true scholar should have, and yet broad enough and sympathetic enough, and with a sufficiently practical mind not only to realise the needs and wishes of those whose *Fach* is other than his own, but actually to commend them and heartily to give them the aid and comfort of his own special acquisitions. If Germany turned out more men such as Dr. Wells, Americans would not to-day be feeling even unconsciously a reaction against the Teutonic sway of the last twenty years, and casting wistful looks at the ivied quadrangles of the English universities.

All this is, perhaps, rather personal, as we are not reviewing Dr. Wells but his book; yet it is from the book that we get our mental impressions of Dr. Wells. A most delightful book it is, too, and a very timely one. Here is not the pedant's work, clogged with lumps of undigested lore, but the play of a bright, assimilative mind that knows its subject so well as to be perfectly at home with it. Beginning with a chapter on the origins, Dr. Wells passes on with a firm, neat touch to Klopstock, Wieland, and Herder, then to Lessing, and then to

Goethe, to whom, as the central star in his constellation, he gives three chapters, proceeding next to Schiller, to Richter and the Romantic School, to Heine, and ending with a rapid sketch in 34 pages of the imaginative literature of Germany since 1850. Everywhere the author selects just the right things to say, blending the biographic with the narrative and critical elements, and selecting very happily the most characteristic bits of quotation to illustrate his judgments, to instruct the reader, and to stimulate a healthy literary curiosity. The chapter on Heine, that sardonic smile on the lips of the *Weltgeist*, is to us perhaps the best in the whole book, as it must have been the most difficult to write. We note again with the same old admiring envy the brilliant and utterly un-Teutonic sparkles of wit that one never tires of repeating; the jests on England and the English; that epigram on a German winter; the cynical but amusing vengeance planned for Madame Wohl; the bursts of fun, and phrases of beauty, and notes of pathos, that to the last sprang into life at the touch of this strange being, even when he lay tortured with pain, half deaf and almost wholly blind, and dreaming weird opium dreams as he tossed and gaped upon his mattress.

We may not dwell any longer upon this book, but we can most unreservedly commend it. More than it contains of the history of German literature, as Dr. Wells has said, the man of general culture need not know; but less than it contains he will hereafter be censurable for not knowing, now that so judicious and genial a guide stands ready to impart it to him.

Mr. Mackail's compact survey of Latin literature is in every way as good reading as Dr. Wells's account of the modern German, and it is written from very much the same point of view; but in its finish and elegance it is far superior. In fact, these two books might well be taken as affording an excellent means of comparing the culture derived from the study of a modern language and literature with that which is imparted by the ancient classics. Mr. Mackail is just as synpathetic and as sensible as

* Modern German Literature. By Benjamin W. Wells, Ph.D. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.50.
Latin Literature. By J. W. Mackail. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Dr. Wells, but his writing is characterised by something rarer than sympathy and sense. It has a subtle distinction about it, a grace and elegance that fascinate and refine. The author's well-known studies in the Greek Anthology have given him a deftness of touch and a certain finish that one cannot praise too highly. The whole volume is written as a highly cultivated man would write of a subject with which he is wholly familiar, out of a full mind and with an artistic perception of just what is necessary in order to impart to the reader something of his own intimate and discriminating knowledge. Nothing further removed from a text-book on literature could well be imagined. There is nothing of the style of an encyclopædia article about it. He does not enumerate lists of works, bewilder with dates, or repel with masses of facts that have long been trite and tiresome. He rather brings to one the very spirit of the great writers of whom he tells, and often in a few sentences makes us *feel* just what each stands for. This sense of proportion is most admirable, and he never forgets that he is making a study of pure literature, and not writing a bibliography; so that what some may regard as a lack of perspective is rather the absolute proof of its possession, as when he gives far more space to a single poem—the unique and exquisite *Perigilium Veneris*—than to the whole twenty books of Aulus Gellius.

There is little or nothing to object to in his judgments. He has done full justice to Ennius, and perhaps a little less than justice to Plautus, possibly because the coarseness and horseplay of Plautus at his worst have been allowed to obscure the power and dignity of Plautus at his best. His criticism of both Catullus and Lucretius is exquisitely done, though we personally object to his low estimate of the *Alys*—that weird and wonderful bit of Orientalism. In speaking of Petronius, he falls into no such mistake as that of Professor Tyrrell, which we pointed out some time ago; and his judgment of the Horatian Odes deserves to be quoted as an offset to the exaggerated depreciation of the brilliant Dublin scholar; yet we can find space for only the concluding sentences:

"His vivid and clearly-cut descriptions of nature in single lines and phrases stand out by themselves like golden tesserae in a mosaic, each dis-

ting in a glittering atmosphere, . . . all exquisitely turned and all with the same effect of detachment which makes them akin to sculpture rather than to painting or to music. . . . 'Safe in his golden mediocrity,' to use the words of his own counsel to Licinius, Horace has somehow taken deep hold of the mind and even of the imagination of mankind. This very mediocrity, so fine, so chastened, so certain, is in truth as inimitable as any other great artistic quality; we must fall back on the word genius, and remember that: genius does not confine itself within the borders of any theory, but works its own will."

There is much more that we should like to quote—from his criticism of the dramatic work of Ennius, with an unerring selection of all that is most characteristic and beautiful, and his praise of Lucretius for that great passage on the mortality of the soul—"which Vergil himself never equalled, and which in its lofty passion, its piercing tenderness, and the stately roll of its cadences is perhaps unmatched in human speech,"—down to what is said of the picturesque *Mosella* of Ausonius, whom Mr. Mackail cleverly calls "not merely the last of the Latin, but the first of the French poets."

Altogether one does not often find in a single season two books on foreign literature that are in their way so luminous, so instructive, and so satisfactory.

H. T. P.

MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL.*

A less experienced or a less able writer than Mr. Crawford would wisely hesitate before attempting so intricate a plan of construction as has been successfully worked out in *Casa Braccio*, which is quite unlike the *Saracinesca* books, in that the story of successive generations is included under the one title; and also, in that the heroine of the first part dies before the new characters are introduced. Thus the necessity of preserving artistic proportions and of sustaining the reader's interest presents difficulties which only a master of his art could venture to face. The fact that Marion Crawford has proved equal to the task he set himself helps to place this story of Roman life above its predecessors.

Casa Braccio claims to be the story of "inevitable logical consequences" following upon the act of a young nun in

* *Casa Braccio*. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.00.

leaving her convent to marry the man she loved. Her deed is subsequently referred to as a "deadly sin" and as "sacrilege." The reader will suspect that this point of view is assumed for obvious artistic reasons, and may be interested in the report that the first part of *Casa Braccio* is founded upon fact, save that the real nun was not pursued by the "inevitable, logical consequences" of her "deadly sin." Whether this report be true or not, however, life dares to be as tragic and fate as relentless as in *Casa Braccio*, and those who least appreciate this fact will most freely criticise these features of the story.

The two parts of *Casa Braccio* are separated by a lapse of seventeen years, during which the first heroine, Maria Addolorata, dies; and her daughter, the second heroine, grows into womanhood. The early part of the story is kept somewhat subservient to its sequel, and its crisis is less accentuated than that which follows. Indeed, throughout the whole story Mr. Crawford's consummate constructive skill shows at its best. The death of Maria Addolorata and the grief of her husband are sunk into the silence of the intermission, that the death of Gloria and the sorrow of Griggs may stand out the more strongly. The heart affairs of Reanda are painted in subdued tones, that the intensity of Griggs's passion may be more vividly realised. And, despite the following of tragedy after tragedy, the reader knows well when he reaches the supreme point. What writer has conceived a more masterly revenge or a more overwhelming sorrow than is depicted in the scene where Paul Griggs's love for the dead Gloria is slain by receiving, through the dying wish of her wronged husband, the packet of letters!

Though *Casa Braccio* may not be more tragic than life itself, it is not nearly so humorous. If real life furnishes early death, suicide, heartbreak, and murder, it furnishes also some amusement. But there is nothing to laugh at in *Casa Braccio*. And what is yet more strange, there is nothing to cry about. With a masterly capacity for creating scenes full of inherent pathos, Mr. Crawford does not touch the heart. Oddly enough, he affects the reader somewhat as he declares his own characters to be

affected with the physical symptoms of grief. Convinced of the author's powers of observation, one is ready to believe that a man overtaken by sudden, heartbreaking sorrow, may feel as did Paul Griggs when he received the letters Gloria wrote her husband. "An icy chill smote him in the neck, and his strong limbs shook to his feet. Rigid, and feeling as though great icy hands were drawing him up by the neck from the ground, Paul Griggs stood upright, stark with the stress of rending soul and breaking heart." And the reader may experience the very chill of horror described, and shudder at the awful situation of the unfortunate man; but who, however gentle, will shed one tear over Paul Griggs's broken heart? And before this scene, when the Roman singers come to sing over Gloria's lonely grave, and Griggs stands beside them in his strong, silent grief, the reader is absorbed in the beauty and power of the description rather than moved by the inevitable pathos of the scene.

Mr. Crawford's diction is always felicitous, and his capacity for observation seems to be unlimited; besides which he has the dramatic instinct, and knows how to tell a story well. But he has not the power, subtle and escaping analysis, which some lesser writers possess in a marked degree—the power of taking possession of his reader, and working from within, so to speak, thus making one experience the scenes described rather than observe them. There is a hint of mechanical construction and of theatrical effect in parts of *Casa Braccio* which are incompatible with the simplicity and spontaneity necessary to command the human heart; and it is possible that Mr. Crawford's knowledge of human nature is rather the result of observation and thought than of intuition. The knowledge is, nevertheless, often startling in its accuracy; and if the characters of *Casa Braccio* are not destined to follow the reader when he lays the book aside, it is not because they are carelessly constructed. Paul Griggs gives, perhaps, a stronger impression of real individuality than do the other personages of the story; and it is interesting to find that the mystery concerning his young manhood, which so stirs our curiosity in *The Ralstons*, is solved in *Casa Braccio*. As every one knows, Griggs

is said to be, in a way, a delineation of the author himself. In Francesca Campodonico, Mr. Crawford has succeeded in the very difficult task of portraying an altogether noble woman, who is not a mere repository of the feminine virtues. This triumph he also achieved in Corona of the Saracinesca stories, though Corona was less angelic than Francesca, and therefore easier to create.

The world has, indeed, to thank Mr. Crawford for his altogether sane and pure conception of life and character. He is unpolled by modern cynicism or eroticism; and he avows his belief in good women, and noble faith and high purpose. Yet he never preaches, nor even moralises. He is simply too true an artist and too keen an observer to allow the fads of the day to obscure his vision of life.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

THE GURNEYS OF EARLHAM.*

Mr. Hare has had to go over a good deal of familiar ground in telling of a family that included, in one generation, Elizabeth Fry, Samuel and Joseph John Gurney, and Thomas Fowell Buxton. But, regarded merely as a contribution to the history of English religious and philanthropic life, the present book is not superfluous, seeing that its chief aim is to exhibit the wonderful unity that existed between the different members in their different fields of energy, which "no difference of mere opinion could dim or alter, influenced all their thoughts, and stimulated all their actions;" and the way "in which—living and working for others—they were of one heart and of one soul, neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common." And Mr. Hare's search among the family papers has thrown fresh light on some of the personal characteristics of the better-known philanthropists among them, if the record of their labours was complete before.

But the book is something more than a chapter in the history of philanthropy.

It is a gallery of strongly individual portraits. Their prosperity, the intense feeling of responsibility towards the less fortunate, common to them all, and the Quaker tradition, led to that unity in good aims of which Mr. Hare speaks in the passage quoted above; but one can make curious surmises about the careers of some of them had one or other of these factors been absent. With a warning that it is the religious life and public benevolence of a Quaker family that is the main theme of the book, it is legitimate to pick out for particular notice some phases of their life none the less humanly interesting that they were not reflected in the work which each gave to the world. It is not every day one lights on anything so genuinely amusing as the journal of Louisa Gurney when she was eleven or twelve years old. Not all of the family were Quakerly inclined, but, in spite of the moral sentiments she capriciously indulged in, none was less so at a tender age than she who wrote:

"I am really a most disagreeable, common character, and the reason why people love me can only be from habit. . . ." "How often Sundays do seem to come! After breakfast I went to Goat's [the meeting house in Goat's Lane, Norwich], not quite so disagreeable as usual. It is astonishing how we can put up with people and things. . . ." "I am always so happy to escape from the claws of Goat's. We went on very nicely in our lessons; this morning has really improved me, and how nice it is to feel oneself improved. . . ." "In the evening, as Eliza and I were walking, Scarnell came home and told us that Windham had got the election. I cannot say what I feel, I was so vexed—Eliza and I cried. I hated all the aristocrats; I felt it my right to hate them. I was fit to kill them. . . ." "In the afternoon we walked about instead of lessons—I do so like my liberty. I think it most silly to bring children up to be always at work. I am sure I should be better and happier if I did not learn much; it does try my temper so much. . . ." "I hate the common way of teaching children; people treat them as if they were idiots, and never let them judge for themselves." "After breakfast I picked most of the servants some gooseberries, and Judd's mother a whole basketful. How very good of me! I have the greatest pleasure in doing things to please others; it is one of my best qualities. . . ." "Another of my qualities which people call most bad, but which I think rather good, is that I cannot bear strict authority over me. I do from the bottom of my heart hate the preference shown 'in all things to my elders, merely because they have been in the world a little longer. I do love equality and democracy. . . ." "I read half a Quaker's book through with my father before Meeting. I am quite sorry to see him grow so Quakerly. I had a most *dis* [disgusting] Goat's." "I am afraid I shall be a flirt when I grow up. I really do

* The Gurneys of Earlham. By Augustus J. C. Hare. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$6.00 net.

think I shall. It is rather odd for me to begin to talk about flirting; to be sure, I am not a flirt yet, but then I think I shall be. Flirtation arises from vanity and too great love of admiration, particularly from men. . . ." "Last night the Hoares and Ketts were here; we had a fiddle; it would have been more delightful with a pleasant party, but I enjoyed it thoroughly; nothing hardly can be disagreeable with a *dear, darling, elating* fiddle." "I shall not say much of that day, and indeed it is not worth saying much about. It was flat, stupid, unimproving, and Sundayish. I spent four hours at Meeting. I never, never wish to see that nasty hole again." "Yesterday was a day of glittering pleasure. Such days are glowing for the time, then they vanish like a shadow. . . ." "Oh, how I long to get a great broom, and bang all the old Quakers, who do look so triumphant and disagreeable." "We went on the high road for the purpose of being rude to the people that passed. I do think being rude is most pleasant sometimes." "I think entirely as Kitty does [written in a fit of remorse], that it is almost impossible to pass through this world without having a strict principle over your mind to act by." "Two things raise my soul to feel devotion—nature and music. As I went down the dance yesterday, I gave up my soul to the enchanting Malbrook. I thought of Heaven and of God."

An uninstructed guess at the future of this precocious child would certainly be all wrong. A somewhat more virtuous Marie Bashkirtseff would be our conception. Yet she became the wife of the banker, Samuel Hoare, a devout Churchwoman, and deserved such eulogies as these: from Fowell Buxton, "She came as near perfection as any human being I ever knew"; from Dr. Chalmers, "One of the finest specimens of feminine Christianity I ever met." If you ask for the fruits of her mental vivacity you learn she was the author of *Hints on Nursery Discipline*, and *Friendly Hints on the Management of Children*. One stage in the journey from her lively youth to her disciplined maturity is marked in the letter to her sister Hannah, written just after her marriage, in which she acknowledges "the happiness of a union with my dearest Sam," but adds, "In that, as in all other things, there are feelings of flatness which you will not misunderstand"; and a glimpse of the delicate nature shrouded in the terms of conventional praise bestowed on a good woman is seen in her sister Mrs. Fry's journal after Louisa's death—"Her very susceptible mind was so acutely sensible of the trials of life, that her Lord saw that she had had enough—more might have overwhelmed her." Though little enough is told of her life after childhood, Louisa Gurney is the fascinating figure of Mr. Hare's book.

Had she been less prosperous, she might have had more of what her soul desired, "her liberty." But of the other brothers and sisters there are pictures, too—of Joseph John, who so vividly impressed George Borrow and furnished one of the striking scenes in *Lavengro*, the embodiment of his own maxim, "Be a whole man to one thing at a time"; of Betsy (Elizabeth Fry), in her unregenerate days, receiving proposals from officers at a ball, or finding consolation amid the dulness of Meeting in her "purple boots laced with scarlet"; of Catherine, the mother to the motherless family, who slipped a proposal of marriage into her pocket unread and forgot all about it—very luckily, for the suitor changed his mind; of Priscilla, the gentle preacher, with her sympathetic tolerance of those that differed from her, who would smilingly own the instruction she had got from "the biography of the irreligious." Well, in compensation, if the irreligious dip into this biography of pious persons, they must perforce adapt Priscilla's acknowledgment to express their own gratitude.

Annie Macdonell.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.*

Five years ago a certain little volume, softly bound in blue, came stealing into the world of print, as noiselessly and modestly as the dew falls at evening, and yet with the authority of the sunrise. It was like the sunrise to some of us in its revealing power; it showed us "God in His World," and was indeed "an Interpretation." Frederick Denison Maurice had taught us to reverence the truth by virtue of which each Religion exists; George Macdonald had told us that nothing can be believed except by virtue of the truth that is in it; but this Interpreter took us from room to room in the Temple of Religion, and made it plain to us that each was but an outer court to the Holy of Holies. He showed us the World feeling ignorantly, blindly after God, everywhere lifting holy hands of prayer, with sacrifice and burnt offering; his interpretation met the needs of the student of Ethnology and Comparative Religion,

* A Study of Death. By Henry Mills Alden. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

and yet was so simple and human that the Children of the Kingdom knew its meaning best of all.

But it is not only thinking, praying man who feels after God, if haply he may find him; in his latest volume, Mr. Alden shows us the whole Creation groaning and travailing together, weaving "the living garment of Deity."

A Study of Death has nothing to do with the charnel-house and the dissecting-room; Death is shown us as "the vanishing side" of Life; the book is the Pilgrim's Progress of the Evolutionist, the "Imitatio Christi" of modern physical science. Yet life is manifested not as Evolution, but as Involution; it is made tangible through a progressive hiding away; "water becomes wine, and wine blood," Life shining more brightly under each successive veiling, until the re-veiling of the Godhead under the human form becomes God manifest in the flesh.

This is the *motif* of the book; as for its scope, "it goeth forth to the ends of the earth, and there is nothing hid from the light thereof." After an introduction marvellous for its poetic beauty, it begins with an analysis of the primitive idea of Death: a return into Life, an absorption into the greater and invisible world, surrounding and containing the visible. It is, perhaps, by virtue of his loving comprehension of essential childhood that the author enters so sympathetically into the soul of primitive man, and interprets for us his nebulous imaginings:

"The prominence given to memory and tradition in the early education of a race is not for the sake of stability, but is rather the regard of a growing tree to its roots, whither its juices perennially return; it is fidelity to the ground of quick transformation. This backward look is evident in the phrase used in patriarchal times, saying of a man when he died that he was 'gathered unto his fathers.' Therefore it is that among primitive peoples we find no allusion to a future state."

This conception of Death as the reflux of the life-wave is familiar to all ancient mysticism; Parabrahm, or Matter, is the manifestation of Brahm, or the Life-principle, and has its Manvantara and its Pralaya. Likewise, therefore, is the universe only Maya, or Illusion. But what answer shall be made for this revival of mysticism, now in the end of the ages, unto Dr. Nordau, who has told us that all mysticism is degen-

eration? There is but one. Mysticism has two quicksands, either of which is at any time liable to engulf the rash adventurer within its bounds; it may not ignore or trifle with observed phenomena; it *does* matter, even to Dante Rossetti, whether the earth revolves about the sun or the sun around it. Also the mystic meaning which it finds in these must be, bit by bit, crystallised in the character and life of the interpreter. It is in just these two points that the mysticism of Scripture differs from that of the Veda, the Koran, or the Jewish Talmud; it is just here that *A Study of Death* gives us the most entire content. One thinks of the author under the figure of a fairy tale which was indeed inspired, as to that character of it, by the thought of him—the "Aged Man," in his tower chamber lined with mirrors, wherein was reflected all that had ever happened or was then happening in the world. Weismann at his embryology, Fiske with his physio-psycho-sociology, Karl Marx and the Socialists—he sees, watches, and interprets them all, with the same smile of quiet comprehension; and for the growth in his own life, the "Providence that shapes our ends," and interprets our interpretations, took care of that. He has given us in the "Dedication" a deeper interpretation, to which we may only reverently allude.

But from the interpretation of the material world he passes to that of the Moral Order, the righteousness of the Decalogue; then, under the title of "Death Unmasked," we learn how Life was manifested as the "Man of Sorrows," and further, as the "peculiar people," "as dying, and behold we live," and afterwards to a brief and reverent glance at "the thither side of Death." One extract will commend the book more than anything we have dared to say of it. It describes the decline of physical life:

"The urgency of physical passion is spent and the intense strain of effort is relaxed; in the golden silence, beneath all the easy garrulousness, contemplation is deepened, undisturbed by passionate interest. The last juice expressed from the vine is unutterably rich. Memory seems weaker, but it is busy at the old font. The flame of life which burned only green in the springtime bursts forth into many brilliant autumnal colours, as if death had more gaiety than birth. Age seems to be a taking on anew of childhood, but with this difference—that the reaction awaits some other spheres of the withdrawn life. Instead of

the aversion which ends in seizure, there is the lingering clasp of cherished things about to be released—love mingling with the weariness, so that the final human repentance of the visible world is unlike that of any other species in its regretful backward glance of farewell. In man alone does love conquer the strong animal instinct which insists upon solitude and utter aversion of the face in death."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FEELING.*

This is a book that has been written with great care and conscientiousness. Mr. Stanley has long studied the problems upon which he here discourses with much ability and some originality. Few students of feeling have shown so much patience with the psychological analysis of it, and hence the present work will be read with some interest on this account, though the study of it will be mingled with some adverse criticism. The psychology of emotion has long been a neglected subject, and it has only been in recent years that any one could be induced to give considerable attention to it; and though much that is said upon it is quite barren of interest and profit, the necessity of cultivating some other than the intellectual field, and the place of emotion in religion and morality have induced recent writers to give some attention to this neglected province, so that the present volume is one illustration of the demand and supply.

The book does not profess to be a systematic treatment of the subject, but a series of essays upon it, displaying a thorough attempt at a complete analysis of feeling, its origin and development. The data and discussion show a very wide reading, considerable independence of judgment, and a judicial temper. Much is drawn from speculative evolution, which sometimes weakens the claim made for paradoxical conclusions; but often the extent of the analysis at least partly atones for such a procedure. In all respects the treatment will be useful for students of feeling and emotion, though the inequalities of the book will require that it be read and studied with a previous knowledge

of the subject. Parts of it are too heavy for the common reader, and parts of it, though clear, are so disputable that they cannot be received with the same authority as others, and this in spite of the fact that they are very suggestive. This is simply to say that the volume must be read and studied with discrimination and intelligence.

In regard to content, it is interesting to note the author's position, which will seem new and paradoxical to the readers of the traditional psychology. The author maintains not only that feeling is the basic element of all consciousness, conditioning cognition and volition, which are its differentiations, but that *pain* is the primitive form of this feeling, and *pleasure* is a subsequent development, not being the first aspect or even contemporary aspect of consciousness. This position is developed at great length, and appears as conditioning all subsequent discussions of the problem. The first criticism that would be passed upon the author is the failure to define feeling adequately. He has rather taken for granted the loose notion which prevails with nearly all psychologists, and that the general student either understands this or knows exactly what the term means. But this is perhaps a minor fault. The next point open to criticism is the conception which evidently determines the author's fundamental doctrine. This is the conception of pain as a *local* phenomenon and pleasure as diffused and general. The primitive condition is neutral and without any pleasure, so that the first stimulus and responsive function results in pain which must be local. Pleasure arises after organic life has had some experience in adjustment to avoid pain. Not to say anything of the speculative and doubtful character of such a view, one has only to note the confusion in the author's mind between a certain degree of intensity and location of pain with what is meant by the same term as general and disagreeable consciousness. He has seized some *typical* pain as determining the generic nature of it, and then, without seeing that pleasure might be the same, has contrasted it with the feelings of vigour and vitality, which are pleasure, in order to assume that the latter appear after pain, because they have, by assumption, no reason to exist until after stimulus, which must produce

* Studies in the Evolutionary Psychology of Feeling. By Hiram M. Stanley. Member of the American Psychological Association. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2 25.

pain, because stimulus indicates disturbance in the environment. But the present writer sees no reason why stimulus must necessarily produce pain, either local or general, and no reason why the consciousness might not be pleasant before any disturbance from environment entered.

It also sounds strange to make the cognitive functions of consciousness either a differentiation of feeling or a subsequent development. This comes from failure to distinguish between objective and subjective cognition, on the one hand, and between abstract and concrete conceptions of the problem, on the other, making a temporal distinction between feeling and cognition where it is only logical.

One need not dwell upon the points which might be criticised, because they would carry us into too much discussion, and many of them, even when there is much to favour the author's position, would lead us to an examination of psychology in its larger aspects. It must suffice, therefore, to give one or two illustrations of the author's method and results, as precautions to the reader. For the discussion is upon extremely abstruse ground, and every step can be gained only by the most careful analysis, or by the observation of a large number of facts, or by both. The author's analysis is better than his observation of objective facts, though one must confess that it is too subjective, made so evidently by the failure partly to correct self-observation by the observation of others, and partly to understand rightly his own mental operations. But after all this is said there remain the evidence of great scholarly care, the love of truth, patient and thorough study, and opinions that are very suggestive even where we would not wholly accept them. As an illustration of this one might refer to the chapter on Ethical Emotion, where the analysis is excellent. The distinction emphasised in it is that between the function of cognition to give men knowledge, and emotion to move the will, and from it the author concludes that ethics is not a science, but the art of directing and moving the will. The weakness of the position lies in the assumption that the study of ethical phenomena is only for practical purposes, when we may also be interested in their theoretical side, their ex-

planation as well as their utility, their ground as well as their motive efficiency. This is to say that he conceives of ethics as wholly practical, and hence very naturally excludes their scientific field. Apart from this he very justly emphasises that aspect of emotion, its motor and motive efficiency from the passive and speculative character of cognition.

One chapter is hardly pertinent to the subject of the volume—for instance, that on Attention; and the chapter on Induction and Emotion hardly justifies their juxtaposition with each other. But there is a very interesting chapter on the Psychology of Literary Style, in which the author seems at his best.

On the whole, the volume is marked with irregularities, in which merits often balance demerits, and it can be read with both pleasure and profit. It is, however, too scientific to interest the general reader, and requires a natural inclination for psychological analysis to appreciate it fully, a fact which is not a fault of the book, but only a surety that it will be less widely read than it deserves.

James H. Hyslop.

A CANADIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

This massive and handsomely printed volume, which extends to more than 700 pages, is an honour to the author, a credit to Canada, and an indispensable source of information to all who desire to make a scientific study of Canadian history or Canadian literature. It is a list of the works relating to Canada collected by M. Gagnon in the course of the past twenty years, and comprises not only books, manuscripts, and pamphlets, but also prints, maps, plans, autographs, portraits, and book-plates, the whole numbering upwards of 5000 separate items. The Canadian bibliographer has, indeed, a harder task than falls to the lot of most collectors. The fact that there have been comparatively few important libraries in the Dominion, and that some of the best of these have been destroyed by fire, the smallness of the editions of many of the most interesting brochures, and the lack of general inter-

* *Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne.* Par Philéas Gagnon. Québec: Imprimé pour l'Auteur.

est in their preservation—all combine to discourage the bibliophile, even though he be as learned, as enthusiastic, and as indefatigably liberal as M. Gagnon himself. Again, the late introduction of the printing-press into Canada is another thing to be taken into account, as many of the early books were the product of foreign establishments, and, therefore, especially difficult to secure to-day. The generally accepted opinion is that the first publication actually emanating from a Canadian printing-house was the *Gazette de Québec*, the first number of which appeared on the twenty-first of June, 1764; though M. Gagnon believes, and has some evidence to show, that even under the French régime, some years earlier than this, printing was not unknown. At any rate, there are no examples of purely Canadian typography of earlier date than the middle of the last century. Because of all these difficulties in the way of the bibliographer, no such work as this of M. Gagnon had yet appeared; and as he tells us in his interesting preface, a number of writers who intended to deal with certain phases of Canadian history have been compelled to abandon their purpose, discouraged by the lack of proper bibliographic aid.

The works are arranged (with some special exceptions) in alphabetical order, and are supplied by the author with notes which will be of the greatest service to the historical and literary student. There are also some 45 facsimiles of title-pages, autographs, and book-plates. Among the autographs thus reproduced are those of Lord Amherst, Brébeuf, and Christopher Columbus, the last consisting of annotations made by the great discoverer in two volumes that had been in his possession. The book-plates given in facsimile are somewhat less interesting. Altogether, the volume is a distinct gain to the world, and we congratulate the author on the erudite and liberal spirit in which it has been executed.

IN DEFIANCE OF THE KING.*

Has the Romantic wave crossed the Atlantic at last? The question is naturally suggested by Mr. Hotchkiss's story,

* *In Defiance of the King*. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

which is a tale of adventure and a romance of the times of the American Revolution. Let us say at once that *In Defiance of the King* is not a great story, nor is it quite successful as a romance. But let us hasten to add that where Mr. Hotchkiss has succeeded he has done his work remarkably well, and his failure to lift the story into the regions of pure romance is perhaps due to inexperience and immaturity. For a first story it calls for warm commendation, and if Mr. Hotchkiss has it in him to write a romance, and can overcome the impression made by this experiment that the defects of the story are inherent in the writer, none will award him heartier thanks and encouragement than the present reviewer. Faulty construction, false proportion, and crudeness of form can be improved and mitigated, or even admitting the presence of inartistic craftsmanship, sheer force of imagination may overpower these barriers and compel admiration and wonder. The inefficacy of Mr. Hotchkiss's work would seem to arise from the want of that higher quality of imagination which is essential to creation, and which covers a multitude of literary sins in the romantic writers of the day. It is evident that *In Defiance of the King* is the fruit of painstaking effort, careful and industrious historical research, and of considerable warmth of feeling. But it is too veracious to be finely imaginative, and the faults of proportion and construction retard the movement and swing of the narrative, and give a repeated check to the exciting and adventurous portions of the tale. It fails to rise to the romantic mood, and lacks the thrill, the magic touch which transforms mere history into romance and converts photography into art.

In Defiance of the King is deserving, however, of more than negative criticism. There has been a good deal of indiscriminate and fulsome praise lavished upon it in some quarters, for which neither the author nor the reader will be grateful, and it seemed wise to state unpleasant truths first, especially as the work is notable and worthy of careful criticism. It is a long time since we read a tale of the Revolutionary period which has interested us so much; indeed for its peer in this respect we must go back to Fenimore Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*. The story is confined to the inroads and in-

cursions of the British incendiaries along the Long Island Sound, and particularly around the town of New London. The Battle of Lexington, the burning of Norwalk, the meeting with Benedict Arnold, and the storming of New London are described with the fidelity and accuracy of an eye-witness. The adventurous voyages on the *Will o' the Wisp* are among the most exciting and interesting episodes; and Jacob Moon is by all odds the best character in the book. When he falls we feel that he has taken something of us with him. The story begins well, and occasionally reaches heights of dramatic interest as it proceeds; and if it be long in the telling, of few stories can we say, as we can of this one, that it is well worth spending the time over, and will fully repay the reader in the end.

J. M.

CARMINA MINORA.*

Mr. Abbey states in a prefatory note that this, the third edition of his poems, contains "all the poems of mine that I wish to have live." As the book is one of some 290 pages, it will be seen that Mr. Abbey is making quite a large demand on immortality; for how many poets have ever written as much verse as this that can be said, in any proper sense of the word, to have "lived"? Very few indeed, and those only the very greatest. It is, indeed, much if, at the end of a century from his death, any one has left a score of lines that dwell in the hearts and on the lips of men. But, after all, Mr. Abbey only "wishes," he does not necessarily expect, a poetical immortality, so one need not say anything very severe about his natural ambition. As for the volume before us, it is fairly well described by a Latin poet:

"Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura."

The critical reader will probably peruse

* The Poems of Henry Abbey. Third edition, enlarged. Kingston, N. Y.: Published by the Author. \$1.25.

Rhymes of Our Planet. By Will Carleton. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

After Many Years. By Richard Henry Savage. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

American War Ballads, 1725-1865. Edited by George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

with most pleasure the least pretentious things that it contains, in which there is often to be found a touch of true poetic feeling and also felicity of expression. But as for the longer poems, they come perilously near to prose. Take this from "Karagew":

"O rash wife, South! Thy true husband, the North,

Lovest thee yet, though thou wentest astray.

In Truth's great court, where thy trial was held,

To thee was granted no bill of divorce."

This sounds too much like the morning paper. And this from "Gettysburg":

"On his horse Gates shouldered the colours (lest, haply, it should be lost)

Till he knew the chance of its capture was safely weathered and crossed;

For not far from the Seminary, where a stone and rail fence stood,

He again formed line with Biddle, at the edge of a narrow wood.

"There were thirty and five armed thousands, with this savage, warlike will. Slave-holders and proud work-scorners, and for being that, fiercer still."

This would do very well for a paper to read at a reunion of the G. A. R., but we fear that it will not "live."

Mr. Will Carleton's former reputation has been very much overshadowed of late years by the far more artistic and sympathetic work of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley; but he has also contributed to his own eclipse by attempting to write in a too pretentious vein. Mr. Carleton is not a poet, not even a minor poet; but some of his earlier rhymes were very cleverly put together, and were redolent of a certain native humour. The present volume from his pen shows that the original vein is about worked out, though here and there may still be found bits that are very readable. But as for the seriously intended verses, "why, the bellman could write better lines!" as old Osbaldistone said.

Mr. Richard Henry Savage, the author of *My Official Wife* and *Delilah of Harlem*, appears as a versifier in the handsome volume before us, of which it is perhaps sufficient to say that the literary quality of his verse is fully up to the level of his prose as seen in *Delilah of Harlem*. The bearing of this remark, in Bunsby's phrase, lies in the application.

Mr. Eggleston's collection of songs and verses relating to our early colonial wars,

the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812-15, the Mexican War, and the Civil War, is, on the whole, a very interesting one, though the title of the book is misleading, inasmuch as not half of the pieces gathered together in it were ever sung, and many of them have no lyrical quality whatever. Yet they possess a certain value of their own, if not always for either historical or literary merit. Mr. Eggleston admits to his collection not only the popular songs of the periods mentioned, but also many of the famous poems that have touched the national heart, such as "Paul Revere's Ride," "Old Ironsides," "The Bivouac of the Dead," and "Barbara Frietchie," and has opened the door pretty wide for many other compositions that are neither famous nor readable. His lack of discrimination is, indeed, very noticeable, for he has left out the inspiring ballad "The Battle of New Orleans," and Whittier's fine poem, "The Angels of Buena Vista" which is by far the

best thing called forth by the Mexican War, and Thompson's "High Tide at Gettysburg," and has clogged his pages with such dreary balderdash as Brownell's "Bay Fight," which occupies no less than twenty-two good pages. To include such a production in a collection of "ballads" is too preposterous. But one can forgive even this in his pleasure at finding at last in permanent and attractive form such splendid bits of lyrical history as are embodied in the "Carmen Bellicosum," Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Stonewall Jackson's Way," "Three Hundred Thousand More," and Mr. Stedman's grandly indignant poem, "Wanted, a Man," which President Lincoln read to his Cabinet in the gloomiest hour of the war. Occasional short introductory notes add to the value of the collection, which is also illustrated by a number of rather sketchy designs.

P. K.

NOVEL NOTES.

AFTERMATH. Part Second of *A Kentucky Cardinal*. By James Lane Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

Many books are written from the outside; a few are written from the inside, and it is to this exclusive little company that *Aftermath*, Mr. James Lane Allen's new novel, belongs. The work appears far apart from the hasty, restless kind that marks the vogue of the moment. Its simplicity, its reticence, its tranquillity, and, most of all, the intellectual satisfaction which it gives, seem to pertain to another time and to a finer and more enduring form of art. And yet, as a study of the highest inner life, it is as true to-day as it was yesterday, or will be to-morrow, or during all time, so long as there are noble men and women in the world.

The story is the second part of *A Kentucky Cardinal*, and flows on in unbroken continuity, as though it were not an afterthought, and the two parts had always been one. There is the same deliciously novel love-making as in the beginning, and the same sparkle of fine,

fresh, wholesome humour throughout. But this sunny, dainty fun does not detract from the growing earnestness of the story; it only illuminates the depths that are sounded. And these, as revealed in the fulfilment of the destinies of Adam and Georgiana, are the profoundest known to the human heart. Gradually he is drawn farther and farther away from nature, and closer and closer to his own kind. And as they "approach that mystical revelation of life which must come with marriage," they are filled with "a beautiful wonder at what they are, at what love is, at what it means for a man and a woman to live together." Nor when they are husband and wife does the yearning and the questioning cease. Thus it must always go on, this ceaseless effort of one loving soul to reach another "through the throbbing walls of flesh, across the lone impassable gulfs of individual being." And the greater the love, the lonelier the soul—that is the cruelty of love. Yet the mystery never lessens the sweetness—and that is the mercy of love.

Adam paints pictures of their ideal home life :

"Georgiana's gaze was very deep in the flames. And how sweet her face was, how inexpressibly at peace! She had folded the wings of her whole life, and sat by the hearth as still as a brooding dove. No past laid its disturbing touch on her shoulder. Instead I could see that if there were any flight of her mind away from the present, it was into the future—a slow, tranquil flight across the years, with all the happiness they must bring."

Then on a spring morning, "at dawn, amid such singing of birds that every tree and yard became a dew lung belfry of chimes," the miracle of maternity deepens the mystery of love; and Adam's heart throbs through his playful words :

"But I gambol in spirit like a hawk in the air. Let me hood myself with parental cares; for I have been a sire for half a day. I am speechless before the stupendous wisdom of my son, in view of his stupendous ignorance. Already he lectures to the old people about the house on the perfect conduct of life, and the only preparation he requires for his lectures is a few drops of milk. By means of these, and without any knowledge of anatomy, he will show us for instance what it is to be master of the science of vital function. . . . He has no cares beyond his needs; all space to him is what he can fill, all time his instant of action. He does not know where he came from, what he is, why here, whither bound; nor does he ask. My heart aches helplessly for him when he shall have become a man and have grown less wise. . . . If I could put forth one protecting prayer that would cover all his years, it would be that through life he continue as wise as the day he was born."

But after this there are no more words, grave or gay, for weeks. Georgiana has passed away, and Adam is silently gathering up the fragments of his shattered life. When he can speak he goes quietly on, saying little about his grief :

"To-day for the first time I went back to the woods. It was pleasant to be surrounded again by the ever-living earth that feels no loss and has no memory; that was serene yesterday, is green to-day, will be serene again to-morrow, then green once more; that pauses not for wounds and wrecks nor lingers over death and change; but onward, ever onward along the groove of the law, passes from its red origin in universal flame to its white end in universal snow. And yet, as I approach the edge of the forest, it was as though an invisible company of influences came gently forth to meet me, and sought to draw me back into their old friendship. I found myself stroking the trunks of the trees as I would throw my arm around the shoulders of a tried comrade; I drew down the branches and plunged my face into the new leaves as into a tonic stream."

At last comes the aftermath—the pale, late growth that overspreads the har-

vested land, bringing peace like a soft, quiet, cloudless twilight.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO
By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Anthony Hope is finding out his enviable position. Do what he will, he has the power to please most people. Whatever be his moods, and whatever the quality of his performance, he is never awkward, and elegance of form in any literary matter popularly interesting is so uncommon that gratitude and admiration are widespread and intense in proportion. Now that he is finding this out, it is not surprising that he should take advantage of it, and give pleasure to his numerous admirers as frequently and with as little trouble to himself as possible. It is impertinent to pry into the state of Mr. Hope's soul to see if it is growing demoralised by easy triumphs, but it is quite justifiable to say that a little more effort than is to be found in his latest book is wanted to keep up the estimate which some sincere but discreet admirers have formed of his powers. The stories here are entertaining, and the youth of fourteen who should disapprove of them would do so from mere dullness. But there are features in it that would lead one to believe they were not written for lads in their early teens. Yet it is not exactly a book for men and women, to whom the tales, excellent in imagining as many of them are, must be spoiled by the artificiality of the mechanism, and the conventionality of all the motives, feelings, and expressions, of the human beings concerned. Mr. Hope is a novelist of power, and he gives us an unimpeachable gift-book of a quality equalled by a dozen boys' story writers any Christmas. His Antonio he calls an outlaw; but he is the outlaw of a maiden-aunt's or a schoolmaster's imagination—compounded of demi-god and family pastor. True, he appears to us through the narrative of a holy father, but Mr. Hope chose that medium, and if it was unsuitable for the rough record of the wild men who took to the hills, he is responsible. There is no lack of blows and battling, but all the rough play is carried on in so genteel an atmosphere that it sounds like sham-fighting all the time. The manner of the writing is after this familiar style—

"Therefore he sent word to Antonio, that if he caught him, he would hang him on the hill from the branches of the tree to which Antonio had bound Paul, and would leave his body there for three times three days. And, this message coming to Antonio, he sent one privily by night to the gate of the city, who laid outside the gate a letter for the Duke; and in the letter was written, 'God chooses the hand. All is well.'"

We feel sure there were few erasures in the manuscript. Once having caught the easy swing of this style, there is no reason why one should ever stop. From these unkind observations we except some portions of the *Chronicles*, where Mr. Hope has taken time to be himself; but on the whole his facile grace has here proved itself a snare. Let us genially call this latest story of his a relaxation; yet such relaxations should be anonymous, and they might safely be so, for they have no individuality.

SIR QUIXOTE OF THE MOORS. By John Buchan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

We understand that this is the first piece of fiction by a new writer. If so, it is a decidedly promising bit of work, full of humour and vitality, and it deserves to be successful. It is without doubt one of the best stories that have been issued in the Buckram Series, and we congratulate the publishers on their acquisition. It is hard to say just what Mr. Buchan will yet do, but there are strong evidences of a master hand at work in this delicious little idyll. To be sure he will suffer by comparison with Stevenson and Crockett, and it may be fair to say that but for these writers the tale had never been written. But it is by no means an imitation. There are traces of their influence in his manner, and there are characteristic touches which remind us of Weyman as well as of the writers already mentioned; but there is an individual quality in his work and a certain bewitchment which belongs to the higher forms of imagination. Poor Sir Quixote is very human, and is next of kin to most of us; but we are particularly grateful for the heroine, who is so real as to enlist our sympathies from the first, and whose presence in the story becomes a living memory long after the book is closed. We could never have forgiven the *Sieur de Rohaine* had he deserted her in the end. The story is told with great delicacy and grace of diction, and pervading it is

an air of gentle romance like the fragrant aroma of sweet lavender in an old garden. Whatever defects exist in the story arise from immaturity, but the power of reserve which is evident on every page makes us hope great things of the author. We shall certainly look with eagerness for his next book.

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES. From the *Skazki* of Polevoi, by R. Nisbet Bain. Illustrated by C. M. Gere. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$2.00.

COSSACK FAIRY TALES AND FOLK-TALES. Illustrated by E. W. Mitchell. Selected, edited, and translated by R. Nisbet Bain. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.00.

Mr. Nisbet Bain has added to our knowledge of the folk-lore of an interesting and little worked field of the Continent, as well as contributing to our ever-increasing delight in the old-world stories, which find a home in the hearts of all who have not altogether lost the fresh sense of wonder which is the prerogative of the nursery. When *Russian Fairy Tales* appeared in England the volume met with a generous reception, very gratifying to the editor and translator, for the work was arduous, and, while largely a labour of love, the attempt to bring these exotic stories within the comprehension of English-thinking minds and to hope for their appreciation was still an experiment. The success of this initial work encouraged Mr. Bain to try his hand at a sister volume of stories, selected from another Slavonic dialect extraordinarily rich in folk-tales—the Ruthenian. We venture to think that Mr. Bain has succeeded even better in this volume, chiefly because he has had a greater variety of folk-tale to draw upon. There is plenty of fun and fancy in the Russian tales, but in the Cossack stories we have more of the fresh spontaneity and naïve simplicity of the primitive folk-tale. Many old myths and folk-lore data are peculiar to the Cossacks consequent on their comparative isolation and remoteness from other European peoples, but this is a matter of interest which affects the professional student more than the reader. The latter will find in these two volumes abundant sources of enjoyment and delectation, and we hope that the fine manner in which both publishing houses have produced these books will be the least reason for awarding them a successful entrance into this country.

LADY BONNIE'S EXPERIMENT. By Tighe Hopkins. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

Mr. Evesdon, *alias* Mr. Menton Pleydell, by which name he is known as the author of a work on horticulture, is suddenly called home from the Continent on legal business, and on the way from Dover to London he impersonates the part of a hero in a melodrama which his friend Clubbe is bringing out, and narrates his pretended adventures in cold blood to an intelligent, refined, and sensitive lady, whom he had met *en route* from Calais to Dover for the first time. The *dénouement* is rather startling for the experimenter, who is hypnotised by the steady stare of his fair listener. He arrives in London and ascertains from his lawyer that an eccentric old lady has just died, leaving her property to the author of *The Jacobean Garden*, which he may utilise by laying out the plans fondly idealised in his book. But there is a contestant in the case in the shape of an unknown lady, who it turns out is unwilling to interfere, but whose father is more than willing. Mr. Evesdon is invited to Dene Farm to visit Lady Bonville for the purpose of assisting her to set up a modern Forest of Arden or Court of Love, as the author conceives it. He finds that Lady Bonnie is identical with the lady who listened to his harrowing tale in the railway carriage, and he falls in love—Lady Bonnie has a husband—with her secretary, who it appears is the niece of the eccentric testatrix, and whose claim stands in the way of the settlement of the will on Mr. Evesdon, the author of *The Jacobean Garden*. The plot thickens with this interesting *contretemps*, but the reader will guess the rest. The story is written in a lively, spirited vein, and does not tax the reader's attention too severely. It must not be taken *au sérieux*, or its illusion will be dispelled; but those who want light entertainment will find *Lady Bonnie's Experiment* very amusing.

AT TUXTER'S. By G. B. Burgin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

This is a story to be thankful for. The characters bear no burdens, nor do they trouble themselves with problems; they are happy-go-lucky, light-hearted creations raised up for the reader's entertainment. Mrs. Tuxter's grocery

store was located on one corner, and on the opposite corner stood "The Stoat and Hammer," which provided the means of slaking the phenomenal aridity presumably caused by the food and condiments sold at the provision shop. Tuxter, it appears, was not above frequenting "The Stoat and Hammer" to drink confusion to Mrs. Tuxter, whenever an opportunity offered, and to imperil his "immortal" soul by glancing at the buxom barmaid. Little Drusilla, the infant daughter of Tuxter's niece of that name, winds her childish way into his heart, and gets adopted; Mrs. Tuxter, to get even with her spouse, rescues Thomas Henry from the Foundling Hospital with a five-pound note. He comes well recommended: "the boy is some sort of comfort during the cold nights, if only to keep one's feet warm. Besides, he is useful to throw things at." And so the story starts on this basis with its amusing Cockney characters, in the vicinity of Holborn, and the fun is kept up to the end, although one must admit that there is more humour than human nature in the book, barring the Tuxters and their domestic *entourage*, with whom the reader will be genuinely entertained.

TALES OF AN ENGINEER. By Cy Warman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

As Robert Louis Stevenson felt adventure in the sting of the salt, so this engineer thrills to romantic daring on the iron-road.

"He loves the locomotive
As the flowers love the sea,
As the song-birds love the sunlight,
And the sailor loves the sea."

Indeed, until one has read the *Tales of an Engineer*, it would be impossible to imagine how full of picturesque allurements the track is, or how companionable and sympathetic a being is the black steam-engine. Cy Warman is like a good sailor, he loves the personality of his engine; and he has nowhere more prettily expressed this than in his account of a journey on a French engine:

"I missed the sleepy panting of the air-pump and the click of the latch on the reverse lever. There was no bell to relieve the monotony of the rasping phthisicy whistle. I wondered if we could ever understand each other, if she would respond to my touch."

He has also a poetic faculty of setting

forth the human pathos of the engineer's life in its simplicity and self-sacrificing courage, which is of a piece with the manhood of his book. There are few narratives more telling than that modest account of an engineer's and a fireman's death, which he gives us in the "Death Run." It has the sincerity and simplicity of a report; but it is something better than a report.

The book furnishes some technical information to the profession and those versed in the professional terms. It also gives an estimate of the relation of the employee to the railroad, which, we need not add, is a manly and straightforward utterance. But, beyond these rather practical uses, it is a unique contribution to current literature. Its pages have the energy and the first-hand inspiration of good writing.

THE VILLAGE WATCH-TOWER. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

Mrs. Wiggin adopts, more deliberately than heretofore, the manner of serious art in this volume addressed to grown-up readers. And a praiseworthy ambition is this—to quit for a time the condescension to the young person, which, knowing she can manage it with so much grace, Mrs. Wiggin is tempted to make her literary mission. Miss Alcott, too, was not always content to play the part of the good-natured aunt in literature. Yet, in the case at hand, the author has not strikingly justified her departure. These six sketches of New England life seem scarcely to sound a new note. Is that the fate of all belated travellers on the well-worn road of New England country fiction? There are no actual repetitions here of well-worn subjects; yet there is also no particularly novel point of view. "A Village Stradivarius" is the sketch which comes nearest to original power. Moreover, the contents of the present volume are not stories, they are sketches—preliminaries to the real achievement.

The charm of the book is, after all, the old charm which has won Mrs. Wiggin her well-deserved popularity; and that consists in her ease, her humour, and her sweet and wholesome sentiment, rather than in any stronger power. In these qualities it does not fall below the "lovely book," which the author wishes might have borne more

worthily her dedication to the "dear old apple-tree." After all, we have other authors to the front who will solve problems in dramatic construction and in difficult passion. We need not overrate the pretensions of this pleasant volume.

RED ROWANS. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

Mrs. Steel's work will always command attention, not only for the artistic merits of its composition, but for the independence of its point of view. For, in spite of "art for art's sake," we read problem novels with a confessed interest in the problem *per se*. Perhaps it is the misfortune of our intellectualism, but Mr. George Meredith indulges us in our foibles as well as many another strong writer less unimpeachably an artist. After all, the literature of play-
-lovable as it is, and very desirable as an antidote for our seriousness—is out of step with the main march. It is not a literary period of pure humanism. And, fortunately for us, there are writers who can make the "problem" a legitimate motive in imaginative fiction. They do not palm off theories on us under a poor disguise of human drapery; they give us living human nature—human nature not distorted on any Procrustean bed of a point of view, yet somehow still so disposed of as to point the moral. And if that moral is irrevocably bound up in the vital passions of life, it rightfully belongs to art.

Two years ago Mrs. Steel's first book, *Miss Stuart's Legacy*, gained favourable comment from the press. It was a novel of English life in India, told with fine regard for the demands of striking and original action in the story and for characterisation, and also with much passion of purpose. The purpose has survived in the present novel. Told briefly in a quotation from the preceding novel, it runs: "Must love always be handfast to something else? Or was it possible for it to exist, not in the self-denying penance of propriety and duty, but absolutely free and content in itself? Why not?" In *Red Rowans* this theme is presented through English and Scottish character against a Scottish background, with less dramatic and picturesque effect than when it was set forth on Indian soil—there is very little action so called in *Red Rowans*—

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yet with a firm control of the motive, which is worked out through strong and subtle contrasts of personality and the personal relation, and with a more ambitious dealing in the complexities of character.

Mrs. Steel's work has a masculine force which is shown not only in her independence of convention and the stock phrase, but in her almost virile appreciation of passion. It is an appreciation, however, which is bounded by an admirable self-restraint. Perhaps what one misses most in her book is the note of real gaiety; it has scarcely more than efforts at gaiety. There are very few women writers deeply in earnest, who can preserve their seriousness and at the same time the irresistible humour which, in a man's case, is quite consistent with his sense of the deepest tragedy or purpose. If there is any criticism to make on the technique of Mrs. Steel's book, we should say that it was needlessly diffuse, seeing that its plot is little relieved by palpable action. Otherwise it is a sound piece of workmanship; a criticism of the old relation between man and woman which deserves respect, and also a vivid picture of life—actual life, though chiefly from its subjective side.

AGAINST HUMAN NATURE. By Maria Louise Pool. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

There is a story told of two ugly men who engaged in a "making-face match." One of them contorted his countenance to a degree which the spectators believed to be unsurpassable; but when the second man "made a face," every one, with one consent, called out to him to "stay as God made him!" This exhortation might almost be taken as the text of Miss Pool's last novel, if it were not too true a bit of drawing to have a text, though the moral is certainly there for such as have eyes to discover it. The daughter of a Massachusetts Yankee and a Louisianian, brought up—no! we mistake!—*growing* up among the wild, free mountains of North Carolina, Temple Crawford believed that because her mother's married life had been unhappy, it was the sheerest madness for any one to marry for love. Far better to begin with mutual esteem and affectionate friendship,

since one must, in any case, end with these. As for herself, she is, she says, of a cold temperament, and incapable of love; therefore when she "experiences religion" under the preaching of the young evangelist, Richard Mercer, she quite believes that only religion has happened to her and not love, in the smallest degree. Of course not! This is only a hint of the *motif* of the story; to attempt a bald outline of the sequence of events would be to do the book an injustice. In fact, it is such a spontaneous sort of thing as to be almost unjust to itself; there are no marks of construction apparent, but things "just happen." It is only by remembering Miss Pool's earlier works that we realise the advance she has made as an artist, and that *Against Human Nature* is the result of a close study of its subject and some very real "experiences." The *motif* already indicated (which is handled with a delicacy and exquisite purity that cannot be over-praised), with the evangelistic labours of the Mercers and the tension of the mountain background, constitute a *materiel* which, in the hands of some writers, would have been lurid and unnatural as a transformation scene in an extravaganza. Miss Pool saves herself and us by her wholesome realism and her bubbling fun; she takes her tragedy as "Almina K. Drowdy, of Hoyt, Mass.," takes the mountain air: it seemed as if a person could be taken up for intoxication, just for breathing that air, but she had to breathe it, as it was the only air there was. Yet even the "relaxing woman" and "the abnormal girl," with whom Temple's shattered nerves bring her in contact, are not simply funny. The current of tragedy sweeps steadily on under the inimitable "bits" whose setting is "Hoyt, Mass.," and we realise, as we lay aside the book, that we know better than ever before how the nervous exhaustion of our day is due to a strained and non-natural mode of living, and that nothing in the world is so well worth while as to "stay as God made us." We are glad to recognise Miss Pool as an artist of genuine merit and of a distinctively American type, who in this book has met both Miss Wilkins and Miss Murfree, each on her own ground, and in our opinion has proved herself a better craftsman than either.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

STUDIES OF MEN. By George W. Smalley.
New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

The post of foreign correspondent to a great New York journal, with headquarters at London, is the blue ribbon of American journalism. The winner of it has a good income assured him, an allowance for expenses as great as that of many an ambassador, and his duty is what most cultivated men would regard as pleasure. To mingle with the men who are making history, to know intimately the representatives of great political, literary, and financial interests, and to put himself in touch with the currents of a nation's life—surely this is what any man of intellect and broad sympathy would find a rare delight in doing. It is the well-accredited American journalist alone who can enjoy these privileges to the full. He is sufficiently detached from any personal or partisan interest to be *persona grata* to Englishmen of all shades of opinion; yet he is not in any real sense of the word a foreigner, so as to be viewed with suspicion; and he can understand the subtle meaning of what he sees and hears as no Frenchman or German could ever do.

Probably no one who has yet occupied this enviable position was ever better fitted by nature and by training to reap the full advantage of these opportunities than Mr. Smalley, who in this handsome and most entertaining volume writes down some of the observations that he made during his long stay abroad, of the great men of our own time. Cardinal Newman, Mr. Balfour, Tennyson, the German Emperor, Prince Bismarck, Professor Jowett, Professor Tyndall, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, President Carnot, Lord Bowen, Mrs. Humphry Ward—it is enough to enumerate these to show how wide an outlook Mr. Smalley has taken; for they represent the whole world of politics, government, letters, science, scholarship, and art. Of course, from the nature of the case, there are certain restrictions imposed upon a journalist in Mr. Smalley's position; because, being a gentleman and having personal relations with the subjects of his book, he cannot speak of

them as freely as could one who had viewed them wholly in an exoteric way; and hence we must expect to find, as we do, his narrative always amiable and optimistic; yet his graceful tact does not prevent him from giving one, on the whole, a very fair and intelligent understanding of the characters that he draws for us, especially as it is not difficult here and there to read between the lines, and to fill in the necessary shadows.

Of all the sketches in this volume, we have been most interested in that of Lord Tennyson, partly because in it Mr. Smalley has written with less reserve than in the others, and partly because it throws a good deal of light upon the personal side of the poet—a side which he himself sedulously and almost morbidly kept secret from the world. His consistently repellent attitude toward the public at large was, in reality, as Mr. Smalley shows, an attitude deliberately taken, and almost a necessity. "He was able to live his own life when once he had established a reputation for moroseness. It was his fixed resolve that he would not suffer his life to be frittered away in mere civilities." Most of the many anecdotes which Mr. Smalley tells of him are new, and they are all extremely interesting, so that we wish we could quote some of them in full. How he once squeezed the Empress of Russia's hand; how he put an omniscient critic of his poems to confusion; how he swigged enormous quantities of port wine; how he drove the hardest kind of bargains with his publishers; how he called Lord Houghton a beast; how he was frequently rude to ladies, and how once upon a time he got as good as he sent—all these things are intensely interesting, and are typical also of the fund of fresh, authentic, and delightful *memorabilia* with which Mr. Smalley's entire book abounds.

ANIMA POETE. Selections from the unpublished Note Books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

It would seem at this late day, when nearly two generations have passed away since Coleridge left us, that all

his writings had been made public. And yet we have here an octavo volume, uniform with the *Letters of Coleridge* published in the spring, full of hitherto unpublished aphorisms, reflections, confessions, and soliloquies, collected under the title of *Anima Poetae*. From youth to age note-books, pocket-books, copy-books, of all shapes, sizes, and bindings accumulated in Coleridge's possession. They were his "silent confidants," his "never-failing friends" by night and by day. More than fifty of these are extant, and their contents are as various as the versatility of Coleridge's genius could make them. Hitherto but little use has been made of this lifelong accumulation of literary material. Gems of thought, rare passages of beautiful diction, autobiographic fragments and other notes of singular interest and beauty have been culled successively for varying purposes, and used in a number of works pertaining to Coleridge, but the bulk of the material has been left for the present editor to glean in. Much in these note-books is of a private and sacred character, but it is nevertheless certain from internal evidence that Coleridge had no mind they should perish utterly. "Hints and first thoughts" he bade us regard the contents of his memorandum-books. "It was his fate," says his nephew, "to wrestle from night to morn with the Angel of the Vision, and of that unequal combat he has left, by way of warning or encouragement, a broken but an inspired and inspiring record."

The selections have been arranged, as far as possible, in chronological order, and an index of proper names and of subjects gives completeness to the plan. The notes begin with Coleridge's literary career and extend down to the summer of 1828, when he visited the Continent with Wordsworth. After that the note-books are taken up almost wholly with metaphysical and theological disquisitions, and are not of general interest. Sufficient in quality and quantity, however, has been gathered to make a rich addition to English literature, also to add one more volume to those profound works marked by that affluence of intellectual light, that free play of imagination, and that literary charm which are peculiar to the genius of Coleridge.

THE SPIRIT OF JUDAISM. By Josephine Lazarus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

This is a series of essays originally published in the *Century* and in the *Jewish Messenger* during the last two years: they are earnest, thoughtful, and well written. Perhaps the strongest impression one receives from them is of the personality of the author; and next comes deep sympathy, as for the prophet of a forlorn hope. Her division of modern Judaism into three classes, the extreme orthodox, or Pharisees, the reformed or moderate Jews, and the Sadducees, who are mere deists, where they are not pure agnostics, was probably *mutatis mutandis* as true eighteen centuries ago as it is now; in fact, the same classification obtains in every religion and political party, as the French have detected and formulated, as Right, Centre, and Left. But it is a strange world in which even Miss Lazarus half gives up the historic personality of the great Jewish Lawgiver, at the very moment that such men as Sayce and Rawlinson are telling us that the list of the kings of Edom in Gen. 36 was no doubt copied from an official record during the stay of the Israelites in Esau's country; and the Palestine Exploration Society are saying calmly that the Book of Joshua is invaluable to them as an *Itinerarium*. The modern Israelite finds himself placed, as soon as he catches the drift of modern thought, between the horns of a dilemma; either the historic Christ was the Messiah of his nation, or there was no Messiah, and never will be. Miss Lazarus and other pure and devout souls seek to evade both Scylla and Charybdis by announcing Israel himself as the Deliverer, the Light of the World—a position once, indeed, open to him, but forfeited nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The enthusiasm and self-devotedness, the truly enlightened world-patriotism of our author, move one almost to tears; but where will she find the Promethean spark to kindle a like fire in her nation? That Jewish exclusiveness is doomed to self-extinction is probably clear to most of us; that Jewish monotheism is likely to die out into agnosticism seems sadly probable; and once again, as in the old days, a prophet has risen up among them, to warn them of the way of escape from the evil to come; but the

Jews were never wont to heed their prophets overmuch; will they do so in the end of the days, the time that now is?

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NUMBER. By James A. McClellan and John Dewey. International Education Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The present volume is designed to explain the psychological nature of number, or better, perhaps, to explain the idea of it, and then to apply it to arithmetic for the purpose of assisting teachers in the work of imparting instruction upon the subject. Professor W. T. Harris, as editor of the series, of which this volume is one number, writes a preface for it. There are two main parts to the work. The first psychologically analyzes and defines the idea of number, and the second shows its application to arithmetic. Both the preface and the main body of the work, however, are governed and pervaded by the notion that all successful teaching of arithmetic is conditioned by the psychology of number. This is distinctly stated in one case. We should flatly deny such a claim, and we can only think that all such conceptions of the subject only confuse scientific methods and objects with the pedagogical. Psychology is a great help in teaching—we might say indispensable; and we should understand number in order to teach arithmetic; but we do not know of what use the psychology of number can be in arithmetic, except to satisfy the curiosity of the learned.

There is much to interest the student in the volume, but this interest is conditioned either by a strong curiosity about very abstract things, or by a desire to make the task of learning and teaching arithmetic much easier than they are. Yet we do not see that the latter purpose is served by the discussion. It savours too much of the fad so prevalent to-day, of trying to overcome the practical difficulties of teaching by stuffing some abstract philosophy down the teacher's throat. The reason that it is difficult to arouse much interest in arithmetic in the minds of most children is not that they lack all knowledge of the psychology of number, but because pure number is one of the most abstract conceptions, and because they may constitutionally possess other interests than

are gratified by mathematical processes. Moreover, we can say a great deal about number that is both useless and unnecessary. If we were content to say that it is only the process of individuation in space and time, which it is, and it is nothing more than this, explaining how this distinction in time and space represented it, we should express all that philosophy ever knew about the subject, and present all that any pedagogue would need; and it would even be doubtful whether this could be of any special service to him in his art. Success in teaching depends more upon the power to excite interest, to understand the peculiarities of the student's mind, and to see where a beginning must be made in presenting a subject, than upon the psychological basis of the science taught. Yet there is no trace of this assumption found in this book. That it is an interesting and useful book we do not question, but it will hardly accomplish what it is designed to accomplish. It can only encourage abstract philosophy in regard to the idea of number, and lead to a false method of studying the minds of students who do not like mathematics.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1848. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. With portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

To read this book at the same time with any life of the first Napoleon is almost to convince one's self that the greatest of human virtues is efficiency. However one may recognise Napoleon's real baseness in the sphere of morals, it is impossible not to forget it all in the contemplation of his supreme mastery of opportunity; and however one may eulogise the personal amiability and goodness of Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie, it is impossible not to grind one's teeth over their utter fatuity in the presence of such a crisis as that which drove them from the throne. This imbecile inefficiency is well brought out in the volume before us. On February 22d of the revolutionary year 1848, the French king had everything in his hands—a loyal and well-disciplined force of regular troops, officers ready to carry out the most energetic orders, and a mob still self-distrustful and ready to slink back to its holes at the first blaze of cannon-fire. The vacillation, the de-

lay, above all, the suicidal policy of calling out the National Guard who were only the revolutionists themselves in uniform, lost Louis Philippe a throne and lost France a constitutional monarchy, a *régime* which is of all things best suited to the national temperament. Had Paris but been strongly occupied in accordance with the fine military plan of Marshal Gérard, and had a few thousands of the foul ruffians of the barricades been blown to perdition by the necessary grapeshot, France would have been spared the long debauch of the Second Empire and the putrid scandals of the Third Republic. The book is very interesting, and the translation is well done, except for a few infelicities, such as one always finds when women translate books relating to military or political subjects. There are four good portraits of Louis Philippe, Marie Amélie, Lamartine, and Ledru-Rollin.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ROBERT HERRICK. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Ph.D. Athenæum Press Series. Boston: Ginn & Co.

This is a very excellent collection of the quaint and curious things in Herrick, and is the more truly representative because Dr. Hale, as he says in his preface, has by no means restricted himself to the best examples of the poet's work, but has also given extracts that show him nodding. The Introduction in seventy pages is admirably done, giving a very appreciative account of Herrick and his poetry, and a good bibliography. The notes are somewhat less to be commended, and we do not think that in their preparation the editor taxed his mind too severely; for many of them are much too obvious and some not obvious enough. For instance, the note on "hoofy Helicon," in the "Farewell unto Poetry," says merely, "The reference is, of course, to Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses." Now, the classical scholar does not need this note, while the non-classical scholar needs a fuller explanation about the *fons caballinus* to make it clear just how Pegasus made Helicon "hoofy." "Hoofy," by the way, is good. We like "hoofy."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Chinese Characteristics, by Arthur H. Smith, is a very thorough and satisfactory study of the Chinese by one whose

intimate acquaintance with them gives him much authority. Some of the chapters, such as those entitled "The Absence of Nerves," "Contempt for Foreigners," "Flexible Inflexibility," and especially "The Absence of Public Spirit" and "Mutual Suspicion," are curiously illuminative of many events of the past year, and should be read by all who believe, as we do, that the Chino-Japanese War was only the prelude to a great political and military drama in the Far East. The book is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, this being the third (revised) edition. There are sixteen fine illustrations from photographs. The price is \$2.00.

American Steam Vessels is an album-shaped volume of 496 pages, giving illustrations and brief descriptions of pretty nearly every type of successful steam vessel that has been constructed in the United States, from Fulton's first steamboat down to the battleship *Indiana* and the American Line steamer *St. Paul*. It is published by Messrs. Smith and Stanton, of New York City, and the price is \$5.00.

The Merriam Company of this city publish *Among the Pueblo Indians*, by Carl Eickemeyer and Lilian W. Eickemeyer, a beautifully printed and lavishly illustrated volume of 195 pages, containing a pleasantly written narrative of a journey made by the authors in a "prairie schooner" to the Pueblo territory in New Mexico. It gives a good many interesting details of the Pueblos mingled with personal experiences and observations. Price, \$1.75.—The American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia send us *Quick Truths in Quaint Texts*, a collection of discourses preached at various times by the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, and representing a certain style of pulpit oratory that some persons regard as stimulating. To this estimable class we fear that we do not belong. The following is a specimen brick: "God knows streets in cities. He knows Fifth Avenue, he knows Fifty-seventh Street. He knows the houses in the streets." This is interesting information. One needs to pay \$1.25 for a book of sermons in order to be assured that an omniscient Deity is aware of the location of Fifty-seventh Street. The title of the last sermon, "Divine Heartburn," is perhaps even more characteristic of how

far the Rev. Mr. MacArthur appreciates the requirements of reverence and good taste.

The Messrs. Harper have added two more volumes to their substantial edition of Thomas Hardy's novels. The publishers are doing a good thing, and one that we fear is not adequately recognised, in issuing a uniform edition of Hardy's works; hitherto, no such edition has existed in this country. The two new volumes are *The Return of the Native* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. And this gives us an occasion, which is opportune, to quote apropos of these two novels from an old letter of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's, written some time ago from abroad. "There is no man," she says of Thomas Hardy, "who writes of peasant life with such insight, such power, such absolute comprehension as does the author of *Tess*. I heard him speak once of a book it was just then the fashion to praise, and which dealt with a tragedy in humble life. 'It's not the right thing,' he said. 'She looks down at her people and pats them on the head. Her attitude is all wrong.' Hardy does not pat his peasants on the head—he does not look down at them, but with level gaze straight into their eyes—straighter still into their hearts. The angel of Justice could hardly know them better—the angel of Mercy could hardly deal with them more generously and gently. Hitherto *The Return of the Native* has seemed to be Hardy's masterpiece, but I think even that is surpassed by *Tess*, so splendid, so terrible, and yet so pitious."

There are several cheap and excellent reprints going on at present. There is the collective edition of Henry Kingsley's novels, edited by Clement K. Shorter and published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden, which has just reached completion in twelve volumes; and the Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a delightful reprint of Charles Kingsley's works in the most tasteful little volumes. It would have been preferable had the novels been complete in one volume. *Hypatia* has been already published, and to this is now added *Alton Locke*, *Two Years Ago*, and *Westward Ho!* in all six volumes. The binding and size are simply perfect, and the type and paper do not leave much to be desired. Price, 75 cents per volume.

—Two more useful and pretty series, which the Macmillans are issuing, are the Romances and Narratives of Defoe, and the Illustrated Standard Novels. To the former they have just added *The Fortunate Mistress*, in two volumes (\$1.00 each), which purports to be a history of the life of Mademoiselle de Bealeau, known by the name of Lady Roxana. It is curious to note the argument for "free-love," as compared with marriage in this romance of a bygone day; but Defoe put such pleas only into the mouth of Roxana in her unrepentant state. Nobody has succeeded yet in identifying any one as the original of Roxana, at least so says Mr. Aitken, whose excellent and thorough-going editing gives us reason to rely on all his statements. Mr. Yeats's illustrations continue to make the volumes exceedingly attractive. A volume of *Popular Tales*, by Miss Edgeworth, is the latest addition to the Standard Novel Series, with illustrations by Chris Hammond and an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, than whom no better person could be had to do the work more graciously and with admirable competency. Mrs. Ritchie characterises these tales neatly in her opening sentences: "We all of us sometimes want literature not only for ourselves, but for simpler souls, for sick and sorry people, for quiet folk laid by and wanting distraction, for village libraries, and for children and servants. Few books would seem more suited to such needs than some of the shorter and simpler tales by Miss Edgeworth." Price, \$1.25.—*Rambles in Japan*, by Canon Tristram, and published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, is an attractive and entertaining volume of travel. The primary object of the author's rambles was to master thoroughly the position of missionary work in Japan, and his love of natural science, at the same time, led him into many pleasant by-paths, which taken together help to contribute to our knowledge of a race "destined to be the British of the Pacific." It contains many illustrations by Edward Whympier. Price, \$2.00.

Eugénie Grandet has just been added to the Dent edition of Balzac (Macmillan), which so far—this is the fifth volume—has appeared with admirable regularity. It is superfluous to say that where Balzac meets with detractors and

depreciators, here they meet in a common recognition of Balzac's great merit and excellence. And it is gratifying to read that on a more complete and methodical study of the whole works Mr. Saintsbury's "estimate of Balzac's goodness has gone up very much—that of his greatness had no need of raising." (Price, \$1.50.)—This sanest of critics has edited and Chris Hammond has illustrated very cleverly a beautiful edition of *Marmontel's Moral Tales* (\$2.00), bound in attractive covers in black and gold, with full gilt edges, which the Messrs. Macmillan publish.—The latest volume of the Lyric Poets Series is a selection from the poems of Sir Philip Sidney, edited by Ernest Rhys. (Price, \$1.00.)—In Year Books we have *Dr. Miller's Year Book*,

from the Messrs. Crowell: *The Canon Farrar Year Book*, published by the Messrs. Dutton, and *The Helen Jackson Year Book*, with the imprint of Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The two first mentioned come in white cloth covers with design in gold.

Mary Ronald's Century Cook-Book, with 150 illustrations pertaining to the culinary art, comes from the Century Company. It is of an encyclopædic character, as one would expect from the imprint of these publishers, and is intended to be practicable for the kitchens and dining-rooms over the whole country. Susan Coolidge has descended to the New England kitchen and given that domestic domain her entire attention. There are 587 pages, and the price is \$2.00.

WATCH THEREFORE.

In Palestine the moonbeams shine
 Upon each lonely hill,
 Where shepherds keep their drowsy sheep,
 And all the land is still.

But through the night a path of light
 Streams out across the way,
 While servants feast until the East
 Gives warning of the day.

" Full many a year, in hope and fear,
 A band of slavish men,
 We watch for him with eyes grown dim,—
 He will not come again !"

Far away, at the dawn of day,
 I hear the master come,
 And the rhythmic beat of his horse's feet,
 Nearer and nearer home.

But no one waits at the castle gates,
 And on the castle floor
 The sunlight creeps, while the porter sleeps
 Till his Lord is at the door !

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

SOME HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

Two sumptuous books, imported by the Messrs. Macmillan from the old and reliable house of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company, deserve honourable mention in any list of seasonable publications. *Ice-Bound on Kolguev* and *The Alps from End to End* are both marvels of substantial and artistic book-making. The former is a vividly descriptive account of the first exploration by any Englishman of the large island of Kolguev, which lies off the coast of Arctic Europe. Mr. A. Trevor-Battye, the author, made a voyage there in the summer of 1894 in a little yacht, which through risk of Polar ice was compelled to return, leaving him and a companion alone on the island. Their subsequent adventures and rescue by a solitary trader bartering for furs provide exciting entertainment, while, Mr. Trevor-Battye's object having been a scientific one, some valuable chapters have been contributed to our meagre knowledge of Arctic subjects, devoted especially to ornithology, flora, geology, and the native language of the island, which until then was not known to be inhabited. There are three maps and numerous illustrations, many of them from sketches by the author. *The Alps from End to End* is Sir W. Martin Conway's book, which is a description of three months' climbing in the Alps "from end to end," starting from the first snow-peak of the Maritime Alps, crossing Switzerland and Tyrol, to the last snowy Alpine peak, in all about one thousand miles. The climbing was done between June and September, 1894, so that the volume is one of the freshest and most comprehensive in its scope that has yet been contributed to Alpine literature. The work is largely picturesque, being profusely illustrated, one hundred of the pictures having been made by Mr. A. D. McCormick, and reproduced to the full size of the page and printed on fine plate paper. Both volumes are large octavo in size, and the price of each is \$7.00.

The happy possessor of Timothy Cole's *Old Italian Masters*, which achieved distinction as one of the most successful art works ever issued in America, will welcome his *Old Dutch and Flemish*

Masters, which forms a companion volume to his first superb work, published in a royal manner by the Century Company. Readers of the *Century Magazine* are familiar with Mr. Cole's wood-engravings, which have spread abroad his fame in other lands beside his own. Professor J. C. Van Dyke furnishes the main portion of the text, which also includes Mr. Cole's elucidatory notes on the pictures engraved by him. The title-page is ornamented with a delicately tinted old Dutch border that will recall fond reminiscences of Delft to many readers. It is a rare occasion that brings us such a superior and magnificent work of art as is treasured in this volume. Price, \$7.50.

The Century Company have added three new volumes to their delightful and ingenious little Thumb-nail Series. (Price, \$1.00 per volume.) Mr. Edwards reappears in the series, as is his right, and there is something harmonious and consistent in giving his work this form. *The Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac* contains ten sketches which have recently appeared in the *Century Magazine*, all pertaining to the romantic life of the fisher-folk on the islands that lie off the coast of Maine, which he depicts with a touch no less delicate and tender than that which he makes with his brush. In this field, too, Mr. Edwards is his own master, and has no rival. In *Notes of a Professional Exile*, by E. S. Nadal, there is collected a series of sketches in which fancy, frolic, and familiarity mingle with the various types of character and phases of life observed at an imaginary watering-place in Europe. The sketches give the pleasant and unusual impression of having been composed in a leisurely way, and many quaint conceits appear in the rambling, garrulous narrative about men, women, and books. For there never was an exile who did not contrive to get hold of books of some sort; and on reading Carlyle's *Autobiography*, edited by Froude, Mr. Nadal is moved to reflect on the autobiographies that have appeared during the last ten years, and to conclude that the position of the autobiographer has been in nearly every case the same—namely, "that God did

a good thing when He made him!" Not the least charming feature in the volume is the gracious portrait of a certain young lady, which is exquisitely drawn in the "dedication." The remaining volume in this series to be mentioned is *A Madeira Party*, which contains a chapter of quaint lore about Madeira wine, discussed in all seriousness by a group of *gourmets* in Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's entertaining manner; also a dramatic tale of the French Revolution, in which Dr. Mitchell has surpassed himself and given his readers a fresh surprise. The story should be read some winter night when the wind is howling around the house and the casements are rattling about your ears, but all is still within save the sound of the crackling logs and the occasional gurgle of the wine, as you hear the courteous voice of the Duke's, "A little more Burgundy, Monsieur?"

If Henry Van Dyke is as magnetic in the pulpit as he is out of it, those who sit under him are to be envied. Nowhere in his "book of essays in profitable idleness," as he whimsically calls his latest work, *Little Rivers*, do we find the prating preacher in evidence. Every page is suffused with an honest, out-of-doors spirit of indulgence in the "sensations sweet" which Nature gives with lavish hand to her votaries. "If an open fire is, as Charles Dudley Warner says, the eye of a room, then surely a little river may be called the mouth, the most expressive feature of a landscape." Thus the keynote, which he strikes in the prelude to the joyous rambles which he takes through the book by the little rivers of diversified scenes and characteristics. And we thank him, to whose apt scholarship and tenacious memory we owe thanks for so many choice bits of literature with which he has jewelled his writings, for that passage from Stevenson's "Prince Otto," which, in spite of so much late Stevensonia, we dare to quote: "There's no music," says Stevenson, "like a little river's. It plays the same tune (and that's the favourite) over and over again, and yet does not weary of it like men fiddlers. It takes the mind out of doors; and though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out-of-doors. And lastly, sir, it quiets a man down like saying his prayers." The Messrs. Scribner, who pub-

lish *Little Rivers*, have made a delightful book of it; the cover especially deserves an encomium to itself, and the presswork and pictorial features are in excellent taste. If we are not mistaken in the price (it is marked at \$2.00), the book is remarkably cheap for the money.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company have prepared an exquisite series of reproductions in colour-work after original designs by expert artists for the delectation of those who indulge in art products. The price of *Pansies and Roses* is \$2.00 each; *Dogs and Cats*, \$1.75; and *Facsimiles of Water Colours*, by W. Granville Smith, is \$5.00. They are beautifully bound in specially designed covers, and are neatly encased in card-boxes. They make a most alluring display, and are admirably suited for holiday gifts.

When the publishers of that deservedly popular book, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, conceived the idea of taking the concluding chapters and issuing them separately as a holiday book, with illustrations from drawings made at "Drumtochty," they did something for which the admirers of Ian Maclaren will feel exceedingly grateful. *A Doctor of the Old School*, with its beautiful artistic setting and characteristic drawings, is not a book to pass away with the holiday fever; it will take as firm a place among books of permanent interest as Dr. John Brown's little classic, *Rab and His Friends*, to which it will form a delightful companion, and which, indeed, is said to have suggested this definitive form for the story of "Doctor Weelum MacLure." Mr. Frederick C. Gordon, who made the drawings, imparts in "A Visit to Drumtochty," on another page, some interesting information relating to the originals of the characters and places of the *Bonnie Brier Bush* stories. Price, \$2.00.

Standish of Standish has always been the most popular of Mrs. Austin's historical novels of the Old Plymouth Colony. The story of Myles Standish, with the knightly fervour stirring in his blood, has an entrancing interest for us; the history of his times is made up of stern facts, indeed, as Mrs. Austin gently reminds us; but mingling with them is a thread of sweet and tender romance. We love the flower with a special affection which has its roots deeply imbedded in the crannied rocks, and its bloom has a beauty for our eye

which gains by its floral asceticism. Among the new editions of standard works which have come to us, these two volumes rank high in the beauty and delicacy of their workmanship; everything about them is in good taste, and the twenty photogravures by Frank T. Merrill are among the best specimens of this mechanical process which we have seen. And Mrs. Austin's book is worthy of it all. The price is \$5.00, and the publishers are Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.—In our last number we had occasion to commend the illustrated holiday edition of *Hiawatha* issued by this firm. Since then we have received from them a companion volume, bound in much the same style, containing the poet's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. It is printed in clear type on superfine paper, and a profusion of half-tone vignettes and several full-page illustrations are scattered through the pages. Price, \$1.50.

Émile Zola's *Une Page d'Amour* has been honoured, under Mr. Vizetelly's translation, entitled *A Love Episode*, to enter the lists for emprise among holiday books. Under the auspices of the J. B. Lippincott Company, who publish the sole authorised English version, M. Zola's famous novel makes a gay appearance with one hundred wood-engravings, of a piece with the character of the work. It is of this novel that Zola made the remark to a friend: "I will make all Paris weep." Mr. Vizetelly claims that in the entire domain of fiction it would be difficult to find a more pathetic story than that of Hélène Grandchamp's struggle with passion, her fall, and bitter punishment. He likens its moral effect to that of *Adam Bede*, the pathos of which it more than rivals. But the finish is not such as George Eliot would have made it; M. Zola is, above all, a realist from first to last. The story is in one volume—a rather bulky one—but it holds well together, and the price is only \$2.00.—It will not be irrelevant to notice here a volume containing half a dozen short stories by Zola which Messrs. Copeland and Day have published, for the reason that the book is a fine example of dainty bookmaking, and the cover is unique, being in imitation of the French style. Mr. William Foster Apthorp, who has translated the stories in this volume, which bears the title of the first tale,

Jacques Damour, is a well-known French scholar of Boston, and this adds literary value to these stories, in which M. Zola is considered by many critics to be at his best.

Who does not remember vividly the first time he read *The Wandering Jew*, and how the bewilderment of the opening chapters gave way before the insinuating mystery which crept upon him and held him with a fierce and terrible fascination! Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have just brought out an illustrated edition of Eugene Sue's universal favourite in two volumes, the text of which is reprinted from the original Chapman and Hall edition, which is by far the best translation that exists. A good library edition of this French masterpiece has been much needed, and these publishers have given us one which is creditable to their enterprise. The volumes are a little large, to be sure, but that is not a serious objection when the book is one that is easily handled; besides, good, clear type is the first essential, and that takes space. The binding is substantial and meant to stand frequent usage, which is sensible, and there are eighteen full-page illustrations. Price, \$3.00.

We welcome an old favourite from the press of the same firm in Jane Porter's enthralling historical romance, *The Scottish Chiefs*. In 1840 the author wrote a "Retrospective Preface" to an illustrated edition which then appeared, in which she referred to the first appearance of her story (in 1809), and reflected that "its probable last edition" had now been called for. And yet innumerable editions have been published since then; it has been translated into several languages, and circulated all over the world; and it has received the stamp of approbation and found favour during successive generations from eminent critics and authors. And now we have it again in a handsome form, in two volumes, with numerous illustrations of the scenes made famous in the history of Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce, printed on fine plate paper. As in *The Wandering Jew*, the typography is excellent, and there are two frontispiece photogravures; the price is also the same. It is one of the best tales of adventure that can be put into the hands of young people, but none can resist its brilliancy and power.

For elegance in form and embellishment, and for attractiveness in manner and matter, one might go far to seek dainty models of bookmaking, such as one finds in the volumes of the Faience Library, published in a uniform edition, at \$1.00 per volume, by the Messrs. Crowell. Four volumes have just come to hand in this series—namely, *The Faience Violin*, by Champfleury; *L'Avril*, by Paul Margueritte; *La Belle Nivernaise and Other Stories*, by Daudet, and the same author's famous *Tartarin of Tarascon*. The illustrations are very clever, and their artful interspersions among the text makes quite an attractive page.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have made a valuable and permanent contribution to the library in their edition of Charles Lever's novels of adventure, which are issued in continuance of, and uniform with, their edition of Lever's military novels. The novels of adventure have been considered by many to contain Lever's best work, and they have enjoyed an extensive popularity. Of course, no one expects nowadays to become wildly enthusiastic over Lever, but he fills a place in Irish literature which is indisputably his own, and his work will always find readers who enjoy an old-fashioned story of love and adventure, of mirth-provoking laughter, and entertaining fun on a broad scale. *Maurice Tiernay, the Soldier of Fortune*, deals largely with Napoleon and the early days of the Empire; *Sir Jasper Carew*, the scenes of which are laid in Ireland and France, is one of Lever's most powerful stories; *The Confessions of Con Cregan* is highly amusing. It is related that the humourist tried the experiment of publishing this novel anonymously, with the result that it was hailed at once as the work of an author who would eclipse Lever! *Roland Cashel*, as also *Con Cregan*, are in two volumes, making in all six volumes. The publishers have made a durable as well as a reputable set of books, and the illustrations and etchings, the former from drawings by "Phiz," and the latter by E. Van Muyden, increase the value and literary interest of this edition. Together, six volumes, price, \$15.00.

What so rare in illustration for the eye to feast upon as a fine old wood-engraving! Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company have collected thirty of

Birket Foster's delightful engravings, and accompanied them with selected passages in prose and poetry under the title, *Pictures of Rustic Landscape*. Mr. John Davidson, one of the strongest of the new school of poets, has made these selections, and has done his work as only a poet and a scholar of eclectic tastes and refined sensibilities could be expected to do it. The choice passages are confined for the most part to the works of our best artistic writers, and are remarkable for their suggestiveness of the beautiful, graphic presentation of landscape features, delicacy of light and shade in the use of word-painting, and fine imaginative quality. Among these writers we have Richard Jefferies, Stevenson, Hamerton, Pennell, Carlyle, Gilbert White, Wordsworth, Arnold, and Tennyson. Mr. Davidson also contributes two prose poems to the collection. The book is well bound and beautifully printed, and the price is \$3.50. An engraved portrait of the artist is given in the frontispiece.

The publishers of *The Christ Child in Art*, by Henry Van Dyke, have just issued a dainty volume by the same author which centres about the Babe of Bethlehem. *The Story of the Other Wise Man* realises afresh the point of view which is hard for us to grasp at the end of nineteen centuries. The story of Artaban, the Median, the fourth Wise Man who failed to reach Bethlehem with his friends, is told with great tenderness and with wonderful verisimilitude. We follow his quest for the King through the temptations and disillusionment which bring discovery at last, with unabated interest; and the new light which the narrative throws upon the beauty of Christian charity is seasonable. The Messrs. Harper have made an uncommon and beautiful piece of book-making of Mr. Van Dyke's Christmas message, and the illustrations by F. Luis Mora add to its suggestiveness. The price is \$1.50.

The ever-popular *Beauties of Shakespeare* has been decked out by the Messrs. Crowell for the holidays, with binding and photogravure illustrations to tempt the eye. It was through reading Mr. Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespeare* that Goethe was led to study the great English dramatist. It is issued in two neat little volumes, and the price is \$2.50.

Of all that La Motte Fouqué has writ-

ten, his *Undine* will perhaps alone live, but that assuredly. Goethe, who found little to commend in the other writings of Fouqué, said that on this occasion the author had struck gold, and Heine, who laughed unmercifully at him, raved about *Undine*, and called it a "wonderfully lovely poem. It is a very kiss; the Genius of Poesy kissed the sleeping Spring and he opened his eyelids with a smile, and all the roses breathed out perfume, and all the nightingales sang—this is what our excellent Fouqué clothed in words and called *Undine*." The story has been translated from the German and published by the Messrs. Stokes to meet the demand for a fine edition of this literary *immortelle*. Edmund Gosse contributes a critical introduction, and W. E. F. Britten a number of illustrations. The book is printed and bound in a perfect manner. The price is \$5.00.—We have also to notice a work from the same firm, which commands our respect for its courage and enterprise in issuing a number of holiday publications which entail great expenditure in their lavish production—the work in question being Saint-Juirs' *Tavern of the Three Virtues*, with sixty drawings by Daniel Vierge. Edmund Gosse has laid his approval on this book also; the book itself is a sumptuous affair, and but for the fact that it is in English it might have come direct from Paris. As a work of art, it will be prized highly; we understand that only 125 copies have been bought for the American market. The price is \$15.00.—*The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, rendered into English by Jane Barlow, and illustrated by F. D. Bedford, is published by the Messrs. Stokes. Mr. Bedford's decorative designs are instinct with humour and phantasy, and are truly delightful; the type is beautiful to behold, but very trying to the eyes in reading. We rather fear that the interest of the book will lie with the artist; and this is a pity, for Miss Barlow's work bears the inimitable stamp which all her writing carries.

There are many who will find in Messrs. Revell and Company's illustrated holiday edition of F. B. Meyer's *Shepherd Psalm* (\$1.25), and in *The Star of Bethlehem* (\$1.50), by Lyman Abbott, with designs by Doré, Delaroché and others, published by John Knox McAfee, suitable gift-books for Christmas-tide.

The text is in fine, clear type on plate paper, and the cover designs are in exquisite taste.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have published two daintily made little books which offer an attraction among holiday books. *A Literary Pilgrimage and Literary Shrines*, by Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe, contain the record of the author's sentimental journeys to the scenes commemorated in literature by eminent and well-beloved authors, and to their homes. The former work is confined to English places, as the latter is to American. There is a pleasant air of familiarity and reminiscence in these books, also much that is helpfully suggestive, much that was worth recollecting in correspondence with some of the authors or in gossip with their friends or neighbours. The bindings are neat and elegant, and the photogravures of historic places enhance the merit of the work. In uniform binding, price \$1.25 each.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have selected from the numerous romances of that gifted genius who styled herself George Sand, those works of hers which may be called her masterpieces, for publication in a very attractive, uniform edition, consisting of four volumes. The titles are *François the Waif*, *The Devil's Pool*, *Fadette*, and *The Master Mosaic Workers*. The edition is limited, and the workmanship in the making of the books is executed worthily and in excellent taste. Price, \$6.00 net.—Two books of permanent worth as well as of holiday interest come to us from Messrs. Roberts Brothers in Philip Gilbert Hamerton's *Painting in France and Contemporary French Painters* (price, \$3.00 each). Mr. Hamerton's position as an art critic and a writer of polished and dignified English prose is too well known to need comment, but we would like to call attention to the photogravures of the fine examples of French painting which accompany the text. There are thirty of these in the two volumes, all choice subjects and representative of the best product of contemporary French art.—John C. Winston and Company, of Philadelphia, have issued an attractive pictorial book about *Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals of England* (price, \$3.50), which is largely illustrated from photographic views of the Cathedrals and from portraits of the dignitaries as-

sociated therewith. The contributors to the historical and graphic descriptions elucidating these views and portraits include some reverend and dignified names, such as Dean Farrar, Dean Milman, Dean Stanley, Venables of Lincoln, and the Dean of Winchester. —Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company send us their editions of Green's *History of the English People* and Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*; the former in four volumes (price, \$5.00) and the latter in two (price, \$3.00). Illustrations play an important part in these volumes, and the editing has been especially well done in order to bring the works of these authors within the practical range of the average reader. These popular editions of well-known standard works are admirably adapted

to the holiday wants of those whose taste and inclination may run in this department of literature.—One of the most important books of the season, and one that will be eagerly read by observant students of present-day history, is Professor Grosvenor's able and comprehensive work on *Constantinople* (price, \$10.00). The two volumes are superbly and profusely illustrated with 250 pictures, and there is an introduction by Lew Wallace. These two authors explored the field together for years, and constantly stimulated each other in his special work by congenial and inspiring companionship. We hope to give an extensive and careful review of Professor Grosvenor's work in our next number, the book having appeared just as we go to press.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

An unprecedented number of new books and stories for boys and girls has already been published, and still there are more to follow before the season's list is exhausted. Surely young people were never so well catered for in the matter of literature as they are nowadays. They represent a class whose needs are being better understood every year, and the consequence is that a new and more carefully trained band of writers is constantly coming to the front. Besides, there is no more severe critic than your fresh-minded boy or girl, and he or she is at no pains to tell you frankly—with a brutal frankness, the author might think—what is his or her opinion of a book. The old authors are well represented, and many new and untried ones appear on the list of juveniles that follow. As far as possible we have sought briefly to indicate the contents of each and to present its features succinctly, so as to enable the reader to judge of the merits and nature of the book. This list by no means includes all the new juveniles, but it does contain all books that have been sent to us up to November 8th.

Christmas Week at Bigler's Mill, by Dora E. W. Spratt, is a charming little sketch of a Southern Christmas, told largely in dialect, and with simplicity

and truth to life. It is prettily bound and illustrated. (American Baptist Publication Society. 75 cents.) The Century Company publish the following four books in an admirable style, with choice covers and illustrations by the best artists: *Jack Ballister's Fortunes* gives a vivid picture of early colonial life in Virginia, and tells the story of an English lad who is kidnapped and sold as a servant on a Virginia plantation, from which he runs away only to fall into the hands of pirates. He escapes and at the same time rescues a young woman who had been captured and held for ransom. Mr. Howard Pyle's story, as it appeared in *St. Nicholas*, has been expanded in book form, and his clever illustrations are also given, suffering somewhat from their reduced state. (Price, \$2.00) *A Boy of the First Empire*, by Elbridge S. Brooks, which also appeared in *St. Nicholas*, will hardly prepare the mind of the young reader for the reception of the real Napoleon which must come later to his knowledge. It will be a rude shock to descend from the noble picture herein painted of the Emperor to the true character in his ignoble relations to history. But the romantic idealism of the story will heighten interest in human life apart from its particular setting, and is calcu-

lated to arouse the imagination and to stimulate admiration for bravery and loyalty in action and a high conduct of life. It is richly illustrated by Mr. Ogden's pictures, also taken from the magazine. (Price, \$1.50.) In *The Horse Fair*, by James Baldwin, we are taken to the magic land of Morgan the Fay, where every noted horse known to legend or history passes through a glorious show before the wondering eyes of a little American boy. Mr. Baldwin's deep affection for the horse and his wide knowledge of the famous steeds of antiquity and in literature and history have gone to the making of a book that will astonish the reader by its countless entries in this marvellous fair, and will appeal to all who love horses, brave adventure, and stirring engagements on the battlefield. The uniqueness of the idea will add to the surprise which the book has in store for its young readers, and older ones will certainly profit by it as well. The illustrations are very good. (Price, \$1.50.) There are twenty-six stories founded on heroic incidents in American history in *Hero Tales*, by Henry C. Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt, fully illustrated. The purpose of the book, say the authors, is to hold up the lofty ideal which moved these heroes of our land to "the stern and manly qualities which are essential to the well-being of a masterful race, the virtues of gentleness and of patriotism." (Price, \$1.50.) From H. T. Coates and Company we have *Under the Red Flag*, by Edward King; *Adrift in the City*, by Horatio Alger, Jr.; and *The Young Rancher*, by Edward S. Ellis, stories of ordinary interest and mediocre ability; perhaps we should except the first volume, which narrates the adventures of three American boys during the insurrection of the Paris Commune, in 1871. Its descriptions are drawn with the directness and strength which an eyewitness of the scenes could well convey with the ready facility of the special correspondent's pen. (Price, \$1.25 each.)

We welcome the new edition of Miss Hapgood's translation of De Amicis's *Cuore*, with its beautiful illustrations, said to be the work of clever Italian artists. This Italian schoolboy's journal deserves to become a classic among juveniles, as indeed it promises to be, there having been over one hundred and twenty-five editions within the last ten

years. *Cuore* is the Italian for "heart," and through the heart of a young Italian schoolboy the author has found his way to the hearts of all boys, whatever their nationality. (Price, \$1.50.) *The Three Apprentices of Moon Street* is a translation from the French, accompanied, if we are not mistaken, by the original illustrations, which have all the vivacity and peculiar characteristics of French pictorial art. The story is wholesome and natural, the three lively youngsters being as fond of mischief and of getting into scrapes as is the real boy, and yet we like them and find their experiences very amusing and their conduct instinct with good nature and honesty. (Price, \$1.50.) A new edition of *Half a Dozen Boys*, with some cleverly drawn illustrations by Frank T. Merrill, ought to gain a host of new readers for Anna Chapin Ray's bright story, which was published five years ago. The author's little greeting to her "boy and girl friends" has a touch of pathos in it, and reveals the secret of the wholesome reality of her deservedly successful story. "They are real boys still," she says of her characters, "and to-day our friendship is as firm as ever; but in the tall, dignified young students I miss the old harum-scarum Teddy, the irrepressible Phil." (Price, \$1.50.) These three books are uniform in binding and style, which are in the best taste. *Jack Alden*, a story of adventures in the Virginia campaigns (1861-65), is a thoroughly wholesome and interesting tale. We feel that too high praise cannot be given Mr. Warren Lee Goss for this series of war stories, and we are sorry to learn that this volume is likely to be the last; but other fields of action may allure his pen in the future. By his *Jed* and *Tom Clifton*, and now his *Jack Alden*, he has more than any writer we know illustrated in no ordinary fashion the lesson of the Civil War, with all its inspiration of patriotism, endurance, generosity, and broad feeling. Many of the descriptive scenes are drawn with fidelity and vivid imaginative power, and are, we can well believe, "unexaggerated recitals of real occurrences." It is a great pleasure to put such books into the hands of boys and girls. (Price, \$1.50.) Miss Sarah E. Morrison follows up the adventures of the young pioneers to whom we were introduced in *Chilhowee Boys* in a new volume entitled *Chilhowee Boys in War*

Time, which brings them into the exciting days and hardships of living during the War of 1812. Miss Morrison tells her story with genuine feeling and appreciation of historical facts, and she keeps her boys in a pretty lively state while she has them in hand, so that the story neither suffers from dulness nor exaggeration. (Price, \$1.50.) Both these books contain illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. A dainty gift-book either for old or young is *Dear Little Marchioness*, which enshrines the touching story of a child's simple faith and love, and, as Bishop Gailor says truly in his preface (the story is anonymous), it will appeal to those who, in passing through dark waters, have found their help and blessing in the unquestioning trust of childhood." It is none the less a child's book. (Price, \$1.00.) The above books are published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have added to their several juvenile series, *Elsie's Journey on Inland Waters*, by Martha Finley (\$1.25); *A Sherburne Romance*, by Amanda M. Douglas (\$1.50); *Witch Winnie at Versailles*, by Elizabeth W. Champney, with many illustrations (\$1.50); *Paddy O'Leary and his Learned Pig*, a bright little Irish story by the same author, with several clever illustrations (\$1.00). *Cormorant Crag*, by George Manville Fenn, is an unusually interesting tale of adventure of the time known as the smuggling days in the Channel Islands lying between the coasts of France and England, with numerous illustrations. (Price, \$1.50.) *Roger the Ranger*, by Eliza F. Pollard, combines the exciting romance of Red Indian adventure which every boy loves with veracious accounts of the war on the Canadian frontier, in which Montcalm and Wolfe appear. The narrative is remarkably well done; the illustrations are not. (Price, \$1.25.) A much warmer word of praise must be said for Standish O'Grady's *Chain of Gold*, a brilliantly written tale of adventure on the wild west coast of Ireland, among the savage islanders whom we met not so long ago in Miss Lawless's *Maelcho*. The mysterious "chain" is not introduced until near the end, and the author's disposal of it is a striking example of that charming realism and higher imaginative power which differentiate him from Mr. Ballantyne and Mr. Henty, who would have

wrought extravagant wonders out of Mr. O'Grady's "chain of gold." Among the story-books of the year there are not likely to be many more interesting or fascinating than *The Chain of Gold*, which may be read with equal pleasure by old and young. (Price, \$1.25.)

Kirk Munroe's latest story, *Snow-Shoes and Sledges*, begins where *The Fur-Seal's Tooth* left off, and, like that book, will hold the interest from beginning to end in spite of many pages of descriptive writing. The expedition up the Yukon and the journey across the Chilcoot Mountains during the winter afford opportunities of plucky conduct and adventurous daring for his young heroes, Phil and Serge, which are not neglected, while in the old Yankee sailor, Jalap Coombs, he has introduced a character of racy humour, if he is a type, who brightens the story with his comical sallies and ready wit. The book is profusely and excellently illustrated. (Price, \$1.25.) An excellent scheme of New Testament instruction has been adopted in *A Life of Christ for Young People*, by Mary Hastings Foote, which is composed of short and simple questions and answers, following the events of Christ's life as nearly as possible in the order in which they occurred. It will prove to be an indispensable book in the home or in the school. We are pleased to see that an index has not been neglected. (Price, \$1.25.) Both books are published by the Messrs. Harper.—Laird and Lee send us a cheap edition of De Amicis's *Cuore*, which they have entitled *The Heart of a Boy*; also a story of adventure called *Dick and Jack's Adventures on Sable Island*, by B. Freeman Ashley, both with a number of illustrations, full page and in the text. (Price, 75 cents each.)

Messrs. Lee and Shepard have a goodly array of juvenile publications this season. First and foremost there is the inevitable Oliver Optic book, *Half Round the World*, which was made necessary by the initial volume of the series which appeared in the spring. Need we say that the story will be welcomed eagerly by Mr. Adams's large following? (Price, \$1.25.) Then we have another addition to the War of 1812 Series in *The Boy Officers of 1812*, by Everett T. Tomlinson, which succeeds *The Boy Soldiers*, also issued in the spring. (Price, \$1.25.) Of course the usual illustrations and carmine-coloured

covers make brighter the attraction of these books. Three new stories in the convenient little volumes issued by this firm for children are *Little Daughter*, by Grace Le Baron, which, like its predecessor, *Little Miss Faith*, in the *Hazlewood Stories*, is a sweet and wholesome tale; *Kysie Dunlee*, by Sophie May, whose charming stories for children have brought pleasure into many homes, and *Young Master Kirke*, by Penn Shirley, who shares with her sister, Sophie May, the clever knack of amusing and interesting the young folks in her pleasant stories. (Price, 75 cents each.) *The Lottery Ticket*, by J. T. Trowbridge, is for older children, and appeared in the *Youth's Companion* in serial form, but is now expanded with the addition of several chapters which swell the original story to the necessary proportions of a book. It is long since Mr. Trowbridge won the hearts of boys, and girls too, by his lively and interesting story, and the present one will enhance their pleasure. (Price, \$1.00.) These books are all prettily illustrated.

The popular author of *Colonial Days and Dames* has contributed to juvenile literature a book of stories that is worth more than passing mention. To begin with, it is a beautifully made book—such a child's book as would delight Ruskin, who holds that you cannot begin too early to educate the taste of children even in the matter of good book-making. *A Last Century Maid and other Stories*, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, contains half a dozen stories and as many full-page illustrations which illustrate and are not there simply for embellishment. In a preface she makes some explanations with reference to certain anachronisms "to satisfy the historic instincts of any grown persons who may chance to scan these pages." One "grown" person at least can testify that under the author's charm he has followed unquestionably the guidance of her wand, as if 'twere a kingdom of Bohemia, with no *factum* in real life behind the illusion that held him spellbound. (Price, \$1.50.) The J. B. Lippincott Company, who publish this enviable book, also have their imprint on *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, which derives its great value and attraction not so much because of Mr. Baring-Gould's enthusiasm as an editor, as from the decorative illustrations lavished upon

every page by members of the Birmingham Art School under the direction of Arthur J. Gaskin. The whole production is dominated by the new movement in art, and the book, printed on handmade paper and bound in black linen with cover design in gold, is but a featherweight in the hand. (Price, \$2.00.) The same firm publishes a new story for girls by Rosa Nouchette Carey, entitled *Cousin Mona* (\$1.25), and two boy's stories, one, *Hugh Melville's Quest*, by F. M. Holmes (\$1.25), being a tale of adventure in the days of the Armada, and the other, *The Wizard King*, by David Ker, a story of the last Moslem invasion of Europe, told with vigour and realism, and written with unusual power. This is also a book that "grown" persons would thoroughly enjoy. (Price, \$1.50.) These stories are fairly well illustrated.

A new volume from that charming writer of stories for the young, Miss Nora Perry, is something to be sincerely grateful for. In *A Flock of Girls and Boys* she has given us eleven stories, accompanied with a number of fine illustrations, which, like all she has written, are full of delightful interest and entertainment. Miss Perry knows how to keep on the natural plane and yet make her pictures of life bright and unusually attractive. The book has an excellent cover, with that tone to it which distinguishes the aristocratic book from the plebeian. (Little, Brown and Company, \$1.50.)—Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company have issued *A Dash to the Pole*, by Herbert D. Ward, which is an exciting adventure à la Jules Verne. (Price, \$1.00.)

Country Pastimes for Boys, by P. Anderson Graham, is the sort of book that lots of boys—we should like to say all boys—will covet, and its handsome cover, gilt edges, and numerous illustrations (252 of them) will make it positively fascinating to the boy who has any love for natural history, and what boy hasn't? It is published by the Messrs. Longmans. (Price, \$2.00.)

The Lothrop Publishing Company, under its new organisation, is evidently going to make things "hum" in the world of children's books. The list of eight new juveniles which follows demands a more extensive notice than can be given here with the limited space at our command. The reader may take it

that these books are not only worthy of attention because of their literary merit—in some cases unusual, and in all more than ordinary—but by reason of the care and artistic taste which has been expended on the exterior of the books. *The Boy Life of Napoleon* is adapted from the French of Madame Eugénie Foa for American boys and girls (\$1.25); *Child Sketches from George Eliot* is the work of Julia Magruder (\$1.25), with illustrations by R. B. Birch and Amy Brooks; *The Children's Wonder Book* and *The Children's Nonsense Book* (price, \$1.50 each) are choicely illustrated, and their reading matter composed of judiciously selected nonsense rhymes and stories; *The Partners* (\$1.50) is a capital story for girls by the popular writer, William O. Stoddard; *The Impostor*, a football and college romance by the late Charles R. Talbot (\$1.50), is a breezy and entertaining story. *The Hobbledehoy*, by Belle C. Greene (\$1.25), occupies an unusual field in juvenile fiction, that of the boy just turning man, whose awkward yet honest, groping ambition is skilfully and sympathetically rendered by the author. Maurice Thompson has written a story of Florida town and forest life called *The Ocala Boy*, in a merry and delightful vein which has the advantage, being a Southern story, of having Mr. E. W. Kemble for illustrator (\$1.00). All the illustrations of these books have been contributed by carefully selected artists, some of whom are famous in juvenile art work.

The Messrs. Macmillan publish *The Carved Lions*, by Mrs. Molesworth, a great favourite with children, whose stories are always acceptable. It is illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke (\$1.00).—*The Child's Garden of Song* is a very beautiful and picturesque piece of work, but unless there is a New Child arising, we fail to see how children can be especially attracted by it. It will be most appreciated by those from whose sense of wonderland the "clouds of glory" have not all departed. Still, adapted as the songs are to the voices of children and to the refinement of sentiment, we may be mistaken in thinking that the work may not prove useful as well as pleasing to the child. (A. C. McClurg and Company, \$2.00.) *Jack Midwood; or, Bread Cast upon the Waters*, by Edward S. Ellis, is another of the wildly extravagant stories from this writer, who

mistakes coarse fun for humour too often to be very wholesome. (The Merriam Company, \$1.25.)

Messrs. Roberts Brothers are well represented in books "for the youngsters," as their advertisement invariably runs. *The Keeper of the Salamander's Order*, by William Shattuck, is a remarkably well-written and strongly conceived tale of strange adventures in unknown climes, at least the geographical descriptions are indefinite enough to "hitch" the scenes to any known point on the globe. There are nearly 100 illustrations (\$2.00). *Through Forest and Plain*, by Ashmore Russan and Frederick Boyle, is a rather extravagant tale of the adventures which befall an orchid collector and his party while in search of a rare exotic specimen; it must be said, however, that it is intensely interesting (\$1.50). Evelyn Raymond has given us another elevating and entertaining story in *The Mushroom Cave* (\$1.50); and the author of *Miss Toosey's Mission* has increased her volume of good work and her reputation for thoroughly sweet and wholesome writing by *My Honey and Don*. (Price, \$1.00 each.) *Frowse the Runaway* is a delicious fable for the little ones, told with fine simplicity by Lily F. Wesselhoeft (\$1.25); *A Jolly Good Summer*, by Mary P. W. Smith, is a continuation of her *Jolly Good Times To-day*, and it is delightful to see how the author's story-telling instincts are strengthened by a real knowledge of children and by a sympathetic understanding of their ways which will win the affection and make active the better nature of her young readers. (Price, \$1.25.) *In the Okefenokee*, a story of war time and the great Georgia swamp, is by Louis Pendleton, and is neither better nor worse than the ordinary adventure story turned out with the regularity of clock-work by industrious writers. *Joel: A Boy of Galilee*, by Annie Fellows Johnston, is a story of the times of Jesus of Nazareth, and the events and characters of the Gospel narratives are freely used. Joel is a little cripple who is made whole and straight-limbed by the Rabbi Jesus. It is an honest tale plainly told, and will appeal to children; but the older reader will miss too much that he would wish to see there, and find more than he would see to thoroughly enjoy the book (\$1.50). *Dorothy and Anton* is a sequel to *Dear Daughter Doro-*

thy, by A. G. Plympton, with the author's own illustrations (\$1.00). Three little books (square sixteenmo, 50 cents each), *Goostie*; *Yan and Nochie of Tappan Sea*, and *Under the Stable Door*, a Christmas story, all by M. Carrie Hyde, exhaust the Messrs. Roberts's list. The work of illustration is, on the whole, well done, especial care having been given to the ten pictures realising New Testament scenes in *Joel: A Boy of Galilee*.

Messrs. George Routledge and Sons have issued four juveniles with their London imprint which are of unmistakable English manufacture. *Fighting his Way*, by a popular English writer, the Rev. H. C. Adams, is a tale of clerical life which relates the spiritual and moral conflict of a young curate who presents a noble example of manly conduct and of the perseverance of the saints. It is a book of special interest, and yet it is of profound human interest to all, particularly to the high-minded youth who has to measure life's fruition not only by his ideals, but by a wise recognition of the truth that "growth is slow where roots are deep." (Price, \$1.50.) *Every Boy's Stories*; *Every Girl's Stories*, and *Every Child's Stories* are composed of selections adapted to each grade of reader from the class of authors known as safe and combining pleasure with profit, sometimes also information. Numerous pictures are scattered over the pages, which number over 500 in each volume. Covers dipped in strong primary colours encase their respective contents, and arrest immediate attention. (Price, \$2.00 per volume.)

Four volumes from the press of the Scribners lie on our table. Three of their juveniles have already been noticed in the November BOOKMAN. Chief among those left is Mrs. Burnett's *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress*, which is written in much the same delightful manner as all her stories (we except *Little Lord Fauntleroy* as a *tour de force*), gaining something, perhaps, by the fact that Mrs. Burnett has sought in her novel way to make capital out of the Chicago Exposition. For the City Beautiful, to which her two little pilgrims, their fresh minds afire with reading Bunyan's allegory (a book, by the way, which ought to be in every child's library), set out, is none other than the White City of which they have heard. The Fair has just receded

far enough into the distance to give Mrs. Burnett a safe perspective, and yet it is still so near to our remembrance as to insure immediate interest in her story. The illustrations of course are by Birch. (Price, \$1.50.) In *The Garden Behind the Moon* we prefer Mr. Howard Pyle's pictures to his print. The book is, as would be expected where Howard Pyle is concerned, beautiful throughout; and if one may weary of the text, one finds compensation in lingering over the work of the artist (\$2.00). *The Kanter Girls* is a fairy tale told by Mary L. B. Branch to the accompaniment of many illustrations drawn by Helen M. Armstrong, and is very attractively bound and printed (\$1.50). A volume of *Children's Stories in American Literature* has been compiled by Henrietta C. Wright, comprising the literary lights between the years 1660 and 1860. (Price, \$1.25.)

The story of *Zelinda and the Monster*; or, *Beauty and the Beast*, retold after the old Italian version, and finely illustrated in photogravure by the Countess of Lovelace, is another of those delicately produced books which we hesitate to put into the hands of children. It is, we fear, to the "children of riper years," to whom the preface is addressed, that we must look for the fine appreciation of the excellent artistic beauty lavished on this work. Messrs. F. A. Stokes and Company import *Zelinda* from the press of Dent, in London, which is a criterion of its worthiness as a work of art.—*Wayne and his Friends*, by J. Selwyn Tait, author and publisher, is a book of nine stories, one long and eight short, which are more than ordinarily interesting, and appear to be written from the inside by one who knows children, but loves them better than he knows, for tenderness is one of the notable qualities in the work. It contains some good illustrations, and is well printed and bound. (J. Selwyn Tait and Sons, \$1.25.)—*The Desert Ship*, by John Bloundelle-Burton, is an evidence that the wonderful in imaginative work is still capable of surprises. Here we have a story of adventure as strange and marvellous in its setting as anything yet imagined, and the more surprising is it that the invention is not purely imaginary, but is founded on tradition and apparently substantiated by scientific research. But we leave the reader, boy or man, to explore the mysterious region described in

this story for himself. (Frederick Warne and Company, \$1.25.)

Thomas Whittaker have published the following stories, all by writers who have already won a hearing from boys and girls: *The Rebel Commodore* (\$1.25), being memoirs of the earlier adventures, ashore and afloat, of Sir Ascott Dalrymple, by David L. Johnstone, which touches on a subject already made famous by Mr. Crockett's *Raiders*; *Where the Brook and River Meet*, by Nellie Hellis, a story for girls, inculcating the truth that "highest beauty lies in doing simplest duty" (\$1.25); *Thistle and Rose*, by Amy Walton, also a girl's story, with much the same moral, but inferior in

quality to the former (\$1.00). *The Brotherhood of the Coast*, by the same author as *The Rebel Commodore*, is a story of the times of the Commonwealth in England, and Charles the Second. History and romantic adventure in foreign parts are interwoven. Mr. Johnstone writes with ease and dignity, and a lofty tone pervades his stories, which are adventurous without extravagance, and exciting in interest without exaggeration (\$1.50). *Two College Boys*, by the Rev. Edward A. Rand (75 cents), and *White Turrets*, by Mrs. Molesworth (\$1.00), concludes Mr. Whittaker's juvenile list, which sustains its high repute for purity of principle and sweet, wholesome feeling.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

The present widespread interest in Froebel is amply testified to by the rapidity with which excellent books on the man and his educational theories come from the press. Following hard upon Mr. Courthope Bowen's standard critique, there have appeared in quick succession Miss Blow's really profound little book on *Symbolic Education*, a translation of Froebel's *Pädagogik des Kindergartens*, and now a capital version, also by Miss Blow, of the *Mutter- und Kose-Lieder*. The title of the last-named book is *The Mottoes and Commentaries of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play* (New York: D. Appleton and Company, \$1.50). The value of the book is enhanced, as is that of all the volumes of this International Education Series, by the editorial preface from the pen of Dr. William T. Harris. The difficulties in rendering Froebel's uncouth German and his often ridiculous symbolism are well-nigh insurmountable, and Dr. Harris is quite right in saying that in this volume Miss Blow has transplanted rather than translated the ideas of Froebel. The Kindergarten movement in Great Britain and America has suffered from two mutually exclusive causes—ignorance of Froebel on the one hand, and blind, uncritical adherence to his dogmas on the other. Just now the second cause is most active; and it will be well if parents and teachers can be brought to read and reflect upon such sane judgments of

Froebel as writers like Mr. Bowen and Miss Blow give. The strength of Froebel is to be found in his sympathy with children and his insight into their nature. These *Mutter- und Kose-Lieder* are a wonderful testimony to this power. It is literature for mothers and children alike. Miss Blow's enthusiasm is hardly extreme when she writes (p. 39): "As a child's book this little collection of songs and games is unique in literature. As a mother's book likewise it has no ancestry and no posterity. It is the greatest book for little children and the greatest book for mothers in the world."

The *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Ausländisches Unterrichtswesen* is the title of a new pedagogical quarterly appearing this month, and announcing as its purpose the study, from the German standpoint, of educational systems and educational problems as they present themselves in other countries. Although claiming that the German educational system has long been universally acknowledged as the foremost in the world, the prospectus of this new periodical confesses that in many respects there exists in this system a tendency to one-sidedness. To correct this tendency it is deemed appropriate to give more attention to education elsewhere. Among several subjects worthy of immediate attention are mentioned the phenomenal growth of systems in other countries,

especially France, during the last twenty-five years; the education of woman, in which Germany is far behind her neighbours and the countries of the New World; and the popularization of learning by such methods as university extension, Chautauqua circles, etc. The work of the periodical will be carried on under two distinct heads: first, reports from all sorts of educational institutions, from the university down to the primary school; second, scientific articles by the foremost educators of the world; and in a long list of those who are announced as contributors are found the names of the following Americans: Professors Butler, of Columbia; Hall, of Clark; Mun-

roe, of Leland Stanford; Montresor, of City of New York; Russell, of Colorado; and Thurber, of Chicago. A large number of papers on interesting subjects are announced, and among them America seems to receive her full share of consideration. Careful attention will also be given to educational literature from all lands. The management of the new venture is to be under the care of Dr. J. Wychgram, Director of the Girls' City High School in Leipsic, who has long been occupied with the discussion of educational questions, and who has contributed much to educational literature, especially on the education of women.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The Aguilar Library, which is one of New York's free public libraries, circulating annually over 255,000 volumes, will conduct a table at the large Fair of the Educational Alliance, to be held from December 9th to December 21st inclusive, at the Madison Square Garden. One of the branches of the library is situated in the Alliance Building on East Broadway, and forms a component part of the work of the Alliance.

This corner of the Garden will be a shrine for all book-loving pilgrims. Here will be found a cosy library, where the weary visitor may seat himself and wish he owned all the charming things about him. Here he may purchase desks and dictionaries, table lamps and desk-chairs, scrap-baskets and lampshades, all kinds of stationery, book-cases and portraits, autographs, magazines, and magazine-holders. Among the magazines which donate a year's subscription to the table are *THE BOOKMAN*, *Scribner's*, and *The Forum*.

Also the devoted reader may cast his vote (repeating being not only permitted, but encouraged) for the most popular American author, and may have the satisfaction in assisting in placing upon the victorious desk a beautifully hand-painted desk-set.

Upon the shelves of this unique library will be presentation volumes that will fairly craze the ardent autograph collector, from W. D. Howells, Thomas

Wentworth Higginson, John Fiske, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, H. C. Scudder, W. C. Brownell, Hamilton W. Mabie, George Woodberry, John Burroughs, Isabel Hapgood, Kate Douglass Riggs, Mary Hallock Foote, Henry Fuller, Hamlin Garland, Septima Collis, William Winter, Carl Schurz, E. C. Stedman, Charles Dudley Warner, Maud W. Goodwin, Frances Hellman, Helen Grey Cone, Frank Stockton, Oscar S. Strauss, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Margaret Deland, Anna Brackett, Mary Putnam Jacobi, George Haven Putnam, Emily James Smith, R. W. Gilder, Edward Eggleston, Alice Wellington Rollins, Clara Stranahan, Lillian Bell, Mrs. James T. Fields, Felix Adler, E. D. Cheney, George Du Maurier, Edward Bellamy, John Kendrick Bangs, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Maria L. Poole, Harriet C. Wright, Theodore Roosevelt, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Vida Scudder, Kate Sanborn, Anne H. Wharton, Lillian Whiting, Noah Brooks, Howard Pyle, E. W. Townsend, W. O. Stoddard, Mary Mapes Dodge, Margaret Sangster, Kate E. Clark, William Winter, Sarah K. Bolton, and many others.

Most of these chose to sign their name, perhaps adding "yours sincerely" or "faithfully," as the case might be; some others, however, added interesting and clever inscriptions. This is from Charles Eliot Norton:

"Given to the Fair for the benefit of the Aguilar Free Library, by Charles Eliot Norton, with the wish that some one may feel with Master Slender, 'I had rather than forty shillings I had (this) Book of Songs and Sonnets.'

"Shady Hill, Cambridge, October 19, 1895."

In one of his books Brander Matthews warns the purchaser,

"See that the signature is blown in the bottle."

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney

"sets her mark here for the Aguilar Free Library of New York, on the 20th October, 1895."

Edmund Clarence Stedman quotes his own definition of poetry.

Frank Stockton writes,

"With kind regards to the purchaser of this book."

Goldwin Smith, on the fly-leaf of his *United States*, quotes Bacon:

"These times are the ancient times when the world is ancient," etc.

Elbridge S. Brooks sends a copy of his *Leisler*—

"With the best wishes of the author, this story of a forgotten New York patriot is offered as a spur to true Americanism."

Palmer Cox trusts

"the owner of this Book may take as much pleasure in perusing its pages as the author did in preparing them."

There will be found also many interesting autograph letters for sale, from Austin Dobson, Max O'Rell, Stepiak, Edward Freeman, Madame Adam, Jules Claretie, Jules Verne, and others. Chief in interest is a four-page letter from

Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is dated Beverly Farms, August 8th, 1888. Among other things it says:

"I am passing a quiet and refreshing summer at this pleasant seaside retreat, with only my daughter, who lives with me both summer and winter, having let her own charming house to come to me.

"I am not writing anything but letters, of which I have always a good many to attend to. How much longer I shall be able to do it I cannot say, for my eyes are getting more and more dim, and one of them is shirking its work almost entirely, so that the other is liable to be overtaxed, and I am beginning to think of a staff and little dog if I have to grope my way in this lower sphere of life much longer.

"But do not shed the sympathetic tear for my poor eyesight, for you see that I can write almost legibly; and though the landscape has a mistiness about it, I can still enjoy my view of the ocean and the noble trees, which I look upon every day."

This letter was presented to the table by Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, to whom it was addressed. It is marked \$25.00, which, considering the quality of the letter, as well as the good cause it assists, is certainly a modest price.

Besides Mrs. Rollins, a number of other well-known *litterateurs* will assist in presiding over the library and its fascinating wares—Mrs. Kate Douglass Riggs, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Marguerite Merington, Miss Hapgood, and Mrs. Margaret Sangster, as well as some ladies better known in other spheres—Miss Emma Thursby, Mrs. Charles Barnard, and Miss Ragna Boyesen.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

In the July number of *THE BOOKMAN* we gave a list of the works of several popular English authors as they appeared in England in book form, and in response to requests from several correspondents for a similar list of R. D. Blackmore's books, we append the following:

Poems by Melanther. 12mo. 1854.
 Euphonia, and Other Poems. 8vo. 1855.
 The Bugle of the Black Sea. 12mo. 1855
 The Fate of Franklin: A Poem. Foolscap 8vo. 1860.
 The Farm and Fruit of Old: A Translation in Verse of the First and Second Geologies of Vergil. By a Market Gardener. 1862.

Clara Vaughan. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1864.
 Cradock Nowell. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1866.
 Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1869.
 The Georgics of Vergil. Translated. 12mo. 1871.
 The Maid of Sker. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1872.
 Alice Lorraine: A Tale of the South Downs. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1875.
 Cripps the Carrier: A Woodland Tale. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1876.
 Erema; or, My Father's Sin. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1877.
 Mary Anerley: A Yorkshire Tale. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1880.
 Cristowell: A Dartmoor Tale. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1882.
 The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart. 2 vols., post 8vo. 1884.

- Springhaven: A Tale of the Great War. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1887.
 Kit and Kitty: A Story of West Middlesex. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1890.
 Perlycross: A Tale of the Western Hills. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1894.
 Fringilla: Some Tales in Verse. 8vo. 1895.
 Slain by the Doones. Post 8vo. 1895.

FALSE CHORDS.

I listen, but I listen all in vain,
 Amid the jangle of beribboned lyres
 (The which our modern poets strum upon)
 For some heart-note, some echo of great thoughts
 To thrill me and uplift me like the breath
 Of sudden brine from out old ocean's breast,
 Fresh-dashing in my face a kiss of dawn.

But so it is, that all I hear—good God!
 Is art, art, art, and sickly plaintive runes
 Of flowers, and birds, and lovelorn serenades,
 In cunning form, fine moulded for the ear,
 Frail word-mosaics of these lesser days;
 Or, failing that, there comes a mystic chant
 Of dense, dull verse, whose secret lies in gloom,
 Swathed like a mummy in his cerements.

And these are nothing but false chords, I know;
 For true-born singers smite Apollo's harp
 With something of the spirit of a god,
 And give their very life-blood to the song.

O, muse of mine, let not my lyre sound
 To such vain pipings; grant its varied moods
 A touch of tears—a voice of nature's own
 As lucid, and as free and undefiled;
 And give it steel, and iron, like the strength
 Of clashing sabres and of bayonets
 And black-mouthed cannon, wreathed in thunder clouds,
 Whose music rolls a menace o'er the skies
 Where earth is shaking to the tread of Mars.

Ernest McCaffey.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1895.

The month opened with a continuance of the sale of higher grade text-books for colleges and private schools. The expected revival in library business manifested itself, and the requests for catalogues and price lists were followed by numerous orders of recently published works by the older libraries, while the new ones generally start with the standard authors of the past.

The customary number of buyers from the smaller towns, who take the opportunity between the seasons to make their purchases for autumn and holiday trade, have been noticed in the city. Their orders are mostly confined to the editions of twelves, sixteenmos, and sets in the cheaper bindings, together with an assortment of booklets, calendars and the various styles of juvenile publications.

Many of the publishers have adopted the plan of issuing for the holiday trade fine editions of their more popular works, generally in two twelve-volume, and always handsomely illustrated and attractively bound. *Standish of Standish*, by Austin; *Tales of a Traveller*, by Irving; *The Wandering Jew*, by Sue, and *Spain*, by De Amicis, are among this year's publications. Poetry does not seem to be quite so popular at present as in the past, but *Last Poems*, by James Russell Lowell, and the *Victorian Anthology*, by E. C. Stedman, are having a ready sale.

Books for the young form a large proportion of the season's publications, and many new ones were brought out during October. Mrs. Burnett's *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress* will probably lead in point of sale, closely followed by Palmer Cox's *The Brownies Through the Union*, and Joel Chandler Harris's *Mr. Rabbit at Home*. *Snow Shoes and Sledges* and *Half Round the World* are attractive for boys, while *Elsie's Journey* and *A Flock of Girls and Boys* should please girls. *The Garden Behind the Moon*, *Little Miss Phoebe Gay* and *The Child's Garden of Song* are for the tiny ones.

In finding the new books of the month one is almost alarmed by their numbers—so great, in fact, that some books worthy of a good sale must of necessity be crowded out before receiving due attention.

Fiction is, as usual, in excess of all other subjects, the most prominent of which have been *The Chronicles of Count Antonio*, by Anthony Hope; *A Daughter of the Tenements*, by Edward W. Townsend; *In Defiance of the King*, by C. C. Hutchkiss, and *A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others*, by F. Hopkinson Smith. More substantial reading is represented by *Menticulture*, by H. Fletcher; *Electricity for Everybody*, by Philip Atkinson, and *Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch*, by W. H. Green.

While sales for the month have been good, and compare favourably with previous years, the boom predicted by some has not yet been felt, and it remains for the next two months to show

whether there is to be any exceptional increase in this year's business.

The popular books of the month, in the order of demand, have been as follows:

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Mac-laren. \$1.25.

The Village Watch Towers. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.00.

The Men of the Moss-Hags. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50.

College Girls. By Abbe Carter Goodloe. \$1.25.

Don. By the author of Laddie. \$1.00.

Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

A Daughter of the Tenements. By Edward W. Townsend. \$1.75.

The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. \$1.25.

The King's Stratagem. By Stanley J. Weyman. 50 cts.

A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.25.

About Paris. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.25.

My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. \$1.75.

Princeton Stories. By J. L. Williams. \$1.00.

The Little Huguenot. By Max Pemberton. 75 cts.

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, November 1, 1895.

The conditions of business have not changed to any material extent since our last report, and much that was said regarding September will apply to the month which has just closed. Trade, as a whole, continues steady, and although sales are fairly good, they might be, and ought to be, a great deal better. In regard to wholesale trade, the country bookseller still confines his purchases principally to current literature and such books as are always in demand, and he seems very reluctant to invest in what is technically termed holiday stock. The various cheap lines of twelves and sixteenmos are selling remarkably well, particularly those which are novel and attractive in binding. Juveniles are being bought largely, and are, upon the whole, selling better than any other class of books; in fact, juvenile books more than hold their own, and it would seem that hard times, either fancied or real, make no difference to the rising generation. Cheap sets of standard authors are going fairly well, but the better grades of sets seem to move more slowly every year, until just before Christmas, when there is

usually quite a rush for them. Trade in Christmas booklets and calendars is fairly active, and would be better if there were not such a sameness in design and so comparatively few novelties this year. Retailers complain that autumn business is slow in opening up, and most of them would like to be busier than they have been this month. They are hopeful, however, and think that the good time is only postponed, and that this month's slowness will be made up later on.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress, a very happy title, was undoubtedly the book of the month. It will probably be the juvenile of the season. Prominent books of the month were *A Village Watch Tower*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *The Wise Woman*, by Clara Louise Burnham; *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, by S. R. Crockett; *Chronicles of Count Antonio*, by Anthony Hope; another Brownie book, entitled *Brownies Through the Union*, by Palmer Cox; *The Bachelor's Christmas*, by Robert Grant; *Constantinople*, by Mario Crawford. Other books published previous to last month which are selling largely are Carleton's *Rhymes of our Planet*, *The Stark Munro Letters*, *Memoirs of a Minister of France*, and *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. This last book was ahead of everything last month, and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* is being very impatiently demanded by Ian MacLaren's numerous readers. The craze for the *Chimmie Fadden* books still continues, but Mr. Townsend's new book, *A Daughter of the Temenesis*, is not yet meeting with as great success. A fair demand for *Trilby* comes from the far Western States, otherwise its sale has been ordinary, and *The Manxman* has also dropped off a little.

The whist season is now fairly started, and books on the game are in lively demand. Cavendish leads the van, and appears to be the favourite. He is closely pressed, however, in popularity by Foster, whose *Whist Manual* is undoubtedly the best American book on the game, and his *Whist Tactics*, which has just been published, should sell well.

Appended is a list of the books which were most in demand during the month, and in addition to these there was quite a good call for anything relating to the South American Republics, caused, no doubt, by the Venezuela trouble. Many people, too, wanted a history of Cuba and the present Cuban revolution, but unfortunately they could not be accommodated. South Africa also came in for its share of attention, and books of travel in that region sold well.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.25.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian MacLaren. \$1.25.

Rhymes of Our Planet. By Will Carleton. \$1.25.

Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Anthony Hope. \$1.50.

The Village Watch Tower. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.00.

The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. \$1.25.

Men of the Moss-Hags. By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50.

Bachelors' Christmas. By Robert Grant. \$1.50.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. \$1.75.

The Stark Munro Letters. By Conan Doyle. \$1.50.

Chimmie Fadden, 1st and 2d series. By E.

W. Townsend. Each, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. \$1.00.
The Child's Garden of Song. By W. L. Tomlins. \$2.00.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Brownies Through the Union. By Palmer Cox. \$1.50.

Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. \$1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, September 23 to October 19, 1895.

The opinion of the competent judges referred to in the last report has so far proved to be correct, for a welcome revival has taken place in business generally, home and foreign trade sharing alike in the improvement. At the moment of writing there is a slight falling off, but this is according to the experience of previous years.

The practice of issuing novels for the first time at 6s. has developed this branch of the trade into a very important one. Each month this class of publication heads the list of best-selling works, and is likely to do so.

New books for the season are now being delivered in good earnest, more than one thousand having been published during the period indicated above. All branches of literature are represented, fiction claiming about two-thirds of the number stated.

In all branches of literature there is considerable activity, noticeably so among the more advanced works on Natural History, especially on Birds, Insects, and Fishes. There are several very choice publications of this class.

Volumes of minor verse are conspicuous by their number. All the skill of the printer and binder has been lavished upon them, but it avails not to secure the patronage of an appreciative public.

In the list of works enjoying the public favour at the present moment the six-shilling novel appears in strong array. Many of the works mentioned have figured on the list for some months, and this is a gratifying occurrence in an age of ephemeral literature. Indeed, the short lives of the majority of publications is a very serious matter with *booksellers*, that is, for those who endeavour to keep a well-assorted stock, as distinguished from tradesmen who simply procure to order what is required.

Chronicles of Count Antonio. By A. Hope. 6s.

Men of the Moss-Hags. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

Lilith. By G. Macdonald. 6s.

Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s.

From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian MacLaren. 6s.

Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s. (Selling as freely as ever.)

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.

When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By G. Parker. 6s.

Gerald Everley's Friendship. By J. E. C. Welldon. 6s.

Platform, Press, etc. By T. H. S. Escott. 6s.

- The Wonderful Visit. By H. G. Wells. 5s. net.
 Clarence. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d.
 The Carbonels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
 A Woman in It. By Rita. 3s. 6d.
 The Woman Who Wouldn't. By Lucas Cleeve. 3s. 6d.
 All Men are Liars. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d.
 At Market Value. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d.
 The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montrésor. 3s. 6d.
 College Sermons. By B. Jowett. 7s. 6d.
 Plea for a Simpler Life. By G. S. Keith. 2s. 6d.
 The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between October 1 and November 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

- ✓ Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
 2. College Girls. By Goodloe. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
 3. Uncle Remus. By Harris. \$2.00. (Appleton.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
 ✓ About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

- ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 2. Casa Braccio. By F. M. Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
 3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
 4. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century.)
 5. Father Stafford. By Hope. 75 cts. (Neely.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 3. Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
 4. In the Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
 5. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)

BOSTON, MASS.

- Life of Nancy. By Jewett. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
 Coming of Theodora. By White. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

3. Margaret Winthrop. By Earle. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
 4. Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
 5. Sónya Kovalévsky. By Leffler. \$1.50. (Century.)
 6. Cruising among Carribees. By Stoddard. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
 3. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)
 4. Meadow-Grass. By Alice Brown. \$1.50. net. (Copeland & Day.)
 ✓ Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
 ✓ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longman.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Golden Age. By Graiame. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
 2. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
 ✓ Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
 4. Tryphena in Love. By Raymond. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
 5. A Set of Rogues. By Barrett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
 ✓ A Wise Woman. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 2. Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. \$1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
 ✓ Rhymes of Our Planet. By Carleton. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 ✓ The Wise Woman. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
 ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 ✓ Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

CINCINNATI, O.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
 3. The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Hudson. \$1.50. (McClurg.)
 4. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)
 5. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
 6. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)

CLEVELAND, O.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Meadow-Grass. By Alice Brown. \$1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
 ✓ About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 4. The Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. \$1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

✂ Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

6. Zoraida. By Le Queux. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

DENVER, COL.

✂ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

2. Zoraida. By Le Queux. \$1.50. (Stokes.)

3. Her Majesty. By Tompkins. \$1.00. (Putnam.)

4. Joan Haste. By Rider Haggard. \$1.25. (Longmans.)

✂ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)

✂ About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)

DES MOINES, IA.

✂ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

2. The Manxman. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

3. The Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

4. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. \$1.25. (Appleton.)

✂ About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)

6. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. The Village Watch-Tower. By Wiggan. \$1.00. (Houghton.)

✂ The Wise Woman. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

✂ Men of the Moss Hags. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

✂ The Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

5. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

6. A Singular Life. Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Marriage Contract. By Balzac. \$1.50. (Roberts.)

2. Start in Life. By Balzac. \$1.50. (Roberts.)

3. The Head of a Hundred. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown.)

✂ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

✂ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)

6. The Manxman. By Caine. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

✂ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)

3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

4. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

✂ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)

✂ About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)

Considerable demand again for *Tribby* during latter part of month, to be accounted for by the recent visit of the Palmer Company.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. College Girls. By Goodloe. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

✂ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)

3. Recollections of Lincoln. By Lamon. \$1.50. (McClurg.)

✂ About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)

✂ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

6. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

✂ The Wise Woman. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

2. Coming of Theodora. By White. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

3. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

4. Miscellaneous Studies. By Pater. \$1.75. (Macmillan.)

✂ The Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

6. Joan Haste. By Haggard. \$1.25. (Longmans.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

✂ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longman.)

2. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

3. Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)

4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)

5. Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

6. Joan Haste. By Haggard. \$1.25. (Longman.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

✂ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

2. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)

3. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)

4. Meadow Grass. By Alice Brown. \$1.50. (Copeland & Day.)

5. Fort Frayne. By King. \$1.25. (Neeley.)

6. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

✂ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

✂ Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

4. Village Watch Tower. By Wiggan. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

5. Revolution of 1848. By St. Amand. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

6. Rhode Island Flowers. By W. W. Bailey. 75 cts. (Preston & Rounds.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
3. The Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. An Errant Wooing. By Harrison. \$1.50. (Century Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
- ✓ Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. \$1.25. (Longmans.)
- ✓ The Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. \$3.50. (Appleton.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

- ✓ The Wise Woman. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
2. Princess Sonja. By Magruder. \$1.25. (Century Co.)
3. Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. \$1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

TOLEDO, O.

- ✓ Wise Woman. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. \$1.75. (Harper.)
3. Singular Life. By Phelps. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
- ✓ Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Joan Haste. By Haggard. \$1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Heart of Life. By Mallock. \$1.25. (Putnam.)
- ✓ About Paris. By Davis. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- ✓ Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

- ✓ Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Princess Sonja. By Julia Magruder. \$1.25. (Century Co.)
3. Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms. By Gibson. \$7.50. (Harper.)
4. Uncle Remus. By Harris. \$2.00. (Appleton.)
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No. 5.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

One more bit of Trilbyana—perhaps the last that we shall be called upon to chronicle. In noting it we shall be obliged incidentally to advertise a certain proprietary remedy, but we are not going to stop for a little thing like that. The proprietor of the remedy in question recently brought out a brochure entitled *The True Tale of Trilby Tersely Told*. It summed up the story of *Trilby* in rhyme—her love for Little Billee, the hypnotic fiendishness of Svengali, and all the rest, and then wound up with the following touching verse:

"Yes, the world is full of Trilbys
Just as foolish p'r'aps as she,
Who when troubled with a headache
Seek some silly remedy.
Had she spurned Svengali's offer
When her headache made her sick,
And just taken Bromo-Seltzer,
'Twould have cured her just as quick!"

A number of Trilby pictures accompanied this choice poem, four of them being taken bodily from Du Maurier's book; wherefore the Messrs. Harper descended like a thousand of brick on the unfortunate advertiser, and the little pamphlet has been suppressed, so that it is destined perhaps to become a rare and precious thing to the collectors of Trilby literature. We should be tempted to say something harsh about the severity of the Franklin Square firm, were it not generally understood that their action in such cases is taken to please Mr. Du Maurier himself, who greatly dislikes such a use of his productions.

Our English cousins have received a good deal of diversion from the descriptions which several interviewers of Mr. Hall Caine have contributed to our sensational newspapers, especially such minutiae as Mr. Caine's hair, hands, stockings, and shoes. One well-known

caricaturist brooded over these things until the sketch below was the result. There is an impression on the other side that we are somewhat mystified by Mr.



HALL CAINE.

From the London Sketch.

Caine's treatment of the vexed copyright question. Mr. Henry Van Dyke illustrated this quandary by an amusing story which he told at the Hall Caine dinner in New York. An old darkey fishing off the coast in the Gulf of Mex-

ico caught a terrapin, which, however, was too much for him, and pulled him overboard. On reaching the surface, after much blowing and spluttering, he remarked: "What dis niggah wan' t' know is, wheddah dis niggah is a-fish-in', or wheddah dis fish is a-niggerin'!" Mr. George Haven Putnam, in the course of his remarks, said that "the Republic of Letters had vanished, and in its place had arisen an oligarchy of which Mr. Caine was a representative pacha, he might say, *A Pacha of Many Tales!*"

It is refreshing amid the hubbub raised by the contention between authors and publishers to come upon the following letter from Robert Louis Stevenson to Messrs. Chatto and Windus. "You see," he says, "I leave this quite in your hands. To parody an old Scotch saying of servant and master, if you don't know that you have a good author, I know that I have a good publisher. Your fair, open, and handsome dealings are a good point in my life, and do more for my crazy health than has yet been done by any doctor." As recently as August, 1893, Stevenson concludes a letter from Samoa thus: "I hope you are keeping very well, and that all marches in Piccadilly as heretofore. I am far out of the battle, and quite done with London; but I keep pleasant memories, dear Mr. Chatto, of yourself and all our dealings."

Another letter which these publishers received from Stevenson has reference to the Father Damien pamphlet, and is highly characteristic of the writer: "The letter to Dr. Hyde," he says, "is yours, or any man's. I will never touch a penny of remuneration. I do not stick at murder; I draw the line at cannibalism. I could not eat a penny roll that piece of bludgeoning had gained for me."

Apropos of our criticism in these columns last month on Mr. Brander Matthews's colloquialism "chipping up" for "chipping in," there is a similar animadversion in one of George Eliot's letters to the Blackwoods. "One gentleman has written me a very pretty note," says the author of *Daniel Deronda*, the first volume of which had just been

published, "taxing me with having wanted insight into the technicalities of Newmarket, when I made Lush say, 'I will take odds.' He judges that I should have written, 'I will lay odds.' On the other hand, another expert contends that the case is one in which Lush would be more likely to say, 'I will take odds.'" Mr. Matthews may find solace in the retort with which the letter concludes: "I told my correspondent that I had a dread of being righteously pelted with mistakes that would make a cairn above me—a monument and a warning to people who write novels without being omniscient and infallible."

We have elsewhere noted the beautiful edition of White's *Selborne*, which has just been issued in two volumes, with an introduction by John Burroughs and numerous illustrations by Clifton Johnson. On another page there will be found fuller reference to this work, as well as to the new and revised edition of *Uncle Remus*, illustrated profusely by Frost. Messrs. Appleton and Company have also prepared a popular edition of Dumas's *Three Musketeers* (price, \$4.00) with Leloir's illustrations, which was an attractive feature, though an expensive one, among the last season's holiday publications. An *édition de luxe* of two hundred and fifty copies of *The Manxman* has also been made by the same firm, with illustrations taken from actual scenes in the Isle of Man. These views were selected for this fine two-volume edition by Mr. Hall Caine, who has also put his signature to each copy of the work.

The next volume in Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company's little sixteenmo novels will be from the pen of George Gissing, and is entitled *The Paying Guest*. The story is written in a light, amusing vein, unlike Mr. Gissing's former work, which is weighted with a gloomy pessimism. The Messrs. Appleton will also issue in February a new story by Mr. Gissing, entitled *Sleeping Fires*.

We do not remember until now to have found any of Mr. Kipling's work reminiscent of other writers; but in his *Second Jungle Book*, the story called "The King's Ankus" irresistibly recalls one of Chaucer's *Canterbury*

Tales; while the theme of his "Brushwood Boy," in the last *Century*, is simply Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson* turned inside out. Yet whatever Mr. Kipling touches he makes his own by the fusing power of genius.

⊗

The *Evening Post* of this city is growing comical. Here is a reviewer who in a translation of *La Belle Nivernaise* sapiently remarks: "There is an odd sentence on page 174. It reads: 'Some one proposed to me that I should take in Augustine's reception.' It should surely be, 'Some one proposed to me that I should go to Augustine's reception.'" Really the *Post* ought to make its reviewers learn the American language as it is spoken, so that they may know what it is to "take in a reception." But the editorial columns yield some fun, too. The editor quotes the epigram about a person being a *ministre étranger aux affaires*, and ascribes it to "a wicked French wit." We take great pleasure in revealing the name of this wicked and witty Frenchman. It is Otto von Bismarck.

⊗

The author of that very clever "novel of a suburb," *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, a book which has been much written and talked about, and which deserves its reputation, has written a new novel entitled *Corruption*, which is reviewed on another page. Mr. Percy White's first intention was to follow a scholastic career, but after some time spent as a professor of the English language and literature in a French college, he drifted into journalism. For the last ten years he has edited *Public Opinion* (London), which has prospered exceedingly under his direction. During that time he has been a very busy leader-writer, and numerous short stories and reviews from his pen have also appeared from time to time in the magazines.

⊗

Mr. White's first novel, *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, had a distinct success in England, and a second edition has been recently issued in this country by Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company. The author believes that his novel has been a good deal misunderstood. He intended his central character to be something more than a snob—in fact, a sort of up-to-date cad and scamp into the

bargain. It is interesting to note that it was Marie Bashkirtseff's *Memoirs* which Mr. White once reviewed that suggested him. He is a very dissimilar person, of course, but the Frenchwoman is popularly believed to have meant her self-revelations to be a valuable human



PERCY WHITE.

document, and Mr. Bailey-Martin had the same ambition as an autobiographer. *Mr. Bailey-Martin* is popularly supposed to have emptied half the houses in the suburb which is made the scene of its story. *A King's Diary*, an infinitely touching little story, true to life and yet tragic in the highest degree, published last spring, will empty no suburbs, but its pathos will come home to every one who has any love for poor human nature, which perhaps is what Max Pemberton means in his Foreword, by informing us that the new Pocket Library, in which this story is published, will deal "with the humanity of the human heart."

⊗

The Messrs. Scribner have issued a cheaper edition of Mr. Field's *Echoes from a Sabine Farm*. We omitted in the

Dengang da gaderne i min fødeby Skien for en del år siden fik navne — eller kanske de bare blev om-døbte — nød jeg den ære at få en gade opkaldt efter mig. Således har i. afald aviserna berettet, og jeg har hørt det samme af troværdige rejsende. Efter deres forklaring skulle denne gades strække sig fra torvet ned mod havnen eller "Muddingen".

Men hvis dette opgivende er rigtigt, så skønner jeg ikke af hvilken gaden kom det at bære mit navn; thi jeg er ikke født i den gade og har aldrig boet der.

Jeg er derimod født på i en gård ved torvet, Blockmanns gård, som dengang kaldtes. Denne gård lå lige imod kirkenes forside med den høje kappe og det anselige lærn. Til højre for kirken stod byens gæstebæ og det var her læ rådshjem med arrest-rum og darskibskont. Blevetse Den fjerde side af torvet indtoges af latinskolen

December BOOKMAN to acknowledge the courtesy of this firm in allowing us to reproduce the photograph of Mr. Field, which is in their possession.

The manuscript of which the above fac-simile is a part was begun by Ibsen in Italy immediately after the publication of *Ghosts* (1881). It is wholly autobiographical, and was intended to form the opening pages of a book to bear the title *From Skien to Rome*, the former name being that of the poet's native town in Norway. The plan, however, was presently abandoned for *An Enemy of the People* (1882). The manuscript was ultimately given by its author to his biographer, Henrik Jæger.

The articles on the old booksellers of New York, by Mr. W. L. Andrews, which have appeared from time to time in THE BOOKMAN during the past year, have been expanded and published in book form. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Andrews's other books, *Roger Payne and his Art*, *A Life of Jean Grolier*, *Among my Books*, etc., issued in similar limited editions, will appreciate this last volume of his for its beautiful workman-

ship, as well as for its interesting contents. Only 130 copies are for sale.

We are indebted to Mr. Arthur Hornblow, of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, for the autograph letter and portrait of Dumas accompanying Professor Cohn's article on another page. Mr. Hornblow received the photograph from Dumas four years ago while in Paris. M. Dumas was sensitive about the use of his photographs by the trade, and in parting with this one said that it had been taken at a private sitting by a friend, and was one that he cherished very much. M. Dumas was then living in the Avenue de Villiers.

The Red Badge of Courage, by Stephen Crane, which was reviewed at length in the November BOOKMAN, is to be published shortly in England by Mr. William Heinemann, who is quite enthusiastic over Mr. Crane's work and its promise.

Much as we like our contemporary, the *Dial*, we must protest earnestly when it begins to play tricks with the English language. Here it is using a barbaric verb, "to pedestal"—i.e., to set upon a pedestal. This may do around the stock-yards, but the *Dial* should remember that it has Eastern friends and readers.

Why is there such a chorus of interested astonishment over Professor W. L. Phelps's course in Fiction, at Yale University? Such a course has been given for years at Columbia by Professor Brander Matthews, and for some time at the University of Chicago by Dr. Triggs.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company will publish early in the year an important work, entitled *Ironclads in Action*,

by H. W. Wilson, with an introduction by Captain A. T. Mahan. It will be in two volumes, and will be profusely illustrated with drawings, maps, plans, etc., and will contain a careful survey of naval warfare during the last half century.

Miss Beatrice Harraden passed through New York on her way back to California at the beginning of December, and we are glad to state that her health, although somewhat shaken by the strain of her hurried trip, seems to be, on the whole, improving. She was delighted with the reception which she met on every hand in England, which confirms the conviction that Miss Harraden's work has made a deep impression, and has created an interest in and a warm welcome for whatever she may write. The opening chapters of her new novel are as delightful as anything she has written, and there is a keen sense of humour apparent. The story, when it is finished, will be twice as long as *Ships that Pass in the Night*.

Among the friends whom Miss Harraden met while in London, she spoke with especial warmth of Mr. J. B. Crozier, whose important contribution to philosophic thought in his book, *Civilisation and Progress*, is to be supplemented by a second volume, which will be published in March by the Macmillans.

Miss Margaret Sherwood, whose clever little story, *An Experiment in Altruism*, has had a remarkable success, has another volume in hand which will probably be published in the spring. Some months ago *Munsey's Magazine* announced that the authorship of *An Experiment in Altruism* was unknown, and that it was not probable that the author's identity would ever be disclosed. That same month THE BOOKMAN announced the author's name in these columns, and now in the December *Munsey's* there is a note stating: "It appears that 'Elizabeth Hastings,' who wrote *An Experiment in Altruism*, is named Margaret Pollock Sherwood." Which is quite correct if rather belated news.

Father Tabb's *Poems* have just gone into another edition, making four editions in all within a year. *Vagabondia*, also published by Messrs. Copeland and

Day, is now in its third edition. The *Arabella and Araminta Stories* promises to be a great success as a child's non-sense book during the season.

Mr. Edwin A. Grosvenor, whose work on Constantinople is reviewed at length



EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

on another page, graduated at Amherst in 1867, being salutatorian and class-poet. He studied at Andover Theological Seminary and in Paris, and from 1873 to 1890 was Professor of History at Robert College, Constantinople. An ardent and tireless student, all his time was devoted to work along historical lines. His extensive and frequent travels in Europe and Asia seem like romances, each vacation or leave of absence being consecrated to some special subject of historical research. Thus he has traced a great part of the routes of the Ten Thousand and of Alexander, many of the campaigns of Napoleon, the chequered career of Joan of Arc from Domremy to Rouen, and all the journeys of Saint Paul. Mr. Grosvenor is a member of the leading learned societies of Southern Europe, such as the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos of Constantinople and the Syl-

logos Parnassos of Athens, an honour rarely accorded to foreigners. Resigning in 1890 from Robert College, he spent the following year in travel in the Balkan Peninsula, the Greek Islands, Asia Minor, and Northern Syria. In January, 1892, he was called to Amherst College, as Lecturer in History. During three years—June, 1892, to June, 1895—he was head of the Department of French Language and Literature at Amherst, and also for two years meanwhile, 1892-94, head of the Department of History in Smith College. At the Amherst Commencement of 1895 he was appointed to the new chair of European History, which position he now holds.



WILLIAM BLACK.

The first instalment of Mr. Black's new novel, which is to appear in *Harper's* throughout the year, takes us once more to the Scottish Highlands, which have formed the background of his most successful stories. The poetry of Mr. Black's Scottish novels, we fear, does not lie so much in his treatment of Love's young dream, which he once informed us in *Yolande* is the sweetest thing in life, "and the saddest," as in the glamour of his picturesque descriptions of Scottish scenery. As in the case of "Coquette," in *A Daughter of Heth*, who had been born and educated

in France before being transplanted to her Ayrshire home, so in that of "Briseis," a Greek maiden whom we discover in the wooded valley of the Dee, the contrast brings out more sharply and with fresh beauty and wonder the loveliness of the scenery and the peculiar characteristics of the life with which she is environed.

*

William Black was born in Glasgow in 1841. As a boy he wished to be an artist, and studied for some time in the Glasgow School of Art. Before he was twenty, he contributed to the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, and at the age of twenty-three he came to London, where he joined the staff of the *Morning Star*, and became special correspondent for that paper during the war of 1866. His first novel, *Love or Marriage*, was published in 1867. Next came *In Silk Attire*, *Kilmeny*, and *The Monarch of Mincing Lane*. He made his reputation by *A Daughter of Heth*, published in 1871. Tom Casilis, better known as the "Whaup," is his most famous character. The most important of his other works are *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, *A Princess of Thule*, *Three Feathers*, *Madcap Violet*, *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*, *Macleod of Dare*, *Yolande*, *White Heather*, *In Far Lochaber*, and *The New Prince Fortunatus*. In twenty years he has produced over twenty books. He was at one time assistant editor of the *Daily News*.

*

The latest *Yellow Book*, just issued by Messrs. Copeland and Day, lays more serious claim than any of its previous numbers, perhaps, to our studious attention. The influence of Mr. Henry James is especially remarkable, as, indeed, it always has been on the little group of contributors. Were it only for Miss Ella D'Arcy's powerful story, "The Web of Maya," this number would be interesting. It is of such an exceedingly high order of merit as to confirm our claim to regard her among the masters of the short story. Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Crackenthorpe are both at their best, and "The Queen's Pleasure," by the editor, is as dainty, fascinating, and peculiar in its quality as is all his work. The "Yellow Dwarf" is generally supposed to be Mr. Harland himself. His outspoken

criticism and literary preferences are rather amusing, but they run counter to the judgment of the great body of readers, which is, in the long run, trustworthy and a sure touchstone.

✻

Reading Mr. Anthony Hope's *Half a Hero* in its new reprint (Harper and Brothers), which, by the way, perpetuates the typographical slips of the former edition, one is impressed again with the fact that it is in such an imperfect but powerful novel as this that Mr. Hope's real promise seems to lie. In this book he shows a knowledge of human nature and an interest in its wayward varieties without which no storyteller can hope to do work worthy of being called literature. But adventure stories were the fashion, and Mr. Hope took to writing them. He might have used his serious talents in this department, but he did not, and he does it less and less. *The Prisoner of Zenda* was written rather too much from the outside; it is a good story assuredly—lively, varied, original, but it is the story of a clever, adaptable writer who can turn his hand to any kind of work, and never do any of it badly. Mr. Hope is perhaps the most graceful writer of fiction we have at this moment, and he has solid qualities than grace. But if he is going to do one thing excellently—perhaps two things, for his *Dolly Dialogues* is more than the work of a clever literary artist—it is not on the order of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, nor on that of *The Chronicles of Count Antonio*, but after the manner of *Half a Hero*. These seem ungrateful words to use of one who has entertained and delighted us so often, but none is probably so well aware of their truth as Mr. Hope himself, who, we incline to think, has greater things in view while diverting himself and us with stories which—we can take his word for it—have cost him little trouble in the writing.

✻

Not many magazine managers are so obliging as those of the *Idler*, who print the following "notice" on the cover of their December number: "Objection having been taken in certain quarters to the cover of the *Idler*, a new design is in course of preparation." This is a dangerous precedent, and we shall not be surprised to learn that other maga-

zines are, since the publication of this announcement, being pestered with complaints from the interesting class of correspondents who really could run a magazine so much better, you know, if they only had a chance! Or is this *obligato* simply a quip of Mr. Jerome's humour?

✻

One of the most interesting articles in this number of the *Idler* is an interview with Mr. Clement Scott, poet, playwright, and critic. The first dra-



Clement Scott

matic notice Mr. Scott wrote was on *Romeo and Juliet* in 1863, at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, London. He possesses one of the finest theatrical libraries in the world, to say nothing of a unique collection of modern play-bills. Mr. Scott's knowledge of continental plays and playwrights is singularly complete, and woe betide the unhappy dramatic pilferer who does not acknowledge the source of his inspiration. Since 1879, when he retired from the War Office on a government pension, he has been on the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, with which paper he had been already for some time closely associated. Some of his plays, notably *Diplomacy*, *Off the Line*, *The Cape*



THOMAS HARDY.

Mail, and *Peril*, have obtained lasting popularity. Among the poems and songs originally contributed by him to *Punch* none is perhaps so well known as *The Midshipmite*. After thirty-five years in journalism these words of his have weight: "What do I think of journalism as a profession? I believe in my work, and think that a young man might do worse than become a journalist." Mr. Scott is a great advocate of out-of-door sports, and played in the first game of lawn tennis played in England.

We confess to having derived considerable amusement from the puzzled comments elicited by certain so-called

portraits of the author of *Jude the Obscure*, which have appeared in some newspapers lately. To correct any widespread impression which may erroneously be conveyed by these pictures, we herewith produce a drawing from an etched portrait taken from life by Mr. William Strang, which was made for Mr. Lionel Johnson's excellent treatise, *The Art of Thomas Hardy*.

Mr. Hardy was born in Dorsetshire some five-and-fifty years ago. He began life as an ecclesiastical architect, and drifted into art criticism, but not until he was about thirty did he find his real field of success in novel writing. In 1871 his first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, was published, followed, in 1872, by *Under the Greenwood Tree*, and in 1874 by *Far from the Madding Crowd*, which was the feature of *Cornhill* during that year. He lives at Max Gate, near Dorchester, high on a hill which overlooks many of the scenes of his Wessex stories. His writing is

done fitfully and irregularly; in parts he prints from the first draught, and in other parts he rewrites again and again, revising liberally in the proofs. Mrs. Hardy has always been his first reader and kind critic. It is difficult to get a really good portrait of Mr. Hardy, and doubtless a knowledge of this fact is responsible for the bogus likenesses alluded to.

Mr. Hardy is a very careful and accurate writer, and yet on one occasion he was guilty of an oversight which most writers have now and then to confess, as when Thackeray killed off a character in one number in his serial publication of a novel, and continued his conversation quite unconcernedly in

the next. We do not refer to the mysterious appearance of the child in the October instalment of *Jude the Obscure* in *Harper's*, for which the editor and not Mr. Hardy was responsible, and which is logically and physiologically accounted for in the book. The slip in question was caught in proof, where Mr. Hardy, having brought one of his characters to the very summit of a hill, incontinently started him up again. On bringing it to the author's attention he corrected it by a postal-card of characteristic simplicity: "For 'up' read 'down.'"



Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's *Vailima Letters*, which have just been published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, throw much light on his literary methods. They prove Stevenson to have been one of the most hardworking and conscientious of literary men. Indeed, reading some passages, one would almost call him a drudge. He had great misgivings about his books as he wrote them, and these did not disappear on their completion. But when the proofs came back to him, his spirits generally revived, and by the time they were all in his hands, he was ready to pronounce the book quite a good one. It turns out that *The Ebb Tide* was practically his own, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne having written little of it. On the other hand, *The Wrong Box* belongs almost entirely to Mr. Osbourne. The letters contain very little allusion to contemporary



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
From an etching by S. Hollyer.

writers. There are references to Rudyard Kipling.



Here is a touching bit from one of the *Vailima* letters: "I wonder exceedingly if I have done anything at all good; and who can tell me? and why should I wish to know? In so little a while I and the English language and the bones of my descendants will have ceased to be a memory. And yet—and yet—one would like to leave an image for a few years upon men's minds—for fun." This dark frame of mind succeeded the conclusion of "the excruciating *Ebb Tide*," and is one of the frequent evidences we have in these letters that Stevenson was oftentimes inclined to take a gloomy view of his literary

career. "A very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long lost, improved by the most heroic industry," is how he describes his work on one occasion.

✻

This mood is rarely expressed in literature. Dite Deuchars of *Thrum* is recorded to have felt it by Mr. Barrie (when he was still "Gavin Ogilvy" to us), and in the late W. W. Story's little volume of poems we have this isolated utterance from the heart of a man whose outlook and grasp on life was always brave and cheery :

"It was only my luck, I suppose,
And the day was delightful to those
Who were right in their time and their place.
But for me, I did nothing but race
And struggle, and always in vain.
We cannot have all of us prizes,
And the pleasure that's missed is a pain,
And one's balance goes down as one rises.

"And I'm tired, so tired at last
That I'm glad the great day is past :



THE "ANCHOR" TAVERN AT ST. OGGs.

The pleasure I sought for I missed,
And I ask, did it really exist?
Were they happy who smiled so and said
'Twas delightful, exciting, enchanting?
I doubt it, but they perhaps had
Just the something I always was wanting."

✻

Many an old town to-day slumbers unconscious of the fact that it has been described by the pen of a great novelist. Such an old town, lying on the borders of Lincolnshire, and by the banks of the wide-sweeping Trent, is Gainsborough. Probably not a score of people have known that George Eliot ever walked along its narrow streets, and certainly not a score have any idea that Gainsborough is the original of St. Oggs, and that the likeness is unmistakable. George Eliot visited the place twice, once in 1845, when she witnessed the "idiotic bazaar" to which Maggie Tulliver went in white muslin and simple, noble beauty, and which, fifteen years later, after George Eliot had become famous as the author of *Adam Bede*,

she described with an acuteness which attests her wonderful powers of observation and retention. In 1859 she visited Gainsborough again, to get "local colour" and to refresh her remembrance of the scenes. The Rectory at which Maggie lived before her sad death is certainly Morton Hall, where George Eliot was staying at this time. The Rector of Scotton can recollect the novelist visiting his father, who was temporarily occupying Morton Hall when she became his guest in 1859; and from a hillock in the garden, he says, George Eliot often stood and watched the river and its life, which she so graphically described in *The Mill on the Floss*.

✻

Describing St. Oggs in *The Mill on the Floss* (Book I., Chapter XII.) George Eliot describes Gainsborough; and her picture of the Old Hall by the riverside is photographic in its exactness. Tofton in the novel is Morton, and Ruckreth is Stockwith, a village several miles down the river. Lindum is Lincoln, sixteen miles distant, and Laceham is a thin disguise for Nottingham. Constantly one recognises the origi-

nals of little bits of description. The "Anchor Tavern," which was a rendezvous for sailors, is the "Crown and Anchor," a little beer-house in Bridge Street. The Floss by whose side Tom and Maggie Tulliver wandered, "with a sense of travel to see the rushing spring tide, the awful Ægir come up like a hungry monster," is the river Trent; the name Ægir for the tide being peculiar to the Trent. The Red Deeps, where



MORTON HALL.

Philip and Maggie often met, are the Castle Hills, the red sandstone showing clearly, and Maggie in walking to them from St. Oggs went up "the Hill." The Hill is a favourite evening walk with the people of Gainsborough, and by turning to the left at the top and going along the green-skirted lane leading to Thonock Hall—believed to be the original of Park House, where Philip Wakem lived—the Red Deeps are passed close by. Dorcote Mill cannot be identified; and in placing the Mill on a tributary of the Floss, George Eliot departed from geographical verity, as the Trent has no tributary in the neighbourhood of Gainsborough. Some of the people we meet in *The Mill on the Floss* may be studies of real characters, as in the case of *Adam Bede*, but the chief point is that George Eliot has made this quaint old town of Gainsborough the scene of a story which stands out like a promontory in English literature.

*

Readers of that delightful story, *Sir Quixote of the Moors*—and we hope they will be numerous—will, we fear, be moved to think that "Sir Quixote" forfeited all right to his title at the close of his adventure. We happen to know, however, that the endings of the last few lines of the American and the English editions are different, a rather unusual proceeding happily. We are not going to spoil the interest in the story by stating just wherein they differ,

but we may say that in the English copy which we have seen Sir Rohaine is true to his Quixotic character to the end, and in the American (both are authorised, curiously enough), as already indicated, his Quixotry is repudiated for a more human course of action, which will be more likely to win the sympathies of the reader; but you must read the whole story to see the point of its finale.

✱

Messrs. L. Prang and Company of Boston have published the poster to Lily Lewis Rood's sketch of De Chavannes since the chat with Miss Ethel Reed appeared in the December *BOOKMAN*. It will be remembered that Miss Reed was at work on this poster when our correspondent called on her, and it was not thought probable then that it would be published. We admire the enterprise of the publishers, and we commend the poster to collectors. It is one of the best examples of Miss Reed's art in this Philistine form.

✱

The tendency of the literary impulse in Canada to express itself in verse is markedly strong at the present moment, at least in quantity. In the November *BOOKMAN* there was a notice of *The White Wampum*, by Miss E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake), "a flower of Canadian culture," and an Indian princess of a proud and ancient tribe. Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company,

who are Miss Johnson's publishers, have also placed their imprint on a book of poems entitled *The House of the Trees and Other Poems*. The author, Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, lives at Fenwick, Ontario, and has made large contributions of verse to a number of the leading magazines. This volume will introduce her to a wider audience, and enlarge the circle of her appreciative readers. We have already announced Bliss Carman's *Behind the Arras*, which is now published. The decorative talent of Mr. Tom B. Meteyard has been utilised in illustrating the poems, which he has done after an original fashion. Then there has just been published by Messrs. Copeland and Day a new volume of poems, entitled *Lyrics of Earth*, by Archibald Lampman, one of the group of young Canadian



ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

singers. Mr. Lampman's verse is also known through the magazines and by a little volume, *Among the Millet*, which appeared a few years ago. The recognition which he has already received will be deepened and widened by his new sheaf of songs. Another volume entitled *The Magic House and Other Poems*, by Duncan Campbell Scott, has just been issued by the same firm. Mr. Scott is a young man under thirty, employed in the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa. A volume of stories will appear from his pen in the spring. Like Mr. Lampman and Mr. Scott, who both live at Ottawa, Mr. William Wilfred Campbell fills a position in the Civil Service, and devotes his leisure to the wooing of the muses. A poem of Mr. Campbell's will be found on another page. Mr. Campbell's work,



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.



E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

so far, shows evidence of poetic power and strength, and he has in a larger degree perhaps than all the others dramatic intensity.

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Mr. Tighe Hopkins, whose slight but amusing novelette, *Lady Bonnie's Experiment*, was noticed in the December BOOKMAN, is if we are not mistaken going to enjoy a wider popularity very soon. He has been writing for some time; indeed, credit is due to the editor of the *Leisure Hour* for "discovering" him about five years ago. A story of his, entitled *The Incomplete Adventurer*, appeared serially in that magazine during 1891, at the same time that Mr. Weyman's *Story of Francis Cludde* was running in the same monthly.

⊗

Speaking of "discoveries," we believe it was Anthony Trollope—as complete a failure as an editor of *St. Paul's* as Thackeray, on the other hand, was successful with the *Cornhill Magazine*—who discovered Mr. Austin Dobson. We understand that Mr. Dobson commenced in *St. Paul's* with the poem, "A Song of Angiola in Heaven."

⊗

Alphonse Daudet's home is in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and the street in which he lives is a quiet one, whose sparse shops have not changed their style of window dressing since the death of the Duc de Berri. Daudet's study is lighted by two windows which look out on gardens. Even on the warm day when a friend sought him out recently, a large fire was burning. Daudet is a southerner, and feels the cold of Paris keenly. His study is lined with dwarf bookcases, so low that one has only to stretch out a hand in order to find the book that is wanted. Thursday is his "at home" day, when he usually invites twelve or fourteen friends to dinner. If a well-known musician happens to be among the guests, the drawing-room and not the study is the place of entertainment.

⊗

Messrs. Platt, Bruce and Company have just published *In the Midst of Paris*, by Alphonse Daudet. It is profusely illustrated, and makes a handsome appearance. A new volume of stories by



Yours faithfully,
 Russell Campbell Scott.

Anthony Hope, entitled *Frivolous Cupid*, published by the same firm a few weeks ago, has already had a remarkable sale.

⊗

Collectors of posters and of literature bearing on posters will read with interest two announcements that have just been published. One comes from Paris, and gives notice of the immediate appearance of a monthly publication styled *Les Maîtres de l'Affiche*, to give in each issue four reproductions in colours of posters by French, English, and American artists. The first issue gives posters of Chéret, Lautrec, Julius Price, and Dudley Hardy. The subscription price to foreigners is thirty francs a year. The publishing house is the Imprimerie Chaix, 20 Rue Bergère, Paris.

⊗

The second announcement comes from Mr. William Tryon Higbee, of Cleveland, O., who is bringing out a book of photographic reproductions of posters, mounted on hand-made paper. The edition is limited to fifteen copies, sold by subscription only, at \$20 each.

Mark Twain long ago commented on the fact that when French artists paint the Holy Family, Joseph becomes a Frenchman and Mary a Frenchwoman; and in general that an artist in some way always subtly transforms his subjects into persons of his own nationality. The Baron de Grimm's drawings of President Cleveland that appear in the *Telegram* of this city are amusing instances of the truth of this. They evidently resemble Mr. Cleveland, yet in them he is no longer a Buffalonian or a Washingtonian, but a fine old German Graf with a castle or two on the Rhein and a shooting lodge in the Black Forest. How does the Baron de Grimm manage to do this? We have no idea; but he does it nevertheless.

Far more mysterious is the same transmutation when effected in photography. We have, for instance, a photograph of a friend, a good American from Brooklyn, taken by Schemboche, of Florence, and in it he is beyond any question a true Italian. It is an excellent likeness, too. And so a French photographer will turn you into a Frenchman, and an Austrian photographer into a subject of the Hapsburg Kaiser. It is very curious, and we should like some professional person who knows all about photography and psychology and several other things, to work out an explanation for us. Of course the spiritualists and other occult persons have an answer to the question, but we want something scientific.

Meyer's *Konversationslexikon*, which has now advanced as far as the ninth volume, proves to be a most valuable work. One of the chief claims of the publishers is that the articles will be scholarly and in every sense up to the times. This is demonstrated by several articles in the ninth volume; the most striking of which is probably that on Japan, to which twenty-two pages and a good map of Japan and Corea are devoted. The geography, history, and civilisation of the Empire are briefly, but scholarly discussed. To the person interested in the German colonies, the article on Kamerun will be attractive. The articles on the Jesuits and on the Jews are especially interesting from a historical and ethnographical stand-

point. Among literary subjects are a good presentation of the history of Italian literature; and a discussion of Junges Deutschland, which corresponds with the best current opinions. Medicine is represented by a new and scholarly article on hypnotism. The numerous illustrations are prepared in the most artistic manner, quite a large number of them being in colours.

A well-known author of this city, who owns a remarkable collection of death-masks of distinguished men, having heard that a certain foreigner had made by permission a mask of Eugene Field, wrote to him and courteously asked whether a replica of it might be secured. A reply was soon received couched in very brusque language, to the effect that no replica would be furnished, but that the original mask might be purchased of him for a thousand dollars. Whereupon the author sat down and wrote the following letter:

DEAR SIR:

I am in receipt of your note in which you decline to allow me to make any offer for a replica of your death mask of Mr. Eugene Field, but offer to sell me the original for a thousand dollars. I fear that my collection must remain without the mask in question, as also of any mask of yourself; for I feel certain that when the time comes for the making of the latter, there will not be clay enough available to cover your cheek.

Very truly yours,

About half of the introductory number of the new *Historical Review* is taken up with book reviews. Some of these are admirable, and with all due deference to the sedate goddess of scientific history, it may be said that they lose nothing of historical value from an occasional bit of amusing description or sharp characterisation. It does one's heart good, for instance, to run across an incidental allusion to Von Holst's "aerial route" over the "ridges of time." Any one who has zigzagged through space on Von Holst's tangled metaphors will appreciate it. But while the uninitiated may venture into the magazine through this department—through the back-door, so to speak—let them have a care how they enter in at the stern portals of the opening article on "History and Democracy." *Procul este profani!* The birth of the new magazine is here announced with a porten-

tous solemnity and a pomp of rhetoric that remind one of the remark of De Quincey's servant-girl after one of her master's speeches: "Lord! The body's got sic a sight of words." Current literature seldom displays such tropical luxuriance of style. Unlike Von Holst, whose metaphors sometimes begin as rivers, turn into thunderstorms in the middle of the sentence, and emerge as raging conflagrations at the end, the present writer sticks to his figures of speech with Vergilian pertinacity—correct, but merciless.

Far be it from THE BOOKMAN to quarrel with the subject matter of this article. It bows submissively even to the dictum that "the knowledge which is unrelated to philosophy has little value, if indeed it be anything more than curious information." Still we understand that the new review aims to secure for its articles the quality of good literary style, and from this somewhat frivolous and superficial point of view we venture to suggest a more sparing use of Oriental imagery, which, though it survives in the pulpit and on Commencement Day platforms, is ruthlessly edited out of existence in the pages of the successful magazines. It is sometimes difficult to get away from an over-metaphorical orator or parson, but a magazine can be tossed aside without scruple, and even when popularity is not the chief end in view, it is just as well to conform to modern requirements in matters of literary style, for no scientific principle has ever yet suffered from being set forth in correct, vigorous, and incisive English.

It is a commonplace to say that good historical writing should be also good literature, but at the present time there appears to be some danger that American historical writers, in their devotion to facts and philosophy, will neglect manner and form. Nothing is gained by making learning repulsive; and locomotion by means of pedagogical stilts is neither rapid nor graceful. Therefore, from the humble station of a mere literary critic, we urge the learned editors of the new review to be not metaphorical overmuch—not to say too much about the rivers of history and the sands of time and the launching of the frail bark of historical criticism—

and, above all, not to begin a sentence with "Consequently, therefore," or to smother a tender idea with a mass of verbiage—in other words, not to do any more violence to the canons of literary taste than they would do if they were mere plain literary men, without any profundity of subject-matter to make amends for stupidity of style.

We have been much interested in looking over the courses prescribed by the Ministry of Public Instruction as a part of the general scheme adopted for secondary education in France. It is particularly pleasant to see so many American authors represented in the courses in English Literature. Besides Washington Irving, Franklin (the *Autobiography*), and Longfellow, we note the names of Miss Alcott and John Habberton, these last in the courses for girls. The titles of the particular works recommended are given in French, and *An Old-Fashioned Girl* and *Helen's Babies* suffer a sea-change in figuring respectively as *Une Demoiselle à la Vieille Mode* and *Les Enfants d'Hélène*.

Fiona Macleod, whose *Pharais* and *The Mountain Lovers* were reviewed at length in the October BOOKMAN, has a series of short tales and episodes under the title "From the Hebrid Isles," with some fine illustrations of Hebridean scenery, in the December *Harper's*. In Miss Macleod the Celtic Scot, or more correctly, the Scottish Highlander, hitherto almost inarticulate in literature, is striving to find a voice. There is a genuine ring in the sympathetic utterance of this Celtic writer who allies herself with her people—"we of the passing race in the isles and the Highlands"—that has its pathetic note, as she mourns that "all things sacred to the Celtic race are smiled at by the gentle and mocked by the vulgar. One day will come"—and the note swells to indignation—"when men will be sorer for what is irrevocably lost than ever a nation mourned for a lapsed dominion. It is a bitter, cruel thing that strangers must rule the heart and brains as well as the poor fortunes of the mountaineers and islanders. But in doing their best to thrust Celtic life, Celtic speech, Celtic thought into the sea, they are working a sore hurt for themselves that they shall lament in the day of adversity."



A. Dumas fils.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS.

The great dramatist who secured for the name of Alexandre Dumas claims to immortality stronger, perhaps, than those possessed by the author of *Monte Cristo* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, Alexandre Dumas the younger, in a long and eloquent note, which in the edition of his plays follows the text of *La Princesse de Bagdad*, wrote, a few years only before his death, the following lines: *Rien ne peut faire que je n'aie pas aimé, cherché et dit la vérité, que je n'aie pas voulu le bien, que je n'aie pas poursuivi un idéal.* These words express the idea which the author of *Le Demi-Monde* wished the

world to preserve of him. Whether they represented him faithfully, whether the peculiar strength of his productions is due mainly, or at least in part, to the virtues which they describe is, it seems to us, the most important question to be examined in a paper the object of which is to ascertain what place he is to hold in the eyes of posterity among the writers whose words constitute what we sometimes call permanent literature.

Of the features so tersely claimed for himself and his life by Alexandre Dumas fils, the most important is the possession of an "ideal." To have an

ideal, or better, as he says, *poursuivre un idéal*, gives to one's life and work above all unity, and this quality of unity is what must strike even the most superficial observer of Dumas's plays. This is what at once distinguishes him from the other great French dramatists whose life was contemporaneous with his, Émile Augier and Victorien Sardou. What a distance between *La Ciguë*, that charming Greek sketch, and *Les Fourchambault*, one of the most searching studies of modern society ever put on the stage! In Sardou's case variety becomes almost bewildering. Are *Madame Benoiton* and *Le Roi Carotte*, *Nos*

the public, and when he poured into his prefaces a quantity of arguments which he had been unable to work into his dialogue. This began about the year 1867, when Dumas was a little over forty years of age, and considered himself mature enough to lecture his fellow-men, and especially his fellow-countrymen, including the women, without running too great a risk of appearing ridiculous.

To the striking unity of his literary work, however, another cause may perhaps be ascribed in addition to the one we have just pointed out—viz., the example of his father. This example act-

avaient d'années :
 avec la dernière moi.
 Je garde votre lettre
 toujours précieuse ;
 quand le moment
 sera venu. Continuez
 ce genre de ouvrages : car
 ce genre fait grand
 votre tous deux fois
 quand vous le faites

je vous en remercie.
 Avec mes sentiments
 les plus dévoués.
 D. Dumas

FAC-SIMILE OF AUTOGRAPH OF DUMAS FILS.

Bons Villageois and *Patrie*, *Séraphine*, and *Théodora* really by the same author? In Dumas fils's dramatic production, if we leave out *Le Bijou de la Reine*, which he wrote when only twenty years of age, and which was never presented to the real public, *le public qui y va de sa pièce de cent sous*, as Sarcey says, we find only one kind of plays, what the author's countrymen call *des pièces à thèse*. Dumas fils always wishes to prove something; he proves it to his own satisfaction, and is ready, or rather was, to write at the close of his book the mathematician's Q. E. D.

A time even came in his life when it seemed to him that his plays alone did not make his ideas sufficiently clear to

ed upon him as a deterrent. No illustrious father was ever more admired by an illustrious son than the author of *Monte Cristo* by the author of *Le Demi-Monde*. The opening words of the latter's *discours de réception* in the French Academy were so touching, only because of their undeniable sincerity; but for all that, the faults of the father were discerned by no one more clearly than by the son, or else he would not have written *Un Père Prodigue*, one of his most interesting plays. Dumas père was a spendthrift, and not in money matters only; he squandered the splendid gifts of his semi-African nature, which made Michelet write to him: *Monsieur, je vous aime et je vous admire, car vous êtes*

une des forces de la nature. And to this uninterrupted squandering of the most robust literary constitution of modern times is due the undoubted fact that the place of the elder Dumas in permanent literature is by no means secure. Generation after generation has been interested and amused by him, and yet his influence on his time cannot compare even with that of Eugène Sue; and he has not left behind him a single work that can be called a masterpiece. The son very early took an oath to himself that he would be a better manager of his intellectual assets, and so it happens that, with natural gifts not for a moment to be compared with those of his father, he stands out, on the moment when he leaves the society of the living, the most striking figure in the numerous and brilliant array of France's nineteenth-century dramatists.

More striking even than Hugo? Undoubtedly. In Hugo's *admirable répertoire* (these are Dumas fils' own words) to-day only two plays remain that have the power of riveting the attention of the public to the stage, *Hernani* and *Ruy-Blas*, and even here, were it not for the music of the lines, the incongruities of the drama would shock the spectator almost at every step. Still no one can deny that to Hugo Dumas fils is indebted, not only for the chief inspiration to which he owed his first success, but also up to a certain point for the general character of his plays. *La Dame aux Camélias* is a descendant of *Marion Delorme*. Both Hugo and Dumas undertook to demonstrate to the public that true love can exist in a courtesan's heart, and can cleanse her of her former impurity. The poet did it with the accumulation of contrasts, which was both a need of his own nature and one of the principles of the Romantic School; the young dramatist with the innate logic of his mind and the simple resources of modern life; there Cardinal Richelieu, his red robe and the scaffold, here a bourgeois father, and death from consumption.

In one important respect *La Dame aux Camélias* fits in closely with the rest of Dumas's plays; otherwise the differences are very striking. They all deal solely with the intercourse of man and woman in modern society, especially with irregular intercourse. Hardly ever in Dumas's plays is the question, "Will

Mr. So-and-so marry Miss So-and-so. In *Le Demi-Monde* we do not care very much whether Olivier de Jalin is or is not to marry Marcelle; we are much more interested in the development of *La Baronne d'Ange's* career. In *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*, in *Denise*, the question of marriage is an all-important one; but in both cases the woman, though unmarried, has become a mother before the beginning of the play; and we cannot help calling here attention to the fact that the whole of the dramatic interest in an otherwise farcical play, which enjoyed some popularity in this country about fifteen years ago—Mr. Leonard Grover's *Our Boarding House*—was due to his bodily transferring into it the plot of *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*. In *La Princesse Georges* we have in one couple an adulterous husband, in the other an adulterous wife. *La Femme de Claude* is another Sylvanie de Terremonde; *La Visite de Noces* brings in contact with each other a man's bride and his former mistress. What is it that attracted Dumas fils to such themes as these? The last charge that could be fairly brought against him would be that of catering to any love of pruriency in the public of his day. In support of this assertion we beg to call attention to a characteristic fact. In the younger Dumas, the dramatist did more than overshadow the novelist, he killed him. After beginning to write for the stage he very soon ceased to publish novels. The novels he wrote are all but forgotten; few people to-day remember that *La Dame aux Camélias* was originally a dramatised novel. Once, however, after years of dramatic production, he turned again to novel writing, and published *L'Affaire Clémenceau*. This novel, a very striking one, dealt with a theme essentially similar to that of his plays. Why, then, a novel this time and not a play? The reason was seen when, after years of importunities, the author, who always refused to dramatisé his novel, finally yielded to the entreaties of a younger brother craftsman and allowed Mr. Camille d'Artois to put *L'Affaire Clémenceau* upon the stage. The thing could not be done without the introduction in some scenes of decidedly immodest exhibitions. In Dumas's *own* plays there are no immodest scenes. His nature instinctively shrank from immodesty. Why, then, is there such a current of

immodesty, of uncontrolled sexual passion in his plays? We think that the irregular circumstances of his own birth had a great deal to do with the case. Dumas was what the French call *un tempérament réfléchi*. He could not but think about his own first steps in life. He lived in a society that claimed family as its corner-stone, and family was to him all but unknown. He was too loving a son ever to bring against his father a direct accusation; but that he felt keenly the incompleteness of his *état civil* is clear to any thoughtful reader of his plays and prefaces. Once or twice the expression becomes even painfully clear, in *Le Fils Naturel*, for instance, and also, perhaps, in *Monsieur Alphonse*, which we might be tempted to name as his most perfect play if we were compelled to award that distinction.

Dumas fils had not simply an ideal; he evidently considered himself a man with a mission. He had been compelled to look at that question, the intercourse of the sexes in modern society, and he called upon society to settle it so that nothing but the claims of civilised humanity and the evolution of a more dignified manhood should be allowed to interfere with the ennobling passion of love. Bold as his plots are, marriage passes through them unassailed, provided not brought about by ignoble considerations of ambition and money. Upon this point his plays may be considered a robust reaction against the bourgeois comedies of the all but forgotten, though formerly so celebrated Eugène Scribe.

But moral plays (and we think Dumas fils's plays are moral; he also unquestionably thought so) are not necessarily good plays; they may be tedious, and, as Boileau says,

Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.

The success of Dumas's plays is sufficient proof that, at least to the public of his time, his plays were not tedious. Moral plays may be weak plays. Dumas's plays are strong if anything. What is it that makes them so? In other words, in addition to his moral fire, to his love for the true and the good, which ought to be in every man, although we do not expect every man to be a great dramatist, what are Dumas's qualities?

Before we state what qualities he had, let us name one which he did not possess, or at least the possession of which by him does not reveal itself in his plays. We do not think that he was a very accurate observer of the outside world. In this respect he seems to us inferior not only to Augier, but even to Sardou, some scenes of whom may be considered almost perfect photographs of some corners of modern society. Dumas's dialogue, brilliant as it is, perhaps because of its very brilliancy, is never a reproduction of the conversational style really in use among the kind of people he puts upon the stage. The fact was noticed more than once; combative as he was, he never answered his accusers upon this point. Had he done so, he would, we feel convinced, have acknowledged the charge as true. On this point, as on many other ones, he was a lineal descendant of the great French dramatists of the seventeenth century. True, he did not write his plays in alexandrines, as Corneille and Racine did; but as Corneille and Racine, he would none the less have claimed the right of using in his plays his own style. He had wit, he had eloquence; therefore his characters are witty and eloquent. He was a master of French style; therefore every one of his characters almost speaks as an academician. The strength of his plays does not lie in their faithfulness to life, but to the human heart.

The outside world was neglected by Dumas, however, only in its minor aspects. Though he paid little attention to its furniture, so that his plays could almost be acted without any scenery, and to its small talk, so that his works are almost entirely free from allusions to any of the subjects of society gossip, he was fully aware of its moral condition, of its philosophical tendencies, of its imperious duties; no patriotic Frenchman can have forgotten the letter written by him a short time after the close of the war of 1870, in which, after describing the kind of activity he wished his country to resume, he expressed the desire that on hearing the rumour arising from the fields, workshops, studios, and schools of France, every one in the world should say, *C'est la France qui travaille et qui se rachète*. His plots, therefore, all fit in with modern society. He does not go

far for his characters. They are men and women of to-day ; they are *French* men and women of to-day. Their passions, their virtues, their faults, the difficulties against which they struggle are all modern possibilities. Dumas's plays are always problems. Here is your society, he says, its written and unwritten laws ; and here are facts that are possible in it. A young woman has been seduced by a man unworthy of her ; she is, however, at heart a noble woman ; she meets a man of true nobility of character, but a respecter of the world's ideas or prejudices : what will happen ? (*Denise*). An apparently flighty, but really earnest woman discovers that her husband considers the obligations of matrimony less binding upon him than upon his wife : what will happen ? (*Francillon*). A man of genius, but of an unsuspecting nature, has been lured into marriage with a woman who is all lust and greed : what will happen ? (*La Femme de Claude*), etc.

Dumas's dramatic construction is simplicity itself. His plays need but a short time. Here, again, we find the disciple of the classical dramatists of France. Of course no writer of the nineteenth century would think of subjecting himself to the tyrannical rule of the three unities ; but the romantic contempt for it, which is clearly visible in *La Dame aux Camélias*, has entirely disappeared from the later plays, written with a serious moral purpose. The spirit of the famous rule is respected if not its letter. Often there is no change of scenery from the beginning to the end ; as little time as possible elapses between the beginning and the end of the play ; and as for the unity of action, it is more carefully respected by Dumas than by any other dramatist save Racine.

His characters are not very complex ; their nature is presented to us almost solely from an ethical and intellectual standpoint. We are not expected to

guess at anything ; what we ought to know is clearly told us ; the end of the play is really the conclusion of the author's reasoning. His characters are real men and women, not simply pawns in a game of chess, as some of Sardou's characters ; still less symbolic beings whose actions and words mean something that the spectator neither sees nor hears. Hence in his plays absolute clearness. This is the reason why they are so admired by Francisque Sarcey, unless we should say that Sarcey's great love for clearness and his inability to feel any sympathy for the works which do not possess that merit is due, partly at least, to the fact that, owing to the time in which his career as a critic was developed, he was called upon to criticise Dumas's plays oftener than those of any other great dramatist.

After all this shall we say that Dumas's plays are perfect ? By no means ; but we sincerely believe that they offer the most perfect dramatic products of one of the greatest qualities of the human mind—viz., logic. The trouble is, that life is not always logical, and even that, as has been said more than once, it would be perfectly intolerable but for man's inconsistency. But when logic is clothed with the eloquence of Olivier de Jalin, of Jacques Vignot, of Séverine de Birac, of Madame Aubray, of Thouvenin, or simply of Alexandre Dumas fils, when the moving power that underlies the argument is a desire not simply for success, but for the mastery over the minds of men, and when that object itself in the eyes of the author is only second to a passion for the true and the good, the product resulting therefrom cannot be an indifferent one, and it possesses that inner strength which carries works of art, with strong chances of a favourable sentence, to the tribunal of a remote, and therefore impartial posterity.

Adolphe Cohn.



KATE CARNEGIE.*

CHAPTER I.

PANDEMONIUM.



It was the morning before the Twelfth five-and-twenty years ago, and nothing like unto Muir-town Station could have been found in all the travelling world. For Muirtown, as everybody knows, is the centre which receives the southern immigrants in autumn, and distributes them, with all their belongings of servants, horses, dogs, and luggage, over the north country from Athole to Sutherland. All night through trains, whose ordinary formation had been reinforced by horse boxes, carriage trucks, saloons and luggage vans, drawn by two engines and pushed up inclines by another, had been careering along the three iron trunk roads that run from London to the North. Four hours ago they had forced the border, that used to be more jealously guarded, and had begun to converge on their terminus. Passengers, awakened by the caller air and looking out still half asleep, miss the undisciplined hedgerows and many-shaped patches of pasture, the warm brick homesteads and shaded ponds. Square fields cultivated up to a foot of the stone dykes or wire fencing, the strong grey-stone farmhouses, the swift-running burns, and the never-distant hills, brace the mind. Local passengers come in with deliberation, whose austere faces condemn the luxurious disorder of night travel and challenge the defence of Arminian doctrine. A voice shouts "Carstairs Junction" with a command of the letter r, which is the bequest of an unconquerable past, and inspires one with the hope of some day hearing a freeborn Scot say "Auchterar-

der." The train runs over bleak moorlands with black peat holes, through alluvial straths yielding their last pickle of corn, between iron furnaces blazing strangely in the morning light, at the foot of historical castles on rocks that rise out of the fertile plains, and then, after a space of sudden darkness, any man with a soul counts the ten hours' dust and heat but a slight price for the sight of the Scottish Rhine flowing deep, clear, and swift by the foot of its wooded hills and the "Fair City" in the heart of her meadows.

"Do you see the last wreath of mist floating off the summit of the hill, and the silver sheen of the river against the green of the woods? Quick, Dad," and the General, accustomed to obey, stood up beside Kate for the brief glimpse between the tunnel and a prison. Yet they had seen the snows of the Himalayas, and the great river that runs through the plains of India. But it is so with Scottish folk that they may have lived opposite the Jungfrau at Murren, and walked among the big trees of the Yosemite Valley, and watched the blood-red afterglow on the Pyramids, and yet will value a sunset behind the Cuchullin hills, and the Pass of the Trossachs, and the mist shot through with light on the sides of Ben Nevis, and the Tay at Dunkeld—just above the bridge—better guerdon for their eyes.

"Aye, lassie"—the other people had left at Stirling, and the General fell back upon the past—"there's just one bonnier river, and that's the Tochtly at a bend below the Lodge as we shall see it, please God, this evening."

"Tickets," broke in a voice with authority. "This is no the station, an' ye 'ill hae to wait till the first divession o' yir train is emptied. Kildrummie? Ye change, of coorse, but yir branch 'ill hae a lang wait the day. It 'ill be an awfu' fecht wi' the Hielant train. Muir-town platform 'ill be worth seein'; it 'ill juist be michty," and the collector departed, smacking his lips in prospect of the fray.

"Upon my word," said the General, taken aback for a moment by the easy manners of his countrymen, but rejoic-

* Copyright, 1895, by John Watson.

ing in every new assurance of home, "our people are no blate.

"Isn't it delicious to be where character has not been worn smooth by centuries of oppression, but where each man is himself? Conversation has salt here, and tastes in the mouth. We've just heard two men speak this morning, and each face is bitten into my memory. Now our turn has come," and the train came in at last.

Porters, averaging six feet and with stentorian voices, were driving back the mixed multitude in order to afford foothold for the new arrivals on that marvellous landing place, which served for all the trains which came in and all that went out, both north and south. One man tears open the door of a first with commanding gesture. "A' change and hurry up. Na, na," rejecting the offer of a private engagement; "we hev nae time for that trade the day. Ye maun cairry yir bags yersels; the dogs and boxes 'ill tak us a' oor time." He unlocks an under compartment and drags out a pair of pointers, who fawn upon him obsequiously in gratitude for their release. "Doon wi' ye," as one to whom duty denies the ordinary courtesies of life, and he fastens them to the base of an iron pillar. Deserted immediately by their deliverer, the pointers make overtures to two elderly ladies, standing bewildered in the crush, to be repulsed with umbrellas, and then sit down upon their tails in despair. Their forlorn condition, left friendless amid this babel, gets upon their nerves, and after a slight rehearsal, just to make certain of the tune, they lift up their voices in melodious concert, to the scandal of the two females, who cannot escape the neighbourhood, and regard the pointers with horror. Distant friends, also in bonds and distress of mind, feel comforted and join cheerfully, while a large black retriever, who had foolishly attempted to obstruct a luggage barrow with his tail, breaks in with a high solo. Two collies, their tempers irritated by obstacles as they followed their masters, who had been taking their morning in the second-class refreshment room, fall out by the way, and obtain as by magic a clear space in which to settle details; while a fox-terrier, escaping from his anxious mistress, has mounted a pile of boxes and gives a general challenge.

Porters fling open packed luggage

vans with a swing, setting free a cataract of portmanteaus, boxes, hampers, baskets, which pours across the platform for yards, led by a frolicsome black leather valise, whose anxious owner has fought her adventurous way to the van for the purpose of explaining to a phlegmatic Scot that he would know it by a broken strap, and must lift it out gently, for it contained breakables.

"It can gang itsel, that ane," as the afflicted woman followed its reckless progress with a wail. "Sall, if they were a' as clever on their feet as yon box there wud be less tribble," and with two assistants he fell upon the congested mass within. They perform prodigies of strength, handling huge trunks that ought to have filled some woman with repentance as if they were Gladstone bags, and light weights as if they were paper parcels. With unerring scent they detect the latest label among the remains of past history, and the air resounds with "Hielant train," "Aiberdeen fast," "Aiberdeen slow," "Muirtown"—this with indifference—and at a time "Dunleith," and once "Kildrummie," with much contempt. By this time stacks of baggage of varying size have been erected, the largest of which is a pyramid in shape, with a very uncertain apex.

Male passengers—heads of families and new to Muirtown—hover anxiously round the outskirts, and goaded on by female commands, rush into the heart of the fray for the purpose of claiming a piece of luggage, which turns out to be some other person's, and retire hastily after a fair-sized portmanteau descends on their toes, and the sharp edge of a trunk takes them in the small of the back. Footmen with gloves and superior airs make gentlemanly efforts to collect the family luggage, and are rewarded by having some hopelessly vulgar tin boxes, heavily roped, deposited among its initialled glory. One elderly female who had been wise to choose some other day to revisit her native town, discovers her basket flung up against a pillar, like wreckage from a storm, and settles herself down upon it with a sigh of relief. She remains unmoved amid the turmoil, save when a passing gun-case tips her bonnet to one side, giving her a very rakish air, and a good-natured retriever on a neighbouring box is so much taken with her ap-

pearance that he offers her a friendly caress. Restless people—who remember that their train ought to have left half an hour ago, and cannot realise that all bonds are loosed on the eleventh—fasten on any man in a uniform, and suffer many rebuffs.

"There's nae use asking me," answers a guard, coming off duty and pushing his way through the crowd as one accustomed to such spectacles; "a'm juist in frae Carlisle; get haud o' a porter."

"Cupar Angus?"—this from the porter—"that's the Aberdeen slow; it's no made up yet, and little chance o't till the express an' the Hielant be aff. Whar'll it start frae?" breaking away; "forrit, a' tell ye, forrit."

Fathers of families, left on guard and misled by a sudden movement "forrit," rush to the waiting-room and bring out, for the third time, the whole expedition, to escort them back again with shame. Barrows with towering piles of luggage are pushed through the human mass by two porters, who allow their engine to make its own way with much confidence, condescending only at a time to shout, "A' say, hey, oot o' there," and treating any testy complaint with the silent contempt of a drayman for a costermonger. Old hands, having fed at their leisure in callous indifference to all alarms, lounge about in great content, and a group of sheep farmers, having endeavoured in vain, after one tasting, to settle the merits of a new sheep dip, take a glance in the "Hielant" quarter, and adjourn the conference once more to the refreshment-room. Groups of sportsmen discuss the prospects of to-morrow in detail, and tell stories of ancient twelfths, while chieftains from London, in full Highland dress, are painfully conscious of the whiteness of their legs. A handful of preposterous people who persist in going south when the world has its face northwards, threaten to complain to headquarters if they are not sent away, and an official with a loud voice and a subtle gift of humour intimates that a train is about to leave for Dundee.

During this time wonderful manœuvres have been executed on the lines of rail opposite the platform. Trains have left with all the air of a departure and disappeared round a curve outside the station, only to return in fragments.

Half-a-dozen carriages pass without an engine, as if they had started on their own account, break vans that one saw presiding over expresses stand forsaken, a long procession of horse boxes rattles through, and a saloon carriage, with people, is so much in evidence that the name of an English Duke is freely mentioned, and every new passage relieves the tedium of the waiting.

Out of all this confusion trains begin to grow and take shape, and one, with green carriages, looks so complete that a rumour spreads that the Hielant train has been made up and may appear any minute in its place. The sunshine beating through the glass roof, the heat of travel, the dust of the station, the moving carriages with their various colours, the shouts of railway officials, the recurring panics of fussy passengers, begin to affect the nerves. Conversation becomes broken, porters are beset on every side with questions they cannot answer, rushes are made on any empty carriages within reach, a child is knocked down and cries.

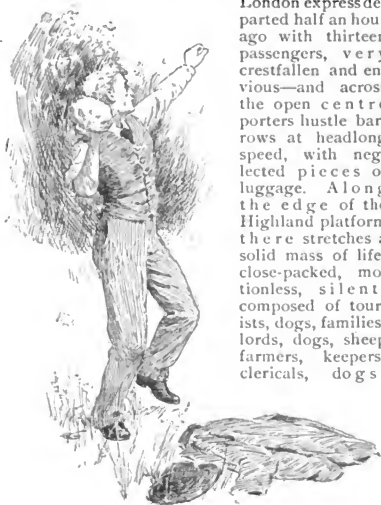
Over all this excitement and confusion one man is presiding, untiring, forceful, ubiquitous—a sturdy man, somewhere about five feet ten, whose lungs are brass and nerves fine steel wire. He is dressed, as to his body, in brown corduroy trousers, a blue jacket and waistcoat with shining brass buttons, a grey flannel shirt, and a silver-braided cap, which, as time passes, he thrusts farther back on his head till its peak stands at last almost erect, a crest seen high above the conflict. As to the soul of him, this man is clothed with resolution, courage, authority, and an infectious enthusiasm. He is the brain and will of the whole organism, its driving power. Drivers lean out of their engines, one hand on the steam throttle, their eyes fixed on this man; if he waved his hands, trains move; if he held them up, trains halt. Strings of carriages out in the open are carrying out his plans, and the porters toil like maniacs to meet his commands. Piles of luggage disappear as he directs the attack, and his scouts capture isolated boxes hidden among the people. Every horse box has a place in his memory, and he has calculated how many carriages would clear the north traffic; he carries the destination of families in his head, and has made arrangements

for their comfort. "Soon ready now, sir," as he passed swiftly down to receive the last southerner, "and a second compartment reserved for you," till people watched for him, and the sound of his voice, "forrit wi' the Hielant luggage," inspired bewildered tourists with confidence, and became an argument for Providence. There is a general movement towards the northern end of the station; five barrows, whose luggage swings dangerously and has to be held on, pass in procession; dogs are collected and trailed along in bundles; families pick up their bags and press after their luggage, cheered to recognise a familiar piece peeping out from strange goods; a bell is rung with insistence. The Aberdeen express leaves—its passengers regarding the platform with pity—and the guard of the last van slamming his door in triumph. The great man concentrates his forces with a wave of his hand for the *tour de force* of the year, the despatch of the Hielant train.

The southern end of the platform is now deserted—the London express departed half an hour ago with thirteen passengers, very crestfallen and envious—and across the open centre porters hustle barrows at headlong speed, with neglected pieces of luggage. Along the edge of the Highland platform there stretches a solid mass of life, close-packed, motionless, silent, composed of tourists, dogs, families, lords, dogs, sheep farmers, keepers, clericals, dogs,

footmen, commercials, ladies' maids, grooms, dogs, waiting for the empty train that, after deploying hither and thither, picking up some trifle, a horse box or a duke's saloon, at every new raid, is now backing slowly in for its freight. The expectant crowd has ceased from conversation, sporting or otherwise; respectable elderly gentlemen brace themselves for the scramble, and examine their nearest neighbours suspiciously; heads of families gather their belongings round them by signs and explain in a whisper how to act; one female tourist—of a certain age and severe aspect—refreshes her memory as to the best window for the view of Killiecrankie. The luggage has been piled in huge masses at each end of the siding; the porters rest themselves against it, taking off their caps, and wiping their foreheads with handkerchiefs of many colours and uses. It is the stillness before the last charge; beyond the outermost luggage an arm is seen waving, and the long coil of carriages begins to twist into the station.

People who know their ancient Muirtown well, and have taken part in this day of days, will remember a harbour of refuge beside the bookstall, protected by the buffers of the Highland siding on one side and a breakwater of luggage on the other, and persons within this shelter could see the storming of the train to great advantage. Carmichael, the young Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty, who had been tasting the civilisation of Muirtown overnight and was waiting for the Dunleith train, leant against the back of the bookstall, watching the scene with frank, boyish interest. Rather under six feet in height, he passed for more, because he stood so straight and looked so slim, for his limbs were as slender as a woman's, while women (in Muirtown) had envied his hands and feet. But in chest measure he was only two inches behind Saunders Baxter, the grieve of Drumsheugh, who was the standard of manhood by whom all others were tried and (mostly) condemned in Drumtochty. Chancing to come upon Saunders putting the stone one day with the bothy lads, Carmichael had taken his turn, with the result that his stone lay foremost in the final heat by an inch exactly. MacLure saw them kneeling together to measure, the Free Kirk minister and the plough-



CARMICHAEL HAD TAKEN HIS TURN.

men all in a bunch, and went on his way rejoicing to tell the Free Kirk folk that their new minister was a man of his hands. His hair was fair, just touched with gold, and he wore it rather long, so that in the excitement of preaching a lock sometimes fell down on his forehead, which he would throw back with a toss of his head—a gesture Mrs. Macfadyen, our critic, thought very taking. His dark blue eyes used to enlarge with passion in the Sacrament and grow so tender, the healthy tan disappeared and left his cheeks so white, that the mothers were terrified lest he should die early, and sent offerings of cream on Monday morning. For though his name was Carmichael, he had Celtic blood in him, and was full of all kinds of emotion, but mostly those that were brave and pure and true. He had done well at the University, and was inclined to be philosophical, for he knew little of himself and nothing of the world. There were times when he allowed himself to be supercilious and sarcastic; but it was not for an occasional jingle of cleverness the people loved him, or, for that matter, any other man. It was his humanity that won their hearts, and this he had partly from his mother, partly from his training. Through a kind providence and his mother's countryness, he had been brought up among animals—birds, mice, dormice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, dogs, cattle, horses, till he knew all their ways, and loved God's creatures as did St. Francis d'Assisi, to whom every creature of God was dear, from Sister Swallow to Brother Wolf. So he learned, as he grew older, to love men and women and little children, even although they might be ugly, or stupid, or bad-tempered, or even wicked, and this sympathy cleansed away many a little fault of pride and self-conceit and impatience and hot temper, and in the end of the days made a man of John Carmichael. The dumb animals had an instinct about this young fellow, and would make overtures to him that were a certificate for any situation requiring character. Horses by the wayside neighed at his approach, and stretched out their velvet muzzles to be stroked. Dogs insisted upon sitting on his knees, unless quite prevented by their size, and then they put their paws on his chest. Hillocks was utterly scandalised by his collie's familiarity with the minister,

and brought him to his senses by the application of a boot, but Carmichael waived all apologies. "Rover and I made friends two days ago on the road, and my clothes will take no injury." And indeed they could not, for Carmichael, except on Sundays and at funerals, wore a soft hat and suit of threadbare tweeds, on which a microscopist could have found traces of a peat bog, moss off dykes, the scale of a trout, and a tiny bit of heather.

His usual fortune befell him that day in Muirtown Station, for two retrievers, worming their way through the luggage, reached him, and made known their wants.

"Thirsty? I believe you. All the way from England, and heat enough to roast you alive. I've got no dish, else I'd soon get water.

"Inverness? Poor chaps, that's too far to go with your tongues like a lime-kiln. Down, good dogs; I'll be back in a minute."

You can have no idea, unless you have tried it, how much water a soft clerical hat can hold—if you turn up the edges and bash down the inside with your fist, and fill the space up to the brim. But it is difficult to convey such a vessel with undiminished content through a crowd, and altogether impossible to lift one's eyes. Carmichael was therefore quite unconscious that two new-comers to the shelter were watching him with keen delight as he came in bareheaded, flushed, triumphant—amid howls of welcome—and knelt down to hold the cup till—drinking time about in strict honour—the retrievers had reached the maker's name.

"Do you think they would like a biscuit?" said a clear, sweet, low voice, with an accent of pride and just a flavour of amusement in its tone. Carmichael rose in much embarrassment, and was quite confounded.

They were standing together—father and daughter, evidently—and there was no manner of doubt about him. A spare man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, straight as a rod, and having an air of command, with keen grey eyes, close-cropped hair turning white, a clean-shaven face except where a heavy moustache covered a firm-set mouth—one recognised in him a retired army man of rank, a colonel at least, it might be a general; and the bronze on

his face suggested long Indian service. But he might have been dressed in Rob Roy taitan, or been a naval officer in full uniform, for all Carmichael knew. A hundred thousand faces pass before your eyes and are forgotten, mere physical impressions; you see one, and it is in your heart for ever, as you saw it the first time. Wavy black hair, a low, straight forehead, hazel eyes with long eyelashes, a perfectly-shaped Grecian nose, a strong mouth, whose upper lip had a curve of softness, a clear-cut chin with one dimple, small ears set high in the head, and a rich creamy complexion—that was what flashed upon Carmichael as he turned from the retrievers. He was a man so unobservant of women that he could not have described a woman's dress to save his life or any other person's; and now that he is married—he is a middle-aged man now and threatened with stoutness—it is his wife's reproach that he does not know when she wears her new spring bonnet for the first time. Yet he took in this young woman's dress, from the smart hat, with a white bird's wing on the side, and the close-fitting tailor-made jacket, to the small, well-gloved hand in dog-skin, the grey tweed skirt, and one shoe, with a tip on it, that peeped out below her frock. Critics might have hinted that her shoulders were too square, and that her figure wanted somewhat in softness of outline; but it seemed to Carmichael that he had never seen so winsome or high-bred a woman; and so it has also seemed to many who have gone farther afield in the world than the young minister of Drumtochty.

Carmichael was at that age when a man prides himself on dressing and thinking as he pleases, and had quite scandalised a Muirtown elder—a stout gentleman, who had come out in '43, and could with difficulty be weaned from Dr. Chalmers—by making his appearance on the preceding evening in amazing tweeds and a grey flannel shirt. He explained casually that for a fifteen-mile walk flannels were absolutely necessary, and that he was rather pleased to find that he had come from door to door in four hours and two minutes exactly. His host was at a loss for words, because he was comparing this unconventional youth with the fathers, who wore large white stocks and ambled along at about two and a half miles an

hour, clearing their throats also in a very impressive way, and seasoning the principles of the Free Kirk with snuff of an excellent fragrance. It was hard even for the most generous charity to identify the spirit of the Disruption in such a figure, and the good elder grew so proper and so didactic that Carmichael went from bad to worse.

"Well, you would find the congregation in excellent order. The Professor was a most painstaking man, though retiring in disposition, and his sermons were thoroughly solid and edifying. They were possibly just a little above the heads of Drumtochty, but I always enjoyed Mr. Cunningham myself," nodding his head as one who understood all mysteries.

"Did you ever happen to hear the advice Jamie Soutar gave the deputation from Muirtown when they came up to see whether Cunningham would be fit for the North Kirk, where two Bailies stand at the plate every day, and the Provost did not think himself good enough to be an elder?" for Carmichael was full of wickedness that day, and earning a judgment.

His host indicated that the deputation had given in a very full and satisfactory report—he was, in fact, on the Session of the North himself—but that no reference had been made to Jamie.

"Well, you must know," and Carmichael laid himself out for narration, "the people were harassed with raids from the Lowlands during Cunningham's time, and did their best in self-defence. Spying makes men cunning, and it was wonderful how many subterfuges the deputations used to practise. They would walk from Kildrummie as if they were staying in the district, and one retired tradesman talked about the crops as if he was a farmer, but it was a pity that he didn't know the difference between the cereals.

"'Yon man that wes up aifter yir minister, Elspeth,' Hillocks said to Mrs. Macfadyen, 'hesna hed muckle money spent on his eddication. 'A graund field o' barley,' he says, and as sure as a'm stannin' here, it wes the haugh field o' aits.'

"'He's frae Glagie,' was all Elspeth answered, 'and by next Friday we'll hae his name an' kirk. He said he wes up for a walk an' juist dropped in, the wratch.' Some drove from Muirtown,

giving out that they were English tourists, speaking with a fine East Coast accent, and were rebuked by Lachlan Campbell for breaking the Sabbath. Your men put up their trap at the last farm in Netheraird—which always has grudged Drumtochty its ministers and borne their removal with resignation—and came up in pairs, who pretended they did not know one another.

"Jamie was hearing the Professor's last lecture on Justification, and our people asked him to take charge of the strangers. He found out the town from their hats, and escorted them to the boundaries of the parish, assisting their confidences till one of your men—I think it was the Provost—admitted that it had taken them all their time to follow the sermon.

"'A'm astonished at ye,' said Jamie, for the Netheraird man let it out; 'yon wes a sermon for young fook, juist milk, ye ken, tae the ordinar' discourses. Surely,' as if the thought had just struck him, 'ye werena thinkin' o' callin' Maister Cunningham tae Muirtown.

"'Edinboorgh, no; that nicht dae gin the feck o' the members be professors, but Muirtown wud be clean havers. There's times when the Drumtochty fook themsels canna understand the cratur, he's that deep. As for Muirtown—here Jamie allowed himself a brief rest of enjoyment; 'but ye've hed a fine drive, tae sae naethin' o' the traivel.'"

Then, having begun, Carmichael related so many of Jamie's most wicked sayings, and so exalted the Glen as a place "where you can go up one side and down the other with your dogs, and every second man you meet will give you something to remember," that the city dignitary doubted afterwards to his wife "whether this young man was . . . quite what we have been accustomed to in a Free Church minister." Carmichael ought to have had repentances for shocking a worthy man, but instead thereof laughed in his room and slept soundly, not knowing that he would be humbled in the dust by mid-day to-morrow.

It seemed to him on the platform as if an hour passed while he, who had played a city father, stood, clothed with shame, before this commanding young woman. Had she ever looked upon a more abject wretch? and Carmichael photo-

graphed himself with merciless accuracy, from his hair that he had not thrown back to an impress of dust which one knee had taken from the platform, and he registered a resolution that he would never be again boastfully indifferent to the loss of a button on his coat. She stooped and fed the dogs who did her homage, and he marked that her profile was even finer—more delicate, more perfect, more bewitching than her front face; but he still stood holding his shapeless hat in his hand, and for the first time in his life had no words to say.

"They are very polite dogs," and Miss Carnegie gave Carmichael one more chance; "they make as much of a biscuit as if it were a feast; but I do think dogs have such excellent manners, they are always so un-self-conscious."

"I wish I were a dog," said Carmichael, with much solemnity, and afterwards was filled with thankfulness that the baggage behind gave way, and that an exasperated porter was able to express his mind freely.

"Dinna try tae lift that box for ony sake, man. Sall, ye're no feared," as Carmichael, thirsting for action, swung it up unaided; and then, catching sight of the wisp of white, "A' didna see ye were a minister, an' the word cam oot sudden."

"You would find it a help to say Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham," and with a smile to Carmichael, still bare-headed and now redder than ever, Miss Carnegie went along the platform to see the Hielant train depart. It was worth waiting for the two minutes' scrimmage, and to hear the great man say, as he took off his cap with deliberation and wiped his brow, "That's anither year ower; some o' you lads see tae that Dunleith train." There was a day when Carmichael would have enjoyed the scene to the full, but now he had eyes for nothing but that tall, slim figure and the white bird's wing.

When they disappeared into the Dunleith train, Carmichael had a wild idea of entering the same compartment, and in the end had to be pushed into the last second by the guard, who knew most of his regular people and every one of the Drumtochty men. He was so much engaged with his own thoughts that he gave two English tourists to

understand that Lord Kilspindie's castle, standing amid its woods on the bank of the Tay, was a recently erected dye work, and that as the train turned off the North trunk line they might at any moment enter the pass of Killiecrankie.

CHAPTER II.

PEACE.



THE last stage now, Kit; in less than two hours we 'ill see Tocht y woods.

The very thought makes me a boy again, and it seems yesterday that I kissed your mother on the door-step of the old lodge and went off to the Crimean war.

"That's

Muirtown Castle over there in the wood—a grand place in its way, but nothing to our home, lassie. Kilspindie—he was Viscount Hay then—joined me at Muirtown, and we fought through the weary winter. He left the army after the war, with lots of honour. A good fellow was Hay, both in the trenches and the mess-room.

"I've never seen him since, and I daresay he's forgotten a battered old Indian. Besides, he's the big swell in this district, and I'm only a poor Hielant laird, with a wood and a tumble-down house and a couple of farms."

"You are also a shameless hypocrite and deceiver, for you believe that the Carnegies are as old as the Hays, and you know that, though you have only two farms, you have twelve medals and seven wounds. What does money matter? it simply makes people vulgar."

"Nonsense, lassie; if a Carnegie runs down money, it's because he has got none and wishes he had. If you and I had only had a few hundreds a year over the pay to rattle in our pockets, we should have lots of little pleasures,

and you might have lived in England, with all sorts of variety and comfort, instead of wandering about India with a gang of stupid old chaps who have been so busy fighting that they never had time to read a book."

"You mean like yourself, dad, and V. C. and Colonel Kinloch? Where could a girl have found finer company than with my Knights of King Arthur? And do you dare to insinuate that I could have been content away from the regiment, that made me their daughter after mother died, and the army?"

"Pleasure!" and Kate's cheek flushed. "I've had it since I was a little tot and could remember anything—the bugles sounding reveille in the clear air, and the sergeants drilling the new drafts in the morning, and the regiment coming out with the band before and you at its head, and hearing 'God save the Queen' at a review, and seeing the companies passing like one man before the General.

"Don't you think that's better than tea-drinking, and gossiping, and sewing meetings, and going for walks in some stupid little hole of a country town? Oh, you wicked, aggravating dad. Now, what more will money do?"

"Well," said the General, with much gravity, "if you were even a moderate heiress there is no saying but that we might pick up a presentable husband for you among the lairds. As it is, I fancy a country minister is all you could expect.

"Don't . . . my ears will come off some day; one was loosened by a cut in the Mutiny. No, I'll never do the like again. But some day you will marry, all the same," and Kate's father rubbed his ears.

"No, I'm not going to leave you, for nobody else could ever make a curry to please; and if I do, it will not be a Scotch minister—horrid, bigoted wretches, V.C. says. Am I like a minister's wife, to address mothers' meetings and write out sermons? By the way, is there a kirk at Drumtochty, or will you read prayers to Janet and Donald and me?"

"When I was a lad there was just one minister in Drumtochty, Dr. Davidson, a splendid specimen of the old school, who, on great occasions, wore gaiters and a frill with a diamond in the centre; he carried a gold-headed stick, and took snuff out of a presentation box.

"His son Sandie was my age to a year, and many a ploy we had together; there was the jackdaw's nest in the ivy on the old tower we harried together," and the General could only indicate the delightful risk of the exploit. "My father and the Doctor were pacing the avenue at the time, and caught sight of us against the sky. 'It's your rascal and mine, Laird,' we heard the minister say, and they waited till we got down, and then each did his duty by his own for trying to break his neck; but they were secretly proud of the exploit, for I caught my father showing old Lord Kilspindie the spot, and next time Hay was up he tried to reach the place, and stuck where the wall hangs over. I'll point out the hole this evening; you can see it from the other side of the den quite plain."

"Sandie went to the church—I wish every parson were as straight—and Kilspindie appointed him to succeed the old gentleman, and when I saw him in his study last month, it seemed as if his father stood before you, except the breeches and the frill, but Sandie has a marvellous stock; what havers I'm deivin' you with, lassie."

"Tell me about Sandie this minute—did he remember the raiding of the jackdaws?"

"He did," cried the General in great spirits; "he just looked at me for an instant—no one knew of my visit—and then he gripped my hands, and do you know, Kit, he was . . . well, and there was a lump in my throat too; it would be about forty years, for one reason and another, since we met."

"What did he say? the very words, dad," and Kate held up her finger in command.

"Jack, old man, is this really you?—he held me at arm's length—'man, div ye mind the jackdaw's nest?'"

"Did he? And he's to be our padre. I know I'll love him at once. Go on, everything, for you've never told me anything about Drumtochty."

"We had a glorious time going over old times. We fished up every trout again, and we shot our first day on the moor again with Peter Stewart, Kilspindie's head keeper, as fine an old Highlander as ever lived. Stewart said in the evening, 'You're a pair of prave boys, as becometh your fathers' sons,' and Sandie gave him two and fourpence

he had scraped for a tip, but I had only one and elevenpence—we were both kept bare. But he knew better than to refuse our offerings, though he never saw less than gold or notes from the men that shot at the lodge, and Sandie remembered how he touched his

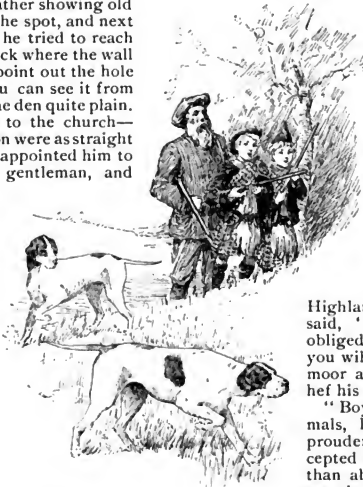
Highland bonnet and said, 'I will be much obliged to you both; and you will be coming to the moor another day, for I hef his lordship's orders.'

"Boys are queer animals, lassie; we were prouder than Peter accepted our poor little tip than about the muirfowl we shot, though I had three brace and Sandie four. Highlanders are all

gentlemen by birth, and be sure of this, Kit, it's only that breed which can manage boys and soldiers. But where am I now?"

"With Sandie—I beg his reverence's pardon—with the Rev. the padre of Drumtochty," and Kate went over and sat down beside the General to anticipate any rebellion, for it was a joy to see the warrior turning into a boy before her eyes. "Well?"

"We had a royal dinner, as it seemed to me. Sandie has a couple of servants, man and wife, who rule him with a rod



"MANY A PLOY WE HAD TOGETHER."

of iron, but I would forgive that for the cooking and the loyalty. After dinner he disappeared with a look of mystery, and came back with a cobwebbed bottle of the old shape, short and bunchy, which he carried as if it were a baby.

"Just two bottles of my father's port left; we 'ill have one to-day to welcome you back, and we 'ill keep the other to celebrate your daughter's marriage." He had one sister, younger by ten years, and her death nearly broke his heart. It struck me from something he said that his love is with her; at any rate, he has never married. Sandie has just one fault—he would not touch a cheroot; but he snuffs handsomely out of his father's box.

"Of course, I can't say anything about his preaching, but it's bound to be sensible stuff."

"Bother the sermons; he's an old dear himself, and I know we shall be great friends. We 'ill flirt together, and you will not have one word to say, so make up your mind to submit."

"We shall have good days in the old place, lassie; but you know we are poor, and must live quietly. What I have planned is a couple of handy women or so in the house with Donald. Janet is going to live at the gate where she was brought up, but she will look after you well, and we 'ill always have a bed and a glass of wine for a friend. Then you can have a run up to London and get your things, Kit," and the General looked wistfully at his daughter, as one who would have given her a kingdom.

"Do you think your girl cares so much about luxuries and dresses? Of course I like to look well—every woman does, and if she pretends otherwise she's a hypocrite; but money just serves to make some women hideous. It is enough for me to have you all to myself up in your old home, and to see you enjoying the rest you have earned. We 'ill be as happy as two lovers, dad," and Kate threw an arm round her father's neck and kissed him.

"We have to change here," as the train began to slow, "and prepare to see the most remarkable railway in the empire, and a guard to correspond." And then it came upon them, the first sight that made a Drumtochty man's heart warm, and assured him that he was nearing home.

An engine on a reduced scale, that

had once served in the local goods department of a big station, and then, having grown old and asthmatic, was transferred on half-pay, as it were, to the Kildrummie branch, where it puffed between the junction and the terminus half a dozen times a day, with two carriages and an occasional coal truck. Times there were when wood was exported from Kildrummie, and then the train was taken in detachments, and it was a pleasant legend that, one market day, when Drumtochty was down in force, the engine stuck, and Drumsheugh invited the Glen to get out and push. The two carriages were quite distinguished in construction, and had seen better days. One consisted of a single first-class compartment in the centre, with a bulge of an imposing appearance, supported on either side by two seconds. As no native ever travelled second, one compartment had been employed as a reserve to the luggage van, so that Drumtochty might have a convenient place of deposit for calves, but the other was jealously reserved by Peter Bruce for strangers with second-class tickets, that his branch might not be put to confusion. The other carriage was three-fourths third class and one-fourth luggage, and did the real work; on its steps Peter stood and dispensed wisdom, between the junction and Kildrummie.

But neither the carriage nor the engine could have made history without the guard, beside whom the guards of the main line—even of the expresses that ran to London—were as nothing—frubbles and weaklings. For the guard of the Kildrummie branch was absolute ruler, lording over man and beast without appeal, and treating the Kildrummie stationmaster as a federated power. Peter was a short man of great breadth, like unto the cutting of an oak-tree, with a penetrating grey eye, an immovable countenance, and bushy whiskers. It was understood that when the line was opened, and the directors were about to fill up the post of guard from a number of candidates qualified by long experience on various lines, Peter, who had been simply wasting his time driving a carrier's cart, came in, and sitting down opposite the board—two lairds and a farmer—looked straight before him without making any application. It was felt by all in an instant

that only one course was open, in the eternal fitness of things. Experience was well enough, but special creation was better, and Peter was immediately appointed, his name being asked by the chairman afterwards as a formality. From the beginning he took up a masterful position, receiving his cargo at the junction and discharging it at the station with a power that even Drumtochty did not resist, and a knowledge of individuals that was almost comprehensive. It is true that, boasting one Friday evening concerning the "crooded" state of the train, he admitted with reluctance that "there's a stranger in the second I canna mak oot," but it was understood that he solved the problem before the man got his luggage at Kildrummie.

Perhaps Peter's most famous achievement was his demolition of a south country bagman, who had made himself unpleasant, and the story was much tasted by our guard's admirers. This self-important and vivacious gentleman, seated in the first, was watching Peter's leisurely movements on the Kildrummie platform with much impatience, and lost all self-control on Peter going outside to examine the road for any distant passenger.

"Look here, guard, this train ought to have left five minutes ago, and I give you notice that if we miss our connection I'll hold your company responsible."

At the sound of this foreign voice with its indecent clamour, Peter returned and took up his position opposite the speaker, while the staff and the whole body of passengers—four Kildrummie and three Drumtochty, quite sufficient for the situation—waited the issue. Not one word did Peter deign to reply, but he fixed the irate traveller with a gaze

so searching, so awful, so irresistible, that the poor man fell back into his seat and pretended to look out at the opposite window. After a pause of thirty seconds, Peter turned to the engine-driver.

"They're a' here noo, an' there's nae use waitin' langer; ca' awa', but ye needna distress the engine."

It was noticed that the foolhardy traveller kept the full length of the junction between himself and Peter till the Dunleith train came in, while his very back was eloquent of humiliation, and Hillocks offered his snuff-box ostentatiously to Peter, which that worthy accepted as a public tribute of admiration.

"Look, Kate, there he is;" and

there Peter was, standing in his favourite attitude, his legs wide apart and his thumbs in his armholes, superior, abstracted, motionless till the train stopped, when he came forward.

"Prood tae see ye, General, coming back at laist, an' the Miss wi' ye; it 'ill no be the blame o' the fouk up bye gin ye bena happy. Drumtochty hes an idea o' itsel', and peety the man



PETER WAS STANDING IN HIS FAVOURITE ATTITUDE.

'at tries tae drive them, but they're couthy.

"This wy, an' a'll see tae yir luggage," and before Peter made for the Dunleith van it is said that he took off his cap to Kate; but if so, this was the only time he had ever shown such gallantry.

Certainly he must have been flustered by something, for he did not notice that Carmichael, overcome by shyness at the sight of the Carnegies in the first, had hid himself in the second, till he closed the doors; then the Carnegies heard it all.

"It's I, Peter," very quietly; "your first has passengers to-day, and . . . I'll just sit here."

"Come oot o' that," after a moment, during which Peter had simply looked; then the hat and the tweeds came stumbling into the first, making some sort of a bow and muttering an apology.

"A'll tak' yir ticket, Maister Carmichael," with severity. "General," suddenly relaxing, "this is the Free Kirk minister of yir parish, an' a'm jidgin' he 'ill no try the second again."

Carmichael lifted his head and caught Kate's eye, and at the meeting of humour they laughed aloud. Whereupon the General said, "My daughter, Miss Carnegie," and they became so friendly before they reached Kildrummie that Carmichael forgot his disgraceful appearance, and when the General offered him a lift up, simply clutched at the opportunity.

The trap was a four-wheeled dog-cart. Kate drove, with her father by her side and Carmichael behind, but he found it

necessary to turn round to give information of names and places, and he so managed that he could catch Kate's profile half the time.

When he got down at the foot of the hill by Hillocks' farm, to go up the near road, instead thereof he scrambled along the ridge, and looked through the trees as the carriage passed below, and did not escape.

"What's he glowerin' at doon there?" Hillocks enquired of Jamie Soutar, to whom he was giving some directions about a dyke, and Hillocks made a reconnaissance. "A'll warrant that's the General and his dochter. She's a weel-faured lassie an' speerity-lookin'."

"It coves a'," said Jamie to himself; "the first day he ever saw her; but it's aye the way, aince an' ever, or . . . never."

"What's the Free Kirk, dad?" when Carmichael had gone. "Is it the same as the Methodists?"

"No, no, quite different. I'm not up in those things, but I've heard it was a lot of fellows who would not obey the laws, and so they left and made a kirk for themselves, where they do whatever they like. By the way, that was the young fellow we saw giving the dogs water at Muirtown. I rather like him; but why did he look such a fool, and try to escape us at the junction?"

"How should I know? I suppose because he is a . . . foolish boy. And now, dad, for the Lodge and Tochtly woods."

Ian Maclaren.

(To be continued.)

HAPPINESS.

This can bring it to me—

The farewell sky of even;

The mystery of a tree,

Or a star alone in Heaven;

The thought from another heart,

Though writ on a page it be,

That is of my thought a part—

This can bring it to me.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

LIVING CRITICS.

III.—LESLIE STEPHEN.

When, a hundred years hence, some one sets himself to write the history of English critical literature in the nineteenth century, he will probably regard Mr. Leslie Stephen as a transition figure, and see in his work a bridge spanning the gulf between two important and sharply differentiated schools. There were certain years during which Lord Macaulay and Mr. Walter Pater were contemporaries; but to pass from the purely literary essays of the former to those of the latter is like passing from one age into another. It seems as if something of the nature of a revolution were necessary to account for the amazing change in matter and manner, in tone and atmosphere; and yet the student of the entire literature of the time sees no violent cataclysm of portentous cleavage: he sees nothing but a series of natural and orderly stages of development. One of these stages is represented in a most delightful and interesting fashion by the writer whose name stands at the head of this article. There is no doubt that, in the main, Mr. Leslie Stephen's critical work has more in common with the Edinburgh than with the Oxford school. It is, to use words which are in some danger of becoming terms of literary slang, "judicial" rather than "æsthetic;" its conclusions are based rather on general principles than on particular sensibilities or preferences; it strives after impersonal estimates rather than personal appreciations. Nevertheless there is, in addition to all this, a constant admission, explicit or implicit, of the fact that even the critic cannot jump off his own shadow, and that, though he must appeal to the common reason, his appeal must in the nature of things be made on behalf of some individual approval or disapproval which it is his business to justify. Macaulay made it a charge against Southey that what he considered his opinions were in fact merely his tastes. If I understand Mr. Leslie Stephen—and misunderstanding of so lucid a writer is all but impossible—he would say that, in matters of criticism at any rate, Southey

was right; that a man's tastes *must* become his opinions, but that because opinion is a power, a factor in the world's progress, he must spare no pains to assure himself that the taste is not a mere personal whim, but that it has behind it a persuasive justification.

Thus, in the opening paragraph of his essay on Charlotte Brontë, Mr. Stephen remarks that "our faith in an author must, in the first instance, be the product of instinctive sympathy instead of deliberate reason. It may be propagated by the contagion of enthusiasm, and preached with all the fervour of proselytism. But when we are seeking to justify our emotions, we must endeavour to get for the time into the position of an independent spectator, applying with rigid impartiality such methods as are best calculated to free us from the impulse of personal bias." That such a critical method has a number of admirable qualities is a fact too obvious for indication, but the qualities have their inevitable defects, and there is something in Mr. Leslie Stephen's temperament which brings them into prominence. He is so much afraid of the "contagion of enthusiasm" and the "fervour of proselytism" presenting themselves in the wrong place that it often seems as if he deliberately excluded them from their right place. Emotional fervour should not be substituted for exact statement or logical argument; but the one is necessarily more telling, the other more persuasive, when it has emotion behind it. Enthusiasm should never outrun *reason*, but it may and must outrun *reasoning*, for no mere argument can justify the passionate admiration of any masterpiece—say the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, or Keats's lines "To a Grecian Urn"—to any person by whom that admiration is unshared. Mr. Leslie Stephen's intellect is a trifle over-dominant; he forgets too absolutely what some younger critics remember too exclusively, that whatever intellectual bravery criticism may arrogate to itself, it is, in the last analysis, an affair of taste, of sensibility,

and that (though the saying may be pushed to unwise applications) *De gustibus non est disputandum*.

Mr. Stephen's suspicion of violent feeling as liable to be overcharged, of strong language as liable to be exaggerated, is in itself so natural and healthy that one could wish it made itself more manifest in contemporary critical literature; but his maintenance of the guarded attitude is a little too persistent. He says very truly, of a somewhat hysterical phrase of Kingsley's, that it "requires a little dilution;" but he has such a horror of intellectual intoxication that he keeps the diluting water-bottle always within reach, and does not fail to use it. Many people, I daresay, feel that Mr. Stephen's work would be not merely more telling, but more helpful, if every now and then he would let himself go. Partly in virtue of this very moderation—this instinct for sobriety and balance of judgment—Mr. Stephen is a more trustworthy critic than Macaulay; but he does not assist readers in the same way that Macaulay was wont to assist them.

"Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators than Boswell is the first of biographers." "Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced the *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

No reader of these sentences can feel any uncertainty about Macaulay's view of the place in literature occupied by Boswell's biography and Bunyan's allegory; but it is by no means so easy to be sure of Mr. Stephen's view of such other notable book as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Clarissa*, or the *Religio Medici*. Every one remembers Lamb's delightful story of the worthy citizen who asked Wordsworth if he did not think that Milton was a great man. If we ask Mr. Leslie Stephen whether Sir Thomas Browne, Sterne, and Coleridge were great men, he at once devotes to them a number of shrewd, instructive, and illuminating remarks, and having thus provided us with materials for a reply, leaves us to formulate it for ourselves.

Now that is, of course, a method tantalising to the youthful student, who wishes to be told without any ambiguity

what he is to think of this or that noble writer. Criticism, however, is not written exclusively for youths in search of a literary creed, any more than fiction is produced solely for the consumption of the famous or notorious young person; and I think there are few mature lovers of letters who do not return again and again to the work of Mr. Leslie Stephen with a sense of refreshment and stimulation such as they derive from the utterances of hardly any contemporary critic. He is, to use a good old-fashioned word, honoured by Lamb's employment of it, so satisfyingly matterful. He will not write a single sentence unless he has not merely something to say but something which he is *impelled* to say; witness his declaration with regard to the poetry of Shelley—"I feel no vocation to add to the mass of imperfectly appreciative disquisition." A man of letters who has the courage to confess that he has nothing of value to add to Shelley criticism may be trusted not to lapse into chatter; we may be quite sure that whatever be the theme, his treatment of it is a response to some unmistakably audible call.

As a rule the men in whose writings this note of impulsion is most manifest are lacking in the matter of catholicity. In one set of ideas, one class of minds, they are genuinely and deeply interested, and their interest in a favourite theme gives to their utterance warmth, vigour, and arrestingness; but on other themes they write flatly or not at all. There is nothing of this flatness in the writing of Mr. Leslie Stephen. He has no raptures; he could not, and perhaps would not if he could, write of any one as Mr. Swinburne writes of Victor Hugo and Charlotte Brontë; but there is something almost as marvellous as it is delightful in the range of his discriminating appreciation. I do not slur the epithet, for the masterpiece in the presence of which Mr. Stephen would not discriminate has yet to be created; but the appreciation, with all its refinements, is really genuine; and admirers of such diverse writers as Defoe, Massinger, Crabbe, Hawthorne, and Lord Beaconsfield will probably agree that he has said things of these favourites which they would have been much pleased to say themselves.

There is a certain grip in Mr. Stephen's work, due to the fact that he is

as much interested in life as in literature; or perhaps it would be truer to say he is interested in literature mainly because it is an outcome of life. There are critics who seem to consider it a fine thing to write about a book as if it had no personality behind it, but were a sort of literary Melchizedek that had sprung into being without any preliminary process of generation. This is what is called "disinterested" criticism; it is really criticism that is truncated, impoverished, devitalised. Mr. Leslie Stephen is content to be a man first, and a literary connoisseur afterwards; and whether it be a merit or a defect of his critical estimates, it is their unflinching character to regard literature as pre-eminently an *expression*. This is a point upon which I should speak without hesitation even had I no guide but more or less vague inferential evidence; but while writing the foregoing sentences accident has led me to an explicit statement which renders doubt impossible. At the opening of his essay on "Dr. Johnson's Writings," Mr. Stephen sets himself to combat the opinion entertained by Macaulay that the qualities of a man's written work provide no trustworthy indication of the quality of the man himself. Mr. Stephen admits that there may be obvious differences which impress the imagination,—that the man who "writes like an angel" may at times be heard to "talk like poor Poll;" but after contending that even then we may "detect the essential identity under superficial differences" he utters the emphatic manifesto: "The whole art of criticism consists in learning to know the human being who is partially revealed to us in his spoken or written words." There is no difficulty in placing the author of such a definition. Mr. Leslie Stephen's style is the style which his substance makes inevitable.

The manner of the seer or the rhetorician would indeed be an ill-fitting vesture for the thought of a shrewd, humorous observer who knows how to admire wisely, how to condemn sanely, but who, neither in eulogy nor condemnation, will allow himself the perilous luxury of excitement. Wordsworth once in his life took too much to drink, and Mr. Leslie Stephen evidently thinks that it was a good thing for him. Perhaps if this distinguished critic would allow himself a single bout of literary intoxication—if he would only indulge in just one blatant extravagance—we might feel him nearer and dearer than before. In a mad world there is a certain high degree of sanity which is a trifle irritating. On the other hand, there are certain kinds of insanity which are more irritating still. It may be a sign that I am rather a poor creature, but I am more than content to take Mr. Leslie Stephen as I find him. I once wrote an essay in which I expressed my appreciation of what I called "the poetry of common sense," and a lady who is herself a most charming poet, professed to regard it as an elaborate *jeu d'esprit*, on the ground that poetry and common sense are antipodal. Of course she spoke with authority, and she may have been right; I cannot tell. But if common sense be expelled from poetry, I hope the poor outcast may find a home with criticism, and so long as Mr. Leslie Stephen lives and writes, this shelter at least is assured to her. The common sense—or what is called such—of the vulgar is not a thing of price, and I give it up to the tormentors; but the native shrewdness which is reinforced by wide knowledge and keen humour is a treasure indeed, and there is no page of Mr. Leslie Stephen's from which it is absent.

James Ashcroft Noble.

LEOPOLD SACHER-MASOCH.

Leopold von Sacher-Masoch is a name well known to both German and French literature, although it is that of neither a Frenchman nor a German. Both literatures may to a certain extent claim him. Most of his work has been written in German, but some of his novels appeared originally in French, and not a few of

his shorter stories first saw the light in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was born at Lemberg, in Galicia, in 1836. His grandfather had been the Austrian Governor of Galicia after the dismemberment of Poland. His father, who, at his marriage, took his wife's name of Masoch in addition to his own,

was the head of the Galician police. His native language, as well as his early education, was wholly Slavonic. He only learned German when a lad in Prague, and though he subsequently used it with facility as his principal means of reaching a literary public, it has always been more or less a veneer. He was thoroughly and characteristically a Slav in his whole habits of thought, and whatever the environment of his stories or the medium in which they were written, it is in Slavonic literature that they inherently and primarily belong. At the outset Sacher-Masoch studied jurisprudence at Prague and Graz, at which latter university he subsequently, when only twenty-one, settled as docent in history. His literary work at the beginning was historical; but the favor accorded his first novel, *A Galician Story* (1858), determined the direction which he ultimately followed. Ten years later he gave up the idea of an academic career, and devoted the rest of his life to literature. In 1880 he edited the weekly *Belletristische Blätter*, in Budapest, and from 1882-85 the review *Auf der Höhe*, in Leipzig. He subsequently lived in Paris, and after 1890 in Lindheim, where he died the 9th of last March.

Although he wrote verse and several dramas that were successfully produced in Austria and Germany, Sacher-Masoch's best work was done as a novelist, but even more especially as a writer of short stories. No recent writer, however, has produced work so unequal in quality. Much of it is not only relatively good, but it is full of purpose, fresh, vigorous and virile. Some of it, on the other hand, is but the ill turned-out product of a literary slop-shop, unworthy of any serious attention at all, and this apparently not because there were material reasons for desiring to turn poor literature into good money, for Sacher-Masoch seems to have had enough of the goods of the world to keep the pot boiling without it.

His material Sacher-Masoch has chosen from various places. He has written dubious historical novels of the Court of Maria Theresa, and several of his works are collections of short stories of low phases of high life in Vienna, French in intention, but in the German, in which they are written, plump and utterly devoid of the *espiglerie* that

in the case of this sort of writing is the only excuse for its being. Fortunately for him, the author had a better source of supply nearer at home in the Little-Russian life that was his own by birth and education. It is here that he has done by all odds his best and most distinctive work. He has, in fact, opened up a new world to us, and one thus far almost wholly his own; a world, to be sure, seen in some of its aspects in Turgénieff and Tolstoy, but yet here under different lights and with different colours. It is the same "melancholy Slavonic world," the gloomy landscape of steppe and forest, but it is here a people whose blood surges with Oriental heat; a world of men and women as untamed in their passions as wild animals, and as eager to gratify them; who neither spare nor are spared, nor expect to be spared. If, as Sacher-Masoch says, these are the Slavs "to whom the near future as unquestionably belongs as does to the Germanic race the present," then may Heaven have mercy upon the future, for here is a folk that knows not forbearance in its faintest promptings. As to the inherent truth of his pictures, they do not leave one in doubt. There is in his evolution of plot often an unmistakable romanticism, but it is carried out in detail with a realism not seldom offensive. In his mental attitude toward his material the same pessimism so characteristic of Turgénieff is even more apparent in Sacher-Masoch. It is the Slavonic birthright of the one as well as the other, and not a matter of individual temperament. Both of these men are faithful disciples of Schopenhauer, our author assertively so; but they are that primarily not because of the philosopher, but because of themselves. His German critics, with sweetness and light, have called him a pessimist, a cynic, a Pan Slavist, and a nihilist, and I have no doubt but that confirmation may be found in his books for all these several indictments.

What has generally been regarded as Sacher-Masoch's best work is in the cycle of stories called by the common name of *The Legacy of Cain*, the first part of which was written in 1870. This first part was received in Germany with a storm of critical abuse, which the subsequent parts, however, mollified, and the whole, as far as it was ever completed, even received at the end from many

quarters an extravagant praise. The author himself had no mean opinion of it. In a little work on the *Value of Criticism* (1873), which shows pretty conclusively, among other things, the valuelessness of his own, he modestly says that the first story of the cycle, *Don Juan of Kolomea*, "caused a sensation such as no literary work has caused in Germany since *Werther*. . . . The overwhelming originality of the entire composition and the manner of its presentation took the whole reading public at once by storm." And this of his own work, too!

The Legacy of Cain (*Das Vermächtniss Kains*), according to the author's own characterisation of its purpose, is intended to illustrate the universal struggle for existence in the whole field of human activity. Its entire conception is robust and original. The beginning is in the form of an epilogue. A sportsman, who has brought down an eagle with a shot of his rifle, is suddenly greeted with the cry of "Cain, Cain," and a "Wanderer," the member of a Russian sect whose members flee the world to lead an ascetic life in the forest, confronts him with the dead bird. "What have you gained by this?" he asks sternly. "You, too, are of the race of Cain." "Break loose," he warns him, "from the legacy of Cain; learn to know truth; learn to renounce; learn to despise life and love death." "These six, Love, Property, the State, War, Work, and Death are the legacy of Cain, who slew his brother; and his brother's blood cried unto Heaven, and the Lord spoke to Cain: Thou shalt be cursed upon the earth, a fugitive and a vagabond." The words of the "Wanderer" in the prologue thus present the great problems of humanity which it is the purpose of the whole cycle of this "novelistic theodicy," as it has been characterised both by the author and by his critics, to solve. Each problem, furthermore, was, according to the plan, to consist of a series of six stories. The first five of these were intended to illustrate the rule, to exhibit, in other words, the reality as it is in life. The last, on the contrary, was to contain the exception, and to present the ideal to be striven for. The completed whole was thus to furnish an harmonious solution of the manifold dissonances of human life, whatever their kind. It is a matter for regret, for *The Legacy of*

Cain, with all its idiosyncrasies, has always the unquestioned element of strength, that it remained but a torso. *Love* and *Property* were the only parts ever completed, although opportunity was found in superabundance for work that is not worth reading, and assuredly was not worth writing.

Sacher-Masoch's whole problem, as he presents it in *The Legacy of Cain*, is a union of Schopenhauer and Darwin, as he himself, in the tract on criticism, already mentioned, carefully points out. Its fundamental ideas are as follows: This world in which we live is not the best possible, but rather the worst possible. Nature and man alike are inherently bad. In the air, in the water, and on the earth all animate and inanimate nature is continuing uninterruptedly the struggle for existence. Man, in particular, wages an unceasing warfare with his surroundings. Every member of this unhappy race, too, seeks to live at the expense of the other, ceaselessly striving, like Cain, to murder his brother, to rob him, to make him his slave. Man, however, does not remain in his original bestial condition. By the development of his soul and his intellect he lifts himself gradually above it, conquers it, and in the struggles of centuries makes himself more and more its master. Neither does he rest here. Not only does he make nature serviceable to him, but under his influence nature itself changes and becomes less and less his enemy. In the first part, *Love*, the author seeks to solve the problem of the sexes. The first five stories—*The Don Juan of Kolomea*, *The Capitulant*, *A Moonlight Night*, *Plato*, *Venus in Furs*—represent the various phases, healthy and morbid, of what is, from his point of view, the natural hostile opposition of the sexes, the struggle of man and woman for existence. He has filled out the details of the picture with a terrible reality, more terrible because it bears the evident stamp of truth. Love may be joined, upon the one hand, with true affection, with poetic fancy, with spiritual sympathy, or it may be accompanied, on the other, with malevolent lust. The heartless "Venus" of the last story in this way knouts the man who madly loves her as he cringes like a dog at her feet, and he feels a physical enjoyment in the smart of her blows! It is, in fact, because of the physico-psycho-

logical motive of this curious book that specialists in neurology have given the name "masochism" to one of the recognised forms of sexual perversity. The last story of the cycle, *Marsella*; or, *the Fairy Tale of Love*, the ideal as an offset to the real, is, from the nature of the case, the weakest, in its execution, of all. Woman, the daughter of Cain, is by man raised spiritually to his own level. She hurls from her the ointment with which she has anointed his feet and the knout with which she has scourged his back. Man has here lifted himself above nature, and with him woman. He still serves nature, but nature also serves him. He perpetuates the race and continues the great work of civilisation in that he not merely brings up his children, but gives them the impress of his own spirit. Like a new Prometheus, says the author, he sits at the sacred hearthstone of his family and forms men.

The second part of Sacher-Masoch's theodicy continues on the same lines an investigation of the problem of *Property*. The story of the eternal warfare between the rich and the poor is told, as before, in five tales—*The Folk Tribunal*, *The Hajdamak*, *Hasara Raba*, *A Will*, *Basil Hymen*. An ideal solution is contained in the sixth, *The Paradise on the Dniester*, where a better Tolstoy deserts his home to live among the people and found an ideal state whose basis is labour. It is here that the author's Pan Slavistic

tendencies come most distinctly into the foreground. It is the Slav who is to bring about this regeneration of the human race. Here his prose epic ends, unfortunately, for however we may agree with the fundamental statement of his problem, or his manner of solving it, his evident seriousness of purpose must, at the outset, command respect. There is no question of its value as a series of pictures of the lights and shadows of the life of a little-known corner of the world, and there can scarcely be but a single opinion as to the graphic power of the painter who has made them. If the fancy is at times too glowing, the depicted passions too unrestrained in their appeal to a Western imagination, it is the environment at fault that has produced them.

Sacher-Masoch has done in some ways even better work in *Der neue Hiob* (*The Modern Job*, 1874), in which his field is, as before, his own Little-Russia. This story, particularly, shows undeveloped possibilities. The author's earlier impetuosity has been brought under a restraint that cannot but be felt to be more salutary, and his point of view of life and society has been bettered by a maturer experience. If his touch is truer, it is not, however, the less brilliant. *The Modern Job* seems to prove that Sacher-Masoch's best book was never written.

W. H. C.

THE BLEST OF ALL THE BLESSED.

Blest is that man who never yet has read
A line of thee, O Stevenson ; whose head

Has still to grasp thy beauties, Thackeray.
Who hath not learned as yet, ye gods, to stray

Through all the mazy, mad and rich delights
Of Haroun Al Raschid's one thousand nights ;

Whose life has yet to know the wondrous bliss
That Byron throws into his every kiss ;

To whom the wisdom of Omar Kháyyám
Is still tight sealed ; to whom the kindly Lamb

Is as unknown as are the many mute
And unambitious Miltons, sans a lute.

Aye blest is he ! What prayers of thanks should rise
From out his lips, before whom so much lies !

John Kendrick Bangs.

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL CREATURES.

Four remarkable books on nature* have appeared during the month. One is old, one is new, and two—coming between—are neither old nor new; yet all are in a sense equally modern. They may even be considered books of the future, as being prophetic of certain relations of man to animal life, which are imperfectly realised now, but towards which the race is surely approaching.

For more than a century grateful readers have borne testimony to the enduring quality of Gilbert White's *Selborne*; and the work has long been safely placed, where it will long safely remain, on the shelf of the little classics of the world's literature. The *Uncle Remus* of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has attained within the short period of its appearance a still wider acceptance as a work which throws a new light of the imagination upon the lower creatures, and lifts them into closer relationship to mankind. Whether or not it will ever attain the distinction of becoming a classic, remains, to be seen, but the chances are that it will; its influence has already passed into the history of literature, and so far at least there can be no question of its lasting. *The Jungle Book* of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has won a well-nigh universal audience within even less time, and bids fair,

with *The Second Jungle Book*, which has just been published, to take its place also on this high, narrow shelf of ever-living works. Unlike as they are, these books have this in common: that while White discarded the imagination which the two other writers use, the three men have severally enlarged our human horizon of knowledge and sympathy as respects nature and its teeming life. Each is a work that no other man could have written; each contains qualities that most men love; each has an artistic form that must always remain a delight to encounter. But whether these or any other nameable characteristics contain the secret of the life of these books—or of any book—who can say?

Mr. Burroughs, best fitted of all men in this country to write an introduction to this superb edition of *Selborne*, confronts the problem thus: "So many learned and elaborate treatises have sunk beneath the waves upon which this cockleshell of a book rides so safely and so buoyantly! What is the secret of its longevity? One can do little more than name its qualities without tracing them to their sources. It is simple and wholesome, like bread, or meat, or milk. . . . White was led astray by no literary ambition. His interest in the life of nature was only a scientific one; he must know the truth first, and then give it to the humanities. How true it is in science, in literature, in life, that any secondary motives vitiate the result! Seek ye the kingdom of truth first, and all things shall be added." But this graceful tribute from the pupil to the master is not a satisfying explanation to the non-scientific. Many who admire White's work know nothing of and care little for the theme of which it treats; and

* White's *Selborne*. Introduction by John Burroughs. Illustrations by Clifton Johnson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$4.00.

Mr. Rabbit at Home. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrations by Oliver Herford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrations by A. B. Frost. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. Decorated by John Lockwood Kipling. C.I.E. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.



FRONTISPIECE TO "MR. RABBIT AT HOME."

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for these its perennial charm must remain something more subtle than any branch of science. No matter what the truth may be, White will always stand out as one of those rare spirits forming the distinguished group to which Mr. Burroughs himself belongs; whose work is done on the borders of the human and the sub-human worlds, and helps to bind them together. Perhaps this simple thing may be the great secret, after all. It is the brotherhood of all creatures that White teaches, which brings his work so close to our hearts and makes it as sweet and true and living to us as to those who read it first. For it is a fact well worthy of note that all studies of nature have some such effect as this, whether they be simply reported through the reason, like White's, or vividly transformed by the imagination, as are Mr. Harris's and Mr. Kipling's. Theirs is a wisdom that does not scold. Theirs is a profound science of life that

neither accuses, nor condemns, nor absolves. Sanelly and gently they make judicial showing of eternal truths. The art of the fabulist in particular uplifts, and is truly the touch that makes two worlds akin. Ennobling man by fostering his finest feelings, it invests the beasts of the field with the interest and almost the dignity of humanity. Standing always for the right against the wrong, for the weak against the strong, it peoples the air and the earth and the sea with the noblest ideals of which the human mind can have any conception. The very attitude of the fabulist and of all writers on nature inclines towards nobility and love and mercy, and its influence must, accordingly, be for universal good. How completely Thoreau's cynicism disappears as he approaches nature and the dumb brother! His words are then all sweetness; his thoughts are then all peace. Compare the fables of La Fontaine with his writings touching the society in which he lived! The misanthropy

that darkens, the evil that stains his other work, mars none of his fables. Contact with nature seemed to loosen the wings of the author's beautiful spirit—the soul of the real man, not the creature of depraving environment; and the writings that he did when thus inspired live as works of pure gold set forever in solid rock crystal, while his reviling of the world has long since faded away.

No wonder, then, that the wisest and best of men in all ages have valued animal folk-lore and turned to it for help and instruction as well as amusement. No wonder that it has been lectured upon in the greatest universities and laughed over in the humblest cottages. No wonder that Socrates solaced his last days in prison by turning Æsop's fables into verse. No wonder that a fable went home to the heart of the poet-king of Israel and touched his conscience as no argument could have done. No wonder that the first great epic of

Germany was Reineke Fuchs; or that from Germany the fable may be traced back to Flanders; and thence further and further, till it is lost in the Orient.

This message of divine tenderness, transmitted first by a Greek slave, has been repeated at intervals by some of the greatest minds in literature. To America it first came direct through the writings of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, whose Uncle Remus stands as the only character in recent national fiction which has achieved universality. Uncle Remus follows and has supplanted Uncle Tom. His name is known where the name of the author is not. It has become a household word in other countries than ours; but Uncle Remus himself is distinctively American, justifying in every characteristic his national acceptance. He is the unique African product of the Anglo-Saxon new world.

His fun is the peculiar outcome of African humour grafted upon American wit. And the creatures grouped about him are no less distinctively American than himself. They are without exception the inhabitants of our own firesides, and fields, and woods, and waters, endowed with the familiar failings and virtues, and hopes and fears of the human beings who consider them brutes. *Mr. Rabbit at Home* could not possibly belong to any other country than ours. There is no more resemblance between our shrewd Brer Rabbit and the foolish Hare victimised by Reineke Fuchs than lies in their furry coats; no more indeed than between Reineke Fuchs himself and our own Brer Fox. For bold Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox are far more distinctively and admirably American than most of the heroes of American novels.

On the other hand, the creations of Mr. Kipling's fancy are remote from us. The land, the scene, the flora, the names of the characters, their philosophy, the very atmosphere that surrounds them, are all far off and strange. But the genius of the author invoking the spell of the fabulist brings us at once into sympathy and a feeling of kinship with these strangers belonging to the jungle of India. We respond to the tender charity of Mother Wolf—as old as Rome; to the

wisdom of Kaa—as old as knowledge; to the lofty magnanimity of Akela; to the blundering love of old Baloo; to the splendid courage of Bagherra; and to the loyalty of Grey Brother. We wince while we laugh at the stinging satire on humanity's vanities and vices that come to us from the Bandar-log, the Monkey People, who live in the trees above the heads of the nobler beasts and look down on them.

As one reads the brilliant work and thrills to its true deep note, the wonder arises whether or not Mr. Kipling may have received inspiration from ancient folk-lore tales rooted in the local environment. Mr. Harris has frankly told us that such is true in the case of his own work; and certain indications would seem to point to a similar origin of the jungle stories. It would be interesting to know. But no matter whether the

seed of the beautiful thing came out of East Indian tradition to blossom from Mr. Kipling's imagination, or whether it is a new and spontaneous growth; in either case it is a great work—the greatest, perhaps, of its kind in many



FROM "UNCLE REMUS."

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years, past or to come. And these four books, taken together, form a notable contribution to that literature of humanity which moves abreast of science, of higher intellectual development, and larger benevolence. Coming to us on the eve of Christmas, they seem to ac-

quire a deeper significance, turning our thoughts on the shuttle of Time's loom, backward to the humble, dumb friends gathered about the Manger, and forward to the happy consummation of the ancient prophecy when "a little child shall lead them."

N. H. B.

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NIGHT TAPESTRY.

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

An airy nothing blown upon the wind
Did tangle in the meshes of my dream,
That woven was of air : a themeless theme ;
A weird, pathetic pattern of the Blind ;
Here plain the scroll—there lacing moonbeams twined ;
The which with phantasies in endless stream
Wove I in darkness, and the night did seem
Dread with the spectral moments of the mind.

And lo ! my threads took purpose ! Dim, unreal,
An instant dwelt about the woof a light,
And in the light a Shape known unto me,
Through ages upon ages
A sudden gust out of the windy night,
And meaningless again my tapestry !

Robert H. M. Dawbarn.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

XI.—"THE LOGIC OF FREE LIFE."

The ideas which form the substance or substratum of the greatest books are not primarily the products of pure thought; they have a far deeper origin, and their immense power of enlightenment and enrichment lies in the depth of their rootage in the unconscious life of the race. If it be true that the fundamental process of the physical universe and of the life of man, so far as we can understand them, is not intellectual, but vital, then it is also true that the formative ideas by which we live, and in the clear comprehension of which the greatness of intellectual and spiritual life for us lies, have been borne in upon the race by living rather than by thinking. They are felt and experienced first and formulated later. It is clear that a definite purpose is being wrought out through physical processes in the world of matter; it is equally clear to most men that moral and spiritual purposes are being worked out through the processes which constitute the conditions of our being and acting in this world. It has been the engrossing and fruitful study of science to discover the processes and comprehend the ends of the physical order; it is the highest office of art to discover and illustrate, for the most part unconsciously, the processes and results of the spiritual order by setting forth in concrete form the underlying and formative ideas of races and periods.

"The thought that makes the work of art," says Mr. John La Farge in a discussion of the art of painting of singular insight and intelligence, "the thought which in its highest expression we call genius is not reflection or reflective thought. The thought which analyses has the same deficiencies as our eyes. It can fix only one point at a time. It is necessary for it to examine each element of consideration, and unite it to others, to make a whole. But the *logic of free life, which is the logic of art*, is like that logic of one using the eye, in which we make most wonderful combinations of momentary adaptation, by

co-ordinating innumerable memories, by rejecting those that are useless or antagonistic; and all without being aware of it, so that those especially who most use the eye, as, for instance, the painter or the hunter, are unaware of more than one single, instantaneous action." This is a very happy formulation of a fundamental principle in art; indeed, it brings before us the essential quality of art, its illustration of thought in the order not of a formal logic, but of the logic of free life. It is at this point that it is differentiated from philosophy; it is from this point that its immense spiritual significance becomes clear. In the great books fundamental ideas are set forth not in a systematic way, nor as the results of methodical teaching, but as they rise over the vast territory of actual living and are clarified by the long-continued and many-sided experience of the race. Every book of the first order in literature of the creative kind is a final generalisation from a vast experience. It is, to use Mr. La Farge's phrase, the co-ordination of innumerable memories; memories shared by an innumerable company of persons, and becoming, at length and after long clarification, a kind of race memory, and this memory is so inclusive and tenacious that it holds intact the long and varied play of soil, sky, scenery, climate, faith, myth, suffering, action, historic process through which the race has passed and by which it has been largely formed.

The ideas which underlie the great books bring with them, therefore, when we really receive them in our minds, the entire background of the life out of which they took their rise. We are not only permitted to refresh ourselves at the inexhaustible spring, but as we drink the entire sweep of landscape, to the remotest mountains in whose heart its sources are hidden, encompasses us like a vast living world. It is, in other words, the totality of things which great art gives us, not things in isolation and detachment. Mr. La Farge will pardon further quotation; he admirably states this great truth when he says that "in

a work of art, executed through the body, and appealing to the mind through the senses, the entire make-up of its creator addresses the entire constitution of the man for whom it is meant." One may go further and say of the greatest books that the whole race speaks through them to the whole man who puts himself in a receptive mood towards them. This totality of influences, conditions, and history which goes to the making of books of this order receives dramatic unity, artistic sequence, and integral order and coherence from the personality of the writer. He gathers into himself the spiritual results of the experience of his people or his age, and through his genius for expression the vast general background of his personal life, which, as in the case of Homer, for instance, has entirely faded from view, rises once more in clear vision before us. "In any museum," says Mr. La Farge, "we can see certain great differences in things; which are so evident, so much on the surface, as almost to be our first impressions. They are the marks of the places where the works of art were born. Climate; intensity of heat and light; the nature of the earth; whether there was much or little water in proportion to land; plants, animals, surrounding beings, have helped to make these differences, as well as manners, laws, religions, and national ideals. If you recall the more general physical impression of a gallery of Flemish paintings and of a gallery of Italian masters, you will have carried off in yourself two distinct impressions received during their lives by the men of these two races. The fact that they used their eyes more or less is only a small factor in this enormous aggregation of influences received by them and transmitted to us."

From this point of view the inexhaustible significance of a great work of art becomes clear, both as regards its definite revelation of racial and individual truth, and as regards its educational or cultured quality and value. Ideas are presented not in isolation and detachment, but in their totality of origin and relationship; they are not abstractions, general propositions, philosophical generalisations; they are living truths—

truths, that is, which have become clear by long experience, and to which men stand, or have stood, in personal relations. They are ideas, in other words, which stand together, not in the order of formal logic, but of the "logic of free life." They are not torn out of their normal relations; they bring all their relationships with them. We are offered a plant in the soil, not a flower cut from its stem. Every man is rooted to the soil, touches through his senses the physical, and through his mind and heart the spiritual order of his time; all these influences are focused in him, and, according to his capacity, he gathers them into his experience, formulates and expresses them. The greater and more productive the man, the wider his contact with and absorption of the life of his time. For the artist stands nearest, not farthest from his contemporaries. He is not, however, a mere medium in their hands, not a mere secretary or recorder of their ideas and feelings. He is separated from them in the clearness of his vision of the significance of their activities, the ends towards which they are moving, the ideas which they are working out; but, in the exact degree of his greatness, he is one with them in sympathy, experience, and comprehension. They live for him, and he lives with them; they work out ideas in the logic of free life, he clarifies, interprets, and illustrates those ideas. The world is not saved by the remnant, as Matthew Arnold held; it is saved through the remnant. The elect of the race, its prophets, teachers, artists—and every great artist is also a prophet and teacher—are its leaders, not its masters; its interpreters, not its creators. The race is dumb without its artists; but the artists would be impossible without the sustaining fellowship of the race. In the making of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* the Greek race was in full partnership with Homer. The ideas which form the summits of human achievement are sustained by immense masses of earth; the higher they rise the vaster their bases. The richer and wider the race life, the freer and deeper the play of that vital logic which produces the formative ideas.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

WHEN THE BIRDS FLY HOME.

Of all the beauteous days to me
 Of all the circling year,
 The days of youth and hope and love,
 The days of dread and fear ;
 The days that reel the warm sun in,
 The days that wheel him out,
 Of showery May, of leafy June,
 Of Winter's frosty rout ;
 The days so plentiful of fate
 Of life and death to come,
 Are the lonely days of Autumn
 When the birds fly home.

Then a fire is in the sumach
 And a mist is on the hills,
 And a gentle, pensive glamour
 The whole world fills.
 Then the morns are grey and rainy
 With a windy, driven rack,
 The fields are full of shining pools,
 The mullein stalks are black ;
 Or the nights are clear and frosty
 To the world's blue dome,
 In the lonely days of Autumn
 When the birds fly home.

Though all the buds and flowers are dead,
 The golden-rod is out,
 Flaming with the aster-bloom
 On all the hills about,
 You may meet them on the roadsides,
 You may pick them in the lane,
 While barnward from the stubble-fields
 The heavy-laden wain
 Goes with far shouts of labour,
 With the arms and faces brown,
 While the cattle come home lowing
 And the sun dips down.

Through all the hollow, smoky day
 There goes a lonely call ;
 'Tis the jay across the stubble-fields
 Presaging of the Fall ;
 Or the crow, that sombre solitary,
 Among his darkling pines ;
 Or the chickadee beside the brook
 That on its amber shines ;
 Or the plough-boy to his drowsy team
 Amid the furrowed loam,—
 O the lonely days of Autumn
 When the birds fly home !

O the world is full of waters
 And a sense of far-off sound.
 And a thousand mists and colours rise
 From woods and hills around.

'Tis the splendour of the Autumn,
 'Tis the glory of the Fall,
 When the King of Death walks silently
 Adown his bannered hall ;
 And the beds of sleep are making
 For the hearts that fain would roam,
 In the lonely days of Autumn
 When the birds fly home.

And here I hold communion
 With the King of rest and sleep,
 Where he hath decked his honoured ones
 By wood and hill and deep ;
 And the mighty hills are keeping guard
 In all their gloried glow,
 While he and I are walking
 With the dead of long ago ;
 With the sad and wistful memories,
 Those olden ghosts that come
 In the lonely days of Autumn ,
 When the birds fly home.

William Wilfred Campbell.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE SAGE

A beggar crept wailing through the streets of a city. A certain man came to him there and gave him bread, saying : " I give you this loaf, because of God's word." Another came to the beggar and gave him bread, saying : " Take this loaf ; I give it because you are hungry."

Now there was a continual rivalry among the citizens of this town as to who should appear to be the most pious man, and the event of the gifts to the beggar made discussion. People gathered in knots and argued furiously to no particular purpose. They appealed to the beggar, but he bowed humbly to the ground, as befitted one of his condition, and answered : " It is a singular circumstance that the loaves were of one size and of the same quality. How, then, can I decide which of these men gave bread more piously ?"

The people heard of a philosopher who travelled through their country, and one said : " Behold, we who give not bread to beggars are not capable of judging those who have given bread to beggars. Let us, then, consult this wise man."

" But," said some, " mayhap this philosopher, according to your rule that

one must have given bread before judging they who give bread, will not be capable."

" That is an indifferent matter to all truly great philosophers." So they made search for the wise man, and in time they came upon him, strolling along at his ease in the manner of philosophers.

" Oh, most illustrious sage," they cried.

" Yes," said the philosopher promptly.

" Oh, most illustrious sage, there are two men in our city, and one gave bread to a beggar, saying : ' Because of God's word.' And the other gave bread to the beggar, saying : ' Because you are hungry.' Now, which of these, oh, most illustrious sage, is the more pious man ?"

" Eh ?" said the philosopher.

" Which of these, oh, most illustrious sage, is the more pious man ?"

" My friends," said the philosopher suavely addressing the concourse, " I see that you mistake me for an illustrious sage. I am not he whom you seek. However, I saw a man answering my description pass here some time ago. With speed you may overtake him. Adieu."

Stephen Crane.

PARIS LETTER.

It appears that in consequence of the action of certain Paris Municipal Councillors, various works of fiction, and notably *Madame Bovary*, have been withdrawn from circulation at the Paris Municipal Libraries. This tardy condemnation, as immoral, of Flaubert's novel is amusing, especially in the Paris of to-day. Gustave Flaubert, himself, would be delighted with this measure, for, in the last years of his life, he had come to hate the very name of *Madame Bovary*, and used to be quite rude to strangers who, on their introduction to him, complimented him on the book which the world persisted in classifying as his masterpiece. "Hang *Madame Bovary!*" he would bellow forth in real anger. "*Madame Bovary, Madame Bovary* is—is rubbish." It irritated him to be known only as the author of this one book, when he had written others of equal and even superior merit. Max Nordau has experienced the same feeling. People would talk of him as "the author of *The Conventional Lies*," and he has told me that his chief object in writing *Entartung* was to shake off this denomination.

The sincerity of the respect with which the profession of letters in general and that of poetry in particular is regarded in France by the powers that be, has once more been exemplified. It became necessary a few days ago for a special commissioner to be sent by the Government to the French fleet in the Mediterranean. In England such a commissioner would have been chosen from the thousand supernumeraries of the Government offices. In France a poet was chosen. It was M. Yann Nibor who was selected by M. Lockroy to carry out this mission. M. Yann Nibor is a poet of the sea, a writer of ballads of the "Yoho! ho!" variety, a man in no way connected with politics. We shall have to wait long years in England before the same spirit moves our politicians. Can you fancy Weatherly or Clark Russell being chosen as representatives of the Cabinet, because of the intimate knowledge of maritime affairs, and of the keen sympathy with maritime folk shown in their works? It

is true that, as a son-in-law of a poet, M. Lockroy has a larger appreciation of poets than most politicians, but still there is no precedent for a selection of this sort. Yann Nibor, it appears, was strongly recommended by various admirals of the French fleet, who all testified to the popularity of the poet amongst the sailors. Nibor is a man destined to be popular. He is a fine athletic fellow, who writes swinging verse, composes his own music, and sings his songs with quite professional skill. His performance is a great feature at Alphonse Daudet's delightful Thursday *soirées*.

"On prend son bien . . ." you know the rest. This apparently is the only explanation which Emile Zola has vouchsafed to those who have drawn attention to the fact that one notable passage in his novel, *Nana*, was "lifted" from Thomas Otway's tragedy, *Venice Preserved, or a Plot Discovered*, a translation of which has recently been given in performance at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, where the indebtedness of Zola was first noticed. Readers of *Nana* will remember the scene where Count Muffat in a paroxysm of amorous imbecility crawls about Nana's boudoir and plays at being a dog. Readers of *Venice Preserved* will remember the passage where the Senator Antonio performs in a similar manner for the delectation of Aquilina. A comparison of the text-book in Zola's novel and in the translation from Otway affords the best proof of the indebtedness of the French novelist to the English dramatist. Here are the parallel passages:—

"NANA."

Le comte Muffat fait le chien chez sa maîtresse.

D'autres fois, il était un chien. Elle lui jetait son mouchoir parfumé au bout de la pièce, et il devait courir le ramasser avec les dents en se traînant sur les mains et sur les pieds.

—Rapporte, César! Je vais te régaler, si tu flânes! Très bien, César, obéissant, gentil; fais le beau!

Et lui, aimant sa bassesse, goûtant la jouissance d'être une brute, aspirant à descendre, criait:

—Tape plus fort! Plus fort! . . . Hou! Hou! Je suis enragé. Tape donc! . . .

"VENISE SAUVÉE."

Le sénateur Antonio est l'amant de la courtisane Aquilina et, sadiquement, s'incarne en quadrupède.

Un chien, monseigneur!

(Le sénateur Antonio se jette à quatre pattes, rampe sous la table, et aboie.)

—Ah! vous me mordez? Eh bien, vous aurez des coups de pied!

—Va! de tout mon cœur! Des coups de pied!
 . . . Encore, encore des coups de pied! . . .
 Hou! Hou! Plus fort! Plus fort! Encore plus fort!

Speaking of Otway's *Venice Preserved*, Henry Bauer, the first critic in France, says: "An incomparable spectacle, of the highest grandeur and tragic beauty."

The first instalment of Léon Daudet's new story, a phantasy called *Shakespeare's Journey in the North* [announced in the July BOOKMAN], appears in the November issue of the *Nouvelle Revue*. Léon Daudet proposes to show from what types—supposed to have been met by Shakespeare in this imaginary journey in the North of Europe—the dramatist drew his characters. In Denmark he meets and converses with the prototype of Hamlet, and so on. I notice in the same number of Madame Adam's magazine the first instalment of a new life of Napoleon, by M. Proudhon. One had fancied that the interest in Napoleon's life was waning. Apparently it is not.

There is certainly a "ring" in Paris amongst writers for the stage. It may be noticed that those whose dramatic works are accepted for performance are generally, if not invariably, persons influentially connected with the newspapers. It was partly to counteract this ring that Antoine founded the Théâtre Libre. I remember asking Sardou to look over a short one-act play for a friend of mine. He did so, and when I saw him subsequently in his town-house in the Rue Général-Foy, he told me that the play was 1° "superb," 2° a chef-d'œuvre, 3° "Otway and Marivaux combined." I then asked him, on behalf of my friend, to give me a word to a Parisian manager, to induce the manager to read it. Sardou said that that was useless, the author being an unknown man. He added that there were twenty dogs on each stray bone, a gang of wolves tearing each other's throats at each stage-door. However, he eventually wrote a very enthusiastic letter of introduction and recommendation to a Parisian

manager who has always professed his desire to "produce" young authors. I gave his note to my friend, who, on reading it, thought his fortune made. This took place in 1889. Till the date of writing—we are in 1895—the author has had no news of his manuscript. As I have said, Antoine tried to counteract this ring, and, to prove his sincerity, I may quote the case of M. François de Curel, a young dramatic author who recently attracted much attention. M. de Curel had written three plays, all of which he considered, in their way, excellent. Being entirely what is called "an outsider," he did not dare approach Antoine as M. de Curel, and accordingly sent the three plays, each under a different pseudonym, to the Director of the Théâtre Libre, asking in each case for fair consideration to be given to each play. Within three weeks M. de Curel received at the three different addresses given, addressed to the three different fictitious names, warm letters of acceptance, with invitations to call and arrange for the production of each play. He called and introduced himself successively as M. Un-tel, M. Chose, and M. So-and-so. His three plays were played, one at the Théâtre Libre, one, on M. Antoine's recommendation, at the Variétés, and another, on the same recommendation, at the Théâtre Français. These pieces were: *L'Envers d'une Sainte*, *L'Inutile*, and *L'Amour Brodé*. Besides the three plays named, M. de Curel, thanks to M. Antoine's influence, was able to produce in the same year two other one act pieces, *Les Fossiles* and *La Figurante*.

The legend that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains seems inaccurate, at least as far as dramatic work is concerned, to those who know. The most successful plays which during recent years have been produced either in London or in Paris have literally been written *currente calamo*. For instance, M. de Curel's *L'Amour Brodé* was written in a fortnight. It was enthusiastically received at the Comédie Française, the first theatre in the world. I could cite many other cases to show that great rapidity of production is not incompatible with great popular success.

Every one who has been to Paris knows of Nadar the photographer. Few know that Nadar, before he was a photographer, was a novelist of great dis-

tion, who took to photography, because, like many of us novelists, he had discovered that writing does not always "feed its man." Well, Nadar has failed even as a photographer, just as from a commercial point of view he had failed as a novelist, and is now, after fifty years of figuration on the Paris boulevards, about to return to Marseilles a grey-haired and ruined man. He spent a million francs during the siege of Paris in balloons, and organised the postal service of the beleaguered town—and now, apparently, he has nothing beyond a volume of memoirs, which he proposes to publish. Nadar's real name is Tournachon. He came to Paris as a medical student, and at the age of 17 published a novel entitled *Robe de Déjà-nire*, which was followed within three years by his *Miroir aux Alouettes*. His next was to draw, and he drew and pub-

lished a "Panthéon" of caricatures of men of the day of 1854. And then finding (as many of us have found) that neither writing nor drawing is very lucrative, he took to business, and was, in his way, the best photographer of Paris. But even business failed him, because, being an artist, he applied all the profits of his trade to the wildest ventures. His balloon, "Le Géant," cost him a fortune. It nearly cost him his life, as a Prussian non-commissioned officer was anxious to hang him when "Le Géant" fell into the Prussian Camp. He escaped, however, and now is a ruined man. He has written twelve books, of which one at least is a masterpiece. The name of the latter is *Quand j'étais Etudiant*, a book which renders Murger futile.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

IN PARADISE.

When Mollie laughs, you hear the rush
 Of winds among the forest trees,
 The joyous outburst of the thrush,
 When twilight prompts his melodies,
 And other sounds as quick as these
 To lift the heart. The paths are green,
 Life opens for her down its leas,
 She treads them blithely : she's sixteen.

When Phyllis smiles, the darkest sky
 Is shot with sunlight through and through ;
 For every dimple shown thereby
 She gains a lover, ardent, true.
 'Tis vain to sigh and vain to sue,
 He best may fare who long can wait
 For favour from those eyes of blue—
 The years she numbers are but eight.

Order my life, ye Sisters three,
 As seemeth best, but grant me, whiles,
 Abidance in that Paradise
 Where Mollie laughs and Phyllis smiles.

Henry Baldwin.

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM
THE COMPROMISE OF 1850.*

In the third volume of his work Mr. Rhodes confirms the impression created by the earlier volumes, that he is giving us as satisfactory a history as could be expected at only the present degree of remoteness in time from the period of which he treats. A great history of the Civil War is as yet impossible; the groundwork of fact is not yet ready for the finer touches of philosophic genius. A good history is not only possible, but is realised in the work before us. The present volume, like its predecessors, gives evidence of a correct appreciation by the author of the scope and character of the task that he has undertaken, an amazing degree of industry and intelligence in the accumulation of material, and a praiseworthy spirit of impartiality in framing judgments upon men and events. However one may differ from his conclusion upon any particular point, Mr. Rhodes leaves no room for doubt that that conclusion has been evolved from a conscientious, even laborious, balancing of evidence.

The third volume covers the period from the Presidential election of 1860 to the capture of New Orleans in April, 1862. The main narrative is preceded by a chapter of 113 pages on the social conditions prevailing in the decade from 1850 to 1860. This introductory chapter—which can be designated only by description, since Mr. Rhodes does not honour his chapters with titles—is one of great value. Its calm presentation of facts and tendencies in connection with the commerce, finances, transportation systems, health, amusements, literature, and religion of the people furnishes a much-needed corrective to the impression created by many so-called histories, that the sole occupation of our people between 1854 and 1860 was a passionate and acrimonious debate on the question of slavery. In treating of the tariff, Mr. Rhodes rather unnecessarily, though in the most amiable manner, drags in his own views on the gen-

eral subject, and incidentally exhibits again his admiration for Daniel Webster, by presenting and endorsing the ideas of the latter as expressed in 1824. One of the most interesting passages in this chapter is that on the health of the people. The author has gathered together from contemporary literature a large number of passages bearing on the subject, but he fails to give sufficient weight to the fact that almost all the opinions and observations embodied therein relate to what we call the higher social classes, and are put forth by writers of a satirical tendency, like Holmes and Curtis. Mr. Rhodes's conclusion that "during the last forty years the American physique has unquestionably improved," seems to rest too much on a comparison of the results reached by "the precise observations" of such careful statisticians as Emerson, Everett, Holmes, and Curtis (p. 72), with the personal dimensions of that invincible and irrepressible optimist, Edward Atkinson (p. 74).

The two long chapters in which are treated the events between Lincoln's election and the fall of Sumter constitute distinctly the best history of the period that has thus far been written. The author's effort to be perfectly fair both in presenting facts and in passing judgment upon individuals is often very conspicuous, but is always very successful. That Buchanan, while weak, was not unpatriotic, has been grudgingly conceded by a few Northern writers before Mr. Rhodes; that Jefferson Davis was really sincere in his expressions of regret at leaving the Union has never before been presumed without discussion. Again, take the theory that the secession of the cotton States was the outcome of a plot concocted by a knot of Southern Senators at Washington; the seven pages which Mr. Rhodes devotes to laying this fancy render its resuscitation by any intelligent being an impossibility. As to the efforts at compromise in and out of Congress, the author is, we think, disproportionately elaborate. His general conclusion is that the Crittenden proposition, if adopted, would have warded off the crisis; that the Republicans were re-

* History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. III., 1860-62. New York: Harper & Brothers, \$2.50.

sponsible for the failure of this proposition; and that Lincoln was chiefly responsible for the attitude of the Republicans. But at the same time he holds that no compromise would have permanently settled the issues at stake, and that morally the attitude of Lincoln was justifiable.

Throughout the whole discussion of the influences that determined the course of events in the winter of 1860-61, there is one point at which Mr. Rhodes is fairly open to criticism. He does not ascribe sufficient—indeed, he scarcely ascribes any—importance to the persistency of extreme party antipathies during the period. To the observer at the present day, the magnitude of the disaster impending overshadows everything; but at the time itself the peril, while appalling, was yet too vague in form to overcome the concrete and perfectly definite passions of recent political controversy. Both the hesitation of Buchanan to deal sharply with South Carolina, and the reluctance of Lincoln to consider compromise, were in no small measure due to the fear that some party advantage would be gained by Republicans and Democrats respectively. It was very hard to believe that civil war was actually at hand; it was very easy to believe that great popularity would accrue to the party through whose representatives a settlement of the crisis should be effected. Hence the policy of "masterly inactivity" on the part of the Republicans, to which Mr. Rhodes makes only a passing allusion (p. 266). They felt that, having won the election, they should have the credit of settling all the questions involved; and therefore they thwarted the schemes that promised a settlement before they assumed charge of the administration. To the persistency of party feeling are also to be attributed the suggestions of impeachment which must have had some influence on the timorous spirit of Mr. Buchanan. He could not believe the Republicans incapable of combining with the extreme Southerners against him in proceedings based on the exercise by him of doubtful powers in opposing secession. Mr. Rhodes apparently deems the impeachment suggestions unworthy of mention. His intimated belief (p. 187) that in December the Republicans were very ready "to take up with a Democratic leader who

would stand as a champion for the Union and for the enforcement of the laws," is quite irreconcilable with the analysis of Republican feeling which precedes it, as well as with the ideas developed above.

It is perhaps well that the author does not undertake any formal discussion of the more purely legal questions involved in the controversies of this period. The constitutional law of the situation has been treated almost *ad nauseam* by other writers. The repeated references of Mr. Rhodes to a supposed distinction between coercing a State and enforcing the customs laws (cf. pp. 303, 330) are not especially happy. There was no practical difference between the two; and the logical difference that was worked out for political effect merely arose from regarding the same fact from opposite points of view. The attempt to exclude from consideration the corporate State in using force against the individual citizens thereof, broke down utterly long before the war terminated. In respect to the questions that very early arose as to the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, Mr. Rhodes is singularly inadequate. His three-line reference to the Merryman case at Baltimore (p. 391) is inaccurate as well. A little of the space assigned to the efforts at compromise would have been better employed here. Perhaps, however, the whole matter of arbitrary arrests is to receive fuller treatment in later volumes, when the time is reached at which they became a very important political issue.

On the events after Lincoln's inauguration Mr. Rhodes does excellent work. His judgments as to Lincoln, Seward, and McClellan are most likely to be those of all future historians. Possibly the unfavourable reflections on Seward may be modified by fuller light at some points. McClellan's "own story" has unfortunately closed the way to any further apology for its author. From unpublished Sumner manuscript Mr. Rhodes has been able to make very interesting and valuable contributions to our knowledge of foreign opinion on our affairs at the outbreak of the war. In dealing with military matters, the author avoids any straining after dramatic effect, or, at any rate, fails to produce such effect. The battle and campaign maps are excellent.

As to style and arrangement, there is

some room for criticism in this as in the first two volumes. It is hard to tell the basis of the chapter divisions. Neither topical nor chronological order alone explains it. The chapters are exceedingly long—the shortest 99 pages and the longest 165! In each there is a confusing amount of abrupt transition between unrelated topics. Mr. Rhodes, however, seeks to save the reader unnecessary shock by the mechanical device of double leads between paragraphs where the change of subject is most violent. This mitigates the strain somewhat, and saves such intellectual paralysis as is inflicted by Professor MacMaster in his hop-skip-and-jump rambles from subject to subject, often without even the paragraph break. In respect to style, either Mr. Rhodes or his literary reviser (see p. 637, note) is guilty occasionally of peccadilloes. We fear that the effort to hoist into untechnical usage the word "envisage," and even "envisagement" (p. 366) is foredoomed to failure. We doubt that railroad bonds are technically known as "acceptances" (p. 39). "The nineteenth-century Addison" would probably not have moulded an apostrophe to his "million readers" in just this shape: "What an audience to address words of wholesome morality, healthy criticism on literature and art, and acute observations on society to!" (p. 94). He would have thought instantly of Castlereagh's great feat, in concluding a set speech in the Commons with the word "its." But the literary vagaries of Mr. Rhodes's work seldom affect the clearness of his meaning, and they are not to be taken seriously. Certainly they are the farthest possible from modifying the judgment that he is making an invaluable contribution to historical science.

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

In these days of the sudden swarming of writers toward the Middle Ages, and when the meat-axe of melodrama tips the standard of victorious romance, the writing of a story of modern New York, by a thorough New-Yorker, seems to me to be doubly significant. As Mr. Matthews in the past has been interested

* *His Father's Son*: A Novel of New York. By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

in the realities of American life, so he continues to be. The recent hurrah over the "shilling shocker" seems not to have changed his artistic motive.

As a matter of fact, a writer who is moved by motives deeper than love of money—deeper even than the love of success—does not change with the wind of public approval. Purveyors of reading matter for the million may change and do change as often as the buyers of 28 cent volumes at the bargain counters may change, finding themselves quite happy in selling prodigious stacks of easily made books, winking meanwhile at each other in contempt of the buyer. But not in this way is the lasting art of any nation produced; of this any student may convince himself by a study of the records of each distinctive age of literature.

I think there can be no controversy over this position, for the attempt to think its converse (as Herbert Spencer would say) is ample demonstration. Imagine all English novelists turning to the middle age of France for their material. Imagine all American novelists writing of Greece in the time of Alexander, and the fair-minded reader will see at once that writing of such sort is likely to be artificial and quite lifeless. The believers in an American literature rejoice at the over-production of the cheap romance. It is largely a publishers' revival, for the bard of sensationalism has always had the majority of readers and always will, just as the *Saturday Night* and "the Old Sleuth" stories outsell Hawthorne and Miss Wilkins. The sale of such literature does not surprise the student of men—he does not even object to it; he only questions the sincerity or the wisdom of those critics who put the author of the "killing tale" English fiction above George Meredith or Thomas Hardy.

What prevents American novelists from buying up somebody's memoirs of this or that court, and grinding out tales, four per year, all in the first person? Nothing but literary conscience. They are artists in motive. They are not seeking after success of that kind. Any artist should not be too successful. If he gets to be the rage he should pull himself up short, and revise not only his art, but himself.

A painter friend of mine when he finds himself selling his fifth picture in the

same month always locks his door and puts himself and his art on trial. I am suspicious of a man who studies his audience more than his subject, and conversely I find myself drawn to a man like Henry James who is producing the most purposeful and meaningful and artistic work of his life (see *The Lesson of the Master*) at a moment when such work is apparently overlaid and crushed out by "popular romance."

I applaud, therefore, at the outset the theme to which Brander Matthews applies himself. It shows a man content to keep his own individual point of view during an apparent uplifting of the sensationalist upon the throne of art. There is no great sale for him nor for any other man who sets a thoughtful and contained work of art before the people. This is no new word. If a man is to succeed largely he must either frankly tickle to laughter or teach the primary classes. Mr. Matthews's book does neither. It is a book for readers capable of thought.

Let me interpolate right here that of the best of Stevenson I am a profound admirer. I read all that Kipling writes with joy. I don't care what a man writes about provided he is a sincere artist, moved to his choice irresistibly, not because somebody else is succeeding in that line. Great art demands a great personality behind the work. I feel a distinctive and powerful soul behind Kipling's work and Stevenson's work, just as I feel Meredith and Ibsen through their lines. These men take hold of the deeps of life, and it matters little to me whether they call themselves idealists or realists. They are creative souls. There is no justification in art of imitation for commercial purposes. Dumas may be allowable, even commendable; an imitation of Dumas is abominable artistically, however successful on the bargain counters.

His Father's Son is a great theme, a contemporaneous theme. It is not involved, and contains no alien elements. It is a study of a New York business man and his son. It concerns itself very little with women other than the wives of the two men, and not at all with society, and yet it interests and convinces. It adds one more great figure to the delineation of American businessmen. Ezra Pierce is worthy to be catalogued with Silas Lapham and G. Milton Northwick.

It is a grim book, written with precision and ease, and it is perfectly thought out; yet to me the theme is greater than the treatment—that is to say, it is *related* rather than dramatised, though this applies rather to the first half of the story than to the second half; the two last chapters especially rise to powerful drama. There is no wavering in the burin—the hand which holds it is firm, calm, certain—and yet this calmness, this firmness may, after all, show the limitations as well as the excellences of the artist.

The author has not permitted himself the slightest exaggeration, but this self-containedness will no doubt keep many a reader from perceiving how fine and sincere the art really is. There is no marked peculiarity of style, no striving for grace, but there is perfect clarity. The medium is so transparent that the reader forgets its necessary presence in his interest in the subject. This appears to me to be a fine achievement.

Ezra Pierce represents a very wide class of American financiers, who do such paradoxical things in public and private life that the student of men marvels as if studying a new kind of animal. Abstemious in their lives, not given to loose living, sternly intolerant of lying or petty deceits, they nevertheless rob in millions, and wreck in the fashion of conquering armies. To them money made within the law, no matter how relentlessly disaster follows, gives no concern, does not appear to be criminal; it is merely business. Ezra Pierce lives quietly, morally in his home. He is faithful to his wife and generous to his church, but relentless to his enemies in business. He despises gambling, and never takes chances—he *makes* chances.

All this is sorrowful to the social reformer, but superb opportunity for the novelist; and while I cannot say Mr. Matthews has made the very largest use of his theme, I feel his treatment within the lines he has struck out, to be well-nigh flawless. He permits himself but few actual dramatisations of the stormy inter-actions of his characters, but these few are worth waiting for.

The story begins with the coming home from college of Winslow Pierce, and his entrance into business with his father. It ends with his flight to Europe. He comes and goes, but the grim old captain of railroad wreckers stays

to the end, never petty, always master of his emotions and of all exterior situations. He has, throughout, his self-justification, like Krogstadt in *A Doll's House* and like Bernick in *The Pillars of Society*, and he remains absolutely unperceptive of the terrible fact that *he* has corrupted his son, and that he himself is a thief and bandit; and not merely this, but by the art of the novelist the reader is made to admire and pity the old man. His strength wins admiration, his loneliness and lack of social attachment make the heart ache for him. He rises to epic proportions, like David Marshall in Henry Fuller's *With the Procession*.

As I laid the book down I had the feeling that it was perfectly authentic throughout. It moves with the inexorable quiet progress of daily life. Nothing seems forced, there is no set appeal to the reader, and this is grateful. I felt behind this book a keen, sane, sympathetic intelligence, neither a preacher nor a peddler of sentiment. I do not know Mr. Matthews save through his writing, but this book makes me feel that I have not hitherto comprehended his earnestness and sincerity.

Of a certainty many people will say, "Why write such a depressing book?" There is no answer to that threadbare question save this: It is not depressing to strong minds, any more than the east wind, salt and keen, is depressing to vigorous bodies. These stern, manly books are good to read. They are the native product, the mental output fit to counteract the sickly sentimentality and the bathos of the atavistic romance. Moreover, the public has no dominion over the artist, and should have none.

While I do not wish to be understood as disposing of Mr. Matthews's book, I must come back to a statement of my feeling that the theme of *His Father's Son* is greater than the treatment of it, fine as that treatment really is. Within its limits it is perfectly adequate, but I feel that the author has not included enough. He has passed over in narrative form, scenes which to my mind held the finest possibilities for drama. I have no doubt all this was done designedly, for when in the final chapters the father and his son come face to face in a reckoning, there is no hesitancy and no weakness in the dialogue.

Sam Sargeant and Cyrus Poole, as well as Ezra Pierce and his son remain in

the mind vital, accusable as any men we know, and to produce this effect without set appeal or trick is masterly work. The reading of such a book is an intellectual as well as a moral stimulus, though there are plenty who will disagree with me on these very points.

Hamlin Garland.

CONSTANTINOPLE, ANCIENT, MÆDIEVAL, AND MODERN.*

Of all the books of the season that are not merely holiday publications, Professor Grosvenor's is easily the most sumptuous and splendid. And it is not merely to its externals alone that these adjectives are to be applied. The book itself is a rich store of scholarship and minute learning set forth with all the attractiveness that a finished literary style can give to that which is in itself of intrinsic interest. What the Commendatore Lanciani has in part done for Rome, Professor Grosvenor has wrought for the other capital of the Empire. There are, indeed, many points of likeness between the present volume and the two delightful books in which the Italian scholar has made both pagan and Christian Rome live for us again. It has the same abundant knowledge gained from long personal observations made on the spot; it has also the same glow of enthusiasm that inspires the reader and carries him along from page to page with all the fascination of a great historical romance; and it is also faultless in the literary and artistic setting which the liberality of the publishers has given it.

Yet there are points of difference, too. Signor Lanciani's warmest sympathy is given to the classical period; Professor Grosvenor's to the modern. The former sets before us only an archæological *promulsis*, a sort of whet for the appetite, which often tantalises rather than fully satisfies; while Professor Grosvenor, with ample time at his command and a fixed and definite purpose, rounds out his work to a most gratifying amplitude, bringing his account of

* Constantinople. By Edwin A. Grosvenor, Professor of European History at Amherst College. 2 vols., illustrated. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$10.00.

Constantinople. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

the city down to the present day, so that, to get a comparative equivalent for his performance, we should have to unite Lanciani's books with the great work of Gregorovius, and should even then have a gap to fill with the missing history of the last four centuries.

General Lew Wallace, who has written a short introduction to the book, gives an interesting account of the way in which the author acquired his material for it during the years when he occupied the chair of history in Robert College; how under the guidance of the learned Greek, Dr. Paspatis of Scio, he roamed over the site of ancient Byzantium, exploring the quarters now hidden to the modern, "digging into tumuli in search of data for this, and that, deciphering inscriptions, and fixing the relations of points" with that ever-increasing glow of enthusiasm which, perhaps, the archæologist feels in a higher degree than any other mortal. The fascination of hidden treasure is, of course, felt by the whole human race, and has been cunningly played upon by the writers of romance from the days of Nitocris down to those of Monte Cristo and Captain Kidd, and the Gold Bug, and Treasure Island. But what is the glamour of mere material gold and silver hidden in the ground, compared with the intense and indescribable magic that casts its spell over one who is seeking for treasures that may not only be of rare beauty and artistic perfection, but may add an appreciable quantity to the sum of human knowledge, and make their discoverer immortal?

Professor Grosvenor first takes up the general history of the city, which he rather too briefly sets forth in a single chapter; then sketches the rise of the Ottoman power; passes on to give a few pages to the personage whom he impressively styles "His Imperial Majesty the present Sultan"—the bigoted cut-throat whom Europe is now happily preparing to smash; writes a chapter on the Golden Horn and its adjacent towns and villages; gives a very full section of some hundred and fifty pages to the Bosphorus (why, in these latter days, does Professor Grosvenor write it "Bosphorus"?), and then proceeds to his principal task of dealing with Constantinople itself, ancient and modern, on a definite system—first the ancient city,

its splendours and existing remains, and then, in the second volume, the city of mediæval and modern times. The whole narrative weaves together most deftly the topographical, historical, archæological, and descriptive elements. The great drama of Byzantium and the Eastern Empire is once more set before us with all its gorgeous magnificence, its bloodshed, its decadence, its great *débâcle* when the Turk swept over its defences, and by the scimitar of his janissaries hacked to pieces the last of the Christian emperors—a gallant and chivalric figure. The modern city is minutely drawn with the most intimate knowledge, and nothing is left for the reader to desire. No small part of the attractiveness of the book comes from the wonderfully fine illustrations that are lavishly scattered through its pages to the number of two hundred and fifty. All of these are beautifully executed, and many have not before been given to the world. Their range of subject is very wide. From the coins of the Roman emperors and the portraits of the Sultans, to the beautiful bits of Oriental architecture, the fountains and mosques and palaces, the beggars in the streets and the ladies in the imperial harem, everything is set before the eye in the most attractive form.

Within our limits quotation is impossible, and criticism finds little to fasten upon. We could wish, however, that Professor Grosvenor had indicated the sources of his ancient and mediæval drawings—the portraits and plans and views. Likewise we regret that he has adopted the strictly Greek forms of proper names, not because we consider this pedantic, for it is not pedantic when done by a scholar like Professor Grosvenor, but because we have never yet found any one who has been able to carry out such a plan consistently, and because inconsistency sets the reader's teeth on edge. Professor Grosvenor is no exception to the rule; for we find in his pages, for example, such forms as Palaiologos and Andronikos side by side with Platæa and Arcadius and Basiliscus. Nor is the spelling even of the same names always the same, since Anastasius is given in the text and Anastasios in the index.

Mr. Crawford's little volume, with its exquisite Turkish cover and beautiful typography and pictures, is a brightly

written chat about Constantinople as it is to-day and from the tourist's point of view. The book will make a very dainty present, especially for a globe-trotter.

H. T. Peck.

THE VAILIMA LETTERS.*

The value of these letters lies in their being like their writer. All Stevenson's work, when it was successful, was a more or less literal transcription of his everyday self. Even his literary discipline tended and helped to this end, instead of to the production of an artificial and unfamiliar self. No writer owed so much to his own social qualities; and his popularity is very far from being an exclusively literary one. His interests, his views of life, his opinions on books, his hopes, his despondencies, his eccentricities, heresies, prejudices, he insinuates into his readers, and they are adopted, cheered, echoed, in most unlikely quarters, not because of their intrinsic worth or reasonableness, but because they were his, and had, therefore, the most winning of advocates and expounders. The Vailima Letters are not to be named with epistolary masterpieces. But they let out the secret, to whoever has not already guessed it, of Stevenson's beguiling influence. Just what delighted you in *Kidnapped*, or *The New Arabian Nights*, or in the *Travels with a Donkey*, is here to delight you when he is speaking of his own private concerns, or of Samoan politics, or of his literary hopes and fears—his sparkling fun, his varying moods, his austere indignation, his gentleness, his ready confidence. If Stevenson ever posed at all he posed in naturalness, in being so much himself that no one could think him other than he was.

But though he had no other pose than this most laudable one, very few men have made more effort to give fine circumstance to his life. To live in Grub Street and dream of green fields or of marble palaces under sunny skies was not his idea of living well. The contempt with which he sometimes spoke of the literary calling was perfectly sincere. The "jingle of words" intoxi-

cated him, but it was to be an artist in life that his most full-blooded desires went out. And his Samoan home, with its beautiful site, its numerous dependants, its barbaric dignity, is the realisation of the picture in a dream. Think what it was for a man with his love of the grotesque, and the coloured, and the unusual, to live amidst this kind of thing:

"There were folks in tafa, and folks in patch-work; there was every colour of the rainbow in a spot or a cluster; there were men with their heads gilded with powdered sandal-wood, others with heads all purple, stuck full of the petals of a flower. In the midst there was a growing field of outspread food, gradually covering acres. . . . At intervals from one of the squatted villages, an orator would arise. The field was most beyond the reach of any human speaking voice; yet it was possible to catch snatches of this elaborate and cut-and-dry oratory—it was possible for me, for instance, to catch the description of my gift and myself as the Alii Tusitala, O le ali O malo tetele—the chief White Information, the chief of the great governments. Gay designation?"

Or to enjoy the mingled horror and exhilaration of his work,

"weeding out here alone by the garrulous water, under the silence of the high wood, broken by incongruous sounds of bird. . . . The life of the plants come through my finger tips, their struggles go to my heart like supplications. I feel myself blood-boltered; then I look back on my cleared grass, and count myself an ally in a fair quarrel, and naked stout my heart."

Or, after a life of invalidism, how would the adventurer's heart stir at this physical ability for

"twenty miles' ride, sixteen fences taken, ten of the miles in a drenching rain, seven of them fasting and in the morning chill, and six stricken hours' political discussions by an interpreter; to say nothing of sleeping in a native house."

He was a hundred gallant heroes in that ride, you may be sure, which makes him look back with disgust on the "pallid brute that lived in Skerryvore like a weevil in a biscuit." He was aware of his happiness.

"Fanny and I rode home; and I moralised by the way. Could we ever stand Europe again? did she appreciate that if we were in London, we should be *actually jostled* in the street? and there was nobody in the whole of Britain who knew how to take *ava* like a gentleman? 'Tis funny to be thus of two civilisations—or, if you like, of one civilisation and one barbarism. And, as usual, the barbarism is the more engaging."

But for the large hospitality he dispensed, for the picturesqueness, for the very possibility of living, he paid dearly. There is this other side of the picture given—humorously enough for the most part; but his brother writers will know

* Vailima Letters. Being Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, November, 1890—October, 1894. 2 vols. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. \$2.25.

what it means. Even his fertile brain, his elastic spirits, were being drawn on unduly.

"No toil has been spared over the ungrateful canvas; and it will not come together, and I must live, and my family."

That again and again comes up, turned aside with a—

"Queer thing life," or, "I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it! But it is hard walking, and I can see my own share in the missteps, and can bow my head to the result, like an old, siern, unhappy devil of a Norseman, as my ultimate character is. . . . Well, *il faut cultiver son jardin.*"

Or,

"Weaking generation. It makes me sick of myself, to make such a fash and bobby over a rotten end of an old nursery yarn, not worth spitting on when done."

Yes, the book rouses a protest in us that forced labour should ever have been wrung from this free, joyous spirit, and it demolishes the last rag of Stevenson's brave and most insincere optimism. Perhaps, however, if the sad note sound in our ears above the gayer ones, our recent loss may be partly the cause. There is abundant acknowledgment here of good times, of gaiety, and infinite variety of interests; and it were surely an unsympathetic soul who would wish for more hard-wrought books instead of the pictures of his throwing himself with headlong generosity into the native cause, exercising patriarchal authority, gloating over the melodious Samoan tongue, rejoicing in the life-giving air. These letters written in slang, or in the language of tragedy or trifling, indifferently, paint him and his quick-changing nature just as they were, and thus show the best of Stevenson. For whatever be the final estimate of his literary work, his own life was his greatest achievement.

MR. YEATS'S POEMS.*

"Ah, leave me still

A little space for the rose-breath to fill!
Lest I no more hear common things that crave;
The weak worm hiding down in its small cave,
The field mouse running by me in the grass,
And heavy mortal hopes that toil and pass;
But seek alone to hear the strange things said
By God to the bright hearts of those long dead
And learn to chaunt a tongue men do not know."

This is the key to all the poetry Mr.

* Poems. By W. B. Yeats. Boston: Cope-land & Day. \$1.50.

Yeats has yet given us. The consciousness of two worlds is ever present in his dreams, not this and that of a dim future, but one co-existing with and invading the other, each disputing the other's claims. Perhaps the most revealing thing in all this volume—we are inclined to call it the most remarkable poem—is "The Man who Dreamed of Fairyland." This world was not without its interests to the man; he fell in love. But as "he stood among a crowd at Drumhair," he heard a Druid song, and

"The singing shook him out of his new ease."

He gathered money like a prudent man, but in the midst of his reckonings came a song again,

"And at that singing he was no more wise."

His hot blood was stirred with anger, but as he turned to take vengeance, vengeance fled before a tale of a lonely, peaceful fairy folk, and

"The tale drove his fine angry mood away."

He was gathered to his fathers, and there he might have known stillness, you would think.

"Were not the worms that spired about his bones

A-telling with their low and reedy cry,
Of how God leans His hands out of the sky,
To bless that isle with honey in His tones;
That none may feel the power of squall and wave,

And no one any leaf-crowned dancer miss
Until He burn up Nature with a kiss:
The man has found no comfort in the grave."

These are not the poems of a man who finds fairyland convenient because it provides pretty and picturesque and romantic circumstance. They are haunted by "the wayward twilight companies." For in the balance of one world against another, it is easy to see which scale is the more heavily weighted—in spite of Cathleen and her sacrifice, in spite of the very human "Ephemera," and in spite of the rough ballads, direct translations from humanity. The human nature, by the bye, that interests him most lives near the soil and the roots of things. Rudeness is not repellent to him, and such ballads as "Moll Magee" are fashioned not after literary models, but rather after the rough chanting chronicles that, to this day, give recent and current affairs impressiveness sung by the wandering bards of Brittany.

But the bliss of dreaming—and its ruin, too—

"No maiden loves me, no man seeks my help,
Because I be not of the things I dream,"

are as yet more native themes. Not many of us love poetry very much, and a moderate lover has generally a preference that his own life, idealised, should be the stuff from which poetry is woven. We do not think Mr. Yeats appeals to any moderate lovers. But there are words for those who hanker after what is called the "human element," even outside the poems named above. Wisdom has often had a way of dwelling apart from those it lived to help; and in the search for beauty tenderness is a not infrequent comrade, since the searcher finds

"In all poor foolish things that live a day
Eternal Beauty wandering on her way."

Mr. Yeats has revised much, and not always to please his older readers. He has cast out some poems which deserved honourable places, and which surely will not knock at the doors of future editions in vain. There is a lack of finish in some of his work, quite distinguishable from his artful love of the crude. His plays are wanting in a dramatic sense, and there are a few mystical poems which need a key. But there is not one commonplace line. There is hardly a misused term. There is no exaggeration, no eccentricity. It is the verse of a man born into the ranks of the poets, who sees poetry and breathes it, and who happens to have the gift of words. This indeed he has. Listen to it in "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," in "The Rose of Battle," in the almost too much rewritten "Wanderings of Usheen," in the last lament of Oona that ends the "Countess Cathleen":

"The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet."

THE SORROWS OF SATAN.*

Whenever we finish the perusal of one of Marie Corelli's novels, we feel an intense desire to stamp fiercely on the floor and cry "Ha!" and mutter in our beard, and address the first person who happens along as a "vampire." This is an unconscious tribute to Marie Corelli's power, and incidentally an indi-

* The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1.50.

cation of what sort of book it is that Marie Corelli writes. She is, in fact, in her general literary style, the natural successor of Ouida, and we imagine that her public is identical with that upon which Ouida in her best days used to let loose her exuberant vocabulary and her pyrotechnic imagination. But Marie Corelli's morality is not that of Ouida—far from it. In the present volume she is very severe upon the prurient literature of the day; she impales Mr. Swinburne with many adjectives, she fleers at the hypocrisy of society, she denounces the shams of modern Christianity, and she even mocks at the alleged strictness of Her Majesty's court. Altogether she undertakes a large contract of denunciation, and carries it out with satisfactory and even exuberant completeness. It is said in London that Mr. Andrew Lang has had the honour of serving as one of her studies for this volume; and the good and virtuous heroine, Mavis Clare who writes such successful books, is evidently Marie Corelli herself, as the initials of the name also help to show.

The book is delightfully diabolic, and furnishes at least one thrill to every three pages, which is all that any one can reasonably ask for at the price. Satan, it appears, comes to London in the disguise of a handsome, mysterious, and immensely wealthy prince, whose name, Lucio Ramânas, learnedly suggests both Lucifer and Ahriman. He is very popular, though his eyes often have a "strange glitter," and he not infrequently laughs a "mocking laugh." He is especially loved by a certain Lady Sibyl, whose morality has been seriously impaired by reading Mr. Swinburne's poems; and she finally, "with a sudden, swift movement, flung herself upon his breast," while "the moonbeams showed her eyes alit with rapture." Lucio, strange to say, thrust her from him and politely called her "false and accursed," and "a fair fiend" and other names. Thereupon she resolved to kill herself, and after providing a liberal supply of stationery and a bottle of poison, sat down before a large mirror in order that she might "see her face radiate in the glass," remembering, as she cheerfully says, that "in a few days the worms will twine where the smile is now." Having done this she writes what would make, we should estimate,

some sixty pages of manuscript about Mr. Swinburne, literature, the scientific heresies of the day, and other matters, and then takes the poison. Although, as she says herself, "torture indescribable" makes her "a writhing, moaning, helpless creature," she keeps on writing for some fifteen pages more, and at the last, it being revealed to her just who Lucio really is, she ends with this :

"Serve me, dear hand, once more ere I depart ; . . . my tortured spirit must seize and compel you to write down this thing unnamable, that earthly eyes may read and earthly souls take timely warning! . . . I know at last whom I have loved!—whom I have chosen, whom I have worshipped! . . . I know who claims my worship and drags me into yonder rolling world of flame!"

Besides such exciting things as this, there are any number of epigrams and skits, and an unusual collection of adjectives, besides one or two new adverbs that we do not recollect to have seen anywhere before.

Altogether it is a great book and one to be recommended to all who like this sort of thing. When they have finished it, they, too, will feel an intense desire to stamp fiercely on the floor and cry "Ha!" and mutter in their beards, and address the first person who happens along as a "vampire."

H. T. P.

A NEW VOLUME OF TENEMENT SKETCHES.*

We take it that Mr. Sanborn was originally destined by the Andover House authorities for a statistical thesis in the manner of Hull House Papers or a chapter in Charles Booth's *East London*; but that when he donned the "hoboe" costume for the sake of investigating tramp lodging-houses, the light of the experiment brought out the die and set it. Henceforth he knew himself as vagabond in essence rather than as sociologist. Even if it were not for the confession of his prefatory note, his book was doomed to betray him. No one but a sympathetic soul could enjoy so thoroughly as this writer "Gus," "Scotty," "Billy," "Saucer," and the rest of the gang at "Moody's" on the side of humours and manners.

* Moody's Lodging House, and Other Tenement Sketches. By Alvan Francis Sanborn. Boston : Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

"A lady disguises an inevitable yawn with a jewelled hand or a dainty fan. Gus, impelled by a kindred sense of decorum, always pretends to be adjusting a non-existent garter or a suspender, when he is goaded to scratching by an uncommonly virulent bite. Either his manners or his intelligence would be adequate to the most exclusive circles of the city."

And of Billy, the "religious bum," who sees the mission breakfast through, even to sitting on the "anxious" seat :

"I have seen enough of these fellows to assert that they have expert knowledge of all the promising signs of conversion and are quite capable of counterfeiting them when they see anything to be gained thereby. Besides there is a fine, old-fashioned gallantry about them that makes them reluctant to refuse a lady anything she asks, even to a change of heart. 'Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut.'"

Yes, Mr. Sanborn is an inveterate humourist. Apart from these quotations, no respectable social investigator ever fell like him to quoting Charles Lamb and Montaigne, when he had the pick of all the government reports in the State House Library.

But while these sketches are not in essence of statistical inspiration, neither are they the literary fancies of the Chimie Fadden order. "They are mere transcripts from life. I have written true things simply about poor people. That is all," says their author. And, indeed, in his book there is not even so intentional a use of fact for literary ends as a London writer, Mr. Morrison, who is equally well supplied with realistic data of the slums, has given us. Mr. Sanborn has exploited the *vie intime* of the lodging-house tramp with as great thoroughness and as great care to avoid literary elaboration as Mr. Flint in his tramp studies. And for this, if for no other reason, his work has, in spite of himself, the sociological value which he humorously deprecates. No hint of reform, as an ulterior end of his curious excursions into the life of the bummer, indeed appears, and for some people its presence would be the only moral justification of Mr. Sanborn's rôle. Yet for all that, perhaps on account of that, his book is for the philanthropist. If he states disgusting and debasing details with a matter-of-fact brevity strange to the sensational reformer, and if he views the submerged tenth with a humorous complacency which would completely disconcert Mr. William Morris and the champions of the people, he at least strikes a brave

blow at the sentimentalism which is at the root of most of our mistaken dealings with the poor and the social outcast, by neither being shocked by facts nor seeing them for better or worse than they are. Moreover, Mr. Sanborn, being a humourist and happily unencumbered by a theory, escapes priggism, and by his *cameraderie* with low life accomplishes precisely what the people who decry the barriers between rich and poor manage to prevent, that sentiment of social sympathy which is the birth not of condition, but of a strange sense of kinship in human frailty and nobleness between ourselves and other people.

Mr. Howells predicts the "still more faithful form of contemporaneous history," which is to supersede "the faithful portrayal of life in fiction." And after reading Mr. Sanborn's book, we can resign ourselves to such a prophetic future, knowing that it would exclude neither humour nor entertainment.

Edith Baker Brown.

FROM THE "BIBELOT" PRESS.

The dainty little volumes from Mr. Thomas B. Mosher's press in Portland, Me., are well worthy of special mention. The excellent bookmaking, careful editing, and choice of subject are especially adapted to the tastes and needs of the artistic *connoisseur* and literary scholar. In the Old World Series we have the *Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām*, rendered in English verse by Edward Fitzgerald, with a sonnet by Mrs. Marriott Watson, a Toast to Omar Khayyām by Theodore Watts, an appreciation of Fitzgerald by Mr. Irving Way, the scholarly young publisher of Messrs. Way and Williams, and Mr. Fitzgerald's article on Khayyām, together with notes and remarks on the various editions of the *Rubāiyāt*. This series also contains Mr. Andrew Lang's translation of *Aucassin and Nicolette*, being a direct reprint from the very scarce edition of 1887. The original etched title-page (with a curious error in its date) and three woodcut designs by Jacob Hood are also reproduced in this edition. The Bibelot Series contains *The Blessed Damozel: a Book of Lyrics*, chosen from the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and *The Sonnets of Michael Angelo* in rhymed English, by

John Addington Symonds. These are printed on fine hand-made paper with deckle edges. Mr. Mosher has also made a neat little brochure of Walter Pater's *Child in the House*, which is printed on Japan paper.

A BOOK ABOUT FANS.*

Considered as a history of the fan, this book is unsatisfactory: it is strange that the subject has not yet had such adequate consideration in English as the books by Blondel and Uzanne contain. We agree with the author that "it repays careful study," and that the fan, "almost defines what the artistic productions of a nation were at a given period." For this reason one desires more complete and exhaustive research on the "butterfly of art" than is found here.

The Oriental fan is passed by with distressing rapidity, and, although the story is told of the Chinese Emperor's favourite, who, to revive his waning affection, sent to him (A.D. 550) the famous Autumn Fan—by which name a neglected wife is still known in China—with verses, these are omitted:

"O fair white silk, fresh from the weaver's loom,
Clear as the frost, bright as the winter's snow,
See friendship fashions out of thee a fan,
Round as the round moon shines in heaven above.
At home, abroad, a close companion thou,
Stirring at every move, the grateful gale;
And yet I fear, ah me! that autumn chills,
Cooling the dying summer's torrid rage,
Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,
All thought of bygone days bygone like them."

Very insufficient, too, are the allusions to its literary history. Fancy touching upon the subject and forgetting Austin Dobson's *Ballade on a Fan that Belonged to Madame de Pompadour*, conceived in such exquisite taste, beginning:

"Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and saporous blue," etc.,

and ending with the deep note under the deftly blown and beautifully coloured verse-bubble:

"Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's fan!"

* A Book About Fans. By M. A. Flory. With a Chapter on Fan-Collecting by Mary Cadwalader Jones. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

It might have interested the reader to quote from Coryat's *Crudities* and learn what the famous traveller said in quaint words about the fans he saw in Italy in the seventeenth century, carried by men as well as women. And where is the story of Eleanor d'Este's fan, which, kissing passionately, she threw at Tasso's feet in an agony of distress to tell her heart's secret, hopeless love? Steele, too, in the *Tatler*, has a clever essay about a coquette and her fan, which bears repeating.

No mention is made of "chicken-skin," the leather prepared with almonds and spermaceti, favoured by fops and belles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and used for fan-mounts; and no hints are given of the "eccentric fans"—save a "dagger-fan" of the Italian Renaissance—such as the "doubled fan," the "parasol fan," the "scent-bottle fan," the "dressing-case fan," such a complicated one as was shown in Vienna in 1873, bearing upon each rib scissors, a fork, knife, spoon, etc., which could be removed without disarranging the sticks, and the Chinese curio, which, being opened the reverse way, threatens to fall apart.

No fault could be found with the examples of fans shown in the beautiful reproductions, yet we could wish for additional ones. Some pictures from the Greek vases would have been interesting as specimens of the fan and in the manner of using it; and we desire an illustration or two from the curious fans of the eighteenth century referred to generally. They deserve a more detailed notice. Among them are the "conversation fans" (not mentioned), which give the *raison d'être* to Addison's essay in the *Spectator*; "fortune-telling fans," "riddle fans," "dance fans," "botanical fans," "almanac fans," "principles-of-politeness fans," "punning-bill-of-fare fans," fans containing political and social caricatures, portraits of Napoleon, Wellington, and other celebrities, scenes from the *Beggar's Opera* and *Gulliver's Travels*, sketches by Hogarth, cameos by Bartolozzi, and musical and card-parties, all of which are contained in Lady Charlotte Schreiber's *folio de luxe*, entitled *Fans and Fan-Leaves* (London, 1838). From this at least we might have had the "Ranelagh fan," showing the Rotunda and people strolling under the shrubbery, as did

the beautiful Gunning sisters with Horace Walpole, or Beau Tibbs and his party when they spent such a disappointing evening.

The period of the French Revolution, too, affords a wide range for illustration. No mention is made in the book of the "weeping willow," the leaves of which when inverted showed pictures of the Royal family, and there is no hint of the "transparent fan," which held against the light revealed its true political sentiment. Such a fan procured for Madame de Cevennes her death, and such a one, secretly obtained, she waved at the guillotine.

Part II. is devoted to Fan-Painting, and Part III. to Fan Collecting. Three pages out of twenty-nine in the latter are given to the subject; the others are digressions, rather wide of the mark, and repetitions of data, such as the "cabriolet fan" and the "Vernis Martin," already described on pp. 41 and 49.

For the amateur the book in its artistic setting may be useful, but the picturesque history of woman's toy, sword, and sceptre remains to be written.

Esther Singleton.

A NOVEL OF LUBRICITY.*

Habitual readers of *THE BOOKMAN* will, we think, acquit us of any especial prudishness in our literary judgments. When a writer of distinction has set before himself a definite and consistent theory of his art, and is evidently guided by it in his work, it is always by his own canon that we are desirous of measuring his success. One may disagree absolutely with his conception of what that canon ought to be, and yet accord the warmest praise to the consistency and perfection of his achievement. Therefore, while it is impossible to commend the literary formulas of M. de Maupassant and Mr. George Moore, for example, it is equally impossible to deny that whatever they have done is stamped in every line with artistic excellence and intellectual sincerity.

But when we come to Mr. Thomas Hardy's latest piece of fiction, it is necessary to differentiate. The exposure of the human form in the dissecting-

* *Jude the Obscure*. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.75.

room under the calm, dispassionate gaze of the anatomist shocks no one; the same exposure by the body-snatcher, who rifles the grave to gloat with lewd and sordid joy over the same exposure, is revolting to every sanely human instinct. And so in literature, unmorality differs *toto calo* from immorality. The naturalistic school of France regards life from the point of view of a theory in which morals in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word have no place whatever; but the immunity accorded to these men cannot by any conscientious critic be granted to Mr. Hardy. His social environment, his racial temperament, and the literary traditions in which he has been reared are not those of France or of Galicia; and his work must therefore be tried by the ethical and artistic standards of the men of his own blood. Hence it is that we must condemn, with not the slightest shade of qualification, the latest volume from his pen as being both a moral monstrosity and an outrage upon art.

To those of our readers who first made Mr. Hardy's acquaintance in his *Tess* and in the present novel, this may seem to be an unreasonable assertion; but fortunately his reputation and his fully formulated theory of fiction were established years ago in his earlier and better books. In them appear all his extremely powerful gifts of narrative. In them appears also his profound and unmitigated pessimism. With this pessimism one can have no quarrel, though it is clearly false to life; for if it be untrue that everything happens for the best in this best of worlds, it is quite equally untrue that everything happens for the worst. But this is nothing to the point. In *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (his strongest work), in *The Trumpet Major*, and in *The Return of the Native* there were seen gifts that placed him among the foremost novelists of the century. If some passages in all of these were coarse, the coarseness was only incidental, and was almost unavoidable in one who is foud of delineating the lives and habits of thought of the half-pagan peasantry of Wessex. In *Jude the Obscure* there appear the same pessimism and much of the same power; but there has been gratuitously and wantonly injected into it such a stream of indecency as can find no counterpart in any of his other works, and no excuse in anything that

has ever been put forth in explanation of his literary methods.

The characters of the book are Jude Fawley, a peasant by birth, who is possessed of an intense yearning which is never gratified, for scholarly distinction, and of refined and spiritual traits which exist side by side with a lurking love of sensuality and drink; one Arabella, a typical barmaid, coarse, brazen, and cunning; Jude's cousin Sue, an Anglicised version of one of Marcel Prévost's *demi-vierges*; and a certain village schoolmaster named Phillotson, who has some unexplained sexual peculiarities at which Mr. Hardy, for a wonder, only hints. Jude is tricked into an early marriage with Arabella, and Sue is forced into one with Phillotson. Both marriages are ended by divorce, whereupon Jude and his cousin live together in unlawful relations, until an accumulation of disasters converts Jude into a sceptic and Sue into an hysterical *dévote*, whereupon they separate, Sue remarrying her schoolmaster as a matter of conscience, and Jude remarrying Arabella as a matter of desperation.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the story, which, even as Mr. Hardy tells it, is improbable, but which one would not criticise were it not for his extraordinary lack of reticence in the telling. There is nothing in the plot that justifies the grossness with which he has chosen to elaborate its details. Nor is this grossness the grossness of the English novelists of the last century—of Fielding and Smollett—with whom Mr. Hardy has many traits in common. It does not suggest the rude virility of young and lusty Englishmen, with huge calves and broad backs and vigorous health; of strapping fellows who roar out their broad jokes over a mug of ale in the tap-room of a country inn. It is rather the studied satyriasis of approaching senility, suggesting the morbidly curious imaginings of a masochist or some other form of sexual pervert. The eagerness with which every unclean situation is seized upon and carefully exploited recalls the spectacle of some foul animal that snatches greedily at great lumps of putrid offal which it mumbles with a hideous delight in the stench that drive away all cleaner creatures. We do not desire to dwell upon this subject. Our great objection to it is that it is wholly unnecessary, that in forcing us

to batten upon such carrion, Mr. Hardy is sinning against light and wilfully marring our appreciation of his grasp upon higher and nobler qualities than are the attributes of a scavenger.

Some one may say that, although Mr. Hardy's earlier work be of a different character, he has a perfect right to change his point of view; that if he prefers to accept the naturalistic theory of fiction in the full, he is at liberty to do so; and that, by our own admission, it is improper to quarrel with him merely because he has selected an unpleasant subject and drawn it to the very life, carrying out the delineation with merciless logic and without abating a jot or tittle from the requirements of realism. As a matter of fact, *Jude the Obscure* is not a realistic work. It is not a truthful reproduction of life. It sacrifices the probabilities everywhere to the exigencies of the plot. When he makes Arabella appear and disappear just at the proper moment, like a marionette, bringing her unexpectedly on the scene as the *diabola ex machina* whenever a fresh complication is essential, and shifting her from one part of England to another according to the author's needs, Mr. Hardy is no realist. The double marriage of Jude and Sue, their double divorce, and the curious transposition of their respective beliefs and disbeliefs, so that each ends when the other begins—all this is done to produce an effect and to make a startling contrast, and not because it is true to life; for in life things do not happen in this chastic way. The fact is that Mr. Hardy tries to ride two horses—to be at one and the same time a romanticist and a realist, demanding for himself the romanticist's license in plot and the realist's license in incident. The result is a book that has none of the recognised claims to high literary rank; for it neither teaches a useful lesson, nor is it true to life. It is simply one of the most objectionable books that we have ever read in any language whatsoever.

One circumstance we feel compelled to mention in order to give a finishing blow to the theory that Mr. Hardy's art, such as it is, is disinterested and sincere. When the story appeared as a serial in *Harper's*, it was a comparatively decent work. The author had studiously eliminated the most outrageous of his lubricities. In producing it

as a book, he carefully sifts in the omitted filth, supplies the lacunæ with the necessary filling, and sends it forth with all its present rancid revelations. In other words, he furnishes a mild article for the family magazine and a highly spiced one for the *dura ilia* of the general public. Is this the attitude of a great literary artist with a single and consistent theory of his art? Is it not rather the canny suppleness of the smug peddler who with equal indifference vends a child's primer or brings out with a knowing leer a bundle of flash stories?

Some time ago we asked a distinguished critic what he thought of one of the younger of the French naturalistic novelists. "Oh," he said, carelessly, "he is merely speculating in smut." The expression is a crude one, and we should, perhaps, apologise for writing it down here; yet it serves our purpose excellently well, for in our judgment frankly and deliberately expressed, in *Jude the Obscure* Mr. Hardy is merely speculating in smut.

P.

SUCCESSWARD.*

Successward, by Edward W. Bok, is a book so comprehensive in its scope and so final in its conclusions, that it leaves nothing further to be said upon the various problems of life. Indeed, the satisfaction of possessing so complete a guide to health, happiness, and heaven is only marred by the thought that its author can have nothing more to give the world. Yet we would not have it otherwise. In dealing with questions which have heretofore been considered difficult, or even beyond solution by the human mind, Mr. Bok manifests a simplicity of treatment, a certainty of grasp, and an insolence of security which give, within the compass of one small volume, results which are often sought in vain through many learned works.

Perhaps no chapter in *Successward* illustrates this characteristic of the book so well as that entitled "His Religious Life." Here Mr. Bok puts to shame the theologians of all time, sets at rest the questionings of humanity, and makes an end of all controversy. He says: "It [a religious life] means

* *Successward*. By Edward W. Bok. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00.

simply the living of an upright life, a life of respectability. This is all that a religious life means." Before reaching this conclusion Mr. Bok attempts with a splendid audacity what a lesser man would shrink from even conceiving. He offers, in short, a sort of expurgated edition of the Sermon on the Mount, especially adapted for speeding a young man toward the goal of worldly success. Only Mr. Bok, we are sure, would venture this; and we hope, too, that the Christian Church will feel its indebtedness to our author, since he expresses, on the whole, his approval of its institution, and recommends it to the patronage of ambitious young men. Remarkable as this chapter is, the following revelation of the depths of a young child's mind attracts especial notice. "Enough it is to know that there is a God. . . . That is all that is given us to know. It is all that the new-born infant can know"!!

Upon the subject, "His Attitude toward Women," Mr. Bok is naturally very much at home. He acknowledges that "some men never get to a point where they understand women." We have, indeed, heard of such ourselves. Not belonging to that class, however, our author proceeds to enlighten it, once for all, and clears up the vexed question of woman as readily as he did that of religion. He deals kindly with the weaker vessel, and with an opulence of good nature exclaims: "How a man can be a hater of woman I really cannot understand." Now this casual remark reveals a hitherto unsuspected state of affairs. Still, it remains to be said that men deserve some credit for so gallantly concealing their aversion, and we now await from the editorial page of the *Ladies' Home Journal* a rebuke to young women for hating young men.

"The Question of Marriage" is always interesting, but it proves more than commonly so in the pages of *Successward*. A quite original rule is offered to guide young men in the choice of a wife, for Mr. Bok observes, "Only in rare cases do we find the useful and ornamental combined in a single woman." With married women, presumably the case is different—alas for the young men! Mr. Bok shows but a just appreciation of his own capacity when he sums up the whole matter thus: "These are the only points which I or any other

writer can possibly advance regarding this question of marriage."

Successward also treats of such matters as self-knowledge, success, business, dress, amusements, and the sowing of wild oats. In his remarks upon these subjects Mr. Bok corrects a quite general, though evidently erroneous impression. Imagining that high and pure character is the result of a man's innate love of decency, or of his appreciation of the beauty of holiness, we have heretofore called that man a prig who follows moral precepts for the sake of business or social advantage; but we acknowledge our error, and again defer to Mr. Edward W. Bok.

One only regret do we feel in laying down *Successward*. In the first chapter we read: "It is necessary that the workman should understand his tools." Now, when Mr. Bok undertook to write a book he doubtless understood the English language. Yet, we grieve to say, it plays him the sorriest tricks imaginable! Upon every occasion the elegant turn of a phrase eludes his search; and as for the pert preposition and the artful adverb, the way they slip around from under his pen and pop themselves into the wrong places is really surprising; but if Mr. Bok had paused to study the English language the world would still await *Successward*.

SOME RECENT CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

Dr. Verrall's handsome volume on Euripides, like everything else that he writes, is characterised by learning, lucidity, and ingenuity. The last quality is, indeed, the one that is most generally associated by scholars with Dr. Verrall's name; and the present work in this respect will not detract from his reputation. At the same time, this in-

* Euripides the Rationalist. By A. W. Verrall, Litt. D. Cambridge University Press. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

The Banquet of Plato. By Percy B. Shelley. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.50.

Selections from Plato for English Readers. From Jowett's Translation. Edited by M. J. Knight. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Sappho: Memoir, Text, and Translation. By Henry Thornton Wharton, M.A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.25.

Homeri Ilias. Edited by Walter Leaf, Litt. D. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.00.

P. Vergili Maronis Opera. Edited by T. E. Page, M.A. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.00.

geniety is almost always entirely perverse, and devoted to the discussion of the non-existent. He would have us believe that the plays of Euripides were not so much great dramatic pieces written with the single purpose that characterises the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, but rather with a mocking spirit, to poke fun at the national religion and the traditional legends of the Hellenic people. This is not the place to discuss at length his theory and the argument upon which he bases it. Suffice it to say, that his conception of the underlying motive of the Euripidean dramas appears to us worthy of a place beside the Neronian hypothesis as to Persius and Petronius. A hidden meaning that is so much hidden as to leave its very existence unsuspected for more than two thousand years is one whose reality we are certainly justified in suspecting; and to attempt to give it form and substance at this late day is pretty surely destined to be labour lost.

We cannot conceive how Messrs. Way and Williams were induced to waste good paper, a handsome cover, and so much beautiful typography upon Shelley's translation of Plato's *Symposium*. As a translation it is far less easy and idiomatic than Jowett's, and it is disfigured by the crudity of introducing the Latin names of the gods into a Greek text. Moreover, the most curious and instructive passage of the whole dialogue is omitted. The only word in Greek letters in the whole volume contains two typographical errors. More to be commended is the collection of typical passages from the different dialogues in Jowett's translation, now published by the Clarendon Press, and edited with an introductory account of Plato by M. J. Knight. To it is prefixed the preface that Dr. Jowett wrote for Mr. Purves's *Selections*; and a brief summary of each dialogue is given in the proper place. While the effect of the whole is rather scrappy, as might be expected of a work intended for University Extension readers, it may prove to be of value in exciting a taste for further reading in Plato; and therefore it can be conscientiously recommended. Granted that its plan is good, that plan has been carried out with judgment and discretion.

Why is it, we should like to know, that, after twenty-four centuries, the

name of Sappho is still so potent a spell to conjure by? A few stanzas of her verse and a stray word here and there preserved in the pages of the grammarians who quote them, are all that remains to us of her poetry, and pretty nearly everything told of her personality is mythical; yet not scholars only, but all sorts and conditions of men, feel an undefined and mysterious interest in her. Only a short time ago, when the present writer happened to be in a little out-of-the-way town in Connecticut, the village lawyer, a hard-faced Yankee as dry as a chip, came to him and asked, with much earnestness, where he could find a translation of the lyrical remains of Sappho. He knew no Greek, and was by no means a man of literary tastes; yet he wanted to know all that was to be known of Sappho. What is, then, the source of this widespread interest? We suspect that it springs partly from the romantic legend of her love for Phaon, which is absolutely unhistorical, and of her tragic death, which is even less supported by any scrap of evidence. Probably, too, the shadow of scandal associated with her name has also something to do with it, and this (*pace* Welcker and Mr. Wharton) does rest upon some tangible authority. Whatever the reason, Mr. Wharton's dainty volume, which in this, its third edition, is enlarged from 202 to 237 pages, will delight a multitude of "burning Sappho's" admirers, and, like the preceding editions, will prove a boon to the collector of beautiful books. It is as complete as any one could wish. Its cover is designed by Aubrey Beardsley, its rough-edged paper is of the best, and its Greek type was procured at Berlin by special permission of the Imperial Government. The memoir prefixed to the fragments is erudite and satisfactorily full, telling what is known and what is conjectured regarding Sappho's life and history, with a sketch of the various critical works that have been written on the subject, and of the modern books suggested by it, including even a mention of Daudet's *Sappho*, which in nothing but its title recalls the fair Lesbian. Each scrap of Sappho's poetry is then given, even to the single words cited by the Greek lexicographers, and many translations and imitations in English are given in their proper place, their authors including Frederick Tennyson,

Michael Field Professor Palgrave, John Addington Symonds, Gladstone, Sir Richard Burton, Swinburne, Edwin Arnold, and many others. A bibliography of editions and works on Sappho fills eighteen pages at the end. There are three fine photogravures—one of Alma Tadema's ideal head of Sappho, one of Mitylene, and one of the fragments of the Fayum parchment brought from Egypt in 1879 and ascribed to Sappho by Blass in 1883, largely, however, through the processes of subjective criticism. Altogether there is little left to be desired. One criticism we feel compelled to make, and that is on the rather childish way in which throughout the prefatory memoir, the quantity of some of the syllables in the proper names has been marked. This has been done in a very haphazard fashion, some of the least known names being unmarked, and some of the best known having the quantity of the penult carefully indicated. We must say that a person who does not know how to pronounce the name of Theocritus is probably not the sort of person who would desire a book of such a char-

acter as this; while the indicated longs and shorts are an eyesore to the scholar.

It is related of a certain distinguished man that he learned the Latin language in order to be able to read for himself the story that was partly told in certain fine old illustrations that interested him when a boy in an edition of Lucan. In like manner we think that any true book-lover would almost be willing to learn both Greek and Latin for the pleasure of reading the exquisitely beautiful texts contained in the two volumes of the Messrs. Macmillan's Parnassus Library now before us. They are a delight to the eye, and lure the lover of the classics to peruse once again the two greatest epics that the world possesses. Dr. Leaf has employed the heavy-faced archaic type from the new font that he so much admires, and in his preface has a fling at the spidery Aldine typography. For our part, a good, clear, beautifully rounded font of Porsonian type is the perfection of Greek printing; yet Dr. Leaf's pages are so elegant as to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur.

H. T. P.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE ONE WHO LOOKED ON. By F. F. Montrésor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

Miss Montrésor has a distinct quality among story-writers. It is safe to predict a more conspicuous and lasting success for her than for many who have equal mental and imaginative gifts and even more interesting material to work on. It is a spiritual rather than an intellectual distinction hers, and it is the more powerful. The stuff out of which her two books have been mainly woven is not of certain interest; her characters, if they presented themselves to us in life, we might like to argue with or we might disapprove of. But introduced by her, we accept them and judge them from their own standpoint. She has the same effect on us as a sympathetic voice. It is not easy more closely to define what made many readers to whom the religious novel is distasteful, and others whose artistic fastidiousness was far from being satisfied, read *Into*

the Highways and Hedges with unusual pleasure. Whatever it was, it is present here again in this slighter book, which is less directly religious in its subject and treatment. Gentleness or tolerance in her dealings with humanity might sum it up, but perhaps quietism, unattached to any particular doctrine, most nearly describes its effect. It would be unfair to compare the two books. The first was elaborate, ambitious, varied. This one is shorter, slighter, more limited in theme and incident. But it is substantial enough to contain one real character, perhaps two—only Sir Charles was within the power of a great many able writers to create, and Susie of very few. The good people in novels who are as living as the wisely-foolish, golden-hearted Susie, are not numerous. We take this opportunity again of commending to our readers the work of a new writer which has been deservedly popular in England, and to which no meretricious

qualities contributed. One looks to Miss Montrésor's future with mingled confidence and curiosity.

A SON OF THE PLAINS. By Arthur Paterson. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

Twenty years ago, so Mr. Paterson tells us, the Santa Fé trail had not yet encountered its deadliest foe—the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway—and the man who embarked on a journey across the plains carried his life in his hands. Many grim adventures were the lot of travellers who traversed the trail at that time; some never got to the end to tell of them, borne down by drought and weariness, or massacred by Arapahoe Indians, while their wagons blazed around them. Mr. Paterson's story opens in the summer of 1873 on the Santa Fé trail, and before many pages have been read we are already bent on a most exciting adventure. Two young ladies have been captured by the Arapahoes, and their daring rescue by Nat Worsley leads to an interesting love story, which mingles with the subsequent adventures of Nat and his friends ere they arrive at their destination in safety. Even then there is misunderstanding and playing at the serious game of cross purposes, and the tale flags a little until interest is whipped up again in Nat's bold, single-handed attempt to recover Maizie from the vile clutches of Sandy Rathlee and Nan in the saloon at Amenta. There are some vivid descriptions in this portion of the book, and the narrative quickens the pulse as the movement gains rapidity and grows exciting. The climax is well reached and handled, and the book is laid down with a glow of satisfaction. Mr. Paterson has told his story well, and the fighting scenes and graphic descriptions of life, the portrayal of character, and the startling tactics resorted to at momentous stages in the story denote a close acquaintance with the subject, as well as force of imagination and the ability to record his impressions in a direct and vivid manner. There still are traces of crudity in the manipulation of his characters, and the sisters, Maizie and Bel, are not clearly realised at first; indeed, they seem to suffer from a masculine lack of comprehension and an obtuseness concerning women. But the story once begun will not fail to hold the reader's attention, for its merit

lies in the human interest which we are compelled to take in the fortunes of its characters.

BEATRICE OF BAYOU TÊCHE. By Alice Ilgenritz Jones. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

If the author of this story, which recommends itself to the reader by creating an immediate interest in its heroine and her setting, had confined herself to a small canvas, *Beatrice of Bayou Têche* would have been a distinct gain to the studies and stories of American life. It is disappointing to find the subtle charm, the clever touches, the truthful and beguiling local colour, and the intimate and unusual recollection and portrayal of childhood's sensations, which are expressed in the first seven chapters, degenerate into mere mediocrity. She makes the fatal mistake of becoming so interested in the people of her imagination, that she loses the editorial faculty of suppressing unnecessary details, and develops a sentimentality that seems to have been engendered by intimate acquaintance with the three-volumed productions of *authoresses* who always garbed themselves in white with blue ribbons and twined a pink rose or white camellia in their ringlets.

The description of the slave-child Beatrice, connected to an old Southern family by ties of blood, is a strong protest against the institution of slavery; and this child, who "was like a little far-off inland bay, echoing, though it knows not why, the pulse-throbs of the sea," and her limited world in the courtyard of an old mansion in New Orleans, are admirably suggested. The descriptions of the river-journey to the La Scala Place, the plantation, the house, the cabins, and the Southern life are well done; and excellent is the picture of the little house to which Beatrice and her grandmother, Mauma Salome, are consigned upon their arrival. It stands in a patch of bright, rustic flowers, and within is decorated with odds and ends, including pictures pinned upon the walls, a calico quilt on the bed, a battered brass candlestick, and a broken vase, whose crippled side was always next the wall. Here the old woman smokes and plays the banjo to the delighted audience of Robespierre, the cat. It is in such scenes that the au-

thor is most happy. Immediately upon the introduction of her hero the note of excellence stops, and the restless moving of her characters from one country to another—they travel everlastingly—and the shifting of scenes reveal the weakness of the untutored novelist.

THE CHARLATANS. By Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. \$1.25.

While we have the publisher's word for it that *The Charlatans* is not an attack on Theosophists nor a satire on hypnotism, there is sufficient evidence in the context to prove that the authors are not friends of Theosophy. In fact, they show an inclination, by inference, to misrepresent the tenets of the belief. Lord Wanborough and Mervyn Darrell, on the verge of being unreserved converts, reveal remarkable ignorance of the cult not to have discovered the "charlatan" in Woodville, almost at his first appearance. A. P. Sinnett and others lead us to believe that nature holds no secrets that adepts of Theosophy have not fathomed. Woodville's speech, during a conversation with Lord Wanborough, and his manner were enough to excite suspicion in the veriest neophyte. He says: "We make no pretence to supernatural power. All we contend is that everywhere around us there are forces which are unexplained, and possibly unexplainable." Woodville so clearly proclaims himself an impostor that it seems superfluous to bring him to confession. The delineation of the character of his companion, Madame Obnoskin, is more consistent, and the study of Woodville's character, the development of his better instincts and capabilities under the influence of Isabel's love, is skillfully drawn. This is especially seen near the close, which is by far the best part of the book. From the point of view of art the conclusion might be justified, but we are not convinced. It is a pity that Woodville and Isabel could not have been reconciled, or rather married, as reconciliation, though it did not actually occur, was as good as accomplished. And every reader will speculate regarding the fate of Isabel after her lover's tragic death. The story is founded on the drama of the same name, and, apart from its inconsistencies, is well told, and the interest in its plot fairly sustained.

ACUMBERLAND VENDETTA, AND OTHER STORIES. By John Fox, Jr. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

It is difficult to feel any sympathy with the class of people in this book to whom "moonshine" and pistols are the natural inspirations of every motive in life, and the accompaniments to every event and ceremony; and a shock falls across the reader's mind to realise that such a community of lawlessness should exist in a country that calls itself civilised. This volume does not read like fiction. It seems to have been cut out of the Cumberland Mountains by a bold, firm hand, which, if it give the ruggedness and ferocity of the landscape and the brutal and repulsive traits of the mountaineers, does not forget to add the flowers that bloom upon the precipices, and the primitive and impressive sentiment of violent, untaught natures. The atmosphere of the scenery, the purple seas of mountains that wave over and between Virginia and Kentucky, the wreathing veils of mist, the green and bronze of tree and moss-covered slopes, the cool, green shadows, the sharp, massive, grey boulders, the deep sweeps of valley, the odour of the earth, the dripping, sparkling dew, the notes of birds, and the hints of laurel, rhododendron, and violets could not have been given by any save a son of the soil. Here among such awe-inspiring scenes, depressing to those who are not natives, the people—miners, moonshiners, and raiders—are as wild as the eagles and catamounts that haunt its lonely crags.

Of the stories, the first, "A Mountain Europa," is the best. It is melodramatic, but such life is hardly to be exaggerated. Briefly, it is the story of a moonshiner's daughter, who wins the heart of a young engineer from New York, and is killed immediately after her wedding by her drunken father, receiving a shot intended for her husband. The other tales are "A Cumberland Vendetta," its sequel, "The Last Stetson," and a short dialect sketch "On Hell-fert-Sartain Creek."

BUNCH GRASS STORIES. By Mrs. Lindon W. Bates. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

With two exceptions this collection is composed of sketches of Western life; ambitious sketches they are too, with

occasional rhetorical touches that betray more of affectation than of art. The two exceptions are "Inspiration at the Cross Roads," a tale of an artist's psychological evolution in the time of Louis XIV. of France; and "The Black Shell," a gruesome narrative, with the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter before the siege of Troy as the pivotal episode. The eight stories are interestingly told, and show uncommon skill in constructive art; but all leave the same unsatisfactory impression as of something striven for by the author, and not quite attained. The something lacking arises from a certain crudity of expression and raw experience of life. Situations are overdrawn, facts are falsified for the sake of effect; character is sketched with vigour, but without regard to fidelity of portraiture. Everywhere, however, there is evidence of latent strength, nor is this so far obscured as to be beyond development by the writer. More practice, keener study of motive, a clearer recognition of the common rules of art and the courage to cut out fine phrases would enable the writer to form a style, and to get an outlook on life which should prove of more than ordinary power.

STOLEN SOULS. By William Le Queux.
New York: F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.00.

"Anybody who likes hypnotism and Nihilism," says Anthony Hope, "and secret murder artistically performed by exotic drugs, ladies of great beauty and small scruples, and an astonishing *dénoûment* to every story, cannot do better than try Mr. Le Queux's *Stolen Souls*. The book is downright sensationalism, of course, but I do not know why I (or Mr. Le Queux either) should apologise for that; it is good and even gorgeous sensationalism, and therefore well justified of existence. We, or the sensible among us, like all sorts of people, and we ought to like all sorts of books also, so long as they are good of their sort."

Perhaps it is unusual to quote one novelist's estimate of the work of a brother of the craft, and its superfluousness as criticism may be suspected by many who consider the novelists in league with one another; but in the present instance Mr. Hope's appreciation describes more faithfully than we can hope to do the nature and extent of Mr. Le Queux's work. The reader who

takes up *Stolen Souls* will find time slip easily away as he finishes one story, only to begin the next, wondering whether Mr. Le Queux's ingenuity and inventive fancy will ever fail him. *Stolen Souls* is for the most part Russian in background, with secret societies and Anarchists mixed up in the horrible yet fascinating compound, for, as has already been hinted, there are horrors and surprises galore abounding in these queer stories, but they are pleasant horrors, and we are too conscious of the cleverness of the artist to feel profoundly the startling effects and tragic climacterics of his strangely wrought tales. *Stolen Souls* will be welcomed among the ephemeral books which ungrudgingly contribute to our entertainment and help us somewhat to unstring the bow of life for a brief season.

FETTERED, YET FREE: A Study in Heredity.
By Annie S. Swan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

There is a fascination for most of us in the bare thought of Scotland, the land of mists and cakes, of romance and porridge; and some of us feel a personal interest in any study of heredity that has to do with its hard-headed, soft-hearted people. We can fancy the distaste with which their Calvinistic souls, nourished on Free Will and Election, must recoil from the thought of an inherited ban. It was surely a Scots-woman who said: "I was a liar by nature until I found out that lying ran in the family, and that cured me." There are, however, usually two parents in every household, and we are as likely to inherit good from one as evil from the other; moreover, we are not seat into the world altogether finished as to character, but are left room to develop into correspondence with our environment and along lines largely determined by our own volition. This is the philosophy which is expressed by Miss Swan's title; and in the working out of her thesis, that humanity, though fettered by ancestral traits, is yet free in great measure to determine its own career. She has given us a very charming picture of life in the "Kingdom of Fife," and some very human characters. It must be admitted that she is a trifle prolix; the book would be improved by cutting down; yet even diffuseness

is a refreshing variety in these days of hurry, when it gives the feeling that the author has plenty of time for a chat. The lines of her picture are occasionally indistinct: and Frances Sheldon is a more successful portrait than the avowed heroine: more might have been made, perhaps, of the Brabant episode, and Mary Heron certainly comes off with less than she deserves. But here and there are scenes, such as the farewell between Kerr of Haugh and his wife, that for dignified simplicity and pathos could hardly be improved; and Kerr himself, with all his sins upon his head, "rough tyke," and fond of a "glass too much," is yet exceedingly lovable. One would rather like to have Eleanor marry Adrian, if it were possible, but perhaps modern science would justly interpose; and at least she gets her deserts. For,

"She that will not when she may,
When she will she shall have nay."

A QUESTION OF FAITH. By L. Dougall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

We are out of all patience with Miss Dougall. She has a strength of hand, a vividness of fancy, an originality of conception, which might place her very high among our writers of fiction; and she is sacrificing them all to the desire to preach. Now preaching in art is insincere; it isn't straightforward to profess to tell a story, and suddenly spring a moral upon the unsuspecting reader; if he does not resent it, it is because he is, like the children, used to it, and supposes it to be the correct thing. All that the artist may do is to hold the mirror up to nature; if the scene of his choice contain a moral, the frame of the mirror will doubtless serve to isolate it for the better observation of the beholder; but to point it out, by so much as a finger, is presumptuous, and should be unnecessary. We may illustrate by referring to Mrs. Deland's *Philip and his Wife*, and to Miss Dougall's own first published novel, *Beggars All*. The latter had also the advantage of a plot of singular character, so unusual, indeed, that the author has ever since been hampered by a vain desire to rival her own work, and in consequence has given us stories whose framework is cheap, whose colouring is gaudy, and whose motive is clap-trap. In *A Question of Faith*, her latest work, genius or

chance has supplied her with another *motif*, the dramatic possibilities of which have been marred by the two tendencies which we have indicated. The half-crazed father, who is willing to lose even his own soul to bring his erring son to the belief in the mercy of God—could anything be finer? But Miss Dougall has her little sermon to preach; or perhaps the handling of such a theme was too great for her; and so literally and metaphorically the struggle for a soul is tucked into a corner, and serves only as an occasion of misunderstanding between Alice and her lover, in consequence of which everything in the book is out of focus. Amy, who should have been a bit of character drawing equal to Rosamond Vincy, is forced to be verbally explained by the author; and there are pages and pages, after the climax, of pure homiletics! Yet in spite of it all the story is bright and interesting.

NADYA: A TALE OF THE STEPPES. By Oliver M. Norris. New York: F. H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Norris makes no attempt at fine writing in *Nadya*, but there is charm in the simplicity of his style, and there is incident enough in his story to make it an attractive one. The description of the life of the Stundists would alone repay a perusal of the book. The author has woven a plot out of good, because uncommon, material. In the Countess Olga, a noblewoman of great wealth, he has depicted more simplicity than a reader of Russian novels is led to believe is possible in the nobility of Russia. Mikhail, the leader of the Stundists, and Nadya, the daughter of a fanatic ferryman, are lovable characters; not so Vladimir, Grisha, the deformed son of Vladimir's uncle, and the General form the dark background against which the nobility of the others shines out with more than ordinary brilliancy. In spite of the lack of studied attempt at fine writing, there are several scenes which are told with force, and almost with dramatic intensity. The death of the ferryman and the defence of the Pass by Sergei and his troops during the Russo-Turkish war are examples. Readers of Tolstoy and Turgenieff will recognise in *Nadya* almost a suspicious fidelity to the Russian scenery and character as portrayed by the Slav novelists, and

there is at times even that forced avoidance of criticism of Russian institutions which marks the Russian novel of domestic manufacture.

PAUL HERIOT'S PICTURES. By Alison McLean. London and New York: F. Warne & Co. \$1.25.

It is perhaps owing to a fault or flaw in the critic's "ocular" that he is unable to understand why a collection of short stories must have a thread to hang upon, as though they were sausages! In *Paul Heriot's Pictures* the connection is very awkwardly managed; and whatever else the mysterious Paul may have been, he was certainly not an artist, to value pictures for their "story" rather than their intrinsic merit. The stories themselves, it may be, needed some such fictitious sentimental interest; for, taken alone, one doesn't quite see why they exist; but there are some rather pretty bits of description of English rural scenery, and certainly they will never bring a blush to the cheek of the young person. In fact, the pictures which are scattered pretty liberally over the pages will probably induce many a young person to take the book down from the shelves of the Sunday-school library, and pronounce it "very pretty reading;" and she will not detect that pictures, letter-press, and piety are all of about the same calibre, but will enjoy it all, along with the rest of her milk and water.

CORRUPTION. By Percy White. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. White's very amusing novel, *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, which appeared last year, ensured a large number of readers for the next book from his pen; and therefore *Corruption*, in spite of its repulsive title, will doubtless find many purchasers. They will be doomed, we think, to disappointment. *Mr. Bailey-Martin* was light in touch, unpretentious in structure, and based upon accurate observation and knowledge. As a study in cads it was in some respects deserving of comparison with Thackeray's similar but more farcical story, *The Fatal Boots*. But Mr. White's success has apparently been taken by him too seriously, so that he has now tried to give us a psychological novel dealing with the deeper things of life and touching upon the world of politics and

society. Needless to say, the attempt is not a success; for Mr. White has neither the knowledge nor the power necessary for the self-imposed task. Nevertheless, the book is readable in spite of its too ambitious plan. The reader will probably smile, however, at finding the hero and heroine in the most intense moments of their unlawful love-making priggishly regaling each other with quotations from Browning and Shelley, and discussing in academic phrase the philosophy of life. It is probably too much to ask of Mr. White that he go back to school and refresh his knowledge of the English grammar, but we may reasonably express the hope that in his future books he will either abstain from quoting Scripture, or else take the trouble to verify his allusions to it. When he speaks of the "doubting Peter," and when he refers to the sixth commandment when he evidently intends the seventh, the effect is rather comic. And why does he continually spell "dipomania" with a "y"?

LONDON IDYLLS. By W. J. Dawson. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.

The mysteries, tragedies, the hardships and humours of London life are the materials of Mr. Dawson's tales. He knows no better storehouse than the great city. "Its life," he says, in his preface, "is the true epic of the modern world. The next great poet, when he comes, will be nourished on the breasts of London." In the meanwhile, its air is full of stories, and he tells ten of those he has listened to. Not all of them are very characteristic of London—the scene of "The Music of the Gods," for instance, might be laid in Bagdad just as fitly. But most are concerned with strenuous modern London lives, with lurking modern London temptations; and Mr. Dawson proves that he knows London well, from East to West, from the laundress's tub to the fashionable rector's pulpit. Many grades, many circles, and many opinions are represented in these thoughtful and impressive stories, which speak, in different accents, the language of the very hour that is with us. Since Mr. Dawson wrote *The Redemption of Edward Strahan*, published a few years ago, he has made rapid strides in the art of writing fiction, and *London Idylls* awakes expectancy by the possibilities, hitherto

unguessed at, which it discloses in the author.

A MAN AND HIS WOMANKIND. By Nora Vynné. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

Miss Nora Vynné is a promising young writer, and her new novel, published in the very pretty and convenient Buckram Series, is a fair specimen of her work. It is the story of a man who is very much mothered by his women-kind. His wife, a lady journalist rather older than himself; his sister, and his mother, all live with him, and endeavour to protect and shield him. When he finds it out he is very angry, conceiving not unnaturally that his business might be to do something in the way of shielding them. Miss Vynné works out her plot clearly and pleasantly, but she seems to stop short in the middle of her story, although we feel she could have gone on and ended it. It is the silliest of all literary crazes, and one that it is high time was severely criticised, to believe that it is artistic to pull up abruptly in the middle. We should have liked it if the author of *A Man and His Womankind* had continued her narrative a little longer, and told us what hap-

pened when Dick Cediesson found his old hair-brush.

GARRISON TALES FROM TONQUIN. By James O'Neill. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

Up to the present time, the new French colony in the Far East has been *terra incognita* to writers of English fiction; so that Mr. O'Neill has the honour of being the first of our explorers in a field which has as yet been worked by none but Frenchmen, such as Paul Bonnetain and a few others. The dainty little volume in which this virgin soil is now broken for English readers is well worthy of careful perusal, for the stories are exceedingly well told, and are tinged for the most part with a certain mystery or melancholy that reflects the spirit of the Orient. They nearly all tell of the members of the French army of occupation, but the setting of the picture is strange and picturesque. Mr. O'Neill gives a glossary of Anamese words at the end of the book, which does not, however, cover all the expressions that are found in the text. The cover is one of the most striking and original that we have ever seen, the stamped oriental paper for it having been especially manufactured in Tokyo.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR. By Charles Lowe. Public Men of To-day Series. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.25.

We have already had occasion to commend the excellent series in which the present volume is the fourth to appear, and we can only repeat with still greater emphasis our former praise after perusing Mr. Lowe's most readable book. His qualifications are evident to all who know his biography of Prince Bismarck, and recall his bright, entertaining, and somewhat journalistic style. He is especially fortunate in having for his subject in the volume before us so piquant and remarkable a personality as the German Kaiser, who is probably the most interesting figure on the stage of international politics to-day—a picturesque and puzzling prince, about whom men's opinions range from thinking him an inspired genius to mocking at him as a hare-brained fool. A young man who passes from the comparative obscurity

of an heir presumptive to the dazzling hegemony of the most military nation in the world; who dismisses with a wave of the hand a minister like Bismarck; who threatens princes and parliaments as readily as he denounces socialists and democrats; who regards himself as God's anointed, and brings the monarchy of the Middle Ages into the sceptical atmosphere of our century's end; who commands ships and drills armies, and leads orchestras, and regulates fashions, and has an eye on everything from diplomacy to cooking—could any one write a dull book about such a curiosity as this?

Mr. Lowe tells his story in a most fascinating manner, with a wealth of amusing and instructive anecdote, and with no great bias toward any especial theory regarding the young Emperor, though his view, on the whole, is perhaps too favourable. The truth about the Kaiser probably is that he is really a very able

and capable prince, but one who lacks so utterly a sense of humour as to make all his gifts a source of danger to himself and to his Empire. A youth who takes himself with such tremendous seriousness can scarcely see things in their proper perspective; and some day or other he will almost certainly plunge into some rash and reckless venture that may lose him his throne and teach him things of which he does not dream. In commending Mr. Lowe's book we have the same objection to make that we brought against his *Alexander III.* some time ago—that his chapter headings are ridiculously sensational and silly, resembling nothing in the world so much as a bit of the conversation of Mr. Alfred Jingle. "Hi, Bismarck! Hi, Kaiser!—*Redintegratio Amoris*—'Who is he that cometh like an honoured guest?'—A sword of honour and a salvo of artillery—The 'nation in arms' *versus* the 'nation in eloquence'—'*Spectemur agendo*'—'*Er lebe hoch!*'—Hurrah!"—what a wild-eyed, drunken sort of heading is this for a chapter of history! While we are carping, too, we must mention the absurd passage in which Mr. Lowe compares the Duke of Edinburgh with Von Moltke, and implies (p. 140) that the German nation gained as much in his accession to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg as it lost in Moltke's death! Really, Mr. Lowe must be as lacking in the sense of humour as the Kaiser himself. The book contains a portrait of the Emperor and one of the Empress, both from photographs taken in London.

A VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY. Selections illustrating the editor's critical review of British poetry in the reign of Victoria. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. With brief biographies of the authors quoted, frontispiece portrait of Queen Victoria, and a vignette of the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

Few writers are so well equipped by past training and experience to prepare an anthology of Victorian poetry as Mr. Stedman. His *Victorian Poets* has become a standard work both in England and America, and it is natural that in availing himself of the wide range and richness of this field of poetry, he should follow closely his original scheme, so that this volume forms a companion to his critical work, furnishing examples which illustrate his views and estimates of the poetry of the last

sixty years. It is superfluous to say that Mr. Stedman has bestowed the most conscientious care in the making of this anthology, and that he has shown an excellent taste and an admirable tact in his choice of representative poems.

One is tempted when an anthology comes into his hands to look for his favourite poems, and too often judgment is meted out to the editor, not on the score of fairness, but largely through mere prejudice. Every lover of poetry has his best-loved poems, and while it is possible for an editor to make such a selection of universally liked poems as would enable him to steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of personal predilection or prejudice, he would not be human did he not (according to the critic) make some mistakes. For example, on turning to the name of Eugene Lee-Hamilton, we felt a flush of pleasure when we saw that the sonnet, "A Flight from Glory," had been included. This sonnet, which we quote entire (from *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*), is, by its nobility of thought, daring imagination, and consummate art, worthy of immortality and of companionship with Blanco White's one sonnet:

"Once, from the parapet of gems and glow,
An Angel said: 'O God! the heart grows cold
On these eternal battlements of gold,
Where all is pure, but cold as virgin snow.

"Here sobs are never heard; no salt tears flow;
Here there are none to help, nor sick nor old;
No wrong to fight, no justice to uphold:
Grant me thy leave to live man's life below."

"And then annihilation?' God replied.
'Yes,' said the Angel, 'even that dread price;
For earthly tears are worth eternal night.'
'Then go,' said God. The Angel opened wide
His dazzling wings, gazed back on Heaven thrice
And plunged forever from the walls of Light."

But on referring to the cluster of poems under the head of Robert Louis Stevenson, we were disappointed not to find the incomparable lines in which he describes the youthful walks in the mid-summer dark, in "midnights worth many a noon"—

"Ane went hame wi' the ither, an' then
The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
And the mune was shinin' clearly.

"Now Davie was first to get sleep in his head,
'The best of frien's maun twine,' he said,
'I'm wearied, so here I'm awa to my bed.'
And the mune was shinin' clearly!

"Twa o' them walkin' and crackin' their lane,
The mornin' licht can' grey and plain,
And the birdies yammer on stick and stane,
And the mune was shinin' clearly !

"O years ayont, O years awa,
My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa',
My lads, ye'll mind on the field o' the law,
When the mune was shinin' clearly."

The volume is a bulky one, being printed on good paper and in clear type ; but for those who would like to have the work in two convenient volumes, and are willing to pay the price, there is a large-paper edition, limited to 250 copies, to be had at \$10 net.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSES. By Dollie Radford. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

Mrs. Radford's verses are informed with a gentle spirit of complete faith and tenderness. You feel that she is in her proper attitude to life when she is inditing pretty versicles of timorous hope and joy and fear and regret. There is never an inordinate touch of passion in these little lyrics. They are far from the great highways, and wander pleasantly through the lanes and meadows of human experience. The genius is domestic ; it sits by the fire, and regards the past with tender and submissive regret, the present with amiable joy, and the future with a wistful wonder. The air and attitude are that of a child, or that of a woman, if you like. The storms blow over Mrs. Radford's head ; we are in a pretty Arcadia, when we read her verses, where the passions have faded into quiet shadows which are likely to do no one any harm. There we may be as full of dim sentiments as we please, and extract a sweet content out of all our mild emotions. Aspirations become guileless and desires innocent ; witness these pretty verses :

"Because I built my nest so high,
Must I despair
If a fierce wind, with bitter cry,
Passes the lower branches by,
And mine makes bare ?

"Because I hung it, in my pride,
So near the skies,
Higher than other nests abide,
Must I lament if far and wide
It scattered lies ?

"I shall not build and build my best,
Till, safety won,
I hang aloft my new-made nest,
High as of old, and see it rest
As near the sun."

In this pacific house of dolls we may look for no rude violence. For anything save sweetness you may search Mrs. Radford's verses in vain, though the stanzas entitled "To a Stranger" have a deeper sense in parts.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. By Arthur Sinclair. Boston : Lee & Shepard. \$3.00.

This handsome volume of 344 pages and 32 illustrations is a very entertaining account of the cruise of the famous Confederate privateer from the time when she slipped out of the Mersey in July, 1862, to the day when she was sent to the bottom by the guns of the *Kearsarge*. The author, the son of a Commander in the United States Navy who resigned in 1861 to support the Confederacy, was a lieutenant on the *Alabama* during the whole period of her depredations, and tells the story in a much more optimistic spirit than other chroniclers who have depicted her crew as insubordinate ruffians, and the life on board of her as at times something like a floating hell. Mr. Sinclair notes the various ships captured, the manner in which the confiscated cargoes of silks, pianos, bric-à-brac, and merchandise were invariably scattered to the waves, and how the ships themselves were frequently given to the flames ; but he also tells of the consideration with which the *Alabama's* prisoners were treated ; how their private property was never taken from them ; how the privateer's officers gave up their cabins to any ladies taken from the prizes ; and how captors and captives drank champagne, chatted, and flirted just as though the war were but a fiction. It is curious to note that, although the English Government was more strictly neutral than the French, the *Alabama* always got the warmest reception in the English ports, and the most wary and non-committal treatment in the ports belonging to France. Mr. Sinclair's narrative is told with no pretension to literary style ; but it is an instructive and thoroughly readable version of a very famous chapter of the Civil War.

BATTLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By Hereford B. George. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

This is a book with a meaning and a purpose. The subject, as barely de-

scribed in the title, would be congenial and easy to the mere compiler; a hundred might take it, and none of us be much the wiser for their lazily or laboriously borrowed repetition of old facts. But Mr. George has seen a real gap in our more accessible historical books. Historians, as a rule, are not interested in military details, and they omit them, or blunder, or speak of them vaguely. Military works, on the other hand, are too technical. He has tried to explain clearly and accurately for civilian readers what he thinks should be part of an ordinary liberal education. Not that he considers battles the most important incidents in history. But they have been important; over and over again their issue depended on their having been fought in this or that way, under such and such conditions; and he has no doubt that definite knowledge on the deciding circumstances will be found interesting. By his clear, orderly narrative and his plans he has made it so; and on reading his recital from the battle of Hastings to the Indian Mutiny, we find point being continually given to patriotic triumph, or to the longing that some lost field had been ruled otherwise—

"From fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

A new and cheaper edition of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's *Imagination in Landscape* (\$2.00), issued by the Messrs. Roberts, who publish his works in this country, is welcome. Nothing could be better said of this book than what the *Athenæum* said of the original edition: "Except the author of *Modern Painters*, no one has a better right to deal with the noble and difficult subject indicated by the title of this work than Mr. Hamerton." There are some fine illustrations. The less-known stories of the author of *Our Village* have been collected and published by the Messrs. Macmillan in their Cranford Series (\$2.00). *Country Stories*, by Mary Russell Mitford, is distinguished by the same pleasant humour, grace of style, and keen love of country life which have made *Our Village* an English classic. The sketches are happily illustrated from pen-and-ink drawings by George Morrow.

Under the Old Elms contains some interesting pages of personal recollections of celebrated visitors who foregathered from time to time under the hospitable and historic roof of Governor and Mrs. Claflin at Newtonville, Mass. As might be expected, the gleanings are not important, and will add nothing to the permanency of the names Mrs. Claflin conjures with, but it is pleasant to breathe the literary atmosphere created by one who enjoyed an intimacy with Dr. Samuel F. Smith, Charles Sumner, James Freeman Clarke, Henry Ward Beecher, and his sister, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. A chapter is given up to the description of the celebration which was given to the latter on her seventieth birthday in 1882, "under the old elms," and now that the author of *America* is gone, we read the following with melancholy interest: "Dear Dr. Smith! Of all those of his generation who used to tread the paths under 'The Old Elms,' he alone is left." The book is tastefully bound and printed. Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company are the publishers; the price is \$1.00.—From the same firm we have *Sunshine for Shut-ins*, compiled by a "shut-in." There is a passage of prose or verse for each day of the year. To the same order belongs *A Daily Staff for Life's Pathway*, published by the Messrs. Stokes in white and gold binding with full gilt edges (price, \$1.25). *A Garden of Pleasure* (Roberts Brothers, \$2.00) and *Broken Notes from a Grey Nunnery*, by Mrs. J. S. Hallock (Lee and Shepard, \$1.25), are also year-books, but on the principle that "who loves a garden, still his Eden keeps," and consist of rambling reveries and reflections on Nature and on Nature's God. Both are illustrated. Messrs. Roberts Brothers continue the issue of Balzac's novels through the medium of Miss Wormeley's excellent translation with *A Daughter of Eve* (price, \$1.50); also we have another volume from the Messrs. Macmillan, adding *Hereward the Wake* (75 cents) to their fine new series of Charles Kingsley's novels. *Othello* is the latest volume of the Temple Shakespeare (price, 45 cents per volume), being issued by the same firm.—Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have made a selection of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Later Lyrics* (price, \$1.00), and have given them a tasteful setting in a dainty

form.—*Lyrics and Ballads of Heine* and other German poets before going into a second edition was revised and enlarged, and comes from the Knickerbocker Press in a binding of delicate white, pale green, and gold.

Messrs. Macmillan and Company have given publication to a volume of sermons of unusual charm and force in the late Professor Jowett's *College Sermons* (\$2.00), edited by his friend, Dean Fremantle. The style is direct and simple, but the late Master of Balliol knew how to reach the understanding and the heart. He is especially felicitous and suggestive in treating such themes as "Youth and Religion," "The Joys and Aspirations of Youth," "Study," "Conversation," "Success and Failure," and "The Completion of a Life's Work." This is one of the few books of sermons one can well afford to lay up for the use of a lifetime. A volume composed principally of memorial sermons is promised for a future occasion. This we should believe will be well received.

—*Thoughts from the Writings of Richard Jefferies* is a beautiful little book, published by the Messrs. Longmans, which deserves a wide circulation, and which it is hoped will induce many readers to study Jefferies's entire works. It is printed in red and black and delicately bound. Price, \$1.25.

Messrs. Stone and Kimball continue their fine limited edition of English classics with Southey's *English Seamen* and Walton's *Lives*. We have already called attention to the laudable ambition which has moved this firm to produce excellent examples of model book-making in these volumes, and gladly do so again. The price is remarkably low, and can scarce do more than cover the cost of production. Price, \$1.25 per volume.—A volume of essays by the late Walter Pater has been gathered together by Mr. Charles L. Shadwell, who makes his preface valuable by subjoining a chronological list of Pater's published writings. We note an interesting fact, that a period of five years was given up to the composition of *Marius the Epicurean*, which is considered to be the most highly finished of all his works, and the expression of his deepest thought. *Miscellaneous Studies*, published by the Macmillans uniform with the previous volumes, contains, among other papers, notably

"Prosper Mérimée," "Raphael," "Pascal," and "The Child in the House." Price, \$1.75.—The editor of the *New York Observer*, while seeking summer days in the West Indies during the winter months, used his eyes to good advantage, and has written a book about it all. Readers of *Across Russia and Beyond the Rockies* need no lengthy introduction to Mr. Stoddard's entertaining and informing papers in his new book, *Cruising among the Caribees*. Quite a number of full-page illustrations, very well executed, accompany the text, and the Messrs. Scribner, who publish the book, have given it a presentable appearance. The price is \$1.50.—Another book of travel and observation of strange men and manners is that furnished by the Messrs. Harper in Miss Woolson's *Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu*. There are some vivid descriptions in these pages, much that is amusing and fresh in the material collected here, and the blending of illustrations and text go happily together to make an unusually picturesque book. Although these papers appeared at intervals in *Harper's Magazine*, they present quite a new appearance in book form, as they were not only largely rewritten, but considerably added to. "At Mentone" made its initial appearance as far back as 1884; this sketch, by the way, is in the form of a novel, but is really a record of travel. Price, \$1.75. The Harpers have also collected the unequal but not uninteresting Italian stories which were written by Miss Woolson for the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*, and have published them in two volumes—namely, *The Front Yard and Other Stories* and *Dorothy and Other Stories*; price, \$1.25 per volume.

A Guide to the Paintings of Venice, by Karl Karolffy, will be an indispensable handbook to many art students. It contains an historical and critical account of all the pictures in Venice, with quotations from the best authorities, and also furnishes brief biographies of the Venetian masters. It is issued by the Macmillans, and the price is \$1.50.

In *Inmates of My House and Garden* (Macmillan and Company, \$1.50) Mrs. Brightwen evinces a keen eye for the beauties of nature and a heart brimful of sympathy for all dumb creatures. This and a ready pen have enabled her to contribute to "popular science" an entertaining collection of essays about

things that we all have seen, but have not observed critically, or studied for pleasure or profit. She describes the habits of lemurs, squirrels, owls, wrens, tortoises, insect and plant life, and also imparts much good counsel by the way. There is an appeal for more interest in nature. The suggestions as to methods of study are trite but helpful to youthful readers, and it is to them that the book will prove especially attractive. There is an apparent effort to avoid heaviness in style, and to be scientifically exact without obscurity.—*The Life of John Livingston Nevius*, by Helen S. Coan Nevius, has just been published by the Fleming H. Revell Company (\$2.00). Mr. Nevius was for forty years a missionary in China, and this book is dedicated to his memory by his widow, who is the author of the work. It is a notable contribution to missionary literature, and no more authentic record of missionary experience in that country is extant. Mrs. Nevius was constantly with her husband, and thus had excellent opportunities to observe her husband's work among the people. The volume comes at an opportune time. Those who wish to get a clear idea of the missionary situation in China will probably find what they seek in Mrs. Coan Nevius's work better than in any other work of recent date.

Messrs. Boericke and Tafel, of Philadelphia, publish a very complete *Life of Hahnemann*, written by Dr. T. L. Bradford, which is of much interest even to those who are not especially concerned in medical matters. The history of the processes on which Hahnemann finally established his system, the narrative of his long and finally triumphant struggle against prejudice and tradition, and the personal details of his singularly pure and upright life make excellent reading. To those who are interested in the history of medicine the book particularly commends itself, whether they be disciples of Hahnemann's school or not; for it is difficult now to deny that the rise of homœopathy has exercised a very powerful influence upon the other school, as well as upon the medical art in general, doing away with the kill-or-cure treatment that was once the rule, and stimulating the scientific develop-

ment of preventive medicine. Price, in cloth, \$2.50; in half morocco, \$3.50.

Blue and Gold is the title of a small volume of verses by Mr. William S. Lord, printed at the Dial Press, Chicago. The edition is limited to 150 copies, each of which, we believe, costs \$2.40. A printed slip which accompanies the book informs us that many have already been sold, which is evidence that the author has a goodly supply of devoted friends; for we hardly think that love of poetry would lead any one to become a purchaser. An equally admirable anthology could be easily gathered from the back files of any country newspaper that allows the local poet to cavort in its columns. Of much greater merit is the dainty little volume by Fanny H. Runnells Poole, entitled *A Bank of Violets*, published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. In it are many passages that unite a delicate fancy with graceful expression. In Mr. Louis M. Elshemus's *Moods of a Soul* we cannot find anything that we can conscientiously commend. If the author is not a foreigner, he is, at any rate, unacquainted with some of the most elementary metrical rules of English verse, and there are indications of equal unfamiliarity with the nicer distinctions of the English language. This book is published in an edition limited to 600 copies, by Charles Wells Moulton, of Buffalo. From the same city comes *Thoughts in Verse*, by Mr. Clifford Howard, published by the Peter Paul Book Company. Its lines show a good deal of technical finish despite an excessive use of syncopation in such frequent forms as "t'ward," "flick'ring," "ev'ry," "inex'nable," "whisp'ring," and "falt'ring." There are many pleasant little fancies embodied in Mr. Howard's pages, and occasionally a striking melody. One of his adjectives, however—"aphroditic"—he should hereafter eschew as being incorrectly formed.

The Messrs. Appleton send us Mr. Grinnell's well-written *Story of the Indian*, in their *Story of the West Series*, illustrated with a number of photogravures. It is an account of the manners, customs, and habitat of the American Indian to-day, with a number of stories gathered by the author from the Indians themselves. The price is \$1.50.

SOME HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

The choicest holiday book of the season is assuredly *The Comedies of William Shakespeare*, which is made invaluable by the series of drawings it contains from the pencil of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. There are 131 full-page photogravures; the size is large octavo, and the work is in four volumes, printed on beautiful paper, with deckled edges, gilt tops, and elegantly bound in half cloth. It is the most sumptuous, as it is the most expensive—but not expensive in proportion to its worth—of all the festive books that make this season gay and glad with their beauteous handiwork. Published by the Messrs. Harper; price, \$30.00. From the same house comes Mr. Alfred Parsons's *Notes in Japan*, which many, who have followed its appearance in *Harper's*, will wish to possess in book form, and to those who missed these exquisite studies of mountain and temple and of an interesting humanity we commend the work for its intrinsic value, begotten of the moment's need, as well as for its exterior and artistic beauty. Price, \$3.00.

Old-World Japan: Legends of the Land of the Gods, retold by Frank Rinder, and finely illustrated by T. H. Robinson, comes in a gorgeous cover of flaming cherry-red and gold, inside and out; and with an ancient mistiness and charm of legendary lore in its pages which brings refreshing to the reader surfeited with the mighty matter published about modern Japan. The tales contained in this volume have been selected with a view rather to their beauty and charm of incident and colour; and to the student and the lover of primitive romance, as also to the unwearied reader, there is a fund of singular and picturesque incident and marvel in these tales which reflect the antique texture into which Japanese life and thought has been interwoven. The book has been beautifully printed in England from the type and not from plates, and is published here by the Messrs. Macmillan; price, \$2.00. Messrs. Macmillan and Company also publish *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (\$2.00), printed by the Messrs. Dent of London. It is edited by Israel Gollancz, editor of the Temple Shakespeare, and has a charming introduction

by him in an epistolary form. The illustrations by Robert A. Bell are full of humour and sensibility, and are well executed. Paper, print, and binding are all that could be desired.

In our December number, under this caption, we commended the new series of Charles Lever's novels which the enterprising Boston house of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have just completed. We have again the pleasure of introducing our readers to a new series of another world-famed novelist, Alexandre Dumas. This firm publishes the standard edition of Dumas's works in this country, and in response to repeated requests for an extension of the volumes already issued, they have further obliged English readers of Dumas by adding the following novels to his translated works: *Ascanio*, a romance of Francis I. and Benvenuto Cellini, in two volumes; *The War of Women*, a romance of the Fronde, two volumes; *Black, the Story of a Dog*, and *Tales of the Caucasus*, in all six volumes, with decorated cloth binding, gilt top, price, \$9.00; or in plain cloth for \$7.50. Each volume has a frontispiece in photogravure. A companion work to Mr. Garrett's beautiful volume of *Elizabethan Songs* comes from the press of the same firm, bound exquisitely in white cloth with an appropriate cover design, and printed on hand-made paper. Altogether *Victorian Songs* makes an acceptable holiday book, with its twenty full-page photogravures, its etched illustrations, and numerous head and tail pieces from pen-and-ink drawings. Mr. Garrett has put his heart into this work, as he did in the former volume, and the publishers have done their part with exceeding good taste and carefulness. Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes an introduction to this selection of Victorian lyrics. Price, \$6.00.

Since noticing the Messrs. Stokes holiday books in our last number we have received from them Mr. Walter Besant's book on *Westminster* with 130 illustrations. Mr. Besant's preceding volume on *London*, of which the present work is a successor, was deservedly well received, and certainly few men of the present day in London have the knowl-

edge and ability, and the sympathy with the subject which Mr. Besant possesses to make it so peculiarly fascinating and invaluable in its picturesque and informing uses. Price, \$3.00.—Among Messrs. Lee and Shepard's attractions for the holidays are *Poems of the Farm*, selected and illustrated by Alfred C. Eastman, in substantial binding and printed on plate paper on one side only, as is also an elegantly furnished volume of verse and illustrations, *On Winds of Fancy Blown*, by Mary Yale Shapleigh; and *Aunt Billy and Other Sketches*, by Alyn Yates Keith (\$1.25). In all three volumes there is a breezy sensation of rural culture, which is exhilarating to tired town livers; whether they will awake to the privileges offered them in these pages is an open question.

A magnificently printed and lavishly illustrated book is *Episcopal Palaces of England*, by the late Canon Venables, published by Thomas Whittaker of this city. It contains a chapter on each of ten episcopal palaces of the English dioceses, prefaced by one on Lambeth Palace, the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Eight of these chapters are from the pen of Canon Venables himself, who did not live to complete the work. The other three are by distinguished ecclesiastics. There are over a hundred illustrations, the work of Mr. Alexander Ansted, besides the fine etched frontispiece depicting Lambeth. The book is a most beautiful and interesting one, and will attract equally the loyal Churchman and the student of early English architecture. The price is \$6.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Parents who have experienced difficulty in finding books suited to children between the ages of four and six, will thank us for calling their attention to a unique publication which has just arrived from the far West. *The Little Boy who Lived on the Hill* is "a story for wee bits of tykes," by Annie Laurie, and illustrated by "Swin," who, if we mistake not, is identical with the eccentric artist who is responsible for the "in-artistic aberrations" which garnish the pages of the *Lark*. Both illustrations and text are on a level with the vision and vocabulary of the wee bits of tykes, and are depicted with all the realism of child life. But the book must be seen to be appreciated; we were sorely tempted to reproduce one of the pictures, but found choice in the matter impossible. The publisher is William Doxey, of San Francisco.—For children just beyond this age and upward there are two beautiful volumes published by the Alpha Publishing Company, which commend themselves by the quality of their stories and sketches and numerous illustrations. *Little Men and Women* (\$1.50) and *Babyland* (\$1.00) rank among the best and most popular bound volumes which come to us annually at the holiday season.—Another bound volume, which will especially prove acceptable to boys, is *Harper's*

Round Table for 1895. The name was changed from *Harper's Young People* last April, when several new features were introduced to this boy's weekly periodical, which has made it more popular than ever. *Harper's Round Table* is skilfully edited, as is manifested by the variety of topics of interest which appeal in its pages to the varied needs and tastes of boys and girls.—Mr. Thomas W. Knox, well known as the author of *The Boy Travellers*, has written a *Boy's Life of General Grant*, which should be popular. It contains a number of illustrations, and is published by the Merriam Company. Price, \$1.50.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have brought out a new reprint of Mr. W. O. Stoddard's *Chumley's Post*, a story of the Pawnee trail, with several illustrations; they have also published a new story of George Manville Fenn's, entitled *The Young Castellan*, a tale of the English Civil War, with illustrations. Price, \$1.50.—The Messrs. Appleton publish Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's latest boy's story, entitled *The Knight of Liberty*, a tale of the fortunes of La Fayette. The illustrations in the book have received especial attention; the book itself is a substantial piece of manufacture. Price, \$1.50.—Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company have issued *A Child of Tuscan*, another of Marguerite Bouvet's

charming stories. The illustrations, well executed, are by Will Phillips Hooper, and the publishers have taken pains to make a beautiful book in binding, letter press, and paper for the story of little Raffaello's fortunes in the land of Tuscany. Price, \$1.50.—Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company did well to import *The Young Pretenders*, by E. H. Fowler, with its childish drollery and simplicity, its exquisite pictures against an English background so tender, so true to the life of the child world. There are twelve illustrations by Philip Burne Jones, which are excellently drawn. We hope this bright little story will find its way into the hands of many of our young people; it is a book that will touch them with genuine feeling, which is more than can be said of most juveniles.—*Jacob and the Raven*, with other stories for children, by Frances M. Peard, is a beautifully artistic book. The type is bold and clear, and the pictures by Heywood Sumner exhibit an unusual imaginative quality in the artist; one lingers over them, and turns to them again and again, so that if 'twere but for the illustrations, one would be tempted to carry the book home.

Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, whose many volumes for boys and girls daily increase their indebtedness to the versatility of his genius for contributing to the entertainment and necessities of young people's literature, has written a book entitled *Great Men's Sons*, in which he tells us who they were, what they did, and how they turned out, giving us a passing glimpse at the sons of the world's mightiest men from Socrates to Napoleon. Mr. Brooks is a painstaking and careful writer, and the information which he furnishes about these great men's sons may be relied upon as trustworthy. There are a number of illustrations. It is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, and the price is \$1.50.—The Merriam Company have published another of Mr. Edward S. Ellis's stories for boys, entitled *A Young Conductor*, or winning his way, which is the second volume of their *Through on Time Series*.—*A Girl of the Commune*, by G. A. Henty, is published by Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company, without illustrations. The cover has a blazing design, with a woman in red as the central figure, behind which the sun is setting in golden splendour.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The École des Chartes at Paris has, this year, a course of lectures on bibliography and library administration given by M. Charles Mortet, of the Bibliothèque Sainte Genevieve.

A similar course on the administration of Archives is given by M. Desjardins, Chief of the Bureau of Archives of the Department of Instruction.

The work of publishing catalogues of the manuscripts on the European libraries is steadily going on. A recent addition in this field is Martini, *Catalogo di manoscritti greci esistente nelle biblioteche italiane*, of which Vol. I. has just been completed (Milan: Hoepli).

A new library building is in course of erection for the University of Graz. The corner stone was laid on June 4th of this year, and a Festschrift issued in celebration of the event.

The University of Freiburg also has in prospect a new library building.

As is generally known, the matter of

printing a catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris has been long considered and practically decided upon. A specimen of such a catalogue is given in a recent number of the *Bulletin* of the library, comprising the name Aristotle, in 48 pages and 741 entries.

Mr. Ellsworth Totten, librarian of the Union League Club, is about to retire on account of continued and serious ill health. Mr. Totten has been in this library for the past fifteen years, and it is to be hoped that his faithful service will not be lost sight of by the authorities of the Union League. Mr. W. B. Childs, who was for some time an assistant in the library of Columbia College, has been engaged, for the present, as librarian.

Mr. George W. Cole, librarian of the public library at Jersey City, has resigned on account of ill health. Mr. Cole has been at the head of the library since its foundation in 1888, and his ad-

ministration has been successful. Mr. Cole was for years treasurer of the American Library Association, and has been president of the New York Library Club.

The library of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University seems to be in a state of repose, as it suffers, in common with the rest of the institution, from the pending suit against the Stanford estate. Its librarian, Mr. Woodruf, is on an extended leave of absence, studying at Cornell and in New York. The library has recently issued a catalogue of its collection of railroad books, which is one of the richest in existence and numbers about four thousand titles.

Dr. K. Pietsch, who has been for the past five years in the Newberry Library, has accepted a call as Instructor of the Romance Languages in the Chicago University.

Columbia College Library has added during the past three months, since September 1st, 8554 volumes. It has just received over two thousand bound dissertations on subjects in the literature and philology of the English and the Romance languages.

The gift of \$10,000 by Mr. Samuel P. Avery, of New York, to increase the endowment of the Avery Architectural Library in Columbia College Library, has just been made public by the Trustees. The Catalogue of the Avery Library, a volume of 1150 pages, is being bound by Mathews, and will be ready for distribution shortly.

The scholars of Germany are contrasting the public spirit and interest of the Prussian Government of to-day in matters of literature and science with the enterprise of Frederick the Great 125 years ago. The building of the Royal Library of Berlin has for a long time been entirely inadequate for the storage of that magnificent collection. As now surrounded by other structures, it is also far from secure against fire. All attempts to obtain from the Government the means for a new library have thus far been ineffectual. The five milliards from France were appropriated for other purposes, and the national library of Germany has no present prospect of a suitable home. The building now occupied was projected by Frederick the Great shortly after the Seven Years' War, when the little kingdom of Prussia was exhausted by the ravages and exertions

of that struggle. Yet, despite the great poverty of the State, in 1774 the building was begun, and completed in 1780. The third library in importance in the world certainly deserves better at the hands of the German people and State, the race which claims to lead in scholarship and the ideal interests of humanity.

Quintus Icilius, a favourite of Frederick, half pedant, half court jester, is said to have been the author of the well-known motto on the Berlin library, "Nutrimentum Spiritus." Frederick intended this to mean, and the wise translate it, "Food of the Spirit or Soul!" but the translation of the common people in Berlin is "Spirit (or alcohol) is food."

The American Library Association is working up plans to hold its annual meeting in 1897 in Europe, combining with it a two months' trip. Already more than a hundred persons have signified their intention of taking the trip.

Active efforts are being made to repair the loss occasioned by the recent fire in the library of the University of Virginia. By this disaster a large part of the contents of the library was destroyed. A gentleman in New York is said to have given \$25,000 to renew the library. The Trustees of Columbia College have voted to make a gift of books from the duplicate collection of Columbia Library.

Mr. H. Carrington Bolton, in a letter to the *Nation*, dissents from the policy which has, for example, so elaborately decorated the Boston Public Library that it has become a showplace overrun by tourists and art amateurs, to the serious detriment of readers and investigators. He fears that when all the Abbays, and Sargents, and Whistlers are in their places, as projected, the readers may as well abandon the building to the sightseers.

A new library building, to cost \$50,000, is in process of erection for the Ohio Wesleyan University. It is to have a capacity of 175,000 volumes, with seminar rooms and a lecture room.

The corner-stone of the new library given by President Low to Columbia College was laid without formal ceremonies on December 7th. The building will be completed next year.

The trustees of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations, have organized, by the election of Mr. John Bigelow as President of the

Board; Mr. George L. Rives as Secretary, and Mr. Edward King as Treasurer.

There is being established in New York a Criminal Law Library, for which rooms have been set apart in the new Criminal Courts Building. Colonel Fellows, District Attorney of New York, has given his library of 2000 volumes as a nucleus, and funds are in hand which will enable a good beginning to be made. This is, perhaps, the first library devoted to criminal law in this country. If it should have the effect of elevating and improving the criminal procedure in this city and bring the administration of justice in our higher and lower courts to something like the propriety and dignity befitting such institutions, it will be one of the most important libraries of the city.

It is perhaps not too late to mention the breaking of ground for the proposed library of the University of the City of New York on its new site. This took place with due ceremony on October 19th. It is planned to erect a building capable of holding a million volumes. Whether New York City needs an addition to the large libraries for scholars already in active course of creation, the New York Public Library and the Library of Columbia College, is questionable. It would seem that one great library devoted to the general public, like the projected new Public Library, and one library devoted to university research, like that of Columbia, would be as much as New York City will either be able to realise or need. The energy and lofty ambition of the authorities of the New York University are worthy of all commendation.

The New York Free Circulating Library has caught the craze of library instruction, and has a series of classes devoted to cataloguing and other library work. If the institutions which organise and carry on classes for instructing young women in library work were obliged to give bonds to find them employment at the end of their course of study the sympathies of librarians would not so often be called out in behalf of women with a few rudiments of library work anxious for positions which unfortunately do not exist.

The Boston Public Library has recently issued a new edition of its *Handbook*, which gives some illustrations of the new building. A noticeable feature of

the administration of the Boston Public Library at present is the great liberality with which readers are admitted to special reading-room and special collections without credentials or special permission. While much has been written and done in the direction of freely admitting readers to library shelves, perhaps no great public library has ever been so free in its policy as the Boston Public Library is now trying to be. This is in marked contrast to the policy pursued in the old building, where all persons except the library employes were zealously excluded from the shelves.

The Carnegie Library, at Pittsburg, which was dedicated on November 5th, probably deserves the wide advertising which it has enjoyed in the public press. The building is certainly a handsome one, and it is to be hoped it will be found, in use, as practically convenient as it is described to be beautiful in architectural appearance. Mr. Carnegie's benefactions must, in general, have the credit of being practically useful in the form in which he has made them.

In England the subordinate employes in the several libraries have formed an independent organisation, which they call the Library Assistants' Association, which is distinct in its membership and aims from the Library Association of the United Kingdom. This latter organisation, then, would appear to be reserved for the heads of libraries or the higher officials. Unless the library assistants were unkindly snubbed by their official superiors and debarred from membership in the older association, the formation of an independent society for the lower officials in libraries would seem to be an unwise step. In this country the younger employes in libraries find their membership in the American Library Association valuable for two things: first, for the instruction and hints they gather in the meetings of the Association; and second, because the Association gives them an opportunity to become acquainted with heads of libraries and to make themselves better known to these persons.

The Library Association of the United Kingdom, the regular organisation of librarians in Great Britain, has just held its eighteenth annual meeting. A comparison of the subjects of the papers and the discourses, which occupied the time of the meeting, with those of the earlier

meetings show that while fifteen years ago the librarians of Great Britain read papers on literary history, bibliography, and the contents of their libraries, they have now adopted the policy of the American Library Association, which talks of nothing but the administration and technical work of libraries, including cataloguing, or of the history and progress of library movements. On the Continent, however, the periodicals devoted to libraries are still chiefly filled

up with bibliographical and literary studies usually far removed from the real life of to-day.

Mr. W. F. Stevens, of the Railroad Men's Library, is the president, for the present year, of the New York Library Club, and its secretary is Miss Josephine A. Rathbone, of the Pratt Institute Library. Its first meeting of the season was held at the Mercantile Library.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 1, 1895.

The month's business opened rather quietly, but immediately after Election Day a decided improvement set in. The new books, especially in fiction, have been well received, but the most popular among them have unquestionably been the 16mo editions of Handy Classics, some of the publishers having run out of many titles on their lists.

New holiday books and editions continue to be issued, the latest of these being *Victorian Songs*, by Edmund D. Garrett, Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, *Constantinople*, by Edwin A. Grosvenor, and *Sacred and Legendary Art*, by Mrs. Jameson.

Works of travel have been numerous among the season's output, and include: *Montone, Cairo and Corfu*, by Constance Fenimore Woolson; *From the Black Sea through Persia and India*, by Edwin Lord Weeks; *Rambles in Japan*, by Canon Tristram, and *Cruising among the Caribbees*, by Charles A. Stoddard.

The new fad of collecting posters has brought out two handsomely illustrated books on this subject entitled *Picture Posters*, by Charles Hiatt, and *The Modern Poster*. The latter is accompanied by a numbered poster of artistic design.

Some very handsome specimens of the book-makers' art are among the holiday productions, *The Abbey Shakespeare*, *La Charentaise de Parme*, by Henri Beyle, and the *édition de luxe of The Manxman* being fine examples.

The increased number of illustrations now issued by some of the publishers in their new books is remarkable, and while these of necessity add somewhat to the price, they enhance their attractiveness so as more than to pay for their cost by the increased sale they create.

The great number of publications issued still continues to be a feature of the season; duplication of titles is frequent, and it is becoming a matter of speculation as to whether the public will be able to use sufficient quantities to pay for the making in many instances.

Perhaps the three most prominent and saleable books of the month have been *The Red Cockade*, by Stanley J. Weyman; *The Second Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling, and *The Days of Auld Lang*

Syne, by Ian Maclaren; but these have been closely followed by *Casa Braccio*, by F. Marion Crawford; *The Sorrows of Satan*, by Marie Corelli; and *Frivolous Cupid*, by Anthony Hope. In addition, several other new novels are having a good sale.

Outside of fiction we find among the recent books in demand *Gathering Clouds*, by F. W. Farrar; *Letters by Matthew Arnold and Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century*, by Elizabeth W. Latimer.

The recent death of Eugene Field has created a fresh demand for his works, *A Little Book of Western Verse* being most called for.

Trade, on the whole, for the month can only be said to be fair, for while many recent books are selling well, re-orders for books purchased plentifully early in the season are light, and reports of slow sales up to date are frequent.

A large proportion of the following list of best-selling books will be seen to consist of new books issued during the past month.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25

Casa Braccio. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. \$2.00.

Frivolous Cupid. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. \$1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Beside the *Bonnie Brier Bush*. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.

The Village Watch-Tower. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.00.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.50.

Aftermath. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.

The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. \$1.25.

Fort Mayne. By Captain Charles King. \$1.25.

The Princess Sonia. By Julia Magruder. \$1.50.

The Art of Living. By Robert Grant. \$2.50

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1895.

Trade fluctuated very much during November, and the month was in many respects disappointing. During the first half of the month business was sluggish. A temporary contraction, however, is always experienced during the early days of November, and trade usually expands again as the month advances. This year's experience proved no exception to the rule, for the last two weeks were fairly active, country orders especially being very good. It would seem from the way country buyers are ordering that they expect holiday business will be confined principally to recent literature, such as the best novels, notable books of travel, history, and biography. It is noticeable that each year sees the lines of demarcation between what are known as holiday books and books which are considered suitable for all seasons of the year drawing closer, and it would seem that one may safely predict that within a very short while the old-time holidays books will entirely disappear. Not much can be said at present about what are likely to be the favourite books this Christmas, for with the exception of juveniles and the new and popular books of the hour there is little evidence of preference.

The November output of new books was a very generous one, and many books appeared which may be expected to sell largely throughout the holiday season. Foremost among the great leaders in fiction were Ian Maclaren's *Days of Auld Lang Syne*, another volume of his incomparable Drumtochty sketches; *Casa Braccio*, by Marion Crawford; *Jude the Obscure*, by Thomas Hardy; *The Red Cockade*, by Stanley Weyman; Marie Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan*; *The Amazing Marriage*, by George Meredith; *Slain by the Doones*, by R. D. Blackmore, and *The Second Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling. New juveniles were well represented, the most notable being *A Child of Tuscany*, by Marguerite Bouvet. Most of the choice books, which are prepared especially for the holidays, are now stocked, and, perhaps, the most *recherchés* of them all are the Abbey edition of *Shakespeare's Comedies*, in four volumes; Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, containing the text of the play as acted by Mr. Jefferson, and *Victorian Songs*, collected and illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. Other important books of permanent as well as of holiday interest are the Buckthorne edition of Irving's *Tales of a Traveller* and *Constantinople*, by Edwin A. Grosvenor.

As might be expected, the untimely death of Eugene Field increased the sales of his books; in fact, the demand has been such that neither the booksellers nor his publishers have been able to keep pace with it. While his *Little Book of Western Verse* has sold better in actual quantity than any of his other books, there has been a remarkable call for his two books of child verse, *With Trumpet and Drum*, and *Love Songs of Childhood*.

One of the most interesting of the recent books, and one that is meeting with much success, is Ward Hill Lamon's *Recollections of Abraham Lincoln from 1844 to 1865*. There are many biographies of Lincoln to choose from, those most inquired for at present being Arnold's *Life of Lincoln*, perhaps the best one-volume life yet

published, and the two-volume works by Herndon and Weik and John T. Morse, Jr.

Most of the old favourites sold well last month, especially *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Other books that had a remarkable sale were *The Bachelor's Christmas*, by Robert Grant; *A Singular Life*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; *Rhymes of Our Planet*, by Will Carleton; *Barabbas*, by Marie Corelli; *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*, by Gilbert Parker, and *Pony Tracks*, by Frederic Remington. It is pleasant to record, too, that Robert Louis Stevenson's books are still selling largely. The demand for the *Chimie Fadden* books is now not more than ordinary, and the craze for books on the silver question has entirely subsided.

The following is a list of the books which sold best during November:

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.25.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Brush. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.

Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. \$1.75.
Casa Braccio. 2 vols. By F. Marion Crawford. \$2.00.

Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. \$1.50.
A Child of Tuscany. By Marguerite Bouvet. \$1.50.

Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth W. Latimer. \$2.50.

Slain by the Doones. By R. D. Blackmore. \$1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.50.

The Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. \$1.50.

A Gentleman Vagabond. By F. Hopkinson Smith. \$1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, October 21 to November 23, 1895.

The autumn trade has been satisfactory as a whole, and booksellers are buying more freely in anticipation of an improved Christmas business. On all hands the publishers are offering excellent value. Bookselling, from the nature of the calling, certainly deserves to be more profitable than it is. Various attempts are made from time to time to improve its status, but so far the spirit of underselling has been too strong for permanent good to be effected.

Foreign and colonial trade (the latter especially) has considerably improved since our last writing.

The three-volume novel question still crops up at intervals. Of course it must be better for booksellers if novels in one volume are bought instead of being borrowed from libraries. Hence the action of some of the last-named institutions in this matter is paradoxical, to say the least of it. Miss Braddon's opinion of the question, recently published in the *Westminster Gazette*, is well worth reading.

The literature of Natural History continues to receive many valuable additions, which find a ready sale for their class.

Many translations of Continental works are being issued, and it is noticeable that by far the greater number are translated by ladies.

The output of new books and new editions shows no sign of abatement, and their number is slightly in excess of last month. One naturally asks, How many will live, even for the present season?

Just now fairy tales constitute the principal item in the new books brought out for children. Ireland and Thibet, Japan and North America—in short, the entire globe—have been ransacked to meet the demand, as old possibly as the world, for "something new."

The trade are very busy with Christmas numbers and annuals, many tons of which are being distributed. The labour involved, in proportion to the return, is enormous. In some instances three quarters of a hundredweight has to be dealt with for a sovereign or so.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne, The Men of the Moss-Hags, and Tritley are the three leading books. The latter continues to be in demand as freely as ever. Its sale is unprecedented.

Large-paper editions of illustrated and other books have had their day, there being little inquiry for them.

The list of leading books requires little comment. Theology is by no means neglected, but the sale of most works of this class is comparatively limited. The remainder of the list speaks for itself, but the order of the titles has no significance:

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

The Sorrows of Satan. By M. Corelli. 6s.

The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By A. Hope. 6s.

Tritley. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.

Peter Ibbetson. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.

Jude the Obscure. By T. Hardy. 6s.

From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.

Corruption. By Percy White. 6s.

Scylla or Charybdis. By R. Broughton. 6s.

The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montrose. 3s. 6d.

All Men are Liars. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d.

Cheer! Boys, Cheer! By C. Russell. 3s. 6d.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.

The British Barbarians. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.

A Matter of Skill. By B. Whitby. 3s. 6d.

The Desire of the Eyes. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d.

The Vailima Letters. By R. L. Stevenson. 7s. 6d.

A Knight of the White Cross. By G. A. Henty. 6s.

Through Russian Snows. By G. A. Henty. 5s.

The Carbonels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.

College Sermons. By B. Jowett. 7s. 6d.

The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.

The Gurneys of Earham. By A. J. C. Hare. 2 vols. 25s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between Novembe. 1 and December 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. *Days of Auld Lang Syne.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. *Little Rivers.* By Henry Van Dyke. \$2.00. (Scribner's.)
3. *Vailima Letters.* By R. L. Stevenson. \$2.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress.* By Mrs. Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner's.)
5. *Slain by the Doones.* By R. D. Blackmore. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. *The Other Wise Man.* By Henry Van Dyke. \$1.50. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. *Menticulture.* By Fletcher. \$1.00. (McClurg.)
2. *Sorrows of Satan.* By Corelli. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
3. *Lilith.* By Macdonald. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. *Prisoner of Zenda.* By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. *A Gentleman Vagabond.* By Smith. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
6. *Casa Braccio.* By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. *Days of Auld Lang Syne.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. *Heart of Life.* By Mallock. \$1.50. (Putnam's.)
3. *Chronicles of Count Antonio.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. *Sorrows of Satan.* By Corelli. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
5. *Casa Braccio.* By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. *Men of the Moss-Hags.* By Crockett. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. *Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. *Days of Auld Lang Syne.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. *Red Cockade.* By Weyman. \$1.50. (Harper.)
4. *Casa Braccio.* By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. *Chronicles of Count Antonio.* By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
6. *Jude the Obscure.* By Hardy. \$1.75. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. *Days of Auld Lang Syne.* By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. *Golden Age.* By Graham. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. *When Valmond Came to Pontiac.* By Parker. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. *Daughter of the Tenements.* By Townsend. \$1.75. (Lovell, Coryell.)

- ♣ Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 6. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

- ♣ Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century.)
 3. Gentleman Vagabond. By Hopkinson Smith. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
 ♣ Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 5. Vailima Letters. By Stevenson. \$2.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
 6. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Mrs. Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Aftermath. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
 ♣ Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ♣ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ♣ Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 5. A Gentleman Vagabond. By Smith. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
 ♣ Casa Braccio. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

- ♣ Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 ♣ Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ♣ Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 ♣ The Red Cockade. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Harper.)
 5. A Gentleman Vagabond. By Smith. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
 6. Bernicia. By Mrs. Barr. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

DES MOINES, IA.

- ♣ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
 ♣ Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 4. The Wise Woman. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
 ♣ Casa Braccio. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
 6. The Golden Age. By Grahame. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

- ♣ Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 3. Captain Horn. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 ♣ Casa Braccio. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
 5. Beatrice. By Balzac. \$1.50. (Roberts.)

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No. 6.

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As predicted in the December number of THE BOOKMAN, Lord Salisbury has appointed Mr. Alfred Austin to be Tennyson's successor as Poet Laureate. It is hardly necessary to repeat what we have already said regarding this appointment. By it the historic office ceases to be what it has been for nearly a century—the literary headship of the Anglo-Saxon race, a splendid and imperial distinction. The Laureate is no more the great singer of whole nations; he is only a local British versifier with whose lines it is safe to say that not fifty thousand of his own countrymen are familiar. Doubtless Mr. Alfred Austin's muse will emit in a somewhat squeaky voice the necessary number of nerveless nothings whenever a royal personage is born, or betrothed, or buried; but this is all. Alfred the Great has given way to Alfred the Little. Let us draw a veil over the sight. It is too melancholy to contemplate or to write about.

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The new Poet Laureate may not be one of the most sublime of Bards, yet he evidently has a good share of common sense. We very heartily commend his first public act since his appointment, in refusing to lend his name to the hysterical yelp sent forth by a number of English authors in the shape of an appeal to their American fellows apropos of the Venezuelan affair. We understand that Mr. Hall Caine is responsible for the phrasing of this preposterous document, and we congratulate Mr. Austin on having had the sense to let it severely alone. All it meant was that the signers were afraid of losing the income which they derive from their American copyrights.

⊗
It will be observed that in the Venezuelan correspondence Lord Salisbury

uses the noun "United States" as a plural noun, while President Cleveland and Mr. Olney employ it with a verb in the singular. The English diplomat writes "the United States *are*;" the



ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE.

Americans say "the United States *is*." Some fifteen or twenty years ago, it used to be said that this was the linguistic and grammatical ear-mark of the Republican as contrasted with the Democratic party, the former in its platforms and other pronouncements regarding the United States as a grammatical as well as a political entity, and the latter viewing it as plural. But pretty nearly all Americans now use the word as a singular noun, and while this may be some-

what difficult to the student of formal grammar, in the sphere of transcendental grammar it is wholly defensible and sound, for it is based upon a great and unassailable verity.

Opinions naturally differ as to President Cleveland's action in writing his Venezuela message; but THE BOOKMAN can cordially commend him for one thing in connection with it, and that is that throughout the whole of it he carefully abstained from splitting a single infinitive. This shows that THE BOOKMAN'S remarks on his former bad example have struck home; and a reward has already come to him, for even the London *Spectator*, which, naturally, does not like the message, speaks of its language as characterised by "stateliness and force."

Mr. Anthony Hope writes to THE BOOKMAN as follows:

SIR: I observe in your January issue (which you have been so kind as to send me) a statement that a firm named Messrs. Platt, Bruce and Company have published "a new volume of stories, by Anthony Hope, entitled *Frivolous Cupid*," and that the book has already had a considerable sale.

I beg leave to state in your columns that I know nothing about these stories, that I have never written any story or any volume of stories under the title of *Frivolous Cupid*, and that I am in no way responsible for this publication. The stories are very probably written by me. I have not seen the volume. But since I myself exercise a strict censorship with regard to the republication of my earlier essays, I do not desire that in America, where I have received such kind and generous encouragement, I should be held responsible for what may be, in my own judgment, entirely unworthy of republication.

In asking you to oblige me by publishing this letter, I may add that I shall be grateful to any other journals which will give it an increased publicity. I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

Anthony Hope.

LONDON, ENGLAND, January 2, 1896.

So much has been written and printed about the Dunraven-Defender contro-

versy that THE BOOKMAN must have its say. For our part, we think that in the later phases of the affair the Earl received extremely shabby treatment. Of course he ought to have made his protest at the time of the race and demanded an investigation of his grounds for suspicion then; but his failure to do so was only an error of judgment. As to the recent inquiry, no reasonable person supposed that Lord Dunraven could justify his suspicions by proof of mathematical or legal exactness; it would be enough if he could show that there were suspicious circumstances connected with the race; and this we think he has actually done. When he first stated in England that he thought ballast had been put aboard the *Defender* after the official measurement, what a howl of derision went up from the American yachtsmen! Yet it has now come out that this thing was actually done, and done in the night, too, in a furtive way. Of course it is explained that the ballast was only a part of the original ballast which had been temporarily removed in order to be cut into more convenient size; yet the act was surely enough to excite mistrust, and was, therefore, from every point of view deplorable. In these contests it is not enough to be absolutely free from unfairness; there should be nothing to give colour to the slightest word of suspicion.

The proceedings of the New York Yacht Club in the recent investigation were also very far from commendable. The secrecy of the inquiry made a bad impression on disinterested persons. Then, although this was merely a private affair of gentlemen, the New York Club employed one of the ablest lawyers in the country, one famous as a cross-examiner, and set him upon Lord Dunraven as if hoping to confuse and entangle him in some minor inconsistencies. A sneak thief might do this in the hope of befogging a jury and discrediting an honest witness; but the gentlemen of the New York Yacht Club ought not to have done it, for it smacked of a guilty conscience.

Particularly shameful was the treatment of the Earl by the American press, especially the press of New York City. Apart from offensive caricatures and stupid jokes, they chronicled the prog-

ress of the investigation under such headings as, "Dunraven on the Rack," "Dunraven under Fire," and so forth. Lord Dunraven had come over here doubtless at a great deal of personal inconvenience. He made his statements, answered all the questions asked of him, and then, having important interests to look after at home, returned to England at the earliest possible date. Thereupon one of the greatest of the New York journals chronicled his departure under the heading, "Dunraven Steals Away." Now, as he engaged his passage and went aboard the steamer precisely as any other individual does, nothing less like "stealing away" could easier be imagined unless he had gone on board the *Umbria* preceded by a brass band and followed by a regimental drum-corps. Altogether, the whole episode is very discreditable to Americans; and we imagine that, in the future, American sportsmen and gentlemen will find it agreeable to say very little about it.



John Oliver Hobbes has come and gone, leaving a trail of epigrams behind her. Most of these are characteristically spiced with malice, and one may serve as a specimen of all the rest. It is related that at the theatre one night some one pointed out to Mrs. Craigie a lady in the opposite box as being a well-known American novelist who, like Mrs. Craigie herself, writes over a masculine *nom de guerre*. Some details were added as to her intense and vivid nature. "Why," said the informant, "the other day some one asked her whether she had decided how she would prefer to die; and she answered that she had long ago made up her mind on that point. Said that she had decided to be kissed to death!"

Mrs. Craigie put up her lorgnette and took a long look at the lady.

"Ah, I see," she said, after a short inspection; "she evidently intends to be immortal!"

Which was clever but hardly fair, as the lady in question is not at all bad-looking.



Mr. Guy Boothby's *A Bid for Fortune*, published recently by the Messrs. Appleton, has been dramatised, and will, it is expected, be produced at a well-known London theatre almost immediately.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, who died after an illness of many weeks at Brighton, on December 8th, aged sixty-six, had outlived his reputation, or, rather, he had lived in a generation which did



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

not know him. The truth is, that his style had greatly deteriorated. Those who know his early work are aware that he was a man of real force. In the *Welcome Guest* and in *Temple Bar*, as well as in other periodicals, some of which have been long dead, will be found the strongest specimens of his work. Among the best and most trustworthy accounts of his early history is that supplied by Edmund Yates in his admirable volume of reminiscences.



Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose new novel, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, has just been published, has been in the city during the last two months. Mr. Garland, who was born in 1860 in the State of Wisconsin, comes of sturdy Scotch Presbyterian stock, which perhaps accounts for his radical and argumentative turn of mind; undoubtedly he has inherited the dogged persistency and aggressiveness of his ancestry. His boyhood and youth were spent on his father's farms, and his knowledge of agricultural life in the West has been a



Very sincerely
Hamlin Garland

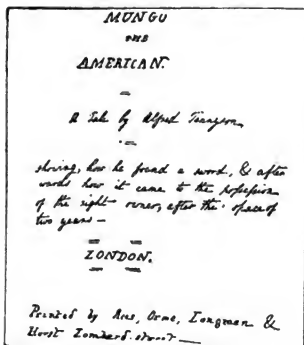
strong element in his books. He received his education from the country schools and a Western seminary, and spurred by the literary passion, he set out for Boston when he was free to do so, and entered on his career with admirable courage and ambition. In 1891 he published his first and best book, *Main-Travelled Roads*. *A Spoil of Office*, *A Member of the Third House*, and *Prairie Folks* followed during the next year; *A Little Norsk* and *Prairie Songs* appeared in 1893. *Crumbling Idols*—that literary monument of magnificent con-

tempt and naïveté—was published in 1894.

Some one should write a monograph on the inconsistency of authors in the names of their characters, due to forgetfulness. Thackeray, for instance, was a great blunderer in this respect, and in *Vanity Fair* his blundering is more conspicuous than in any of his other novels. Several of the important characters come out at the end of the book with Christian names quite different from those with which they started in the earlier chapters. What brings this to mind at the present time is a perusal of Mr. Hamlin Garland's new novel, *Rose of Dutcher's Cooly*, which is reviewed on another page. In the ninth chapter of this book, Dr. Thatcher is several times addressed by his sprightly niece as "Uncle Joe" (p. 97); but a little later he is unconsciously (on the author's part) transformed into "Uncle Ed" (p. 104), and his wife addresses him as "Edward" (p. 103).

Mr. Quiller-Couch, whose *Ia* and *Wandering Heath* are reviewed on another page, hopes to finish his long-promised serious story by the end of May. We welcome "Q" back to the field of fiction again, where undoubtedly his best work lies.

The Messrs. Stokes will shortly issue Mrs. Andrew Dean's (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick) new story, *A Woman with a Future*, at present being published serially in the *Illustrated London News*. We were most favourably impressed with Mrs. Dean's clever story, *The Grasshoppers*,



published last spring, and which was reviewed in our July number.

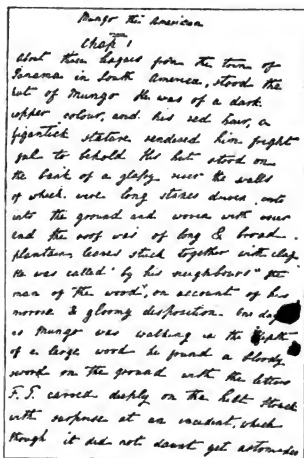
Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the eminent English collector, has secured a little manuscript story entitled *Mungo the American*, written by Alfred Lord Tennyson when he was fourteen years of age. It is to be incorporated in the biography of the late Poet Laureate. Through the enterprise of Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the able editor of the *Illustrated London News*, we are able to give fac-similes of the title-page and first page of this interesting juvenile work.

The remaining manuscripts of Charlotte Brontë in the possession of her husband and others have now been purchased for publication. They are far more numerous and important than it had been imagined, and will make a substantial and valuable addition to the body of her work, alike in prose and poetry, a very large number of hitherto unknown letters having also been recovered. A biographical volume will be published entirely made up of fresh matter, and repeating nothing that has already appeared in Mrs. Gaskell's biography.

In the memoir of Lady Eastlake, recently published in London by Mr. Murray, it is admitted that she wrote the famous or infamous review of *Jane Eyre* in the *Quarterly Review*. Credit is given

to THE BOOKMAN for first unearthing this fact. A letter from Lockhart to Lady Eastlake is published which shows that, as might have been expected, he was in full sympathy with his contributor. No confirmation, however, is given to the theory that Lockhart was himself part author of the review, and that the more unpardonable phrases came from him. We have always distrusted this theory, even as advocated by such authorities as Mr. Lang and Dr. Wright. There is not a shadow of reason to suppose that Lady Eastlake either had or needed any assistance, and much in her biography shows that such writing came to her naturally.

Not many months ago THE BOOKMAN stated that Paul Verlaine's literary career was practically at an end. The news of his recent death is a melancholy confirmation of our opinion. Born in 1841, and long famous in France, it is only lately that England and America became familiar with his name, thanks to the very able advocacy by Mr. George Moore of his claims to recognition. He was a strange and striking figure, more mediæval than modern, and was often appropriately compared with François





PAUL VERLAINE AT HOME. (BY VANIER.)

Villon. In his mode of life the comparison was true; but Verlaine was far the greater poet. Living like a beast in the foulest haunts, this man, with the head of a philosopher and the face of a satyr, hideous with disease, defiant of all the laws of life, revelling in obscenities and the grossest imaginings, did nevertheless produce some of the purest and most spiritual poems that the world has ever seen, written in lines of such strange haunting harmonies as the French language never before knew. He was a wonderful being, half criminal and half angel, and the world will soon forget the part of his life and work that were of the earth, and remember only what was worthy of its admiration.

Verlaine was a friend of that other poet, Arthur Rimbaud, who wrote when only fifteen years of age a number of exquisitely beautiful verses. Soon after he fell under the influence of Verlaine, and was led by him into a life of debauchery. One night in Brussels, while both of them were enraged by drink, they quarreled, and Verlaine stabbed his companion. For this he was imprisoned for two years at Mons. Rimbaud recovered and repented of the life he had been leading, and by way of expiation immured himself in a monastery on the shores of the Red Sea. He has never written a line of verse since then.

Verlaine knew English well, and once wished to get permission to translate the poems of Tennyson into French. Mr. Moore saw the Macmillans about it, but at that time Verlaine was unknown in England, and so no answer was ever given to the request. That the permis-

sion was not granted was an irreparable loss to English as well as to French literature.

When Miss Harraden passed through Chicago eastward bound about three months ago, she was the guest of a luncheon which Mr. Eugene Field gave in her honour. On her return she was much touched on learning that it was his last function in behalf of any one, and she has written the following letter to the editors of THE BOOKMAN, which we take great pleasure in printing:

DEAR SIRS: In connection with the recent death of Mr. Eugene Field, it may, I think, interest your readers to know that I was the last English guest to whom he showed his genial hospitality. Scarcely three weeks after the luncheon which he gave to welcome me to Chicago, I saw from a London newspaper that he had passed away from us; and on my return to the West I heard the sad account from his friends, and learned something more about his life and his difficulties and his many bright gifts, and read some of his unpublished verse, smiling in spite of myself over his fun and ready wit.

He was a stranger to me personally, and I only saw him on that one occasion when he welcomed me so kindly; but I cannot resist writing these few lines in the hope that some of his many warm friends may chance to read them, and may learn how glad I was to have seen him, and how sorry I am that they have lost him.

Yours very truly,

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

In the December number of THE BOOKMAN we inadvertently omitted to credit the photograph of Joseph Jefferson as "Rip Van Winkle" to Falk, by whose permission it was printed.

We are made conscious daily that young men are seeking more and more an entrance into journalism. It may be a truism, and yet it seems necessary, when confronted by so much ignorance and misconception on the part of those who are convinced that, failing all else, any one can "write for the papers," making a lucrative living on easy terms amid agreeable circumstances, to say that the sole guiding principle which controls admission to the Press or advance in its ranks is merit. In journalism, more than in any other profession, a man gets on by his own effort, and only by that. There is no royal road to advancement in the Press; the highest talent, and, failing that, the most sedulously nurtured skill and cul-

ture, are the only passports to promotion, and for these, proprietors and editors of newspapers will pay almost anything; and they ask no other qualification, neither blood relationship, social distinction, not even academic training.

To such as would become journalists, we would advise the study of a book published a few years ago in England—a book that, by its faithful portrayal of the life of a journalist who aspired to the height of his profession and attained it, is worth far more than any amount of theoretical discussion of the question. It is a book that we have read and re-read with increased interest and instruction—namely, the *Life of James Macdonell, Journalist*. Among his *confrères* Macdonell was known as one of the ablest and most brilliant of modern journalists, and his untimely death was a cause of keen regret to those who mourned him. In the simple annals of his life, the aspirant, who imagines the successful journalist's life is all beer and skittles, will discover what patient study, what self-denial, what strenuous effort, and, more essential than all, what rare natural gifts are needed to achieve the position into which Macdonell toiled.

It is, we believe, not generally known that Charles Dickens's father became in his last desolate days a writer for the Press. When Dickens was made editor of the *Daily News*, he thoughtfully provided for his father by installing him as leader of the Parliamentary corps of that journal. He, of course, knew nothing of journalism, was not even capable of writing shorthand. Providentially he was not required to take notes, but generally to overlook things—a post which exactly suited Mr Micawber; for it is well known that Dickens's father stood as the lay figure of David Copperfield's incomparable friend. Only a few years ago there died an original member of the *Daily News* Parliamentary corps

who had a distinct remembrance of his first respected leader, his grandly vague conception of his duties, and his almost dual manner of not performing them.

We confess to a great interest in the fortunes of Dickens's father—Mr. Micawber. In the height of his prosperity it seems that his salary in the Navy-Pay office was as much as £350 a year. When Charles Dickens was born it was £200. It was in Gower Street, London, that Mrs. Micawber covered her street door with a brass plate, on which was engraved, "Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies." Mr. Micawber is described as "a well-built man, rather stout, of very active habits, a little pompous, and very proud (as well he might be) of his talented son. He dressed well, and wore a goodly bunch of seals suspended across his waistcoat from his watch chain."

There is an incident connected with the accompanying illustration of Mr. Micawber's cottage in Devonshire which is characteristic of him. Readers of Forster's *Life of Dickens* will recall how Dickens tried to settle his troublesome pater in Devonshire, and how enthusiastically he gloried in his acquisition. But Mr. Micawber did not see it, and returned to London. The place is described by Mrs. Nickleby, who hailed from Devonshire, in *Nicholas Nickleby* (Part II., Chapter XXIII.). "I don't think," wrote Dickens, "I ever saw so cheerful or pleasant a spot." That unreasonable Micawber!





*Yours very truly,
Robert Browning.*

The original of "Paul Dombey," by the way, was the little deformed child of Fanny Dickens and her husband. The child died not long after his mother's death.

Mr. George Gissing thinks that the very important novel upon which he is now engaged will occupy him during the whole of this year. So entirely absorbed is he in this work that he is very reluctant to take any contracts for short stories just now, and is declining proposals of the kind very freely.

An esteemed reader in the South writes us regarding our review of *Jude the Obscure* in the last BOOKMAN—"your astonishing review," she calls it—and asks the question, "Can a man be high-

mindedly human in *Tess* and vilely-minded in *Jude*?" We should say not. Our theory of Mr. Hardy's work is that it has for some time been exhibiting signs of increasing decadence; that while *Tess* was powerful as a story, it showed all the symptoms of moral perversion; while *Jude* makes it evident that the process of degeneracy has reached the point of rottenness. In other words, our correspondent, in assuming that the spirit shown in *Tess* is "high-mindedly human," is taking too much for granted, and simply begging the whole question at issue. But it is refreshing to get letters such as hers, and we wish her a Happy New Year all the same.

Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the hunter, naturalist, and traveller, whose book of travel, *Two Years in the Jungle*, achieved instant success and popularity upon its publication some ten years ago, is to publish a novel of character and adventure through the Messrs. Peter Paul Book Company about the middle of February. The story has been appearing in the pages of *The Illustrated Buffalo Express*,

and it seems that in its serial form it has created quite a sensation. This is the more remarkable when we remember that stories by the foremost writers of the day have been printed in the same paper. *The Man Who Became a Savage*, the author says, "practically wrote itself."

We desire to call attention to a new work by the author of *The Way They Loved at Grimpat*, just published by Messrs. James Pott and Company. Mrs. Rentoul Esler has been often called the Mary Wilkins of England; and though there are great differences between the two writers, there is enough similarity to justify the name. The curious blending of refinement and strength is the most remarkable characteristic of her books, and *'Mid Green Pastures* is quite

equal to any of its predecessors. The book is beautifully printed and daintily bound.

Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., is writing his recollections, and he will have the volume ready in the spring. Mr. Storey has worked in nearly every quarter of Europe, and his amazing fund of anecdote should help him to produce a really interesting book.

The early portraits of Tennyson and Browning, which we present to our readers, were especially engraved for **THE BOOKMAN** by Samuel Lawrence and J. C. Armytage respectively. An excellent handbook on the late Poet Laureate, entitled *A Tennyson Primer*, has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and on another page there will be found a notice of the complete one-volume (Cambridge) edition of Robert Browning's works recently issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and now in its third edition.

A birthday-book compiled from the writings of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been in preparation for some time, and will probably be issued towards the end of the year. We believe that Mr. Kipling's *Second Jungle Book* has sold more rapidly than any book previously published by him.

Few persons are probably aware that in one of his finest ballads, "The Conundrum of the Workshops," Mr. Kipling puts the building of the Tower of Babel before the Deluge. We submit this to Mr. Kipling's attention, and suggest that if he will instruct the printer to transpose the third and fourth verses in the next edition this unpardonable biblical anachronism will disappear.

We trust our best hopes for Anthony Hope's future are to be realised in the reassuring news that reaches us that he is now anxious to abandon the writing of short stories, and to confine himself



con yours

A
Tennyson

entirely to the production of larger books.

When George Macdonald finished his latest book, *Lilith*, he fully expected that it would be his last work. He has now returned to his home in Bordighera, and is conscious of an access of vigour. In consequence he has begun to write a new story.

The Strand Magazine, at the popular price of ten cents, has made a considerable advance in its American circulation during the last few months. This magazine, which has hitherto eschewed serials, attempts a new departure in publishing as its first serial Dr. Conan Doyle's new novel, entitled *Rodney Stone*, which will continue through most of the year. Dr. Doyle's new story is a picture of English life, mainly of the period of George III., and is said to be full of graphic passages, among the best bits being a description of a prize fight. It will be interesting to compare the latter with the famous pugilistic scenes in *The Amazing Marriage*.

We give herewith a portrait of M. Gaston Boissier, who succeeds the late M. Houssaye as *Secrétaire Perpétuel* of the French Academy. M. Boissier is a



M. GASTON BOISSIER.

most unusual type of scholar, extremely learned, yet possessed of great literary gifts. His work on Cicero and his friends sold like a popular novel; and his latest book, *L'Afrique Romaine*, is a rare combination of archæological and historical knowledge with a style of singular charm.

Ian Maclaren's next new work will be a book on practical religion entitled *The Mind of the Master*. This is expected to appear about the middle of February.

One of the finest appreciations of the work of James Lane Allen which we have yet seen appeared in *Harper's Weekly* of December 21st. It seems that a strong colouring of local truth characterises nearly all his work. Among other interesting facts we learn that "a dim, unnoticed tablet on the walls of an old Kentucky church told nothing to the present generation but the death of the

Rev. James Moore until 'Flute and Violin' touched the vanishing halo of a hard and saintly life;" also that "the whole tissue of *Aftermath*, his latest story, is shot through with historic threads, with which are interwoven the love and knowledge of nature that make the great charm of *A Kentucky Cardinal*. The irresistible reference to the reign of the Kentucky poetess under the regency of Mr. Prentice may be verified by the dusty files of the sacred *Journal*. The several light but telling touches upon the sensitive subject of 'justifiable' homicide may also be verified, should any one doubt, by the dockets of Kentucky's courts. And close by will be found the record of Miss Delia Webster's sudden departure from Kentucky to her home in Vermont, and the longer stay at the State capital of her principal, the Rev. Mr. Fairbanks. It is pleasanter to know that the two greatest Kentuckians, Lincoln and Clay, once really walked together under the trees at Ashland just as the story is told in *Aftermath*; and pleasantest of all is the true account of the challenge accepted by Mr. Lincoln to the duel that was not fought because he chose a monstrous broadsword that his own arm alone could wield, so compelling the challenger to keep an inglorious peace.

"But while thus rooted in Kentucky life and history," continues this writer, "these stories are sent upward through some subtle power inherent in the author that lifts them above the commonplace, though never above the truth. It is this trait—which, for lack of a better name, may be called the quality of transfiguration—that gives Mr. Allen's essentially realistic work its inseparably poetic aspect. And it is the two together, this transfiguring touch and this strict adherence to underlying reality, that make his stories unlike those of any other writer."

No one may ask now "Who is Stephen Crane, and what has he done?" Has he not written *The Black Riders* and *The Red Badge of Courage*, and been dined by the Philistines? Mr. Stephen Crane is the first guest to be introduced to the Society of the Philistines, and the dinner given by them in his honour at Buffalo, on December 19th, was no myth, but a

very hilarious affair, at which he made a speech, a regular Black Rider poem that scintillated with flashes of wit, to the merriment of all. "Since he had recovered from College," he had thrown off the sophomoric yoke, and was doing what he could to give to the world the best that he had. "I write what is in me," said he, "and it will be enough to follow with obedience the promptings of that inspiration, if it be worthy of so dignified a name." In introducing the guest of honour, Mr. Elbert Hubbard spoke of the "strong voice now heard in America, the voice of Stephen Crane." The Philistines had had a hard time from the beginning, when driven out of their country by a tribe of invaders who had been slaves in Egypt, and had "the pull with the publishers!" Mr. Harry P. Taber, the editor of the "periodical of protest," presided gracefully as toast-master.

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Many regretted that they could not assist at the "Hanging of the Crane." Maurice Thompson would have been given "great pleasure to sit over against Stephen Crane at an eating bout." Miss Louise Imogen Guiney was

"Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Herself in bonds (not) under Philistine yoke."

Others doted on Stephen Crane, though they didn't "understand his poetry any more than they understood the inscription on the monolith in Central Park." In a happy spirit of parody, Mr. Hayden Carruth wrote to the Society :

"I saw a man reading an invitation.
Anon he chortled like a bull-frog—
Like a billy-be-dasted bull-frog.
It was a dinner invitation,
Which accounted for the chortle.
'They will have Grub,' quoth the
Man.
'Better yet, Grape Juice : I will go !'
The red chortle died on his white lips.
His ashy hand shot into his black
Pocket.
A gray wail burst from his parched,
Brown throat
Like the scarlet yowl of a yellow
Tom Cat—
The Man didn't have the price !
Which accounted for the wail.
I left him cursing the Railroad
Company, with great, jagged,
Crimson curses."

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It is gratifying to record the immense success which Mr. Crane's new novel,

The Red Badge of Courage, is having in England. Since our last issue, in which we stated that Mr. Heinemann had launched Mr. Crane's book with enthu-



FAC-SIMILE OF COVER DESIGN ON THE CRANE DINNER MENU.

siasm on the English market, we have had successive reports of its warm reception, and the critics seem vying with one another in singing its praises until we understand that Mr. Crane bids fair to be the author of the hour in London. *The New Review*, of which Mr. W. E. Henley is the editor, has a criticism of Mr. Crane's work written by Mr. George Wyndham in its January number, and the same magazine promises to publish a new story of a warlike character by Mr. Crane in February.

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Why is it, we might ask again, that in America critics are less sure and readers slower to discover a good book in spite of the genius in it? Except for a review of his *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, in *The Arena*, printed a few years ago, in



STEPHEN CRANE.

which Mr. Hamlin Garland solitarily hailed the author as one to be reckoned with, *THE BOOKMAN* was the first, if we are not mistaken, to call attention to Mr. Stephen Crane and his work. This was done in an article which was widely copied throughout the States, printed in the May number of *THE BOOKMAN*, on the appearance of *The Black Riders, and Other Lines*. Yet he has not received the recognition in his own country which his recent novel at least should evoke—whatever dissentient voices may say about his "Lines"—and which they across the sea have been so quick to award him. The book has its defects—what book by a youth of twenty-four could be without them?—but let us be generous to the genius that has been applied to an experience common to every novice in war so as to make it glow and tingle with a tremendous force of reality. The narrative is stamped with truth. The youth's mind as well as the field of active service in which he is a recruit is a battleground. The dark, fearful, and inglorious moments leading up to his acquittal in the end mark the genuine development of the untried

civilian into the capable and daring soldier. Exactly what military courage means for the average man you will learn here. Here also are pictures of war that are masterly. The book is marked throughout by the quiet power that war had proved the hero of it to possess.

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In the *Life and Letters of George Eliot*, under date December 30th, 1855, appears this entry in her Journal: "Read *The Shaving of Shagpat* (George Meredith's)," and on the day following another entry: "Wrote a review of *Shagpat*." In a letter dated January 18th, 1856, she writes to a friend: "If you want some idle reading, get *The Shaving of Shagpat*, which I think you will say deserves all the praise I gave it." Not until the following autumn did George Eliot write her first story in *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Previous to this the author of *The Amazing Marriage* had

sought literary expression in poetic form, and had been a close associate in his youth of the Rossettis and their friends. In all likelihood George Eliot became acquainted with Meredith's work through Lewes, to whose paper, *The Leader*, George Meredith had contributed a metrical tribute to Alexander Smith, saluting the latter's sonnet on "Fame" as the "mighty warning of a poet's birth." Mr Meredith is a man of sixty seven years of age, and has lived for the most part in solitary retirement with his daughter near Box Hill, contiguous to London. He was partly educated in Germany, which fact perhaps gave colour to his after work; he was trained for the law, but preferred to become a poet, in which capacity he made his entrance into literature.

*

Mr. Meredith's work in poetry is published in this country by Messrs. Roberts Brothers in the following volumes: *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life, A Reading of Earth, Modern Love, and The Empty Purse, and Other Poems*, which latter contains that fantastic poem, "Jump-to-

Glory-Jane." All Mr. Meredith's novels are published in a uniform edition by the same firm, with the exception of *Lord Ormont and his Aminta* and his latest novel, *The Amazing Marriage*, which are published by the Messrs. Scribner; also his early stories recently reissued by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden, under the title of *A Tale of Chloë*. Through the courtesy of this firm we are able to give the accompanying portrait of Mr. Meredith which is taken from a recent photograph.



✱

Mr. Andrew Lang once put Mr. Meredith's limited literary appreciation in a few neat sentences. "Mr. Meredith," he said, "may err in a wilful obscurity, in a too eager search for points and epigrams, in the leaps and bounds of too agile a wit, and these things have harmed, and will harm, his popularity. But, like the crudeness of Mr. Browning, they only endear him more to an inner circle of admirers. The fairies of literature gave him all good gifts, but added a Celtic wilfulness. We do not read him to pass away the hour, as many read Mr. Besant, always a skilled, occasionally a humorous story-teller, or as more read Miss Braddon, or wander by the streamside and kill grilse with Mr. William Black."

✱

In *Life* of December 5th appeared an amusing article entitled "The Tribulations of an Author," setting forth, side by side, such adverse and favourable notices of a certain novel as fairly bewilder the reader, and make one despair of anything like true criticism based on essential truth in many of our newspapers and journals. The initials "P. L. F." thinly disguise Mr. Paul Leicester Ford as the author of the article. About two years ago Mr. Ford

wrote a novel, *The Honourable Peter Stirling*. "Then I subscribed shekels," he says, "to a press agency for all reviews of the book which should appear. 'I don't expect many favourable notices,' I lied to myself, 'but at least I shall learn my faults and failings.'" The extracts, taken from actual notices, whether for praise or for blame—and they are equally doled out—are of the most wearisome, stereotyped kind, and appear as if they had been appropriated from the advertisements of other books and tagged onto this one. Well may Mr. Ford be in despair to know

"which half of the critics read my book, and which half didn't."

One result of this article was the gain of a new if rather belated reader of Mr. Ford's clever novel. The book has been talked about a good deal of late, and we have noticed that it has figured on several occasions among the best six selling books during the year, so that curiosity was already aroused, and needed but this spur to make us take up the book and taste for ourselves. We do not intend to add to Mr. Ford's bewilderment, but we can assure him that we read the pages of his book thoroughly and appreciatively. It is a good American novel, as good in its way and as powerful in its study of human nature under certain conditions as, let us say, Anthony Hope's *Half a Hero*. We could certainly never read so capital a story as *The Honourable Peter Stirling* without looking forward with expectancy and interest to the author's next novel.

Our Boston correspondent recently called on the author of *An Experiment in Altruism*, which is now in its third edition, and learned some interesting facts about the writer and her work. Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood does not pose as an author, but speaks of herself as having followed the conventional path of the student and teacher. Graduating from Vassar in 1886, she spent the next two years abroad in travel and study at Oxford and Zürich. On her return she became an English instructor in Wellesley College, which position she still holds. Miss Sherwood belongs to a brilliant family. She has a sister in Baltimore who is a successful doctor, and a brother who is Professor of Political Economy at the Johns Hopkins University, in the same city.

Miss Sherwood says of *An Experiment in Altruism* that she intended it in no way as a satire. In fact, the sociological part of the sketch was simply meant to serve as a background to throw into relief the character for whose sake solely the little book was written. She named the story *The Lad*; and the change of title urged by the publishers has, she imagines, led some of her readers to mistake her purpose. Miss Sherwood declines to speak of further authorship, but none the less do we feel that she has the gift of liter-

ary expression and that she has something in store yet which may be accounted literature. Her first book, meanwhile, is a striking example of the great deal of life that goes to make a little art.

We learn from a correspondent in the South that our surmise concerning the identity of "Swin," the artist of *The Little Boy Who Lived on the Hill*—one of the most original four-to-six-year-old juveniles published this season—with Gelett Burgess, of *The Lark*, is incorrect. These clever illustrations, we are informed, are the work of Mr. Swinerton, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, who is primarily a caricaturist of considerable talent. Several of the clever designs which have adorned the covers of *The Lark* were drawn by Mr. Ernest Peixotto. The much-coveted poster of a piping faun which was issued with *The Lark* last May was drawn by Mr. Bruce Porter, an artist in San Francisco.

The new international magazine *Cosmopolis*, published by Fisher Unwin, in London, will contain Robert Louis Stevenson's last story, *Weir of Hermiston*, during the first four months of its issue. This story has been pronounced by many besides Mrs. Stevenson the best that he ever wrote. Stevenson's other post-humous novel, *Saint Ives*, which will begin to appear in *McClure's*, probably before the end of the year, is considered the better serial. The first instalment of Anthony Hope's new story, entitled *Phroso* (not *Phroso*), which, as we have already stated in *THE BOOKMAN*, is the best serial that has been written for some years, will appear in *McClure's* in April.

Of the many portraits of Stevenson, the one most liked by his mother was painted by John S. Sargent, at Bourne-mouth, England, in 1885. It was ordered by Stevenson's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fairchilds, of Boston, and is now in their private gallery. It has never been reproduced. It shows Stevenson sitting, with legs crossed, in a large wicker arm-chair. In the hand of his uplifted right arm a cigarette is held as only he could hold one. The left hand rests on the crossed leg, and on the index finger appears the large silver ring he used to wear. While the first impression is one of vagueness, the portrait grows upon you as you study it,

and the fine eyes, the beautiful brow, and the long, sensitive face stand out with a convincing impression of the spiritual force and tenderness that burned and animated the frail frame.

It may not be generally known that certain of Stevenson's friends stood as originals for some of his characters in *The Wrecker*. For example, "Jim Pinkerton" is believed to be no other than Mr. S. S. McClure, who syndicated the South Sea letters, and also placed several of his shorter novels. "Loudon Dodd," in the same novel, is a free portrait of Mr. Will H. Low, the painter, one of Stevenson's dearest friends, with whom he had lived much of the life treated in the chapters describing the old student days in Paris. In one of the Stevenson family scrap-books there is a photograph of Tin Jack, a rather pleasant-looking young man, seated under a flowing palm-tree, who was a welcome visitor at Vailima, and who we understand was the original of "Tom Haddon." There is also in the same scrap-book a photograph of Tom Day, a fine, stalwart seaman—the very ideal of Nares—of whom Stevenson wrote: "The part that is generally good is Nares, the American sailor. That is a genuine figure. Had there been more Nares, it would have been a better book."

It is a byword that the height of a pressman's ambition is to write a play; indeed, Mr. Townsend remarked to us a few months ago, when Mr. Hopper suggested his dramatising *Chimmie Fadden*, that he was almost alone among his *confères* in believing that he could not write one. Nevertheless, as we stated then in the August-September BOOKMAN, we were sanguine of an exceptional success in his case, and with the assistance, we understand, of Mr. Augustus Thomas, Mr. Townsend has constructed a stage piece from his famous sketches of *Chimmie* which has evidently all the popular elements of "go" in it. The play is a good one in itself, but its realisation of scenes and characters owes much to the book. Mr. Charles H. Hopper, in his rôle of light comedian, is admirably suited to the part of "Chimmie," and he is well supported by the other characters, who for the most part are taken from the sketches, and show a close study of their prototypes. An excel-



MR. CHARLES H. HOPPER AS "CHIMMIE FADDEN."

From a photograph by Moreno.

lent comic feature is introduced in the person of Mrs. Murphy (Miss Marie Bates), a highly amusing old Irish woman. The favourite, however, would seem to be Mr. Paul, who, it will be remembered, has a fondness for "small bots." The invasion of the Bowery element on the boards beyond the barbed-wire fence is something of a novelty; to be sure, there is more light comedy in the play and less of the melodramatic than usually go with the presentation of Bowery life on the stage; still it is to be viewed as yet in the light of an experiment.

MARCEL PRÉVOST.

Among the younger generation of contemporary French writers of fiction, Marcel Prévost is one of the most successful and interesting, although he is, perhaps, the least known by the reading public, particularly outside of his own country. This seeming paradox is explained by the fact that M. Prévost is entirely a "new" man, and that, with



MARCEL PRÉVOST.

one exception, his books have not been translated.

I have not been able to gather any biographical data concerning this author. The latest (1892) edition of Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains* does not mention him, although this work is supposed to, and, as a rule, does contain a biographical notice of every public man in France. It would seem, therefore, that previous to 1892 M. Prévost had not attracted any attention as a writer. I have heard vaguely that he was educated to be an engineer, but preferred the pursuit of letters, and

made his literary *début* in the columns of a Paris newspaper.

His earlier books, *Le Scorpion* and *Chonchette*, had no marked success, although both volumes ran through several editions. It was his third novel, *Mlle. Jaufre* (1890), that first entitled him to be ranked among the makers of good literature, and first acquainted the public and the critics with his name.

Mlle. Jaufre is the only daughter of a physician—a widower—who has endeavoured to bring up his child on the same scientific principles with which he treats his patients. Theoretically, his plan is sublime; practically, it is a failure. The girl follows only her own instincts, succumbs to the first blackguard who crosses her path, and is deserted by him when she is about to become a mother. She conceals her disgrace, and when asked in marriage by an honourable man accepts his hand, but her conscience prompts her afterwards to reveal her secret. The man casts her off, but ultimately returns to her, after she has passed through a long martyrdom. This work is mentioned by Jules Lemaitre in the fifth series of his *Impressions Littéraires*. After stating and deploring the fact that there is to be found in contemporary literature so little that is new, the critic says: "This book, however, impressed me as striking an entirely new note. I may even say that I do not know of any period in our literature when so young an author has displayed in his writing so much seriousness of thought, intelligence, and wisdom, such keen powers of observation, such an intimate knowledge of life and men. His style," adds the critic, "is facile and graceful. His vocabulary is rich, even luxurious." In many respects M. Lemaitre thinks Prévost's style resembles that of George Sand.

This opinion, emanating from a critic of M. Lemaitre's standing, is very high praise. It gives to M. Prévost the dignified position of a writer of recognised talent, and completely refutes the impression that he belongs to the erotic and sensational school—an impression which many persons who have read only his *Demi-Vierges* have heretofore had.

The best book that Marcel Prévost has yet written is unquestionably *La Confession d'un Amant* (Lemerre, 1891). It has not had with the public the remarkable success that attended the publication of *Lettres des Femmes*, but large sales are not always a guarantee of a book's intrinsic worth. Ferdinand Brunetière, who in the French literary world holds a position analogous to that occupied in England by Andrew Lang, discusses *La Confession d'un Amant* at considerable length in his *Essais sur la Littérature Contemporaine*. He writes: "No one will regret reading this book, and M. Marcel Prévost must take care that his next novel does not fall below *La Confession d'un Amant* in literary quality."

In this story, which promises to become a classic, and on which rest his chances to enter the Academy, Marcel Prévost shows himself to be an exponent of the highest form of romanticism. In fact, Prévost asserted his championship of romanticism in an article he recently wrote for the Paris *Figaro* under the caption, "Le Roman Romanesque Moderne." In this article he maintains that the romanticist will be the favourite novelist of the future. "The reader of the future," he says, "will demand of the novelist a more intimate acquaintance with his (the reader's) ideals and aspirations, and will insist upon a literature less disdainful of reflecting them. Romance and the ideal are the very life-blood of the human soul and conscience; they are part of humanity, its passions, its emotions, and its boundless hopes."

Prévost also excels as a psychological writer. He takes delight in elaborate analyses of the human soul and passions, his work in this direction bearing comparison with the best passages from Paul Bourget. *La Confession d'un Amant*, indeed, combines the delicate picturesqueness of George Sand's *Indiana* with the keen, scalpel-like mental analysis of Bourget's *Mensonges*. There is not a commonplace note throughout the story, a better title for which might have been *The Confession of a Sentimentalist*. Its hero is a rich and handsome young Frenchman of the provinces, who is early attracted towards the opposite sex, but who has formed a high ideal of womankind. He meets many women he admires, some whom he could perhaps love, but love, in his case, proves elusive. Each time he is about to take

the woman to his heart he mistrusts his own feelings, he knows that mere animalism and not his soul has attracted him towards her, and he flees her presence. He loves in this way the wife of his cousin, an older man than he, and who has befriended him. He struggles against the passion, but finally succumbs, and the author's analysis of his remorse constitutes one of the chief beauties of the book. In order to break off this *liaison*, which he deploras rather for its immorality and its treachery than for its danger, M. Prévost's hero engages himself to a young girl, a neighbour of his in the country. But he finds it impossible to banish from his heart the love that is forbidden, and when, later, the married woman dies, he writes to his young *fiancée*, telling her the truth and bidding her an eternal farewell.

The foregoing slight sketch cannot, of course, do justice to the beauty of literary composition, the loftiness of sentiment, the sincerity of pathos, or the intensity of the human interest contained in the pages of *La Confession d'un Amant*. That no one has ever translated it into English is surprising. An earlier novel somewhat similar in tone and atmosphere bears the picturesque title of *L'Automne d'une Femme*. Prévost has also published a volume of clever sketches under the collective title *Notre Campagne* (1895), and a novel called *Cousine Laure*, which has run through eleven editions.

I now come to the work of Marcel Prévost's which has aroused more comment and attracted more readers than any of his earlier books. I allude to his now celebrated *Lettres des Femmes*. It is not easy to give to these letters of women the unstinted praise they deserve, judged from the purely literary standpoint, for they have one defect which has so far deterred any English translator from attempting to put them into our language. The letters discuss very frankly, sometimes almost indecently, the relations of the sexes, and are nearly all supposed to be written by one woman to another, the correspondent thinking no one but the recipient will see the epistle. Even in France, where the paterfamilias might not object seriously to Daudet's *Sapho* being put into the hands of his daughters, it is probable that he would draw

the line at Prévost's *Lettres des Femmes*. Not that the letters are vulgar or offensively realistic, or as picturesquely indecent as some of the pages of Maupassant. They are, on the contrary, most gracefully written, and each is a masterpiece of ingenuity and wit. So many editions (nearly fifty in all) of the book were sold in France that the publishers induced M. Prévost to write some more, which he did under the title, *Nouvelles Lettres des Femmes*.

Prévost's latest book, *Les Demi-Vierges*, was translated into English by the writer last summer under the title *The Demi-Virgins*. The title was an unfortunate one for this country. Its boldness shocked the booksellers, and very few dealers of good standing could be induced to put any copies on their counters. The book, therefore, did not have the same success over here that it had

had in Paris. A dramatisation of the story made by Marcel Prévost himself has had a run of over one hundred nights at one of the Boulevard theatres.

The demi-*virgin*, as explained by the author in his preface, is the young girl of to-day, who goes everywhere, sees everything, reads every book, and, by the freedom allowed her, becomes initiated into every phase of life. A better and briefer way to define the type would, perhaps, be: the girl who is physically pure and morally impure. The story M. Prévost has woven around this idea is very dramatic and interesting. All the characters are admirably drawn and are true to life, and the book is vigorously and picturesquely written, but as a piece of literature it is many degrees inferior to *La Confession d'un Amant*.

Arthur Hornblow.

WAR IS KIND.

DO NOT WEEP, MAIDEN, FOR WAR IS KIND,
BECAUSE YOUR LOVER THREW WILD HANDS TOWARD THE SKY
AND THE AFFRIGHTED STEED RAN ON ALONE,
DO NOT WEEP.
WAR IS KIND.

HOARSE, BOOMING DRUMS OF THE REGIMENT,
LITTLE SOULS WHO THIRST FOR FIGHT,
THESE MEN WERE BORN TO DRILL AND DIE.
THE UNEXPLAINED GLORY FLIES ABOVE THEM,
GREAT IS THE BATTLE-GOD, GREAT, AND HIS KINGDOM—
A FIELD WHERE A THOUSAND CORPSES LIE.

DO NOT WEEP, BARE, FOR WAR IS KIND.
BECAUSE YOUR FATHER TUMBLED IN THE YELLOW TRENCHES,
RAGED AT HIS BREAST, GULPED AND DIED,
DO NOT WEEP.
WAR IS KIND.

SWIFT BLAZING FLAG OF THE REGIMENT,
EAGLE WITH CREST OF RED AND GOLD,
THESE MEN WERE BORN TO DRILL AND DIE.
POINT FOR THEM THE VIRTUE OF SLAUGHTER,
MAKE PLAIN TO THEM THE EXCELLENCE OF KILLING
AND A FIELD WHERE A THOUSAND CORPSES LIE.

MOTHER WHOSE HEART HUNG HUMBLE AS A BUTTON
ON THE BRIGHT SPLENDID SHROUD OF YOUR SON,
DO NOT WEEP.
WAR IS KIND.

Stephen Crane.

DOANE ROBINSON.

The world has so many makers of tame and tiresome jingles who are posing as poets, that it is really refreshing to find a pleasant, merry fellow who doesn't set up or try to get set up in business as a bard, although he happens to have the knack of rhyme and can string together amusing or striking verses.

Jonah Leroy Robinson! Fame, indeed, would have to possess a sort of whale-mouth, in order to sport such an odd name with "due emphasis and discretion." It is easier to let his curious baptismal preface go by the board and call him by his nickname, Doane. As Doane Robinson he is known in some parts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and South Dakota, where he has worked as a farmer, a lawyer, a State official, and a special correspondent of some excellent papers, and, I believe, as an editor of one or two audacious literary or political ventures of a weekly kind which were especially beloved of the gods.

Robinson is a rather tall man with stooping shoulders, this pathetic deformity to an otherwise handsome, manly figure having been contracted in the hard years when this humourist bent over the hoe and followed the plough. His features are clean-cut and good, and his eyes are fine, large, and light hazel in colour, with an almost feminine softness, even when they look a laugh.

It was said of Edgar Poe that he was never known to laugh audibly. I fancy the same might be said of Doane Robinson; but if so, it is due simply because a feeling of weariness has crept into his risible muscles, for no man was ever quicker to see a joke and to let it unconsciously be seen in his glance.

Some of our American humourists who have gained considerable vogue are simply burlesquers or exaggerators of ideas intrinsically absurd. Much of their patiently spun humour is only word-deep. To be sure, much of Shakspeare's is of the same slight kind, cheap and easy plays upon words or travesties of some mere fantastic fashion of the day; but, on the other hand,

Shakspeare's great humour—and all true humour, it seems to me—is that which is or emanates from character; in fine, the humour of humanity, such as the master of tragedy gave to us in Falstaff.

This is the kind of humour which Doane Robinson evinces, and therefore only rarely does this wild Westerner get into the magazines; though to the credit of the *Century* it should be admitted that some of his poorest work has occasionally enlivened its pages. When I say that Robinson's humour seems to me of the Shakspearian kind, let me not be misunderstood as comparing his modest little muse with that of Sweet Will, though that might be all right and *fin de siècle*, since Mr. Howells has demonstrated Shakspeare's inferiority to the long-winded and tiresome Kalmucks, Turgénieff and Tolstoy, and therefore, by implication, Shakspeare's immeasurable inferiority to Mr. Howells's own self.

Most of us who have lived in the rude, crude West have encountered odd specimens occupying official positions. Even in the South I remember a distinguished Justice Shallow before whom a coloured brother pleaded guilty to a certain ill-advised experiment in ornithology.

"Haven't you been in dis yar court befo', sah?" queried the Judge. The prisoner admitted it. "And didn't you plead guilty once befo', sah?" demanded His Honour still more sternly. "You did, sah? Well, wha' de debil you mean, sah, by tryin' ter play that game twicet on dis yar court? I ganny" (South Mississippian for I guess)—"I ganny, sah, I'll try you, sah, an' zamine dese yar witnesses an' find out, sah, whether yo' guilty or not."

And this Solon actually put the county to an expense of eight dollars by examining four witnesses to prove the confessed guilt of "God's ebony image" there present.

Robinson, in the following verses, presents to us an equally characteristic Western edition of a Daniel come to judgment, with an original way of applying law for the benefit of the Judge's little poker-game exchequer.

THE CROWNER'S QUEST.

I air a justice of the peace,
As knows the rules of law,
Likewise I air familiar
With the principles of draw.
'Twar the mornin' of the freshet,
The Gates an' Sam an' me
War across the board discussin'
A pint in chancer-ee.
When a stranger from the mountain,
A mule-a-ridin' down,
Somehow got tangled in the ford
Whar he fell off an' drown.
Wall, I summoned for a jury
To set upon him thar,
The two Gates boys an' pardner Sam,
But fust I made 'em swar
Ter make a true inventory
Of all they heard an' saw,
An' so bring in a verdict
Accordin' to the law.
Then we rolled in the defendant,
An' w'en the search wuz done,
We hadn't found a single thing
But jest a leetle gun.
So that jury fixed a verdict
That couldn't be appealed,
They found "the party guilty
Of carryin' concealed
A weapon that wuz dangerous,
Contrary to the law."
They said "a plainer case nor this
Nobody never saw."
Then I socked it to the pris'n'er,
Accordin' to the rule—
I fined him fifty dollars,
An' levied on his mule.

The fun in the following poem seems to me to mark a great advance in Robinson's art. As a study in senile depravity it reminds me, though it is entirely different and profoundly original, of that wonderful scene in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*, where the old sexton is cheerfully digging a grave for the other old man whom he has known so long.

ONE OF THE PALLS.

I were a pall to the buryin',
Joe's finally out o' the way;
Nothin' special ailin' o' him,
Jest o' age and gin'r'l decay.
Hope to the Lord 'at I'll never be
Ol' an' decreepit an' useless as he,
Cuss to his fambly the last five year—
Monstrous expensive with keep so dear—
'Sides all the fuss an' worryin',
Terribul trial to git so old—
Cur'us a man'll continny to hold
On to life, w'en it's easy to see
His chances for livin', tho' dreffully slim,
Are better'n his fambly's allotin' for him.
Joe 'uz 'at kind of a hanger on—
Hedn't no sense o' the time to quit;
Stunted descreeshun an' stall-fed grit
Helped him unbuckle many a cinch
Whar sensible men 'ud a died in the pinch.
So I'm kind o' tickled to hev him gone;

Bested for once and laid away,
Got him down whar he's boun' to stay;
And I were a pall to his buryin'.

Knowned him more'n sixty year a back—
Used to be somm'at older than him—
Fought him one night to a huskin' bee,
Licked him in manner uncommon complete;
Every one said 't 'uz a beautiful fight—
Joe, he wa'nt satisfied with it thet way,
Kep' dingin' along an' w'en he got through,
The wust-lookin' critter 'at ever you see
Were stretched on a bed rigged up in the hay—
They carted me home the follerin' day.

Got me a sweetheart purty an' trim—
Tole me 'at I's a heap lik'ler'n Joe;
Mitteded him twicet. But Joe kep' on the track,
Follered her round ar'y place she 'ud go;
I offered to lick him. Says she: "It's a treat,
Le's watch an' fin' out what the poor critter'l
do."
Watched him, believin' the thing 'uz all right—
That identical gal is Joe's widder to-night.

Run to be justice, then Joe, he run too;
Knowned I 'uz pop'lar, an' he hadn't a friend.
So thar want no use o' my hurryin'.
'Llection come off and we counted the votes,
I hadn't enough and Joe had 'em to lend;
So, all the way through, I been takin' notes
O' Joe's low, disagreeable way,
An' it tickles me now to be able to say
He's bested fer good in the end;
Got him down whar he's boun' to stay,
And I were a pall to his buryin'.

Comment on this true picture of the *comédie humaine* is almost superfluous. Forgive me, therefore, for saying that one of the profoundest bits of colour here, to my vision, is the line "Used to be somm'at older'n him," indicating how the fact of his lifelong rival's death had so rejuvenated the old sinner as to make him delude himself into the fancy that he really has beaten Joe by growing young or staying young, just in the same way as he tries to fool himself into the belief that he had Joe well thrashed at the husking bee; only Joe was mean enough not to stay thrashed. We all know such men as Joe. Thank Heaven, the country abounds with them, and they are the salt of civilisation. It is philologically worthy of note that the word *cinch* is used here with its true metaphoric value. It comes from the Spanish word *cincha*, a girth or cinch; hence, metaphorically, a tight hold or a tight place.

It would be hardly fair to Doane Robinson not to give a specimen of his pathos as well as of his humour. Dialect has been overdone both in poetry and prose by the magazinists; and the army of cultured persons who skip anything

that looks like dialect is no doubt growing very rapidly. Yet I ask such readers to make an exception and read this poem, partly because the broken English of the Scandinavian farmers of Southern Minnesota and South Dakota is a comparatively fresh exhibit, and chiefly because this poem puts a whole economic condition in a nutshell. It is not merely an expression of individual character; it is a type. These Scandinavian farmers work their wives like cattle, and not all of them, I fear, have the grace to wake up, like Tina's husband, even when it is too late, to the consciousness of their own brutality and to the wholesome bitterness of "a vain repentance and a long regret."

For the easy comprehension of this rare bit of private human history, let me explain a few phrases and words. "Mek mae voo-man by mae scurse" means "keep my wife well scared of me," or in a state of proper subjection, "scurse" being their attempt at a past participle for scared. "Hardt" means loud and stern and also held hard or tightly grasped. "Mens skal keep her purty hardt" = man ought to hold her pretty well or tightly in hand. "Yoing," of course, is joining, and "eider" is either, standing for otherwise or else. "Cheap by leefin ven preis daer," signifies economical, when times are hard. May I add one more word about the fine art shown in making the husband use to the last the very same phrase with which he had bullied her up to work in the morning, only, when the truth dawns upon his benighted soul, with a new and terrible signification in the syllables?

TINA.

Dese haer Tina, shae mae voo-man ;
Ve baen marriat tirty year,
Shae baen firs-tret vorkin voo-man,
Cheap by leefin ven preis daer.

Ay baen very gude boss-fallar,
Mek mae voo-man by mae scurse ;
Efery mornin' hardt ay tal her
Youst ven sun-set-up appurse :
"Coom, Tina, up haer, vake op."

Voo-man, dose baen much quveer peoples,
Mens skal keep her purty hardt
Eider, shae vil baen smuart peoples
Yoing dose haer soufrage cradt.
Better den ay tank to mek her
Valk op streit, ven shaerp ay say,
Lak shae tank ay goin' kek her,
Ven ay call by breckin day :
"Coom, Tina, op haer, vake op."

* * * * *

Vos ay haer dese tal me, doctore ?
Tina never vake no more ?
Dese bae mekin funny, doctore,
Open mae dose bade-room door !
Tina, Tina, ay baen coomin,
Sweet gude Tina, haer mae quveek !
Ay not ogly, ay not bossin ;
Tina, gude vife, haer mae speak ;
Cooni, Tina, op haer, vake op !

Doane Robinson has written other things in prose as well as rhyme, brimming with quiet quaintness and the most felicitous, natural, unforced fun. Since he has no faculty for posing as an apostle of literary or ethical novelties, and no advertising fulcrum in the shape of a mutual admiration bureau, such as some of our alleged poets and novelists happily for themselves possess, he still remains practically unknown; but, when the right historian of literature arrives, I believe that his plain name will be found worthy of mention. Meantime, it is pleasant to know that his State, South Dakota, poor as she is in monetary ways just now, is rich enough at least in a sense of humour to do reverence to his talents, and also clever enough to appreciate his personal character.

Henry Austin.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

Could you but read what characters are writ
Between the lines so lambent with their wit,
No mirth-provoking comedy you'd see,
But sorrow's tale—a dark life-tragedy.

Clinton Scollard.

MR. GODKIN AND HIS BOOK.

The collection and publication in book-form of some of the most characteristic of Mr. E. L. Godkin's editorial writings* render appropriate and timely a brief consideration of the work of one who has long held a quite unique position in contemporary American journalism. This attempt should be the more seriously made in that Mr. Godkin's influence as an editor is very far from exercising a merely ephemeral and passing incident. We shall not be guilty of exaggeration if we say that it has left a lasting mark upon the social and economic history of the nation.

Mr. Godkin at the very outset of his career was exceptionally fortunate in finding a broad field in which to develop his powers and to gain experience. Most American editors of distinction have begun their careers in the newspaper offices of some small town or city, and have thence worked their way towards metropolitan and national eminence. In the process they have necessarily acquired an invaluable knowledge of the mysteries of practical journalism, and a minute acquaintance with the temper and requirements of the American public; yet they have also in their formative period lost much, owing to their purely local environment and the intensely local influences to which they have been subjected. They are, in consequence, too often imbued with prejudices that hamper their intellectual freedom. Their horizon is too narrow, their opinions too provincial, and their mental processes too deficient in perspective. The practical result is seen in the fact that while they are quick to recognise the drift of public opinion, they are deficient in the qualities that would enable them to direct this drift, to mould and shape this opinion, and to guide it towards wise and worthy ends. They are admirable followers, but weak and uncertain leaders.

Mr. Godkin, on the other hand, was fortunate enough to begin his labours in a position that gave him a large and comprehensive knowledge of the

great world; so that his cast of mind is truly cosmopolitan. Born in Ireland in 1831, he received his academic education at the Queen's College in Belfast, and on its completion he at once established a connection with the London *Daily News*, which sent him as its correspondent to the East in the stirring days of the Crimean War. In Turkey and Russia, from 1854 to 1856, he was brought into personal contact with men of great distinction in many fields of influence—soldiers, diplomats, civic officers of eminence, and keen-witted journalists—from whom he acquired an invaluable fund of knowledge relating to politics, diplomacy, history, and incidentally of human nature. Leaving the East at the conclusion of the war, he travelled in the United States as the representative of the same great journal, bringing to bear upon both our people and our institutions both, analytical observation, and the unprejudiced mind of a disinterested stranger. During our Civil War he acted in the dual capacity of correspondent for the *Daily News* and for the *New York Times*, thus establishing a definite connection with American journalism. At the end of the war, in 1865, he was made editor of the *Nation* in New York City, and in the following year the ownership of that periodical passed into his hands. In 1881, when the *Nation* was made the weekly edition of the *New York Evening Post*, he assumed the joint editorship of the latter journal with Mr. Horace White, and in this position has very greatly extended the sphere of his labours and of his influence.

As an editor, Mr. Godkin has always displayed the characteristics that we have just noted as lacking in so many American editorial offices. So far from being in any way swayed by the breath of public favour, he has, perhaps, too often gone to the other extreme, and, by what appears to many to be a kind of perversity, has exulted in setting himself in direct opposition to the popular tide. In this way there have been times when his aggressive independence has put in jeopardy the success of a worthy cause, and has not infrequently es-

* Reflections and Comments. By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

tranged some of its most conscientious supporters. Yet in the main, as his attitude has become better understood, it has often at last been triumphantly vindicated; and some very marked revolutions in the national mind can be traced unmistakably to the persistent and powerful hammering of Mr. Godkin upon the door of the national conscience. It is possible to cite chapter and verse in support of this assertion; for it is not too much to say that all the most important questions of our recent political history were raised to prominence in the first instance largely by the influence of Mr. Godkin. They were, of course, in any case bound to arise in time and to clamour for solution; but it was Mr. Godkin's clear sight that penetrated the future and detected their imminence, as it was his courageous independence that forced them to the front and hastened on their consideration. The settlement of our monetary system upon a gold basis, the reform of the civil service, the gradual abolition of a protective tariff, the enactment of stringent laws for ensuring the purity of elections, the incidental introduction of the Australian ballot, with the reform of municipal government upon a non-partisan footing, and the separation of local and national elections—to recall these issues is inevitably to bring to mind Mr. Godkin's part in their evocation and decision, so far as they are yet decided. In almost every case he has had at first to contend with persistent opposition, unlimited ridicule, and disheartening indifference; yet in every case, also, by sheer force of character and power of argument, he has in the end impressed his views upon one or another of the national parties. Who does not remember, for instance, the torrent of contemptuous mockery with which almost every one received his first demand for a civil service in which the non-political appointments should be made from considerations of fitness alone, and with a tenure made independent of political expediency? How the politicians sneered and jeered! The spirit that animated Roscoe Conkling when he insultingly dubbed George William Curtis "a man milliner" was reflected in a thousand newspaper offices and in the sardonic comments of a hundred political committee-rooms. "Snivel-service reform" was the popular name

for Mr. Godkin's proposed system; and even the ordinary citizen, with no political axe to grind, chuckled quietly over the visionary aspect of what Mr. Dana called "Chinese" methods. Yet the civil service of the nation is now very largely organised as Mr. Godkin had suggested, and to-day no responsible politician dares to suggest a reversion to the spoilsman's ways. The same thing is true of Mr. Godkin's other struggles. The gold basis has so far successfully been maintained as the foundation of American finance, the drift of national legislation is setting steadily towards a revenue tariff, the Australian ballot is in use in some form in nearly every State and Territory of the Union, municipal elections are now largely divorced from the Federal ballotings, and they are often fought and won on the principle of strict non-partisanship in matters that are strictly local. To have played so large a part in the achievement of such results as these would in itself be a crown of honour to any man; to Mr. Godkin the honour is the greater because for a long time he fought the battle quite alone against all manner of obloquy, and carried it through to a triumphant issue by the force of his own sincerity and the convincing power of his argument.

Nor is it merely in the political field that he has left a permanent mark. The influence of his writings upon the social history of our people is more intangible and subtle, but no less real. When he began his work, the country had just passed through a great convulsion that had shattered the whole fabric of our social system. The old traditions had shrivelled and been swept away in the flames of the Civil War. The day of small things had forever departed. Thousands of men had grown suddenly rich, and great fortunes had fallen to the possession of persons who had no conception of how to use them. It was an apotheosis of the *nouveaux riches*, an era of shoddy, the cycle of Jim Fisk and Tweed, an epoch that Mr. Godkin himself has very neatly characterised as the "chromo stage" of our civilisation. Its crudeness, vulgarity, and tawdry ostentation were barbaric beyond belief. Men seemed to have no standard but a money standard, and out of unlimited money they were able to get only the sort of cheap-and-



EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.

nasty display that would delight the heart of an African savage. It is difficult to do justice to the influence which the *Nation*, under Mr. Godkin's editorship, exercised at this period in crystallising such elements of refinement and good taste as existed, into a leavening and illuminating force. His shafts flew fast, and the wit and fun with which they were barbed demolished many a social absurdity, and pierced through the veil of barbarism that darkened the eyes of many worthy but uneducated men. The high standard of literary achievement which the *Nation* never dropped, the gospel of art and learning that Mr. Godkin always preaches, have at last given to American society a definite ideal, which more and more with every year Americans are accepting and endeavouring to attain. Inci-

dentally, too, the work of Mr. Godkin has had an elevating influence upon journalism. Never for a moment has he allowed his columns to exhibit any of the more discreditable features of the irresponsible press. Never has he ceased to denounce and to hold up to contempt the baseness of its practices, its cheap wit, its ignorance of history, its malevolent injustice, its clap-trap rhetoric, its shamelessly offensive outrages on personal privacy. There is to-day still much to be desired in our press, but the great metropolitan journals, at any rate, now adopt in the main a tone of courtesy and dignity that was once unknown.

It may be asked how such an influence as we ascribe to Mr. Godkin could be so effectively exerted through the columns of a weekly paper whose circulation has never been a large one. The question is a very natural one. It is probable that the *Nation* has never possessed

more than ten thousand subscribers, and the circulation of the *Post* is not a large one. Moreover, Mr. Godkin's editorials, while they represent the perfection of a certain style, are not likely to be regarded as "good reading" for the masses, who like slang-whanging and the beating of the big drum. How, then, has he succeeded in finally impressing his views upon the great body of the people? The answer is easy. Mr. Godkin's *clientèle*, his ten or twenty thousand readers, are a picked class. They are not ten or twenty thousand casual persons forming a stray drop in the bucket of the population. They are rather representative men—men of high professional or commercial standing, authors, lawyers, editors, experts in their own lines—in other words, men who individually wield a

strong influence upon many others. It is men of this type for whom Mr. Godkin writes, and when he has convinced and won over these, he has secured ten thousand apostles of his doctrine, almost every one of whom is a strong positive force in the community. It is, then, not directly upon the masses that he works, but through his immediate circle of readers; and this accounts for the fact that among the people at large his name is little known. Hundreds of thousands of voters are to-day following implicitly Mr. Godkin's lead who have no knowledge of his existence. But the public men to whom they look for teaching, the editors of the newspapers whence they get their bias, these are Mr. Godkin's pupils, receiving from him the arguments and the elucidations which they pass on in a new form to the great constituency whom they serve. We could mention many newspapers that take their cue in this manner from the editor of the *Evening Post*; and there is a New York journal of which we wot that seldom fails to give its readers in the morning, in a sadly diluted condition, some one of the crisp, convincing editorials of the *Post* of the night before.

This leads us naturally to a short consideration of Mr. Godkin's literary style and manner, as to which one need only say that to a cultivated reader they are absolutely perfect of their kind. The leading articles of the *Post* and *Nation* presuppose always not only intelligence, but education on the reader's part. They abound in allusions of the kind that are heard in the intimate and familiar intercourse of men of culture. There is never anything the least pedantic in this. The style is ease and simplicity itself. It is crisp and neat; the sentences are short and to the point, oftentimes wholly colloquial; but the ease is not that of a loafer in his shirt-sleeves, but of a gentleman in the easy-chair of his club. Anecdote abounds, and apt illustration is one of the most telling of Mr. Godkin's many valuable gifts. Had he been a preacher of economic truth in academic strain he would never have succeeded; it is his appreciation of the comic, his amusing persiflage, his delicate yet absolutely destructive irony that make his argument and exposition and invective so tremendously effective. This last quality—his

irony—is a weapon that he uses with consummate mastery. Its touch is light, yet it can make the apparently imposing cause of an adversary shrivel like a leaf. Anything more intensely exasperating than some of his strokes cannot well be conceived of; and we believe that he is the only journalistic opponent who has ever been able to rouse the veteran Dana to serious wrath. He has mastered, also, many typographical subtleties, and especially the psychology of the quotation mark and the capital letter, whose use as weapons of offence he has developed to a science. He knows the exact shade of meaning that each will convey to the mind, and has pushed this knowledge into the sphere of the transcendental. For instance, he has occasion to speak of the political henchmen, who are indicated in such popular phrases as "So-and-so is one of the boys," or "So-and-so is solid with the boys." Now in speaking of these persons, an inferior writer would use quotation marks and say "the boys," which would be ineffective and commonplace. Mr. Godkin, however, is too deep to do anything so lame and impotent as that. With a subtle instinct he chose the capital letter, and introduced his readers to the Boys as though they were some tribe or separate race. Then in many editorials he discussed with much gravity the general attitude of a Boy and the workings of a Boy's mind, and what a Boy would do under various hypothetical conditions, until he so tickled his readers' sense of the ludicrous that they could only lie back in a chair and explode with laughter. Just why the capital letter should have had this power we have not the remotest idea; perhaps Mr. Godkin himself does not know. But he did know perfectly well what he was about and could calculate to a dot exactly the effect that he was going to produce. When he uses the quotation marks instead of capitals, he is equally correct in his judgment, and in his hands they have an indescribably derisive effect. They are generally employed to render ludicrous some phrase or sentence that has heretofore been taken seriously by the public, such as "plain, blunt man," "getting near to the people," "the true American spirit," "point with pride," or "a friend to silver." It is surprising how powerful these purely typo-

graphical devices become as he uses them ; and he is so well aware of this as to employ them with great frequency, so that in every page of his book which is now before us, they appear and re-appear continually.

Having said this much concerning Mr. Godkin and his work, it remains to consider a very curious phenomenon, and one that has long been remarked upon as a sort of psychological mystery. It is a well-known fact that while the most intelligent and thoughtful readers of the *Post* follow its lead almost implicitly, and cheerfully admit its high character, their personal feeling for it is one that might almost be called dislike. They accept its monitions, but abuse the monitor ; and this feeling is so general as to have found expression in a very clever epigram, which, as we printed it in the October BOOKMAN, we need not here repeat. Now this is a remarkable thing ; for, as a rule, the regular readers of a paper usually feel a sort of loyalty toward it such as they entertain for a great political leader. In Greeley's day the *Tribune's* subscribers were almost fanatical in their devotion to that great editor, and they formed, as it were, a Sacred Band in American politics. The same thing is true of Mr. Waterson's clientage, and of that of many another leading journal. Why is it not also true of the *Post* ? Why do those who read it most steadily and whom it most deeply influences have nothing but flings and gibes for it in their conversation ? This has long been one of the mysteries of contemporary journalism, and no one seems able to give a philosophic answer to the question. With a certain amount of diffidence we are going to attempt its solution here, having considered it very carefully and having formed a theory which may, at any rate, serve as a working hypothesis. It is only proper to say, before proceeding further, that the present writer has no personal acquaintance with Mr. Godkin, and knows him only through his published work ; so that when mention is made of him, it must be understood as referring to him in his editorial capacity alone, and as he appears to a conscientious reader of his writings.

In the first place, the tone of the *Post* is one that is suggestive of a certain infallible superiority, such as comparatively few are willing to recognise as

attainable in this imperfect world. To the constituents of some journals, however, such a tone might be, if not agreeable, at any rate more or less impressive ; but the readers of the *Post*, being in the main highly educated men, are apt to resent it as being just a little too overpowering. The virtue of the *Post*, in fact, is rather more oppressive than many another's vice, and irresistibly recalls the famous lines of Horace—

“ Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.”

Moreover, when one sets himself up as a Superior Person, it behoves him to be very sure that the reasons on which this superiority is based shall never be open to question. But in the case of the *Post*, there is now and then to be seen the little rift within the lute, that seriously impairs the perfection of its music ; or, in other words, its practice does not always appear to coincide with its professions. Thus, its ostensible attitude is that of an impartial, fair-minded observer, whose sole mission is to deal out justice with an even hand, being elevated far above the sordid considerations of party and policy. As a matter of fact, any one who has read the *Post* for a few months knows that it is one of the most partisan papers in existence. Its devotion is not, to be sure, given to either of the great political parties ; but to the party of which the editors of the *Post* are the only consistent members. That is, whoever does not follow in the lines that they have laid down are its opponents, to be treated with just as much bitterness as can be found in any of the most conspicuous instances of the “journalism” for which Mr. Godkin expresses so much abhorrence. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Blaine. There are many persons, of whom the present writer is one, who had no admiration for Mr. Blaine as a politician, and who thought him very, very human as a man, yet who had, nevertheless, a certain amount of liking for him. It rather grated on their sense of reason and justice to find the *Post* hunting him with an intensity of hatred that seemed little less than malignant. That all his motives were base, that he never was actuated by a patriotic impulse, and that every action of his public career sprang from either greed or a low cunning, no moderate man could well believe ; yet the *Post*

tried to make all men believe it. The result was probably the creation of a certain sympathy for Mr. Blaine by the very organ that denounced him. It is generally thought, too, that a certain tolerance of Tammany rule in this city was appreciably fostered, because the extreme violence of the *Post's* denunciations led to a reaction in the minds of its readers. In some cases the treatment which was accorded to individuals savoured very strongly of ordinary "journalism," as when the *Post* conceived the notion of clipping its opponents' names and speaking of them habitually as "Billy" and "Mike" and "Hughey" and "Tom." Coming from the *Post*, and being carried to great lengths, this rather repelled than convinced; and when one day the irreverent Mr. Dana came out in the *Sun*, and carelessly spoke of Mr. Godkin as "Larry," it was not merely the cohorts of Tammany that were amused.

The same general remarks are true of the *Post's* treatment of great public questions, as, for example, that of the protective tariff. To Mr. Godkin the tariff is anathema, an accursed thing, spawned in selfish greed and perpetuated by corruption. But most Americans, even those who regard protection as an economic error, are by no means willing to admit that it has been to the United States an unmixed evil. They feel that it was a very high price to pay for the attainment of certain ends, but they recognise the good that it has done in the past, and when they find Mr. Godkin seeing only the greatness of the price and quite oblivious of the benefits, they begin to question both his fairness and his omniscience.

More striking still is an incident in his crusade for international copyright. Probably no one did better service in bringing about the present arrangement for protecting foreign authors; but Mr. Godkin was not content merely to advocate this measure. He felt it incumbent on him to denounce those publishers who, prior to its enactment, had reprinted foreign books in the United States, which under our laws they had a perfect right to do. His denunciation was for a long time general; but at last, for reasons satisfactory to himself, he singled out a reputable firm in this city, which had reprinted the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and made a special and very virulent attack

upon it as guilty of "piracy," holding up a clerical member of the firm to particular obloquy, reading him a lecture on the eighth commandment, and implying that he was a robber who was dealing in stolen goods. Some one very promptly called Mr. Godkin's attention to the fact that his own paper was filled every evening with advertisements of foreign books similarly reprinted by many other firms, and that if to reprint such books were "robbery," then he was himself promoting the sale of stolen goods and encouraging a crime. The logic of this was quite unanswerable, and Mr. Godkin made no attempt to answer it; but said rather lamely that he could not investigate the source of all the books that were advertised in his paper. Subsequently it became known that the *Post* itself had been taking stories from the English magazines and printing them in its Saturday supplement; so that, on the whole, its magnificent attitude as a great moral teacher lost something of its impressiveness.

Another interesting episode occurred last spring, when the *Post* became engaged in a controversy with Professor E. R. A. Seligman, of this city, on the constitutionality of the income-tax. After a series of editorials from the *Post* and of letters from Professor Seligman, the *Post* cited a high authority at length in support of its position, and then hurriedly expressed its intention of closing the whole discussion. But the Professor was not to be disposed of in so summary a fashion; and his standing was too high and his eminence as an economist too great for the *Post* to refuse him a further hearing; so that the matter was carried further, until the *Post* was forced to admit that it had misquoted its authority, and had done so in such a way as practically to make him say almost the exact reverse of what he actually did say on the subject. This is one of the very rare occasions when the *Post* has been obliged to acknowledge an error committed by it; and an unholy joy prevailed among its readers, who may yet erect a statue to Professor Seligman as a public benefactor.

Space compels us to abstain from too many citations to illustrate the point that we are making; but we must mention one or two more instances. The first relates to the Presidential campaign of 1892, when the *Post* was supporting the

Democratic national ticket. A municipal Tammany ticket was before the voters at the same time, and it was generally known that if the latter were attacked by the reform element in the city, the Tammany men would sell out the national candidates in order to elect their own city officers. Now the *Post* has always held that one should act in municipal matters without any thought of party, and never mix considerations of expediency with a plain civic duty. Yet at the time of this election it had not a word to say regarding the Tammany candidates; nor did it print its customary "Voters' Directory," in which it always describes the Tammany men as "thugs," "murderers," "felons," and other equally unpleasant things. Some wicked Republican wrote to the editor and asked for the publication of the *Post's* usual information to voters; but a profound silence followed the letter. Then some one went to the *Post* office and offered to pay for the insertion of its "Directory" at the regular advertising rates. The offer was refused; the editor presently made a rather vague and ambiguous explanation in his columns; and general hilarity reigned among the unregenerate at finding Mr. Godkin playing the "practical politician" and turning his back upon his own civic ideals.

Finally, a personal incident must be recorded. The *Post* had published some very scorching editorials on the conduct of those citizens who buy favours from the police, and thus encourage blackmail and the demoralisation of the force. Many ears must have tingled when those scathing articles were read, and many backs must have winced as the lash descended. Well, the time came when a certain Tammany leader brought a libel suit against Mr. Godkin; and a policeman was sent to the editor's house to secure his attendance at the court. The hour of his call was a very inconvenient one, and so Mr. Godkin offered the policeman a five-dollar bill to arrange matters more agreeably. This was precisely what nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand New Yorkers would have done under the same circumstances; but, unfortunately, Mr. Godkin was the one person in New York who could not afford to do it, and it produced a profound sensation. Mr. Godkin himself felt that something would

have to be said; and he published an explanation couched in a humorous vein, to the effect that New York being governed by a band of robbers, any one who fell into their power might properly ransom himself, and that the five dollars was such a ransom, with much more to the same effect. It was generally felt that the humour was rather forced, and that the explanation hardly fitted in with the general preaching of the *Post*. And, indeed, it was hard to see why his defence could not be urged with equal force on behalf of the citizens whom Mr. Godkin had just been covering with his denunciation.

All these points that have here been touched upon are individually very trifling, and even when taken together they do not constitute a very formidable indictment for inconsistency or arrogance. To the constituency of most of our great journals they would pass unheeded or as subjects of only casual comment. But, as has already been observed, the constituency of the *Post* and *Nation* is not an ordinary body of readers; it is an assemblage of critics, whose faculty for criticism has been sharpened and pointed by Mr. Godkin himself; and it is precisely in proportion as his editorial utterances are deemed weighty, that those utterances are carefully and even finically examined.

There is another element, also, that enters into their estimate of the man and his work that is far more subtle, and therefore much more difficult to explain to the general reader, though its presence perceptibly colours the judgment which the clients of the *Post* pass upon that organ. Happily in the volume now before us Mr. Godkin has himself aided in making our meaning comprehensible.

In his estimate of John Stuart Mill, Mr. Godkin has written these very striking sentences:

"He [Mill] was wanting . . . in what we may call, though not in any bad sense, the animal side of man's nature. He suffered in his treatment of all the questions of the day from excess of culture and deficiency of blood. He understood and allowed for men's errors of judgment and for their ignorance, and for their sloth and indifference; but of appreciation of the force of their passions his speculations contain little sign."

Now it would be impossible to express more perfectly than is done in these words the exact opinion which the

majority of his readers hold regarding the editor of the *Evening Post*, so far as such an opinion is based upon their knowledge of him through his editorial writings. It seems to them as though the spirit of the *Post* were a spirit evoked wholly from the Dismal Science—a spirit of facts and figures and formulas, a bloodless impersonation of mere logic, a spirit incapable of any glow of passion, or of any sympathy with the purely emotional side of individual and national temperament. This calmness and coldness are in many respects a source of strength and influence. In dealing with questions of finance and of administrative reform, such qualities give enormous power to the expositions of the *Post*, for they conduce to clear seeing and sound thinking, and enable their possessor to brush aside all the purely minor issues in any great question, and to hew his way straight to the root of the matter. But when questions of another kind arise—questions involving national prejudices and susceptibilities, questions, in other words, that appeal primarily to sentiment—the tone of the *Post* is so unsympathetic, so apparently unappreciative of the great depth and power of passion, as to put it altogether out of court and nullify the force of its contentions. This is seen in a small way in its treatment of minor occurrences, in its discussion of lynch law, for instance, and of occasional incidents that involve social principles. As a rule, the most uncompromising opponents of the "higher law," the sternest enemies of the principles of private vengeance, are nevertheless able and willing to recognise the wild justice of much that has at times been done by men who have, under exceptional conditions, taken the law into their own hands. Most men recognise that there are and always will be offences for which the written code provides no adequate redress. Yet the *Post* would appear to hold that neither to preserve the safety of a community, nor to protect the honour and purity of the home, must men under any circumstances revert to the primitive means of defence; that no outrage can be so gross, no insult so foul as to justify the individual in an appeal to physical force outside of the slow machinery of the law. Is there not the divorce court ready to redress the insulted honour of the husband?

Are there not the civil tribunals always sitting to mulct the offender and to soothe the wounded spirit by a tidy little award of dollars? What is honour anyway? Something to be included between derisive quotation-marks and spoken of as "honour."

And this same attitude, so repugnant to the most elemental principles of human nature, is conspicuously seen in the *Post's* handling of international controversies. That under any circumstances a nation—or, at any rate, the United States—may rightly and justly appeal to the arbitrament of the sword seems hardly within the sphere of the *Post's* philosophy; but all questions affecting the sentiment of nationality are consistently treated from the commercial, or perhaps we should say, the economical standpoint. A reader of the *Post* gets the impression that even if the country were invaded by a foreign army, that journal would scarcely counsel armed resistance, so long as the marauding forces spared what it is fond of calling its "counting-room." Take a typical case that every one will remember as happening some three years ago, when the sailors of a United States man-of-war were assaulted in the streets of a Chilean city. They had been guilty of no offence except of wearing their country's uniform; yet they were set upon by the mob, knocked down, beaten, and at last dragged by the police through the streets with ropes, and flung into prison. At the same time the house of the American Minister suffered a species of blockade, swarms of spies were set upon him, and a high officer of the Chilean Government, in his official capacity delivered an harangue filled with studied insults to the President and people of the United States. Now there could hardly seem to be room for two opinions about the duty of the American Government in such a crisis. Had the sailors been Englishmen, Valparaiso would have been very promptly and effectively shelled as soon as a squadron could get within range of it. But what was the attitude of the *Evening Post*? Why, it figured up the cost of bringing Chile to her senses, and said that it would be a pity to spend all that money on a mere pitiful question of national honour. What were those sailors doing there anyhow? Why didn't they stay on their ships? What business had

American ships down there in Chile? After all, a few sailors were of no great consequence, and if we had to fight Chile, a good many men would probably be killed, not to mention all the money that would be wasted. And so forth, and so forth. Finally, when it had called the American Minister "a Blaine Irishman," and docked his name, and spoken of him as "Pat," the *Post* felt that the last word on the subject had been said. Fortunately the government at Washington did not pay much attention to Mr. Godkin at this juncture, but by a threat of instant war brought up the Chilean Jingoos with a round turn, and made them apologise and eat dirt, and indemnify the men whom they had outraged; after which there was a great calm all along the western coast of South America.

Now it is not at all probable that Mr. Godkin's private and personal views quite coincide with his editorial utterances on these matters. He doubtless feels about them very much as does any other man. But he presumably recognises the undoubted fact that Americans as a people are too much swayed by sentiment, and in his desire to check this fault, he ignores consider-

ations of sentiment altogether. And in going to such an extreme he makes a fatal mistake; for there is something about the *Post's* attitude so smug, so cold-blooded, so epicene, as in one very important sphere to annihilate altogether an influence which, with a more sympathetic spirit, it might otherwise exert for good and useful ends.

The book before us contains many illustrations of all that is most characteristic in Mr. Godkin's writing. The papers on "Chromo Civilisation," "John Stuart Mill," "The Evolution of the Summer Resort," "Panics," "The Morals and Manners of the Kitchen," and "Court Circles" are classics in their way; and the one on "Physical Force in Politics" should be printed in letters of gold and sent to every amiable lunatic who goes about agitating for the alleged "rights" of women. But it is invidious to make any selection when all are so good; and the book should be in the hands of every one who loves to watch the play of a brilliant intellect finding its expression through the medium of a singularly lucid and illuminating style.

H. T. Peck.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

This fluttering sheet of paper, snowy white,
 A dove of Venus is whose glad behest
 It is to bear my message on its breast
 Unto my Sweet across the leagues of night.
 And when beneath the singing stars its flight
 Is done then shall it find a downy nest
 Amid the laces of her gown and rest
 Upon her bosom, dreaming of delight.

Up then, my bird, and spread your pinions wide,
 The quest is happy, though the way be long;
 Joy your companion is, and Love your guide,
 And hope within your heart beats ever strong;
 Godspeed! would I might journey at your side
 And hear with you her lips repeat my song.

Frederic F. Sherman.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN.

CHAPTER III.

A HOME OF MANY GENERATIONS.



IT was the custom of the former time to construct roads on a straight line, with a preference for uphill and down, and engineers refused to make a circuit of twenty yards to secure level ground. There were two advantages in this

uncompromising principle of construction, and it may be doubtful which commended itself most to the mind of our fathers. Roads were drained after the simplest fashion, because a standing pool in the hollow had more than a compensation in the dryness of the ascent and descent, while the necessity of slithering down one side and scrambling up the other reduced driving to the safe average of four miles an hour—horse-doctors forming a class by themselves, and being preserved in their headlong career by the particular Providence which has a genial regard for persons who have too little sense or have taken too much liquor. Degenerate descendants, anxious to obtain the maximum of speed with the minimum of exertion, have shown a quite wonderful ingenuity in circumventing hills, so the road between Drumtochty Manse and Tochty Lodge gate was duplicated, and the track that plunged into the hollow was now forsaken of wheeled traffic and overgrown with grass.

"This way, Kate; it's the old road, and the way I came to kirk with my mother. Yes, it's narrow, but we'll get through and down below—it is worth the seeing."

So they forced a passage where the overgrown hedges resisted the wheels, and the trees, wet with a morning shower, dashed Kate's jacket with a pleasant spray, and the rail of the dog-cart was festooned with tendrils of honeysuckle and wild geranium.

"There is the parish kirk of Drumtochty," as they came out and halted on the crest of the hill, "and though it be not much to look at after the Norman churches of the south, it's a brave old kirk in our fashion, and well set in the Glen."

For it stood on a knoll, whence the ground sloped down to the Tochty, and it lay with God's acre around it in the shining of the sun. Half-a-dozen old beeches made a shadow in the summertime, and beat off the winter's storms. One standing at the west corner of the kirkyard had a fuller and sweeter view of the Glen than could be got anywhere save from the beeches at the Lodge; but then nothing like unto that can be seen far or near, and I have marvelled why painting men have never had it on their canvas.

"Our vault is at the east end, where the altar was in the old days, and there our dead of many generations lie. A Carnegie always prayed to be buried with his people in Drumtochty, but as it happened, two out of three of our house have fallen on the field, and so most of us have not had our wish.

"Black John, my grandfather, was out in '45, and escaped to France. He married a Highland lassie orphaned there, and entered the French service, as many a Scot did before him since the days of the Scots Guards. But when he felt himself a-dying, he asked leave of the English government to come home, and he would not die till he laid himself down in his room in the tower. Then he gave directions for his funeral, how none were to be asked of the county

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folk but Drummonds and Hays and Stewarts from Blair Athole and such like that had been out with the Prince. And he made his wife promise that she would have him dressed for his coffin as he fought on Culloden field, for he had kept the clothes.

"Then he asked that the window should be opened that he might hear the lilt of the burn below; and he called for my father, who was only a young lad, and commanded him to enter one of the Scottish regiments and be a loyal kingsman, since all was over with the Stewarts.

"He said a prayer and kissed his wife's hand, being a courtly gentleman, and died listening to the sound of the water running over the stones in the den below."

"It was as good as dying on the field," said Kate, her face flushing with pride; "that is an ancestor worth remembering; and did he get a worthy funeral?"

"More than he asked for; his old comrades gathered from far and near, and some of the chiefs that were out of hiding came down, and they brought him up this very road, with the pipers playing before the coffin. Fifty gentlemen buried John Carnegie, and every man of them had been out with the Prince.

"When they gathered in the stone hall you 'ill see soon, his friend-in-arms, Patrick Murray, gave three toasts. The first was 'the king,' and every man bared his head; the second was 'to him that is gone;' the third was 'to the friends that are far awa; and then one of the chiefs proposed another, 'to the men of Culloden;' and after that every gentleman dashed his glass on the floor. Though he was only a little lad at the time, my father never forgot the sight.

"He also told me that my grand-mother never shed a tear, but looked prouder than he ever saw her, and before they left the hall she bade each gentleman good-bye, and to the chief she spoke in Gaelic, being of Cluny's blood and a gallant lady.

"Another thing she did also which the lad could not forget, for she brought down her husband's sword from the room in the turret, and Patrick Murray, of the House of Athole, fastened it above the big fireplace, where it hangs unto this day, crossed now with my father's,

as you will see, Kate, unless we stand here all day going over old stories."

"They're glorious stories, dad; why didn't you tell them to me before? I want to get into the spirit of the past and feel the Carnegie blood swinging in my veins before we come to the Lodge. What did they do afterwards, or was that all?"

"They mounted their horses in the courtyard, and as each man passed out of the gate he took off his hat and bowed low to the widow, who stood in a window I will show you, and watched till the last disappeared into the avenue; but my father ran out and saw them ride down the road in order of threes, a goodly company of gentlemen. But this sight is better than horsemen and swords."

They were now in the hollow between the kirk and the Lodge, a cup of greenery surrounded by wood. Behind, they still saw the belfry through the beeches; before, away to the right, the grey stone of a turret showed among the trees. The burn that sang to Black John ran beneath them with a pleasant sound, and fifty yards of turf climbed up to the cottage where the old road joined the new and the avenue of the Lodge began. Over this ascent the branches met, through which the sunshine glimmered and flickered, and down the centre came a white and brown cow in charge of an old woman.

"It's Bell Robb, that lives in the cottage there among the bushes. I was at the parish school with her, Kate—she's just my age—for we were all John Thamsen's bairns in those days, and got our learning and our licks together, laird's son and cottar's daughter.

"People would count it a queer mixture nowadays, but there were some advantages in the former parish school; there were lots of cleverer subalterns in the old regiment, but none knew his men so well as I did. I had played and fought with their kind. Would you mind saying a word to Bell—just her name or something?" for this was a new life to the pride of the regiment, as they called Kate, and Carnegie was not sure how she might take it. Kate was a lovable lass, but like every complete woman, she had a temper and a stock of prejudices. She was a *camerade* with all true men, although her heart was whole, and with a few women

that did not mince their words or carry two faces; but Kate had claws inside the velvet, and once she so handled with her tongue a young fellow who offended her that he sent in his papers. What she said was not much, but it was memorable, and every word drew blood. Her father was never quite certain what she would do, although he was always sure of her love.

"Do you suppose, dad, that I'm to take up with all your friends of the jackdaw days? You seem to have kept fine company." Kate was already out of the dog-cart, and now took Bell by the hand.

"I am the General's daughter, and he was telling me that you and he were playmates long ago. You 'ill let me come to see you, and you 'ill tell me all his exploits when he was John Carnegie?"

"To think he minded me, an' him sae lang awa' at the weary wars." Bell was between the laughing and the crying. "We're lifted to know oor laird's a General, and that he's gotten sic honour. There's nae bluid like the auld bluid, an' the Carnegies cud aye afford tae be hamely.

"Ye're like him," and Bell examined Kate carefully; "but a' can tell yir mither's dochter, a weel-faured mettlesome lady as wae's ever seen; wae's me, wae's me for the wars," at the sight of Carnegie's face; "but ye 'ill come in to see Marjorie. A'll mak her ready," and Bell hurried into the cottage.

"Marjorie has been blind from her birth. She was the pet of the school, and now Bell takes care of her. Davidson was telling me that she wanted to support Marjorie off the wages she earns as a field hand on the farms, and the



"I AM THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER."

parish had to force half-a-crown a week on them; but hear this."

"Never mind hoo ye look," Bell was speaking. "A' canna keep them waitin' till ye be snoddit."

"Gie me ma kep, at any rate, that the minister brocht frae Perth, and Drumsheugh's shawl; it wudna be respectfu' to oor Laird, an' it his first veesit;" and there was a note of refinement in the voice, as of one living apart.

"Yes, I'm here, Marjorie," and the General stooped over the low bed where the old woman was lying, "and this is my daughter, the only child left me;

you would hear that all my boys were killed."

"We did that, and we were a' wae for ye; a' thocht o' ye and a' saw ye in yir sorrow, for them 'at canna see outside see the better inside. But it 'ill be some comfort to be in the hame o' yir people aince mair, and to ken ye've dune yir wark weel. It's pleasant for us to think the licht 'ill be burnin' in the windows o' the Lodge again, and that ye're come back aifter the wars."

"Miss Kate, wull ye lat me pass ma hand ower yir face, an' then a'll ken what like ye are better nor some 'at hes the joy o' seein' ye wi' their een. . . . The Glen 'ill be the happier for the sicht o' ye; a' thank ye for yir kindness to a puir woman."

"If you begin to pay compliments, Marjorie, I'll tell you what I think of that cap; for the pink is just the very shade for your complexion, and it's a perfect shape."

"Ma young minister, Maister Carmichael, seleckit it in Muirtown, an' a' heard that he went ower sax shops to find one to his fancy; he never forgets me, an' he wrote me a letter on his holiday. A'budy likes him for his bonnie face an' honest ways."

"Oh, I know him already, Marjorie, for he drove up with us, and I thought him very nice; but we must go, for you know I've not yet seen our home, and I'm just tingling with curiosity."

"You 'ill not leave without breakin' bread; it's little we hae, but we can offer ye oat-cake an' milk in token o' oor loyalty;" and then Bell brought the elements of Scottish food; and when Marjorie's lips moved in prayer as they ate, it seemed to Carnegie and his daughter like a sacrament. So the two went from the fellowship of the poor to their ancient house.

They drove along the avenue between the stately beeches that stood on either side and reached out their branches, almost but not quite unto meeting, so that the sun, now in the south, made a train of light down which the General and Kate came home. At the end of the beeches the road wheeled to the right, and Kate saw for the first time the dwelling-place of her people. Tocht Lodge was of the fourth period of Scottish castellated architecture, and till it fell into disrepair was a very perfect example of the sixteenth century mansion-house, where strength of defence could not yet

be dispensed with, for the Carnegies were too near the Highland border to do without thick walls or to risk habitation on the ground floor. The buildings had first been erected on the L plan, and then had been made into a quadrangle, so that on the left was the main part, with a tower at the south-west corner over the den, and a wing at the south-east coming out to meet the gate. On the north-east and north were a tower and rooms now in ruins, and along the west ran a wall some six feet high with a stone walk three feet from the top, whence you could look down on the burn. A big gateway, whose doors were of oak studded with nails, with a grated lattice for observation, gave entrance to the courtyard. In the centre of the yard there was an ancient oak and a draw well whose water never failed. The eastern face was bare of ivy, except at the north corner, where stood the jackdaws' tower; but the rough grey stone was relieved by the tendrils and red blossoms of the hardy tropiolum which despises the rich soil of the south and the softer air, and grows luxuriantly on our homely northern houses. As they came to the gateway, the General bade Kate pull up and read the scroll above, which ran in clear-cut stone letters—

TRY AND THEN
TRVST·BETTER GVDE
ASSVRANCE
BOT TRVST NOT
OR·YE·TRY·FOR·FEAR
OF·REPENTANCE.

"We've been a slow dour race, Kit, who never gave our heart lightly, but having given it, never played the traitor. Fortune has not favoured us, for acre after acre has gone from our hands, but, thank God, we've never had dishonour."

"And never will, dad, for we are the last of the race."

Janet Macpherson was waiting in the deep doorway of the tower, and gave Kate welcome as one whose ancestors had for three generations served the Carnegies, since the day Black John had married a Macpherson.

"Calf of my heart," she cried, and took Kate in her arms. "It iss your foster-mother that will be glad to see you in the home of your people, and will be praying that God will give you peace and good days."

Then they went up the winding stone stair, with deep, narrow windows, and

came into the dining-hall where the fifty Jacobites toasted the king and many a gathering had taken place in the olden time. It was thirty-five feet long by fifteen broad, and twenty-two feet high. The floor was of flags over arches below, and the bare stone walls showed at the windows and above the black oak panelling which reached ten feet from the ground. The fireplace was six feet high, and so wide that two could sit on either side within. Upon the mantelpiece the Carnegie arms stood out in bold relief under the two crossed swords. One or two portraits of dead Carnegies and some curious weapons broke the monotony of the walls, and from the roof hung a finely wrought iron candelabra. The western portion of the hall was separated by a screen of open woodwork, and made a pleasant dining-room. A door in the corner led into the tower, which had a library, with Carnegie's bedroom above, and higher still Kate's room, each with a tiny dressing closet. For the Carnegies always lived together in this tower, and their guests at the other end of the hall. The library had two windows. From one you could look down and see nothing but the foliage of the den, with a gleam of water where the burn made a pool, and from the other you looked over a meadow with big trees to the Tocht sweeping round a bend, and across to the high opposite banks covered with brush-wood. First they visited Carnegie's room.

"Here have we been born, and died if we did not fall in battle, and it's not a bad billet after all for an old soldier. Yes, that is your mother when we were married, but I like this one better," and the General touched his breast, for he carried his love next his heart in a silver locket of curious design.

Three fine deerskins lay on the floor, and one side of the room was hung with tapestry; but the most striking piece of furnishing in the room was an oak cupboard, sunk a foot into the wall.

"I'll show you something in that cabi-



JANET MATHERSON WAS WAITING IN THE DEEP DOORWAY.

net after luncheon, Kate; but now let's see your room."

"How beautiful, and how cunning you have been," and then she took an inventory of the furniture, all new, but all in keeping with the age of the room. "You have spent far too much on a very self-willed and bad-tempered girl, and all I can do is to make you promise that you will come up here sometimes and let me give you tea in this window-seat, where we can see the woods and the Tocht."

"Well, Donald," said the General at table to his faithful servant, "how do you think Drumtocht will suit you?"

"Any place where you and Miss Kate

will be living is a good place for me, and there are six or maybe four men I hef been meeting that hef the language, but not good Gaelic—just poor Perthshire talk," for Donald was a West Highlander, and prided himself on his better speech.

"And what about a kirk, Donald? Aren't you Free like Janet?"

"Oh, yes, I am Free; but it iss not to that kirk I will be going to here, and I am telling Janet that she will be caring more about a man that has a pleasant way with him than about the truth."

"What's wrong with things, Donald, since we lay in Edinburgh twenty years ago, and you used to give me bits of the Free Kirk sermons?"

"It iss all wrong that they hef been going these last years, for they stand to sing and they sit to pray, and they will be using human hymns. And it iss great pieces of the Bible they hef cut out, and I am told that they are not done yet, but are going from bad to worse," and Donald invited questioning.

"What more are they after, man?"

"It will be myself that has found it out, and it iss only what might be expected, but I am not saying that you will be believing me."

"Out with it, Donald; let's hear what kind of people we've come amongst."

"They've been just fairly left to themselves, and the godless bodies hef taken to watering the whisky."

CHAPTER IV.

A SECRET CHAMBER.



HE cabinet now, dad, and at once," when they went up the stairs and were standing in the room. "Just give me three guesses about the mystery; but first let me examine."

It was pretty to see Kate opening the doors, curiously carved with hunting scenes, and searching the interior, tapping

with her knuckles and listening for a hollow sound.

"Is it a treasure we are to find? Then that's one point. Not in the cabinet? I have it; there is a door into some other place; am I not right?"

"Where could it be? We're in a tower cut off from the body of the Lodge, with a room above and a room below;" and the General sat down to allow full investigation.

After many journeys up and down the stair, and many questions that brought no light, Kate played a woman's trick up in her room.

"The General wishes to show me the concealed room in this tower, Janet, or whatever you call it. Would you kindly tell us how to get entrance? You needn't come down; just explain to me;" and Kate was very pleasant indeed.

"Yes, I am hearing there is a room in the tower, Miss Kate, that strangers will not be able to find; and it would be very curious if the Carnegies did not have a safe place for an honest gentleman when he was in a little trouble. All the good houses will have their secret places, and it will not be easy to find some of them. Oh no; now I will remember one at Glamis Castle. . . ."

"Never mind Glamis, nurse, for the General is waiting. Where is the spring? is it in the oak cabinet?"

"It will be good for the General to be resting himself after his luncheon, and he will be thinking many things in his room. Oh yes," continued Janet, settling herself down to narrative, and giving no heed to Kate's beguiling ways, "old Mary that died near a hundred would be often telling me stories of the old days when I was a little girl, and the one I liked best was about the hiding of the Duke of Perth."

"You will tell me that to-morrow, when I come down to see your house, Janet, and to-day you 'ill tell me how to open the spring."

"But it would be a pity not to finish the story about the Duke of Perth, for it goes well, and it will be good for a Carnegie to hear it." And Kate flung herself into the window-seat, but was hugely interested all the same.

"Mary was sitting at her door in the evening, and that would be three days after Culloden, for the news had been sent by a sure hand from the Laird, when a man came riding along the road,

and as soon as Mary saw him she knew he was somebody ; but perhaps it will be too long a story," and Janet began to arrange dresses in a wardrobe.

"No, no ; as you have begun it, I want to hear the end ; but quick, for there's the room to see and the rest of the Lodge before it grows dark. What like was he ?"

"He wass a man that looked as if he would be commanding, but his clothes were common grey, and stained with the road. He wass very tired, and could hardly hold himself up in the saddle, and his horse wass covered with foam.

"Is this Tochty Lodge ?" he asked, softening his voice as one trying to speak humbly. "I am passing this way, and have a message for Mistress Carnegie ; think you that I can have speech of her quietly ?"

"So Mary will go up and tell the lady that one wass waiting to see her, and that he seemed a noble gentleman. When they came down to the courtyard he had drawn water for his horse from the well, and wass giving him to drink, thinking more of the beast that had borne him than of his own need, as became a man of birth.

"At the sight of the lady he took off his bonnet and bowed low, and asked if he might have a private audience, to which Mistress Carnegie replied, 'We are private here,' and asked, 'Have you been with my son ?'

"We fought together for the Prince three days since—my name is Perth. I am escaping for my life, and desire a brief rest, if it please you, and bring no danger to your house."

"Ye had been welcome, my Lord Duke," and Mary used to show how her mistress straightened herself, "though you were the poorest soldier that had drawn his sword for the good cause, and ye will stay here till it be safe for you to escape to France."

"He was four weeks hidden in the room, and although the soldiers searched all the house, they could never find the place, and Mrs. Carnegie put scorn upon them, asking why they did her so much honour and whom they sought. Oh yes, it wass a cunning place for the bad times, and you will be pleased to see it."

"And the secret, Janet," cried Kate, her hand upon the door ; "you know it quite well."

"So does the General, Catherine of

my heart," said Janet, "and he will be liking to show it himself."

So Kate departed in a rage, and gave orders that there be no more delay, for she would not spend an afternoon seeking for rat-holes.

"No rat-hole, Kit, but a very fair chamber for a hunted man ; it is twenty years and more since this door opened last, for none knows the trick of it save Janet and myself. There it goes."

A panel in the back of the cabinet slid aside behind its neighbour and left a passage through which one could squeeze himself with an effort.

"We go up a stair now, and must have light ; a candle will do ; the air is perfectly pure, for there's plenty of ventilation ;" and then they crept up by steps in the thickness of the walls, till they stood in a chamber under six feet high, but otherwise as large as the bedroom below. The walls were lined with wood, and there were two tiny slits that gave air, but hardly any light. The only furniture in the room was an oaken chest, clasped with iron and curiously locked.

"Our plate chest, Kit ; but there's not much silver and gold in it, worse luck for you, lassie ; in fact, we're a pack of fools to set store by it. There's nothing in the kist but some old clothes, and perhaps some buckles and such like. I dare say there is a lock of hair also. Some day we will have a look inside."

"To-day, instantly," and Kate shook her father. "You are a dreadful hypocrite, for I can see that you would rather Tochty were burned down than this box be lost." Are there any relics of Prince Charlie in it ? Quick."

"Be patient ; it's a difficult key to turn ; there now ;" but there was not much to see—only pieces of woollen cloth tightly folded down.

"Call Janet, Kate, for she ought to see this opening, and we'll carry everything down to my room, for no one could tell what like things are in this gloom."

"Yes, Perth lived here for weeks, and used to go up to the gallery where Black John's mother sat with her maid ; but the son was hiding in the North, and never reached his house till he came to die."

First of all they came upon a ball dress of the former time, of white silk, with a sash of Macpherson tartan, besides much fine lace.



"IT'S A DIFFICULT KEY TO TURN"

"That is the dress your grandmother wore as a bride at the Court of Versailles in the seventies. She was only a lassie, and seemed like her husband's daughter. The Prince danced with her, and they counted the dress something to be kept, and that night Lochiel and Cluny also had a reel with Sheena Carnegie, while Black John looked like a young man, for he had been too sorely wounded to be able to dance with her himself." And then the General carried down with his own hands a Highland gentleman's evening dress, trows of the Royal tartan, and a velvet coat with silver buttons, and a light plaid of fine cloth.

"And this was her husband's dress that night; but why the Stewart tartan?"

"No, lassie, that is the suit the Prince wore at Holyrood, where he gave a great ball after Prestonpans, and danced with the Edinburgh ladies. It was smuggled across to France at last with other things of the Prince's, and he gave it to Carnegie.

"It will remind you of our great days," he said, "when the Stewarts saw their friends in Mary's Palace."

Last of all, the General lifted out a casket and laid it on his table. Within it was a brooch, such as might once have been worn either by a man or a woman; diamonds set in gold, and in the midst a lock of fair hair.

"Is it really, father? . . ." And Kate took the jewel in her hand.

"Yes, the Prince's hair—the his wedding present to Sheena Macpherson."

Kate kissed it fervently, and passed it to Janet, who placed it carefully in the box, while the General made believe to laugh.

"Your mother wore the brooch on great occasions, and you will do the same. Kit, for auld lang syne. There are two or three families left in Perthshire that will like to see it on your breast."

"Yes, and there will maybe be more than two or three that will like to see the lady that wears it." This from Janet.

"Your compliments are a little late, and you may keep them to yourself, Janet; it would have been kinder to tell me. . . ."

"Tell you what?" And the General looked very provoking.

"I hate to be beaten." Kate first looked angry, and then laughed. "What else is there to see?"

"There is the gallery, which is the one feature in our poor house, and we will try to reach it from the Duke's hiding-place, for it was a cleverly designed hole, and had its stair up as well as down." And then they all came out into one of the strangest rooms you could find in Scotland, and one that left a pleasant picture in their minds who had seen it lit of a winter night, and the wood burning on the hearth, and Kate dancing a reel with Lord Hay or some other brisk young man, while the General looked on from one of the deep window recesses.

The gallery extended over the hall and Kate's drawing-room, and measured fifty feet long from end to end. The upper part of the walls was divided into compartments by an arcading, made of painted pilasters and flat arches. Each compartment had a motto, and this was on one side of the fireplace:

A nice wyfe and
A back doore
Oft maketh a rich
Man poore.

And on the other:

Give liberalye
To neidful folke

Denye · nane · of ·
 Them · al · for · lile
 Thow · knawest · heir
 In · this · lyfe · of · what
 Chaunce · may · the
 Befall.

The glory of the gallery, however, was its ceiling, which was of the seventeenth century work, and so wonderful that many learned persons used to come and study it. After the great disaster when the Lodge was sold and allowed to fall to pieces, this fine work went first, and now no one examining its remains could have imagined how wonderful it was, and in its own way how beautiful. This ceiling was of wood, painted, and semi-elliptical in form, and one wet day, when we knew not what else to do, Kate and I counted more than three hundred panels. It was an arduous labour for the neck, and the General refused to help us; but I am sure that we did not make too many, for we worked time about, while the General took note of the figures, and our plan was that each finished his tale of work at some amazing beast, so that we could make no mistake. Some of the panels were circles, and they were filled in with coats-of-arms; some were squares and they contained a bestiary of that day. It was hard indeed to decide whether the circles or the squares were more interesting. The former had the arms of every family in Scotland that had the remotest connection with the Carnegies, and besides swept in a wider field, comprising David, King of Israel, who was placed near Hector of Troy, and Arthur of Brittain not far from Moses—all of whom had appropriate crests and mottoes. In the centre were the arms of our Lord Christ as Emperor of Judea, and the chief part of them was the Cross. But it came upon one with a curious shock to see this coat among the shields of Scottish nobles. There were beasts that could be recognised at once, and these were sparingly named; but others were astounding, and above them were inscribed titles such as these: Shoe-lyon,

Musket, Ostray; and one fearsome animal in the centre was designated the Ram of Arabia. This display of heraldry and natural history was reinforced by the cardinal virtues in seventeenth century dress: Charitas as an elderly female of extremely forbidding aspect, receiving two very imperfectly clad children; and Temperantia as a furious-looking person—male on the whole rather than female—pouring some liquor—surely water—from a jug into a cup, with averted face, and leaving little to be desired. The afternoon sun shining in through a western window and lingering among the black and white tracery, so that the marking of a shield came into relief or a beast suddenly glared down on one, had a weird, old-world effect.

"It's half an armoury and half a menagerie," said Kate, "and I think we 'ill have tea in the library with the windows open to the Glen." And so they sat together in quietness, with books of heraldry and sport and ancient Scottish classics and such like round them, while Janet went out and in.

"So Donald has been obliged to leave his kirk;" for Kate had not yet forgiven Janet. "He says it's very bad here; I hope you won't go to such a place."

"What would Donald Macdonald be saying against it?" enquired Janet, severely.

"Oh, I don't remember—lots of things. He thought you were making too much of the minister."

"The minister iss a good man, and hass some Highland blood in him, though he hass lost his Gaelic, and he will be very pleasant in the house."

"If I was seeing a sheep, and it will be putting on this side and that, and quarrelling with everybody, do you know what I will be thinking?"

"That's Donald, I suppose; well?"

"I will say to myself, that sheep iss a goat." And Janet left the room with the laurels of victory.

(To be continued.)



LIVING CRITICS.

IV.—MR. R. H. HUTTON.

There is probably no English journal that wields a stronger influence over thoughtful men than the *Spectator*. There is, moreover, none that has more marked and recognisable characteristics of its own. In both its great departments of politics and literature the *Spectator* has for many years struck an unmistakable note. To have distinguished itself from other papers by exaggeration or violence of style and tone would have been comparatively easy; but neither in its political nor in its literary articles is the *Spectator* guilty of excess. We may differ from its views, but we must acknowledge the fairness of its intention and the almost invariable moderation with which that intention is expressed. The *Spectator* has, as much as any individual man, a character of its own; but it is a character which, like some of the creations of dramatic genius, impresses us rather by its even good sense, and sanity, and calm intelligence, than by the abnormal development of a few traits. To have stamped such a character upon the great paper, and to have won for it the respect of so many well-educated readers, is no small exploit. The men who have performed it are men worthy of study. They are more than merely clever, or able, or talented men. They must, of course, be that first of all; but they must, moreover, have the power of sympathy and the faculty of leadership. They have moulded others in their own image, or have given them a complexion, as Nature herself dictates, as it were, the colour of her creatures. The *Spectator* is the *Spectator*; it is not a mere collection of essays issued periodically by one publishing house.

Mr. R. H. Hutton modestly describes his own as much the smaller share in this remarkable work—the high estimate of which here given is mine, not his. But at any rate, to have had a share in it at all marks Mr. Hutton as something more than an individual critic. He is not to be measured merely by the work, important as it is, which bears his own name. He is also the

head of what may fairly be called a school. Consciously or unconsciously, he has influenced the majority, at least, of the numerous writers who must have collaborated in the weekly literary articles of the *Spectator*. This is the first point to be insisted upon in an appreciation of Mr. Hutton as a critic. We must put to his credit not only all that is of merit in his writings, but that personal power which he has wielded over others.

Probably if we can explain this power we shall have a clue to the explanation also of Mr. Hutton's own literary work. The less is included within the greater; and, highly as I esteem Mr. Hutton's writings, I suspect (and to any one not in the secrets of the *Spectator* it can only be a conjecture) that he has done even greater work as an editor than he has as an author. We must ask, then, what are the qualities necessary to such success. In the first place, the editor who impresses *himself* upon men will probably prove to be a man of many interests. Men are, as a rule, first attracted by what is like themselves; they may be afterwards won to respect and perhaps to imitate what is unlike. Now, variety of interest is certainly one of the features of Mr. Hutton's literary work. His style is not particularly flexible, but the range of his subjects is wide. His *Studies in Parliament* prove that he has not wholly confined himself to the province of literature; he is widely known as a writer on theological topics; and there is great diversity of theme even in his more strictly literary essays.

It would be a mistake to regard Mr. Hutton as the exponent of a literary craft, viewed as a thing apart. To him, rules of art are always in intimate relation to rules of life. Thus, in his extremely able and interesting essay on "Goethe and his Influence," he criticises Goethe for the *unmoral* character of his genius and work. It has often been done, but it has rarely been done so well; and of course Mr. Hutton avoids the Philistine fallacy that every

work of art must have "a moral," a sort of tag to catch the eye of those who cannot read between the lines. His complaint is that in Goethe there is nothing—of the moral kind—between the lines to read. Here there is some exaggeration. In the character of Faust, for example, we may detect more of a moral foundation than Mr. Hutton perceives. But there is also a solid basis of truth in his view; and perhaps its principal fault lies, not so much in any positive error, as in the partial insensibility displayed to the fascination of the pure intellect. Goethe's critical detachment and his ability to fix "his eye on nature's plan" as an observer, not as an actor, are qualities outside the sphere of Mr. Hutton's sympathies. He understands, but he does not like; he is repelled rather than attracted.

We are led therefore to notice that the rules of life in relation to which Mr. Hutton always views the rules of art are of a specially theological cast. He is himself quite conscious of this characteristic of his work, and he frankly avows that the principles upon which his literary criticisms are founded are as theological as those of the theological essays themselves. The phraseology is accurate, and it points to a limitation which would not have been indicated had it been possible to say that the principles in question are as *religious* as those of the essays dealing with religion. There is perhaps something too much of dogma in the background of Mr. Hutton's criticism; and it is partly this that stops the flow of his sympathy towards Goethe. It must be added, however, that Mr. Hutton's sympathy, though not limitless, is wide; if it were not, he could hardly have done the work as an editor with which I have credited him. Mr. Hutton can appreciate and praise generously those who dissent from even his most cherished theological beliefs. George Eliot rejected Christianity, but few have estimated her work more highly than he. Matthew Arnold rejected it likewise—at least as it is taught by the Churches; but we may safely say that there is no critic who has so long and so steadily as Mr. Hutton maintained the greatness of Arnold's poetry. Both these writers attract him—Arnold, because the critic has detected the poet's deep sympathy with the creed his intellect compels him to reject, and the rapt

tone so frequent in his verse. George Eliot, again, attracts him because of the spectacle of a moral nature very deep and strong labouring to exist without a God. Mr. Hutton does not believe in the possibility of doing so, and he thinks the very appearance of success is due to the unconscious use of those principles and beliefs which George Eliot denies. The interest in the effort is not destroyed, it is even increased for the critic by his conviction of its ultimate futility. The English writers, unlike Goethe, are themselves engaged in the conflict, and it is for this reason that they are in the critic's mind discriminated from Goethe.

There is clearly a certain loss involved in Mr. Hutton's building his criticism on a theological substructure. Very many in the present day dispute the intellectual soundness of that substructure; still more would maintain that, sound or not, it must be tried by tests which he and those who think with him would hardly accept. But on the whole, as compared at least with criticisms of art, as a thing completely detachable from the other interests of life, the gain outweighs the loss. Nearly all the criticism that is remembered has a reach far beyond the sphere of purely technical questions, or of the mere analysis of beauty. Goethe, Coleridge, Lamb, Ste.-Beuve, Scherer, Arnold, all agree in laying a broad intellectual foundation for their criticism. Goethe, the greatest of them, is distinguished above the rest for his wide intellectual sweep; and Aristotle, the one man greater than even Goethe, who ever examined the groundwork of literary art, is also, appropriately, the one man who surpasses him in the range of his critical principles. Mr. Hutton, though he is not the equal of these giants, is by virtue of his method associated with this honourable company.

We find then that the most prominent features of Mr. Hutton's criticism are variety of interest and a sympathy, comprehensive indeed, but not entirely catholic. The unifying principle is given by theology, and theology determines likewise the limits of the sympathy. When there is no strong theological reason for either sympathy or antipathy his preferences are first for men of wholesome tone, and secondly, for men who to literary talent unite a comprehension of public life. The absence

of complete wholesomeness accounts for an occasional asperity in the judgment on Carlyle. The wholesomeness of Wordsworth is part of the secret of Mr. Hutton's admiration for him. His admiration for Arnold, too, is all the higher because he is convinced that the poet's meditative melancholy never saps his manliness; there is an "irrepressible buoyancy" behind it all. But above all it is illustrated, as is likewise the second point, by the excellent monograph on Scott. Mr. Hutton responds in a moment to the manly simplicity of Scott. So do most critics who have the least touch of a similar quality in themselves. So did even Carlyle, who never failed more hopelessly, or was more conspicuously wrong-headed, than in his essay on Scott. But it has spurred few to labour, as Mr. Hutton has laboured, to understand Scott the man, even more perhaps than Scott the author. *Sic sedebat* is the touchingly simple inscription on the seated statue of Scott in the vaults of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. By its very brevity, by the absence of name, or date, or further specification, it indicates the personal appeal Scott makes to so many. No one can doubt who "he" is, and every one wishes to know how he used to sit, and all about him. Since Lockhart's great *Life* no writer on Scott has shown more clearly than Mr. Hutton the force of this personal interest. His book is conspicuous in the series to which it belongs as almost the only one which gives an impression of the man even more than of the writer. Perhaps its only rival in this respect is the volume in the

same series which deals with Johnson.

But, as I have said, Mr. Hutton's treatment of Scott illustrates also his preference for men who, while they are men of letters, love to take an outlook into public life. He justly commends Scott on the ground that "you can hardly read any novel of Scott's and not become better aware what public life and political issues mean." He is here, perhaps unconsciously, praising Scott for observing in the novel the principle he himself observes in criticism. If good criticism must be wider than any mere body of technical rules, still more must good creative art go beyond its apparent limits. In this no doubt Mr. Hutton is reflecting his own life and experiences. His journalistic connections, his contact with many men and many phases of life, have confirmed what was probably an inherent tendency of mind, and made him look abroad for truth. Happily for him, those connections have been of the best kind. That he has always and in all his writings escaped the evils associated with journalism, it would be too much to say. But he has been saved—if he ever was in peril—from the parochial narrowness which is the besetting danger of perhaps all except the very highest circles of pure literature. There is no crowd, said Keats, more vulgar than the literary crowd. Mr. Hutton has none of this vulgarity, because he has learned to live and to think with statesmen and men of the world as well as with men of letters.

Hugh Walker.

AGE AND YOUTH.

Yonder apart he dreams who once to fray
 The swiftest sped, now white and slow and still :
 Sudden a girl's voice wakes him with a thrill
 Like antique Memnon touched by rising day.

Philip Becker Goetz.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

XII.—THE IMAGINATION.

The Lady of Shalott, sitting in her tower, looked into her magic mirror and saw the whole world go by—monk, maiden, priest, knight, lady, and king. In the mirror of the imagination not only the world of to-day, but the entire movement of human life moves before the eye as the throngs of living men move on the streets. For the imagination is the real magician, of whose marvels all simulated magic is but a clumsy and mechanical imitation. It is the real power, of which all material powers are very inadequate symbols. Rarely taken into account by teachers, entirely ignored by educational systems and philosophies, it is the divinest of all the powers which men are able to put forth, because it is the creative power. It uses thought, but, in a way, it is greater than thought, because it builds out of thought that which thought alone is powerless to construct. It is, indeed, the essential element in great constructive thinking; for while we may have thoughts untouched by the imagination, one cannot think along high constructive lines without its constant aid. Isolated thoughts come unattended by it, but the thinking which issues in organised systems, in comprehensive interpretations of things and events, in those noble generalisations which have the splendour of the discovery of new worlds in them, in those concrete embodiments of idea which we call works of art, is conditioned on the use of the imagination. Plato's Dialogues were fashioned by it as truly as Homer's poems; Hegel's philosophy was created by it as definitely as Shakespeare's plays, and Newton and Kepler used it as freely as Dante or Rembrandt.

Upon the use of this supreme faculty we depend not only for creative power, but for education in the highest sense of the word; for culture is the highest result of education, and the final test of education is its power to produce culture. Goethe was in the habit of saying that sympathy is essential to all true criticism; for no man can discern the

heart of a movement, of a work of art, or of a race who does not put himself into heart relations with that which he is trying to understand. We never really possess an idea, a bit of knowledge, or a fact of experience until we get below the mind of it into the heart of it. Now, sympathy in this sense is the imagination touched with feeling; it is the imagination bringing thought and emotion into vital relation. In the process of culture, therefore, the imagination plays a great part; for culture, it cannot too often be said, is knowledge, observation, and experience incorporated into personality and become part of the very nature of the individual. The man of culture is pre-eminently a man of imagination; lacking this quality, he may become learned by force of industry, or a scholar by virtue of a trained intelligence, but the ripeness, the balance, the peculiar richness of fibre which characterise the man of culture will be denied him. The man of culture, it is true, is not always a man of creative power; but he is never devoid of that kind of creative quality which transforms everything he receives into something personal and individual. And the more deeply one studies the work of the great artists, the more distinctly does he see the immense place which culture in the vital, as contrasted with the academic, sense held in their lives, and the great part it played in their productive activity. Dante, Goethe, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell were men possessed in rare degree of culture of both kinds; but Shakespeare and Burns were equally men of culture. They shared in the possession of this faculty of making all they saw and knew a part of themselves. Between culture of this quality and the creative power there is something more than complete unity; there is almost identity, for they seem to be two forms of activity of the same power rather than distinct faculties. Culture enables us to receive the world into ourselves, not in the reflection of a magic mirror, but in the depths of a living soul; to receive that world in such a way that we possess it, it ceases

to be outside us and becomes part of our very nature. The creative power enables us to refashion that world and to put it forth again out of ourselves, as it was originally put forth out of the life of the divine artist. The creative process is, therefore, a double process, and culture and genius stand in indissoluble union.

The development of the imagination, upon the power of which both absorption of knowledge and creative capacity depend, is, therefore, a matter of supreme importance. To this necessity educators will some day open their eyes, and educational systems will some day conform; meantime, it must be done mainly by individual work. Knowledge, discipline, and technical training of the best sort are accessible on every hand, but the development of the faculty which unites all these in the highest form of activity must be secured mainly by personal effort. The richest and most accessible material for this highest education is furnished by art, and the form of art within reach of every civilised man, at all times, in all places, is the book. To these masterpieces, which have been called the books of life, all men may turn with the assurance that as the supreme achievements of the imagination they have the power of awakening, stimulating, and enriching it in the highest degree. For the genuine reader, who sees in a book what the writer has put there, repeats in a way the process through which the maker of the book passed. The man who reads the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* with his heart as well as his intelligence must measurably enter into the life which these poems describe and interpret; he must identify himself for the time with the race whose soul and historic character are revealed in epic form as in a great mirror; he must see life from the Greek point of view, and feel life as the Greek felt it. He must, in a word, go through the process by which the poems were made as well as feel, comprehend, and enjoy their final perfection. In like manner the open-hearted and open-minded reader of the Book of Job cannot rest content with that noble poem in the form which it now possesses; the imaginative impulse which even the casual reading of the poem liberates in him sends him behind the

finished product to the life of which it was the immortal fruit; he enters into the groping thought of an age which has perished out of all other remembrance, he deals with a problem which is as old as man from the standpoint of men who have left no other record of themselves. In proportion to the depth of his feeling and the vitality of his imagination he must saturate himself with the rich life of thought, conviction, and emotion, of struggle and aspiration, out of which the greatest of the poems of nature took its rise. He must, in a word, receive into himself the living material upon which the unknown poet worked. In such a process the imagination is evoked in full and free play; it insensibly reconstructs a life gone out of knowledge; selects, harmonises, unifies, and, in a measure, creates. It illuminates and unifies knowledge, divines the wide relations of thought, and discerns its place in organic connection with the world which gave it birth.

The material upon which this great power is nourished is specifically furnished by the works which it has created. As the eye is trained to discover the line of beauty by companionship with the works in which it is revealed with the greatest clearness and power, so is the imagination developed by intimacy with the books which disclose its depth, its reality, and its method. The reader of Shakespeare cannot follow the leadings of his masterly imagination without feeling a liberation of his own faculty of seeing things as parts of a vast order of life. He does not gain the poet's creative power, but he is enlarged and enriched to the point where his own imagination plays directly on the material about it; he receives it into himself, and in the exact measure in which he learns the secret of absorbing what he sees, feels and knows, becomes master and interpreter of the world of his time, and restorer of the world of other times and men. For the imagination, playing upon fact and experience, divines their meaning and puts us in possession of the truth and life that are in them. To possess this magical power is to live the whole of life and to enter into the heritage of history.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

SHALL AND WILL AGAIN.

A REPLY TO MR. BARR.

Mr. Robert Barr's paper on *Shall and Will* in the December *BOOKMAN* is so delightful a bit of whimsy that it is perhaps better to make no serious comment upon it. Yet, as true words are often spoken in jest, so jestful words are not seldom taken for true; and Mr. Barr's screed, in effect, preaches a doctrine dangerous to the dignity and beauty of the English tongue.

The delicate, sensitive use of *shall* and *will*—and more broadly, the delicate sensitive use of English words as a whole—is the very touchstone of style. A feeling for the *nuances* of language, for the niceties of mood, tense, and form which imply its historic life, is and ever has been the hall-mark of the good and the great writer. Although it is a fact that English has, in the rough attrition of the centuries, become a speech comparatively uninflectional, it is also to be kept in mind that sufficient of the historical past of English remains to allow of a host of subtle word-uses harking back to good old custom and revered with the best traditions. English to-day is by no means the "grammarless tongue" which Richard Grant White, in a chapter condemned by all philologists, once declared it to be. The right manipulation of *shall* and *will* is just one of the cases in point, showing the writer's literary culture, his instinctive grasp of reputable speech-modes. I do not hesitate to say, categorically, that no great English stylist can be mentioned who does not uniformly prove himself a master of the very different shadings gained by the proper handling of these auxiliary words. Contrariwise, their mishandling always bespeaks the lack of literary experience. I have before me a letter from the editor of a well-known monthly, in which *shall* and *will* are placidly interchanged from Alpha to Omega. The impression of vulgarity made by this stylistic defect is as strong as if I should see the writer use his knife in lieu of his fork at table.

Nor is the philosophy of *shall* and *will* such a deep or difficult thing. The following simple table tells the whole

story, and should bother neither Mr. Barr nor any one else :

I shall	}	Expresses futurity.
Thou wilt		
He will		
We shall	}	Expresses volition.
You will		
They will		
I will	}	Expresses volition.
Thou shalt		
He shall		
We will	}	Expresses volition.
You shall		
They shall		

This exposition, illuminated by a few examples, can be made part and parcel of one's scientific knowledge in five minutes' time, so that, thereafter, the statement in a letter that "I will be pleased to see you," shall grate (as it should grate) upon your linguistic nerves, and you shall be able to say why it is wrong—because volition is implied where the expression of pure futurity was intended. Newspaper English is notorious for this failing, and it is a *délit* which is spreading, woe worth the day!

But not for a moment do I mean to claim that a self-conscious, analytical explanation of the use of *shall* and *will* is necessary to the avoidance of sin. Not at all. The writer who is naturally called to literature, and whose commerce with great books is wide and deep, will handle this problem, as he will others, by instinct. Intuition, not analysis, will guide him. A thorough immersion in the main stream of English literature, together with due exercise in the craft of writing, will make it impossible to admit such a blemish upon the fair page of one's style. Very interesting, and calling for a special word of reply, is Mr. Barr's reference to the Scotch inability to discriminate between *shall* and *will*. Concerning this, it may be said that there is no evidence in the older English literary monuments that the Scotch (*i.e.*, Northern English) were careless about the handling of these auxiliaries. The dialectical variations

between Northern, Midland, and Southern English in the twelfth century and afterwards exhibits no such weakness. Moreover, I make bold to claim that no Scotch writer in modern times of the first rank is indifferent to the clearly defined distinction between *shall* and *will*. Stevenson is a Scot, and surely a great stylist, a master of exquisite English; safe to say that his work may be searched up and down, through and around for a single misuse of this locution. When in the *Vailima Letters* (vol. ii., p. 55) he says, "I will not allow it to be called *Uma* in book form," we can rest assured that he meant *will*, the expression of a very decided personal decision, and not *shall*, which would have given the sentence a totally different and paler colour. Nay, I believe Mr. Barr humorously exaggerates his own incapability to grapple with these words. He is too good a writer not to have the feeling for style sufficient, for example, to make him know *instanter* that the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," with its imperious flavour and obvious volitional quality, becomes changed when written

"Thou wilt not steal," where we get simply an unimpressive predication as to thieving in time to come. This is an extreme example, but a perfectly fair one.

It is, then, important to keep alive a sense of the respective colours of *shall* and *will* in English style. The difference is based firmly upon an historic development, and has been perpetuated and adorned by the choicest and happiest writers for some six hundred years. The tyro, the vulgarian and the provincial will always be detected in such misuses as these, and the integrity and purity of the mother tongue can be conserved only by a recognition of such-like felicities of diction. Whether we come at the truth through the head by grammar, or through the heart by the assimilation of literature, matters not much. But it will be a bad day for English style when the ears of our reputable makers of essays, poems, and stories are not keen to those flagrant abuses of the tongue well exemplified in the modern jugglery with *shall* and *will*.

Richard Burton.

ENIGMATICAL MOLLY.

Quaint little Molly, delighting to tease,
Sits while I read to her under the trees,
Her mischievous eyes solely bent on the book,
With a prim and demure intellectual look,
But when I attempt to imprison her hand,
Quaint little Molly does not understand!

When I say she is "distant" she tries to look grave:
Pray, how in the world would I have her behave?
Then I artfully seek to make matters more clear
By showing that "distant" means "not very near";
My sage definition in vain I extend,
For dear little Molly does not comprehend!

When she plays the piano with exquisite art,
Revealing the wealth of her womanly heart,
I muse in my soul if she ever can know
Why a nocturne of Chopin should sadden me so:
'Tis the little musician, I long to explain,
Who's the cause of my vague, indefinable pain.

Then she gives me a pansy, ere homeward I go,
In my button-hole daintily fastened just so:
But what says her heart when I tell her the thought
Which the magical touch of her fingers has wrought?
Should I question a sphinx it would answer as well;
For wise little Molly refuses to tell!

Herbert Muller Hopkins.

PARIS LETTER.

One was amused to read in the papers, after Alexandre Dumas's death, the narratives about him which were contributed by so many correspondents. From these narratives of interviews and so on the reader must have formed the opinion that Dumas was a man as accessible to strangers as are most contemporary men of letters, and fully as appreciative of the value of *réclame*. Such an opinion is an erroneous one, for there was not perhaps in Paris—not excepting the President of the French Republic—a man more inaccessible than was Dumas. He disliked and avoided not the *vulgus* alone, but mankind in general. The reason of his dislike was an inherent one; it was made up partly of *morgue* and partly of nervousness. His manner was cold and reserved. I do not remember ever to have seen him unbosom himself. Stay! Once I did so see him, and that was on the first occasion on which I saw him. That was many years ago. I had corresponded with him, but, knowing his aversion to strangers, I had never approached him. One day, however, I was asked by a friend to procure for Lady Dorothy Neville the signature of Alexandre Dumas *filis* in her birthday book, a book which contains the autograph of almost everybody of high rank or of high distinction who has lived and had his being during the last sixty years. (I had already procured for this same book the last signature that Victor Hugo ever wrote; in fact, it was to write his name there that he took pen in hand for the very last time—some days before his death.) It was the sort of thing one does not readily do for one's self; more willingly, however, for others. By some mistake as to the entrances to the house in the Avenue de Villiers, I got into Dumas's kitchen instead of into his hall. The cook, who received me, sent my note and Lady Dorothy's birthday-book upstairs, and accommodated me with a chair. She took me, I believe, for some one for a charity; a man who had called for a subscription with a little book. She told me that it was very unlikely I should get anything, and, being in an amiable mood, entertained me while I was waiting with her conversation. It appeared

that I had called just at Dumas's luncheon-hour, and had come into the kitchen just as preparations were being made for an omelette. It was an omelette invented, so the cook told me, by Monsieur's father, into the composition of which red pepper entered largely, as to which she remarked that there was no accounting for individual tastes. I spent an amusing quarter of an hour listening to her gossip and to the remarks of the other servants, none of whom seemed particularly well-disposed towards their master. There was full material there to furnish a contributor to a "society paper" with at least a page of personal paragraphs as spiced as was the omelette of *feu le père de Monsieur*. Our conversation was, however, interrupted by the arrival of Dumas himself. He appeared at the head of the stairs, and the first indication I had of his presence was a loud laugh. He called me upstairs, and conducted me to his study, and was laughing all the way. No doubt he had lunched comfortably, and was in a epeptic humour. For my part, I never could understand what so tickled his fancy. He said that it was very droll that I should have been sitting in his kitchen, and he said that he was sure—in spite of my protestations—that I would publish in the American paper to which I was then acting as Paris correspondent a full account of "Dumas's House Below Stairs." At the same time he begged me not to betray the recipe of his father's omelette. He then wrote his name in Lady Dorothy's book, and kept me chatting on all kinds of subjects for over an hour. I often saw him afterwards, both at his house and in society, but, as I have said before, his manner was always cold and reserved. I knew that he was very sensitive about his birth, and bore a grudge against society for its manifestly unjust attitude towards children who, like himself, are born out of wedlock. I have conversed with him on the subject of illegitimacy, and I remember that I once pleased him by describing somebody as somebody else's natural father, when one usually would have referred to the latter as the former's natural son. He said that the description would sound well in a play. He was

a sentimental man *au fond*, as indeed most cynics are, and each year used to carry flowers to the cemetery to adorn the grave of the heroine of the *Dame aux Camélias*—an action which was certainly not dictated by a feeling of gratitude—as has been maliciously suggested—for the excellent material both pictorial and dramatic supplied by the career of Marguérite the frail and the fair.

One is not surprised that, in spite of the large debt owed to him by the French public, Dumas's character should have been so much attacked since his death. He was not *sympathique*, and a habit he had of neglecting his correspondence gave a good deal of offence. In the last years of his life he had made it his rule never to open any letters the handwriting on which was unfamiliar to him. About a year ago I received a long letter from him, in answer to one of mine in which I had complained of not having received any answer to a previous communication, in which he told me that he had at that time in his study considerably over five hundred letters which he had not opened and did not expect to open. People do not like such Napoleonic treatment of their communications, and many must have borne a grudge against Dumas.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, whom formerly I frequently used to visit. He was emphatically a "grand old man," fully as worthy of the title of "le grand Français" as was my poor old friend Ferdinand de Lesseps. His was a splendid example of the hygienic value of temperance and steady hard work. Almost all his time was spent in his study, which was comfortably, even luxuriously furnished. A peculiarity of his was that all the year round he kept a bright wood fire burning in this room, which made a visit to him in the summer somewhat of an ordeal to less chilly mortals. But he was so amiable, so interesting, so admirable to contemplate that one always enjoyed a call at the little house in Passy. He was especially courteous towards Englishmen, and expressed for British policy unbounded admiration. He described our occupation of Egypt as a benefit not only to that country but to civilisation, and this was the political topic upon which he was most eloquent. It is not surprising that, holding such views on this subject, he should have

been very unpopular in Paris, but I do not remember ever to have heard any aspersion on his private character. He was a boon to journalists, and especially to foreign correspondents, for he was always ready to speak on political matters, but only on such matters as to which he was fully informed. He always refused to express himself on questions which he had not studied. The last letter which I received from him—written in a firm hand—was to tell me that he could not enlighten me on a certain point. "And," he added, "you know that I never speak except *en connaissance de cause*." One hopes that his life may be written, for guidance and example. If life is worth living at all, surely it is such a life as was lived for upwards of ninety years by Barthélemy de St. Hilaire.

Apropos, I hardly can believe that St. Hilaire was the page who carried the news of the birth of the King of Rome to the Empress Josephine. The King of Rome was born in 1811, and in that year Barthélemy de St. Hilaire was about seven years old.

Jules Moineaux, who died at the beginning of this month, was a police-court reporter who had raised his craft to the dignity of an art. He used to seize on the comic side of any case which he heard, and develop the trivial story into a fine piece of humour. Later he invented cases and contributed a long series of "Tribunaux Comiques" to the papers. These sketches were afterwards republished in book form. More than a score of these volumes were published, each running into many editions. Poor Moineaux, however, had higher ambitions, and tried his hand at writing novels. But the public had "nailed him to the specialty" (to use Max Nordau's phrase) of comic police-court reporting, and would have none of his other books. This embittered his life, and here again the man who was a jester in public was in private a very unhappy man.

In connection with the dispute between M. Paul Bourget and his publisher over the latter's account of copies of *Outre-Mer* sold, a proposal mooted some years by Hector Malot has once more been under discussion in literary circles in Paris. Malot having reason to doubt his publisher's accounts, proposed that the author should be entitled to affix to

each copy of his book a stamp, which he would obliterate by signing his name across it. No copies were to be sold without such a stamp; unstamped copies to be treated as pirated. The scheme was backed by the Société des Romanciers, but it never came into practice. Some publishers expressed themselves quite ready to agree to such a condition, others declared that such a proposal was a deliberate insult to them; Zola refused to co-operate. "You can't expect me to waste my time in signing my name in each of the 100,000 copies of the various editions of each of my books." Ollendorff said that it would be difficult for him to send Pierre Loti's books after him—say to Japan—for the purpose of obtaining his signature. Similar objections were everywhere urged, and the plan fell through. It strikes me as impracticable, though no doubt book-buyers would like to see it put into practice. Who would not prefer his copy of a favourite novel signed by the author?

In one respect the English author has the advantage over his French *confrère*. It is a rule in French printing-houses that a certain number of copies of any book printed belong by right of custom to the "chapel"—the members of which drink to the health of the author and to the success of the book on the proceeds of these copies.

It is a sign of the times that there is

shortly to be issued in Paris a French argot dictionary. Dictionaries of argot into French have long existed, Delvan's *Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte* being perhaps the best, and Barrère's *Argot and Slang*. Now a demand has risen for a book by the help of which the young *pschutteux* or *pschutteuse* may be able to translate the French into slang, so as to give a thoroughly *fin de siècle* flavour to his remarks or hers.

An excellent book, giving the history of the novel in France during the whole of the nineteenth century, has recently been published by Calmann-Lévy. It is a valuable addition to any library.

Daudet's *Soutien de Famille* will not be finished until the spring. People say that it contains some of the best work he has yet done.

Zola will as usual set his name down as a candidate for the fauteuil at the Academy which has been vacated by the death of Alexandre Dumas. I do not think that he has the slightest chance of success. Academicians, even those in sympathy with him, disapprove of his persistence, which looks like an attempt to force their hands. Dumas, by the way, was next to François Coppée, Zola's warmest supporter for the Academy.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

Their eyes beheld below the palace height
 Where Egypt lay in sultry slumber deep,
 Where o'er the Delta dark the river steep
 Towards Sais or Bubastis rolls thick might.
 The Roman cuirass'd heavy as in fight,
 Warrior and captive wooing infant sleep,
 Against his victor heart felt fall and leap
 Voluptuous her heart in close delight.
 Moving her pale brow, wreathed with tresses brown,
 Towards him whose senses her sweet perfumes drown,
 She raised her lips and lucent orbs, and o'er
 Her bending low the ardent emperor
 Beheld in those wide eyes, gold-starred as night,
 One boundless sea, where sped a fleet in flight.

Philip Becker Goetz.

NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

The effect of the publication of Matthew Arnold's letters will be to increase respect for him, by supplementing the impression of his books with more direct and various knowledge of his personality in certain aspects that found imperfect reflection in either his verse or prose. He was believed to be supercilious, hard, and narrow; but the first two of these epithets will not longer be applied to him in an unqualified way, and the question of his narrowness becomes simplified. His sense of superiority, which was felt to be offensive, was college-bred and a part of his academic, even his Oxford nature, and his hardness turns out to be a hardness of opinion only and not of character. On the unliterary side he gains as a man in ordinary human relations, and becomes essentially of a persuasive, if not a winning type—one of those natures in which there is an attractive and to some an overmastering charm. It is seldom that a writer who has published so much and for so long a time is so materially served by the private records of his life; in this instance the letters of his daily composition are an addition to the stores of literature, and particularly on the side of character.

Matthew Arnold was of too complex a make to permit of any ready analysis of his nature or any brief presentation of its elements, nor do these volumes afford material for such an estimate. To take the most marked deficiency in the letters, he was of permanent interest in literature as a poet; but these are not the letters of a poet. It is true that they exhibit sensitiveness to the milder elements of landscape, but no more than belongs to a cultivated man without the gift of poetry; and, in general, they show no traces of that inward life of the emotions, that heat and luminousness of temperament, that grace and weight of phrase which characterise the intimate and personal records of poets' lives. One must go to Arnold's poems to find the "faculty divine;" and to

say that is to limit the range of these letters in the most important phase of his interest to literature. On the other hand, much, too, that is here is in no way characteristic of his life as different from other lives; the story of his long labour in the schools, honourable and instructive as it is, does not place him apart; others, hundreds of others, lived just such lives in the routine of their mill-round; and the large portion of the letters which is concerned with such details, whatever its educational interest, does not lift him as an inspector and commissioner into the place of public discussion. The substantive part of the volumes, however, does present him in certain well-defined personal ways which can be lightly touched on.

The deepest impression is made by the public spirit he everywhere and unceasingly shows. In a true sense, he was a public man. As his father's son he would instinctively mould his life upon this plan, and his circumstances favoured his development along its lines. He was, merely as a school inspector, brought into constant contact with many parts of the population and with men of all kinds; and, as a Foreign Commissioner on Education, he saw several State systems on the Continent in a way to inform and stimulate his civic interest; and the subject of education itself, which was his lifelong topic for almost daily work and thought, is one intimately bound up with the modern State throughout its vital system. With his tastes and training, his imagination and his historic sense, it was inevitable that he should become, as he did, in such surroundings, a critic of civilisation, mainly of its English phase, but incidentally of its foreign states also. He was not only a critic; he meant to make his ideas prevail, and was a conscientious reformer. He took the practical side of the matter with the greatest seriousness. The language he uses concerning himself, in connection with his hopes of influence, touches the verge of discretion. "I mean," he writes in 1864, "to deliver the middle class out of the hand of their Dissenting ministers;" and again, in 1869, in connection with the Irish Church Bill, he writes:

* Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-88. Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell, 2 vols. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$3.00.

"The Protestant Dissenters will triumph, as I was sure they would. But I am equally sure that, out of the House and the fight of politics, I am doing what will sap them intellectually, and what will also sap the House of Commons intellectually, so far as it is ruled by the Protestant Dissenters; and more and more I am convinced that this is my true business at present." He began, early in manhood, with an unflattering view of the state of civilisation in his own country; and he undertook to give them what he thought they most needed—the great gift of "intelligence." He declares that he made his statements clear, incisive, and unflinching, as an incident to the polemical mission of his pen; and he meant to attract attention by his satire—the satire which he invented. Perhaps the striking thing in all this is not that he believed himself a crusader, but that he is so solitary in his crusade. He never writes as if he had fellows, or any small band of followers with him; he stands alone and hews away with his single sword at the great dragon. It is very fine, but it looks very lonesome, and meanwhile for the others, whose egoistic attitude was not unlike his own, for Ruskin and Carlyle he has only an averted eye, congratulating the one that in evening dress his fancy is forbidden to wander through the world of coloured cravats, and commenting upon the other that the English people did not need any sermons on "earnestness." What one feels is the thorough conviction of Arnold that he is doing the one thing needful for England, and doing it with all his might; and, similarly in the case of other nations, if he dislikes our country and thinks the Belgians the most despicable people in Europe, and is much bored by the Teutons wherever found, and is not quite sure about the French being saved either, all this is of one piece with his ever-present sense of the desperate condition of the "Protestant Dissenters" and those who are above and below them. His influence was certainly great in the minds of his readers, and he liberalised others by adding, at least, his own to their original narrowness; for it cannot but be allowed that his range is as narrow in the academic way as that of the Protestant Dissenters in the ecclesiastical way, nor can this be regretted since it was necessary for the work he

had to do that his mind should be of a rifle-bore. He was, however, a soldier of fortune, and unattached to any command; and one result is that one looks for the continuers of his work in vain. If, as he said, the Broad Church among the clergy died with Arthur Stanley, did not his own untimely departure take the issue of Philistinism out of the English arena? He has left a noble example of public devotion and of perfect intellectual bravery in a fighting cause; nothing that has been said above is meant to limit that truth; but his example rather than his principles seem to survive, and possibly one reason is that he put his principles into the form of phrase and watchword, telling at the time, but phrase and watchword—such words as "culture" and "barbarians" and "sweetness and light"—a generation soon wears thin, and tepid imitators have now dissolved them away.

Next to Arnold's public spirit and the ways into which it led him, his asides as a literary critic are the passages of broadest interest. It is marvellous how he found any time or strength, in an existence so bound down to labour of a different kind, to attend to literature, and his conditions must be held to bear the blame, if any there be, for the small amount of poetry that he produced in comparison with his contemporaries. He did, however, make a lasting reputation as a critic of literature in widely different fields, and the wonder is that he obtained such a survey as he did. His knowledge was certainly neither catholic nor profound, as is plain in his essays. The letters often show the essays germinating in his mind, but they add little of opinion in detail or of general principle. A few brief sentences occur here and there, which, though transparently honest, were not, it must be remembered, deliberately so stated for the world to read. He thought George Sand the greatest spirit in Europe since Goethe, and he tells us the letters of De Musset to her were those "of a gentleman of the very first water." He dismisses Mrs. Browning, naturally anti-pathetic to him, by saying: "I regard her as hopelessly confirmed in her aberration from health—nature, beauty, and truth." Burns, too: "Burns is a beast, with splendid gleams, and the medium in which he lived, Scotch peasants, Scotch Presby-

terianism, and Scotch drink, is repulsive." Swinburne was, when first seen, "a pseudo-Shelley," and always using one hundred words to the service of one. But there are very few of these remarks, by the way; the letters are not explicitly literary in interest; one concludes that Arnold said all he had to say in his essays and used up the stock of his knowledge and ideas as rapidly as he accumulated it. What he says of Tennyson must be quoted: "I do not think Tennyson a *grand et puissant esprit*; and therefore I do not really set much store by him, in spite of his popularity." This was in 1864, and there is more of the same sort both before and after. The marked passage of all is the following: "My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet because I have, perhaps, more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn, as they have had theirs." This is exceedingly interesting biographically, and being in a home-letter is relieved of any appearance of undue egotism that it might otherwise bear. Arnold, as a poet, has certainly been accepted with much greater authority and even popularity in his class than seemed likely at the time of the publication of his principal verse. Such limitations as he had in criticism, as shown above, however, are neither different nor greater than his essays themselves exhibit.

It is when we come to the last and greatest interest of these letters, to that which will be perennial so long as Arnold's name is remembered, that we find ourselves grateful without qualification for the gift his family have here made to literature; these volumes have dignified its records with a singularly noble memory of private life. Few who did not know Arnold personally could have been prepared for the revelation of a nature, so true, so amiable, so duti-

ful. In every relation of private life he is here shown to have been a man of exceptional constancy and plainness. The letters are mainly home-letters; but a few friendships also have yielded up their hoard, and thus the circle of private life is made complete. Every reader must take delight in the mental association with Arnold in the scenes of his existence, thus daily exposed, and in his family affections. A nature, warm to its own, kindly to all, cheerful, fond of sport and fun, and always fed from pure fountains, and with it a character so founded upon the rock, so humbly serviceable, so continuing in power and grace, must wake in all the responses of happy appreciation and leave the charm of memory. Here was a man, to take only the kernel of the whole, who did his duty as naturally as if it required neither resolve nor effort, nor thought of any kind for the morrow, and he never failed, seemingly, in act or word or sympathy, in little or great things; and when to this one adds the clear æther of the intellectual life where he habitually moved in his own life apart, and the humanity of his home, the gift that these letters bring to us may be appreciated. It is the man himself, but set in the atmosphere of home, with sonship and fatherhood, sisters and brothers, and children and children's children, with the bereavements of years fully accomplished and of those of babyhood and boyhood—a sweet and wholesome English home, with all the cloud and sunshine of the English world drifting over its roof-tree, and the soil of England beneath its stones, and English duties for the breath of its being; to add such a home to the household rights of English literature is perhaps something from which Arnold would have shrunk, but it endears his memory.

George E. Woodberry.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S NEW VOLUME.*

Mr. William Watson exercises the judgments of the day, as many worse and better writers have done before him. It is the extreme difficulty of

* The Father of the Forest, and other Poems. By William Watson. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

placing him in his proper position that embarrasses the critics, and has so far succeeded in separating the literary world into two camps. There are fanatics upon either side; he has been as much be-littled as be-lauded; and even to-day, after the interval of some years, the two parties face each other with some bitterness. The truth is that Mr. Watson had the misfortune to be thrust upon the world by over-excited friends. They were too lavish with their admiration, and nothing must suit but the round world must go join the exulting chorus of worship. The pæan of welcome was too loud and ample; from generous it grew rather to be effusive, until in the end the poet himself ran the hazard of losing his head and accepting the mandate his enthusiasts would force upon him. And this indiscreet eulogy has aroused in opposition a no less ungenerous detraction. Mr. Watson has been declared to possess all the gifts, and to lack a single talent. He has been received by the *Spectator* as the finest voice since Milton, and ridiculed by caustic cynics for a feeble echo of the greater dead. One may be quite certain that the truth lies well within these boisterous extremes.

And yet it is more than a little hard to define the area of his scope as a poet. But the plainest fact taken from a regard of his published works is that his lyrical faculty is weak and halting; in truth, that he is not a lyric poet at all. We have only to consider the two mild and inoffensive poems classed in the present volume under the head of Lyrics, to be persuaded of this defect in Mr. Watson's qualifications.

"I do not ask to have my fill
Of wine, or love, or fame,
I do not, for a little ill,
Against the gods exclaim,

"One boon of Fortune I implore,
With one petition kneel:
At least caress me not, before
Thou break me on thy wheel."

This is immaculately phrased, but has not the faintest lyrical suggestion. It wholly lacks that lilt of emotion, that fervour of persuasion, that single-mindedness which go to compose the lyrics of our real lyrists—Tennyson, Swinburne, Shelley, even Browning, and Wordsworth himself. For Wordsworth, beneath his phlegmatic mental currents,

was capable of that fountain-gush, as it were, of feeling to which a lyrical outburst may be compared. One is tempted to think that Mr. Watson recognises, even if he does not wholly realise, this deficiency in himself. In the "Apologia" which concludes this volume, and which constitutes a personal defence against his critics, he ventures to say:

"Unto such as think all Art is cold,
All music unimpassioned, if it breathe
An ardour not of Eros' lips, and glow
With fire not caught from Aphrodite's breast,
Be it enough to say, that in man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot
E'en of the purer nuptials of the soul;
And one not pale of blood, to human touch
Nor tardily responsive, yet may know
A deeper transport and a mightier thrill
Than comes of commerce with mortality,
When, rapt from all relation with his kind,
All temporal and immediate circumstance,
In silence, in the visionary mood
That, flashing light on the dark deep, perceives
Order beyond this coil and errancy,
Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone,
And hears the eternal movement, and beholds
Above him, and around, and at his feet,
In million-billowed consentaneousness,
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world."

This fine passage, which in a way may be said to plead in excuse of lyrical deficiency, illustrates in its very excellence the summits and limits of Mr. Watson's true powers. His note has ostensibly been derived from Wordsworth, but is far too complex for this simple explanation. His mind is certainly of that chastened reflectiveness which mainly characterised Wordsworth. But Mr. Watson has brought something of his own to the fusion, and not a little of others. He is a very diligent, dexterous, and delicate craftsman, which certainly Wordsworth was not. His sentences are polished to perfection, and shine and glitter. There is an abundant precision of form about his verses which renders them indefinitely attractive upon the first glance. But there is more than this skill in Mr. Watson. He has a very remarkable equipment for a poet. Almost every talent or quality which is exacted in order to master the medium of his art he possesses in fulness. The most notable feature in his verse is its invariable dignity. He has, too, an austere grace in his periods which is wonderfully taking. And he employs a most felicitous sense of phrase. Instances may be picked out of every page. The collocation

"tempestuous joy" is chosen with a sure hand; there is resonance and the echo of battle in "The long lines of imperial war;" "The vigils of Eternity, and Silence patient at my feet" wears the music of Tennyson. And here, again, are a few quite triumphant lines:

"The South shall bless, the East shall blight,
The red-rose of the Dawn shall flow;
The million-lilied stream of Night,
Wide in ethereal meadows flow;
And Autumn mourn; and everything
Dance to the wild pipe of the Spring."

Or here, again, is admirable phrasing, touched and improved with subtle appreciations:

"When, as yonder, thy mistress, at height of
her mutable glories,
Wise from the magical East, comes like a
sorceress pale,
Ah, she comes, she arises,—impassive, emo-
tionless, bloodless,
Wasted and ashen of cheek, zoning her
ruins with pearl."

With his fine ear Mr. Watson never makes a mistake in music, and the eloquence of his melodies is almost the most persuasive part of his high talents.

This real and great distinction of his work emphasises the regret that Mr. Watson's inspiration is not more individual. It seems that he has yet to reach his personal magic. Mr. Watson has taken it to heart that echoes of other poets have been said to resound in his pages. But surely this chagrin is unnecessary. No one accuses him of being "the sorry mime of their nobility." One may find memories of Tennyson, or Wordsworth, or Swinburne, or Keats, or Milton, without a thought of discredit to Mr. Watson or dishonour to these great poets. Such discoveries would mainly prove, were they genuine, that Mr. Watson has not yet come to his own, and, like all young poets, is affected by the noble traditions of English literature. That Mr. Watson may not yet take rank with these great names is as certain as that no one knows now what he may achieve in the future. At present it would appear as if craftsmanship was provided him in excess of inspiration. For example, a very strenuous, rich, and eloquent piece of work is the "Hymn to the Sea," yet it impresses one rather as a dignified and beautiful exercise than as a real achievement. Mr. Watson begins by professing to "capture and prison some fugi-

tive breath of thy descant, Thine and his own as thy roar lispeth, on the lips of a shell." Yet the poem cannot be said to breathe the sea. It is not maritime; we get neither sound nor scent, as we do in half-a-dozen of Mr. Swinburne's full-flowing verses, rough and fragrant with the salt sea-winds. We do not feel

"The teeth of the hard, glad weather,
The blown-wet face of the sea."

In short, Mr. Watson's "Hymn," full as it is of fine passages and comforting phrases, is not the offering of a faithful worshipper; it is the compliment of a polite stranger.

The ease and dignity of Mr. Watson's language are the very qualities by which he was first remarked as an epigrammatist. And he keeps still the faculty. His closes are invariably sounding. Here is one:

"Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world."

Again:

"Man and his littleness perish, erased ^{the} an
error and cancelled,
Man and his greatness survive, lost in ^{the}
greatness of God."

Or, once more (to conclude a eulogy of Burns):

"And while, through adamant doors,
In dreams flung wide,
We hear resound, on mortal shores,
The immortal tide."

The book, in short, conserves Mr. Watson's real reputation, and while it cannot be said to justify the extreme claims of his adherents, marks a genuine advance upon his earlier work.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND'S NEW NOVEL.*

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Garland's latest story is frankly realistic; it is a pleasure to add that it is well written, strong, and in the main wholesome. It is not particularly novel in conception, and perhaps derives its chief interest from its local colour; but the realists have long since accustomed us to this from the day when they began

* Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By Hamlin Garland. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. \$1.50 net.

to use the methods of Balzac without his supreme knowledge of the human mind and heart. This is but to say that in its characters and its action Mr. Garland's story does not seem to me to be sufficiently marked by the inevitable and elemental qualities that characterise the poetry and fiction that we unhesitatingly call great; but it is not to affirm that we need despair of finding such qualities in future work from his honest and able pen. Indeed, I for one shall be surprised if Mr. Garland does not reach a very high position among our writers of fiction, for he has powers of imagination, style, and thought that are distinctly admirable and promising. He has a field of exploration, too, that is new and interesting, and he is absolutely unhampered by the provincial idea that our American life offers less striking opportunities to the novelist than that of the Old World. In short, what Mr. Garland chiefly needs to find in order to take his true position as a writer of fiction is a character or characters marked by elemental greatness, moving upon the inevitable line which is the resultant of the action and reaction of the human will and the mysterious force which we call fate or Providence. It may be some comfort to him and to ourselves to remember that Mr. Thomas Hardy, a writer of whom Mr. Garland not infrequently reminds us, did not make this discovery, so indispensable to the great novelist, until he began to write the story of Tess D'Urberville's tragic fate when he was upward of fifty years of age.

Rose of Dutcher's Coolly is a tale of the mid-West, its action taking place on a farm in Wisconsin, at the University of that State at Madison, and in Chicago. The heroine, who gives the book its somewhat bizarre title, is an idealised specimen of the farm-girl with capacities and aspirations above her station, whose life is laid open to us from her earliest infancy until her final solution of the problem of sex by marriage with a distinguished Chicago journalist at the age of twenty-three or four. This problem of sex worries Rose considerably, and evidently worries Mr. Garland, for it is cropping up continually in his book, oftentimes in seemingly unnecessary places, although it is only fair to add that his mind is not so dominated by it as Mr. Hardy's seems to have been in

his latest story. I am far from suggesting that the problem of sex should be ignored in the work of any serious student of life; but I am not at all sure that it is necessary for a novelist to lay any great stress on the repeated effect upon his heroine of viewing the lithe, "clean" limbs of her masculine adorers. I have quoted the adjective "clean" because Mr. Garland seems extraordinarily fond of it. His men are more or less all "clean," and I find it impossible to take the epithet everywhere in a moral sense. Yet I can hardly believe that personal cleanliness is such a rare thing in the mid-West that it has to be accentuated. Be this as it may, Rose, with her problem of sex to solve, makes her way through a multitude of lithe, clean admirers in a very interesting manner. It matters little whether the means by which she gets to Madison and makes her *début* in Chicago might be used by a romancer without the least suspicion that they were realistic, for the description of her life at the university and of the impression that the rush and tumult of the great city make upon her is not merely realistic, but finely conceived and executed. No writer not endowed with high artistic capacity could have set so vividly before us Rose's graduation day, and no writer not in full sympathy with elemental humanity could have drawn so true and life-like a character as her whole-souled and simple father, John Dutcher, the farmer. The people whom the masterful young woman meets and takes captive in Chicago—the female physician, the moody, strenuous journalist (who reminds us of Knight, the reviewer, in Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes*)—are interesting enough, but they do not move the heart as the rough Wisconsin farmer does when his poetess daughter and her editor lover come across him weeping in the clover field for the loss of the child whom he has educated out of his own sphere of life. It is because Mr. Garland has drawn this character and conceived this scene, because in his descriptions he shows that he possesses the eye of a naturalist and the imagination of a poet, because he has a direct and vigorous style which is not without originality and charm, and, lastly, because he is so sincerely honest in the methods and purposes of his art that I regard this story of Western life as not only good in itself, but also indicative of

its author's power to give us higher and finer work in the near future. It would be pleasant to quote in support of these views picturesque paragraphs and pregnant sentences, scattered as they are through this beautifully printed volume; but space is lacking, and gems suffer when torn from their setting. The reader may find them at his leisure; and I feel sure that when he has read the whole story he will share my opinion that a book so honest and strong and racy of the soil deserves the praise of all who are interested in the upbuilding of our national literature.

W. P. Trent.

PERSIA AND INDIA.*

The two books that we have before us cover in part the same ground, inasmuch as each opens with observations of travel in the Black Sea and in the regions adjacent to that classic body of water; and each gives a picture, from different points of view, of modern Persia and the Persians. Mr. Wilson, however, writes as one long a resident in the country, and therefore with an exact and intimate knowledge of the inner life of the people; while Mr. Weeks's is the narrative of a very clever and observant traveller who is also an artist, and who has a happy faculty of singling out the most striking and characteristic features of a country, and setting them down with all the zest of one to whom they are fresh and piquant. The result is that both volumes are extremely entertaining, and in so far as they are similar in subject, they very admirably supplement one another. Mr. Wilson, it should be said, does not write at all like the typical missionary, but with all the humour, liberality, and genial sympathy of a cultivated man of the world; so that nowhere in his book have we found a touch of the *banalité* that is usually to be expected in works like this. At the very outset the reader's attention is attracted by the author's amusing account of the Persian estimate of the United States. We are informed that there has prevailed a general impression

that America is a place where gold grows upon trees, and which is peopled by descendants of Columbus and the red men:

"It is a strange country, without a king, and whose power they [the Persians] have never felt and scarcely recognise. The Shah is said to have asked, 'How many soldiers have the United States?' When told fifty thousand, he replied, 'It is not much of a country.' General Upton, when on a tour of the world, knew better how to impress His Majesty. To the same question he replied, 'Ten million.' The establishment of diplomatic relations between the two countries is tending to foster commerce and develop more intimate international acquaintance. The Chicago Exposition increased their knowledge of each other."

Mr. Wilson tells a story that is characteristic of the hasty assumptions often made by travellers:

"America is known as the New World. An American traveller in Persia heard repeatedly the phrase in Turki, 'Yanki-dun-ya dan di' (He is of the New World), which he was fond of interpreting as 'Yankee-Doodle dandy.' Perhaps some one may yet cite this as a legitimate etymology."

One can scarcely open the book anywhere without lighting upon something instructive or amusing. Mr. Wilson's account of the Russian oil-wells along the Black Sea is new and valuable. So is his narrative of the complications attendant upon the introduction of railways and telegraphs into the land of Xerxes. Very illuminating is what he has to say of the practical workings of polygamy. The general notion prevailing in Western countries is that the plural wives in the East are a gentle and submissive lot; but this book does not bear out the idea. The Persian wife pilfers her husband's property, commits adultery whenever she gets the chance, and makes the house a bedlam. Hence, a Persian proverb to the effect that "A man's worst enemy is his wife;" and another runs, "A dog is faithful; a woman never." A mollah of Tabriz preached a sermon in a mosque, of which the following is a typical passage:

"They tell us that there are dragons and scorpions in hell. I am not afraid of them. I have a worse hell on earth. My two wives with their jealousies, quarrellings, their demands for dress, etc., give me no peace. I could well leave them for other torments."

On the other hand, the women say, "When the gates of hell are opened, the Mussulman men will go in first." One of them remarked to Mrs. Wilson:

"Your Prophet did well for your women; ours did not. I shall have words with our

* Persian Life and Customs. By the Rev. S. G. Wilson, M.A. New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.75.

From the Black Sea through Persia and India. By Edwin Lord Weeks. Illustrated by the author. New York: Harper & Bros. \$3.50.

Prophet when I see him in the next world, for giving men permission to have a plurality of wives."

Nevertheless, the Persian woman is intensely domestic in the sense that her whole life is bound up in her family, and she looks forward eagerly to marriage, especially if she be fat, in which case she knows that she will long retain her husband's favour. A married woman once came to the mission asking for medicine to make her stout. "Why," said some one, "your figure is good." "No," she answered; "my husband threatens to divorce me because I am not fat."

Mr. Wilson's account of the illimitable dishonesty and mendacity of the Persians is very striking, with the instances that he gives of their very original dodges for cheating. The whole chapter on business life is well worth reading. So, too, is his description of the Persian lepers, though their disease is really not leprosy, but elephantiasis. Space prevents us from dwelling further upon many other curious details in which the book abounds. We can only say that it is most readable throughout, and well worthy, too, of serious attention. Eight photogravures and a map add to its value.

Mr. Weeks is most entertaining in that portion of his volume that has to do with India. Admirers of Rudyard Kipling ought all to read his chapters on the land of the Babu and the Brahmin; or at any rate to look at the exquisite illustrations with which he has so lavishly embellished his text. Anything more artistic and beautiful than some of them we have yet to see in a work of travel. The magnificence of the Taj Mahal, which architectural experts regard as the æsthetic rival of the Parthenon, will be no mystery to one who has Mr. Weeks's fine drawings before his eyes; and there are besides innumerable pictures of rare bits of carving, of quaint Oriental gateways and balconies, of marble courts and splashing fountains, latticed windows, teak-wood doorways, and fantastic friezes that will set the artist wild. The life of the modern Hindu finds also ample illustration. Nautch girls, jugglers, snake-charmers, fakirs, native policemen, Afghans, flower-sellers, soldiers, tradesmen, and wallahs are all drawn from the life; while the Anglo-Indian ele-

ment is represented by sketches of garden-parties, polo-matches, mess-tents, and ladies out shopping, wherein we can recognise Mrs. Golightly, the Gadsbys, and other Kiplingesque figures, over and over again. The text of Mr. Weeks's narrative is by no means merely an excuse for the pictures, but is always bright, modern, and entertaining; and the best compliment that we can pay it is to say that it will temporarily make the reader forget the rival attraction of the illustrations. The book as a whole is, in fact, one of the most charming volumes that the season has produced.

H. T. P.

✓ THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.*

The Days of Auld Lang Syne is the complement, not the supplement, much less the sequel, to *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. The scene is indeed the same; the cast is substantially the old Drumtochty one—with, however, Lachlan Campbell and Donald Menzies left out of the action of the piece, though evidently looking on lovingly at the wings, and ready, as well-coached understudies, to rush in and do their best should Hillocks or Burnbrae or the redoubtable Drumsheugh himself break down. But the new play is essentially lay and mundane; there are in it no seventh heaven raptures, transfigurations, or sermon-tastings. A second reading of the book has left me in doubt as to whether there is any Free Kirk or any Dissent worth speaking of in Drumtochty. There is Burnbrae, to be sure, who would rather leave his farm than be disloyal to his Disruption creed. But even Burnbrae is a man of strong common sense as well as of earnest conviction. In another epoch he would probably have fought at Drumclog, and certainly at Dunkeld, though I should think not at Ayrsmoss. He was of the stock of whom Burns, in spite of his Moderatism—the Burns, by the way, of fact, not of Allan Cunningham—wrote:

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear,
But Sacred Freedom, too, was theirs;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer."

* *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. By Ian Maclaren. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Besides, Burnbrae's battle is fought and won—the pulverisation of that rather too feeble caricature of Claverhouse, the English factor, is perhaps the best incident in a book full of good incidents—by Dr. Alexander Davidson, the parish minister, who is an old Moderate, in other words, a perfectly "straight," but not at all spiritualised layman, with a white tie, a very stiff upper lip, and a soldier's conception of loyalty to duty. Besides, all through *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, Hillocks, Burnbrae, Soutar, Drumsheugh, and all the rest, including even the Doctor, are thinking less of their ministers, texts, sermons, and "experiences," than of such completely terrestrial concerns as sales, crops, leases, weather, and old—but not cold—loves. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* gave us the first-day-in-the-week Drumtochty; in *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* we have the parish as it is six days in seven, and the most of whose inhabitants are good churchmen—or Free Churchmen, as the case may be—whose "religion in common life" finds expression in silent action even more than in family worship.

It is perhaps because Drumtochty in its week-day clothes is more difficult of adequate portraiture than Drumtochty in its Sunday best, that I consider Ian Maclaren's new book a distinct advance on its predecessor. I think the transfiguration of Donald Menzies in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* trembles on the verge of unreality, and that the holder of the MacWhammel scholarship would have been truer to life, not to speak of conscience, had he preached his New Learning sermon—"Semitic environment" and all—rather than have acted in the possibly beautiful and certainly Carlylean way he did, even although he thereby pleased his aunt and the spirit of his mother. Here I find no unreality—although there is abundance of what Mr. Arnold in his ignorance of the depths of Scottish nature termed "intolerable pathos"—not even in the little tragedy of the servant-girl who went to London, or in the loves of the "close" Drumsheugh and the nippy-tongued Jamie Soutar. And this makes me hasten to say that while there is almost no spirituality, there is a great deal of emotion in *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. That emotion overflows its banks as often as the Tochty. As a matter of

fact, Ian Maclaren, while obviously—never more obviously than in his new book—a humorist by nature, is a sentimentalist by mission. That is to say, he has set himself deliberately to lay bare the recesses of simple Scottish tenderness and love, to oppose these realities to the so-called realism of the Rougon-Macquart horrors, and—alas that one should have to say so!—of the Wessex of *Jude the Obscure*. And that he has succeeded is beyond doubt. In the death of Lily Grant in "A Servant Lass" the author is seen at his very best—better than in the death of the "lad o' pairts," which is to me a trifle too "exalted," or in the death of MacLure, which is too long drawn out. Jamie Soutar plays many parts excellently in this book, but his intrusion into "A Servant Lass," preventing it from becoming too depressingly sad, is perfect. Ian Maclaren is not always, it is true, up to the mark of "A Servant Lass." Drumsheugh's love-secret is too long and too elaborately sustained; I for one should have preferred him to remain a consistent curmudgeon to the end, instead of turning out a pilgrim of love in disguise. But above all things, excess of an essentially optimistic sentimentalism has induced him to make the one blunder of his new book, to pen the almost maudlin last chapter. Ian Maclaren can in most respects stand comparison with Mr. Barrie, but his "Oor Lang Hame" can only be contrasted, and unfavorably for its author, with the return of the "son from London" in *A Window in Thrums*, which appears to have suggested it. The appearance of this son in Thrums as a pariah, the agonies of his conscience, the little touches of neighbourly kindness which ought to temper the boycotting of him as a moral leper by his old friends, but which in reality only add to its pangs, his return to London presumably to make a dreary best of it with "the woman who has played the devil with his life"—these constitute the most awful piece of real (for, being moral, it is real) Scottish tragedy that has ever been published. Compared with the return of Jamie McQuhumphia to Thrums, that of Chairlie Grant to Drumtochty, to Drumsheugh's heart, and—had that been necessary—to Drumsheugh's cheque-book, seems flat and almost poor.

If Ian Maclaren is a sentimentalist of

set (and almost scientific) purpose, he is a humourist by nature. If *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* indicated this in unmistakable fashion, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* places the fact beyond all question. What is more, it demonstrates the variety as well as the quality of its author's humour. When he keeps it free from emotion as he does entirely in "A Triumph of Diplomacy," and almost entirely in "Good News from a Far Country," and in the "Nippy Tongue" section of Jamie Soutar's history, he comes nearer to Galt than any of his contemporaries, Mr. Barrie himself not excepted. I have said that "A Servant Lass" is Ian Maclaren's high-water mark as yet. But for pure and dry, but not ungenial drollery, there is nothing in this volume or in its predecessor to match Hillocks' ingenious devices to secure the renewal of his lease on good terms, or the successful efforts of the Drumtochty worthies to magnify their professor in a far country, who happily does not die like Domsie. Jamie Soutar's hits, as at the cockney temperance lecturer and the too confident evangelical preacher, are delicious. His end is perhaps a trifle overdone, and suggests the mendacious captain in "Peter Simple," who affirms with his last gasp that he has known a man live with the death rattle in his throat for six weeks. But it is eminently quotable and Dean Ramsayish. "Kirsty Stewart came to share the night watch with Elspeth, but neither presumed, till nearly daybreak, when Kirsty declared, with the just weight of her medical authority, that all was over. 'He hes the look, an' his hands are as cold as ice; feel his feet, wumman.' 'A' canna find them,' said Elspeth, making timid explorations. 'They used to be on the end o' ma legs,' remarked Jamie, as if uncertain where they might now be placed."

Mr. Watson's humour—I say Mr. Watson's rather than Ian Maclaren's advisedly—is, however, seen at its richest and ripest in his sketch of Archibald MacKittrick, otherwise "Posty." This is the best and most toughly Scottish character of the "carl hemp" order Mr. Watson has yet drawn—full of the national pride as well as the national humour, prone to small sinning in the way of an occasional dram, but fiercely "independent in his sinning," withal tender and, as his death shows, capable of giv-

ing away his life. "Past Redemption" is not so perfectly artistic as "A Servant Lass," but it is a very good second. Whether or not it be true, as rumour has it, that Ian Maclaren has said good-bye to Drumtochty, he has, in Hillocks, Jamie Soutar, Domsie, Burnbrae, Posty, and Drumsheugh (at all events Drumsheugh before he was found out), made most important additions to the portrait-gallery of that Scottish character which is nine tenths of Scottish national life, even although, being more given to self-effacement than to self-advertisement, it is only one tenth of its public history.

William Wallace.

"Q'S" NEW STORIES.*

Within the month Mr. Quiller-Couch has given us two new books. One is a novel called *Ia*, and the other is a volume of short stories entitled *Wandering Heath*. Coming thus together, they are to be compared not only with his foregoing work, but with each other.

As between the two, *Ia* seems more likely to win for the brilliant young Cornishman the larger audience that must wait upon a better acquaintance with his writings. Of these, American readers probably know best *Noughts and Crosses* and *The Splendid Spur*, and measured by these, *Wandering Heath* is somewhat disappointing. For while some of the new stories are marked by the same power, there is no apparent advance; and the work as a whole is less harmonious.

The chief cause of this loss of atmosphere appears to be a departure, sudden and far, from the writer's *milieu*. And it is certainly a long flight from Cornwall to Colorado, or California, or wherever in the West the scene of the longest story is laid. This Western story, "The Bishop of Eucalyptus," is good in its way; but it comes to us like a belated echo of Bret Harte, and looks as strangely out of place among these quaint tales of the Cornish coast as a sombrero would look on a fisherman's head. This is said, however, in full consciousness of the national prejudice against European

* *Wandering Heath*. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ia. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

"studies" of our own great West. Moreover, it is herewith confessed that the better they are done the more they are resented. But there can be nothing of the kind to discredit criticism of certain other stories which mar the distinctive quality of the work. "The Simple Shepherd," "A Young Man's Diary," and "The First Parish Mutiny" are all "as irrelevant as life itself," to quote from one of them; as incongruous where they are placed as pale pastels would be, painted on a frowning cliff.

But these aside, and the work that remains is such as *Noughts and Crosses* and *The Delectable Duchy* led us to expect. Bold, tender, humorous, and unique, it is thoroughly satisfying. In the first story particularly Mr. Quiller-Couch brings us to share without reserve the recently expressed opinion of Mr. Barrie, that "Q" has caught the magic, the tragic human voice of the sea beyond any other writer of his time. Its deepest note is sounded in the "The Roll-Call of the Reef." A more powerful appeal to the imagination can scarcely be conceived than the marshalling of these drowned hosts, on the beach at midnight by spirit trumpet and drum. The current of the author's intention seems to be always in this direction, toward the spiritual influence of the sea rather than toward its merely material aspect. Nor does he shrink from dealing boldly with the supernatural as a large and recognised element of life within the ocean's spell. Sometimes he touches it seriously, even reverently, as in "The Roll-Call of the Reef," thus producing fine, grave effects. Again, he treats it with such wild, whimsical humour, that—as in "My Grandfather, Hendry Watty"—vague memories of Pantagruel are conjured up.

But if the clarity, the simplicity, and the force of Mr. Quiller-Couch's manner have been formed upon any classic model, it seems less unlikely to have been Sterne than Rabelais. In fact, a certain indefinable flavour pervading three of the stories can hardly be accounted for other than by an uncommonly close acquaintance with Sterne. Two of these stories, "My Grandfather, Hendry Watty," and "Widdershins," are well called "A Droll." The third, "The Flowing Source," is not so christened, but ought to have been. "'Tis the nicest miss in the world," says the first,

"that I was born the grandson of my own father's father, and not another man altogether. Hendry Watty was the name of my grandfather that might have been; and he always maintained that to all intents and purposes he *was* my grandfather, and made me call him so. 'Twas such a narrow shave. 'Tis a curious tale," indeed; one of riotous fun of a gruesome sort; of dead men's jokes and the fantastic tricks of marine ghosts. "Widdershins" is quieter and more sane, and for that reason better bears out the fancied resemblance. Then there is the striking coincidence of the name of Farmer Joby, who, like Uncle Toby, has trouble with his eye. And although it is not the Widow Wadman who comes to the rescue in this case, her prototype the Widow Waddilove soon after appears in "The Flowing Source," and makes a singular request of the master of that wayside inn. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "and went home and thought it over. Women were a puzzle; but he had a dim notion that if he could lay his hand on the reason why the Widow Waddilove preferred ordinary carriers to prize tumblers, he would hold the key to some of the secrets of the sex. He thought it over for three days, during which he smoked more tobacco than was good for him. At about four o'clock on the afternoon of the third day a smile enlarged his face. He set down his pipe, smacked his thigh, stood up, sat down again, and began to laugh. He laughed slowly and deliberately—not loudly—for the greater part of the evening, and woke up twice in the night and shook the bedclothes into long waves with his mirth."

But these half-earnest comparisons of the work of Mr. Quiller-Couch with that of those old masters who painted only the nude should not be misunderstood. His humour, like theirs, is certainly robust, and sometimes a little boisterous perhaps, but it is never broad. On the contrary, his books are, in fact, far freer from indelicacy than many recent ones that deal with daintier themes. For while he does not fear to come close to the deepest and saddest truths of life, he approaches them with gravity and reserve.

The finest example of this trait of his art may perhaps be found in *Iz*. Certainly no story was ever more fearlessly and more thoughtfully aimed at the very

heart of life. It is only a little book, a mere miniature, but the work is so curiously compressed that it has all the force and freedom of a large canvas. It is a story of the Cornish coast, and of the types that belong there—to the grim rocks, the salt spray and the roar of the surf—to the whole ceaseless conflict that humanity wages with the sea. But Ia's is the central figure, drawn so large and clear and strong that the others, good as they are, shrink beside it. Only one character is alien and dim. This is the Second Adventist preacher, Ia's lover, and the vagueness of the portrayal seems again to show that the author's strength lies within his *milieu*. And yet his work is in no sense provincial. This simple story of a fisher-girl of Cornwall becomes universal in that it represents the ruin that unruly passion may cause, and the sacrifice that chastened love will make. Even the shadowy form of the lover grows more distinct and significant as it comes to stand for the weaker nature in all such situations, without firmness to resist or strength to be true. Strange seems the Cornish custom of the wooing of the man by the maid. But if Ia leads on the downward path, it is also she who first turns back. The author has made her very distinct; this splendid young savage whom love tames and suffering civilises. Not once does the strong line of her character waver under his firm hand. He does not show her as moved to repentance by any sudden—or gradual—conviction of sin; but solely by fear of harm to the man she loves. A woman like Ia can have no religion separate from her love. As the wreck has come through her, so must the rescue also come. "We have done wickedly," says the preacher weakly, and without apparent purpose to do otherwise. "Have we?" answers Ia vaguely, while her heart is breaking with the resolve to give him up. It is for his sake—not for her own. Love teaches an ignorant woman wisdom and gives a blind one sight. She can see now what she could not see at first, that his career is blasted unless they part before their relations are known. He is not hard to persuade; and when he is gone, and is safe and honoured among men, the storm breaks on Ia's defenceless head.

It is the old tragedy over again in an out-of-the-way corner of the world;

and the attitude of this Cornish fishing hamlet toward this fisher-girl is the attitude of the world toward the erring woman. "Through the weeks of pestilence she had fairly earned the love and gratitude of many; but the debt was never paid. Her fault cancelled it. Women whose children she had nursed nodded as she passed their door, but they did not invite her to step in." The story comes to no conclusion; such stories can have no end. Ia merely passes out of sight, leading her child; seeking on the other side of the merciless sea the peace, and the pardon, that she must seek still farther to find.

George Preston.

AN INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

A thoroughly good book for young people is almost invariably one of the best books that grown people can read. Similarly, an introduction to any study, if done as it should be, by a man capable of writing not merely the introduction, but also the study itself, is certain to be of interest to the most advanced student.

Mr. Brander Matthews's volume on American literature is a piece of work as good of its kind as any American scholar has ever had in his hands. It is just the kind of book which should be given to a beginner, because it will give him a clear idea of what to read, and of the relative importance of the authors he is to read; but it is much more than merely a book for beginners. Any student of the subject who wishes to do good work hereafter must not only read Mr. Matthews's book, but must largely adopt Mr. Matthews's way of looking at things; for these simply written, unpretentious chapters are worth many times as much as the ponderous tomes which contain what usually passes for criticism of our literary work; and the principles upon which Mr. Matthews insists with such quiet force and good taste are those which must be adopted, not only by every student of American writings, but by every American writer

* An Introduction to the Study of American Literature. By Brander Matthews. New York: American Book Co.

if he is going to do work that is really worth doing.

In his opening chapters Mr. Matthews very happily defines literature as "a written record so skilfully made as to give pleasure to the reader." It seems rather odd that it should be necessary to insist upon the fact that the essence of a book is to be readable; but most certainly the average scientific or historical writer needs to have this elementary proposition drilled into his brain. Perhaps if this drilling were once accomplished, we Americans would stand a greater chance of producing an occasional Darwin or Gibbon; though there would necessarily be some havoc in the ranks of those small pedants who with laborious industry produce works which are never read excepting by other small pedants, or else by the rare master who can take the myriad bricks of these myriad little workers and out of them erect one of the great buildings of thought.

Perhaps the best, because the most original, point made by Mr. Matthews is his insistence upon what American literature really is. He shows that it is a branch of English literature, but not a branch of that portion of English literature which is created contemporaneously in the British Isles, and which he very appropriately calls British literature. American literature of this century, like British literature of this century, is a branch of the great stock of English literature, the literature common to all the English-speaking peoples. In the past not only English, but also American authors have often seemed to take it for granted that the literature produced in Great Britain at the present day was in a peculiar sense the English literature of the present day, and the representative in the direct line of the English literature of the past. This is, of course, not true. A New York novelist is no more and no less the heir of the creator of "Moll Flanders" than is a London novelist. The Biglow papers contain as much of the broad humanity of Chaucer as any contemporary poem published in Great Britain, and their author was as much influenced, consciously or unconsciously, as his average British contemporary, by the man who five centuries before had written high thoughts in a homely tongue.

It seems extraordinary that it should have been left to Mr. Matthews to formulate what so many Americans had felt—namely, that the American has precisely the same right to the English speech as the Briton. He is not the Briton's younger brother, any more than he is his elder brother. Each has an equal claim to a common inheritance—the inheritance of the great language and literature which are the most precious possessions of the two nations. If the present-day literature of either America or Great Britain depart in any way from the standards of the past—as depart it must—the departure must be judged purely on its own merits, and without the least regard to what course literature is taking in the other country at the same time. England has no more right to set the standard for America than America has to set the standard for England. The standard is set partly by the great masters of the past, partly by the force and good taste of the masters of the present day; it has nothing to do with any artificial standard raised in the other country; and neither country has the slightest right to treat a variation from its own standard as being a variation from the true standard of English literature. These points have been successfully elaborated by Mr. Matthews in his "Americanisms and Britishisms," which is by far the most noteworthy critical or literary essay which has been published by any American writer for a score of years.

American literature must naturally develop on its own lines. Politically, Americans, unlike Canadians and Australians, are free from the colonial spirit which accepts, as a matter of course, the inferiority of the colonist as compared to the man who stays at home in the mother country. We are not entirely free as yet, however, from this colonial idea in matters social and literary. Sometimes it shows itself in an uneasy self-consciousness, whether of self-assertion or self-depreciation; but it always tacitly admits the assumption that American literature should in some way be tried by the standard of contemporary British literature. Mr. Matthews, with entire good temper, and with complete absence of literary Chauvinism, shows the folly of this view.

In dealing with the authors whom he has chosen as representatives of American literature, Mr. Matthews has sketched briefly the life and life-work of each. He has accomplished the difficult feat of writing so as to be "understood of the multitude," without conveying any impression of writing *down* to the multitude. Each chapter is eminently readable and interesting; but it also always contains a singularly just estimate of the author's real worth. Mr. Matthews's wide and deep acquaintance not only with American literature, but with the literatures of other countries, enables him to place each author about where he belongs. Of course there must be individual differences of opinion. The present reviewer, for instance, is inclined to think that the relative importance given, on the one hand, to Halleck and Drake, and on the other, to Motley and Prescott and Walt Whitman could with advantage have been reversed, and that more stress might have been laid upon some of Longfellow's ballad-like poems, such as "The Discoverer of the North Cape," and, especially, the "Saga of King Olaf;" but these are matters of detail. There is very little room for division of opinion as to the excellence of Mr. Matthews's arrangement as a whole and as to the soundness of his judgments. He preserves always the difficult proper balance between sympathy and justice. He deserves especial credit for recognizing in Parkman the greatest American historian. No better little sketch of Franklin has ever appeared than that which he gives; he is profoundly impressed by Franklin's greatness, and yet he shows, in a sentence in which he contrasts him with Abraham Lincoln, his appreciation of that side of Franklin's character wherein the philosopher fell short. His power of appreciating infinitely different qualities is shown by his capital sketches of Cooper and Hawthorne. Where all the work is so good it is difficult to choose, but the chapters on Lowell and Holmes are singularly appreciative and just.

In short, Mr. Matthews has produced an admirable book, both in manner and in matter, and has made a distinct addition to the very literature of which he writes.

Theodore Roosevelt.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN AND "THE JAPS."*

Mr. Sladen has written a novel upon the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and in the course of it has done one or two things very well. For example, he has drawn a lively picture of English and American society, or of a certain section of it, in Japan. It is not a very pretty picture. Those who figure in it appear to look upon life as entirely a matter of beer and skittles, or of their equivalents among the "smart" people of Yokohama; and "smartness," as Mr. Wells's Uncle says, "is the foam of the ocean of vulgarity, cast up by the waves of that ocean, and caught by the light of the sun." Still, the men among them at any rate have the saving grace of an honest, if rather slap-bang, chivalry, for which we can forgive them their slang and their whiskey-and-sodas. Again, Mr. Sladen, without being aggressively informing, tells us a good deal about Japan and the Japanese. He turns his background to humorous account. When Philip won Mary's hand—at the moment, owing to the accident which had discovered their hearts, her fingers were "masses of bleeding pulp;" but we pass that over—the lovers were together in a Japanese room. "In Japanese rooms there is no furniture. It was so hard to be decorously affectionate on the floor that they sneaked out and sat at the top of the ladder-like stair." Mr. Sladen's chief feat, however, is in making his heroine, Bryn Avon, grow in our regard in spite of starting very low down in it and doing little to carry her up higher. Bryn on the tennis lawn, or Bryn discussing everything she shouldn't with Mr. Spong, or, indeed, Bryn anywhere in company with her sister Mary, is an exceedingly disagreeable young lady. And to the very end of our acquaintance with her, she scarce ever fails to do the wrong thing. To take a case: Even if her cousin Bell had not been so really good to her, she ought not to have breathed a hint to Romney of the conduct of Bell's husband; her Romney-ings were always high-flutin'

* A Japanese Marriage. By Douglas Sladen. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

The Japs at Home. By Douglas Sladen. With portrait and 100 illustrations. New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden (Limited).

and in bad taste. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, in spite of her extraordinary beauty, of which she and Mr. Sladen are so irritatingly conscious, we like Bryn, and like her more and more, and have sufficient sympathy for her to be glad to take our leave of her happy with Philip. What Mr. Sladen fails to do is to heighten our sense of the wrong done by the existing law to the deceased wife's sister. His case is too much compounded of carefully selected outrages. The picture of the English vicar, and of his household in which Bryn finds a home for a time, is simply grotesque. Besides, in marrying Mary Avon, Philip made a mistake. It was Bryn whom he ought to have married, not Mary; and Bryn knew it. Bryn, by the way, had a wonderful way of knowing things. When Mr. Mathdene's fingers met hers, in helping her over a gate, his hand was tingling in a way which put her on her guard! So that Bryn deliberately stepped into the furnace when she became Philip's housekeeper. The result is—very unreasonable, no doubt—that we find a perverse joy in the knowledge of arbitrary trials to chasten the Bryns of this world (who improve under them wonderfully), and to put difficulties in the way of the cock-a-hoop theories of novelists about the increase of human happiness and the highest end of existence.

In a much pleasanter vein is Mr. Sladen's *Japs at Home*, of which the fifth edition has just been issued with some "Bits of China" added. Mr. Sladen is here the keen-sighted observer with ready sympathies and a jolly *bonhomie* which makes him the best of companions through a book of this sort. He has sampled almost every phase and form of Japanese life so that he may be able to tell us of its clubs and dancing girls, its firemen and funerals, its street life and temple worship, its novels and naval reviews and theatres and curio shops. "As was natural for an impressionist," he says, "I have written for the most part in the lighter vein, but *ridentem dicere verum quid vetat*." He adds that if he were writing the book now he should write it from a more serious standpoint. We much prefer the book as it is with its camera obscura reproduction of the panoramic procession of Japanese life as it flashed itself at a happy moment on the retina

of the artist's volatile brain. The book is profusely and humorously illustrated.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE.*

Mr. Meredith's latest story does not lose, gains rather, if read in bits. This is not all dispraise, for it means the book is good all through, and that each portion will somehow reward you. Except for one man's character, and even that is so complex and contradictory that its understanding can best be reached by stages, with pauses between, there is nothing that needs to be viewed as a whole. The first chapters are magnificent, and we are not alone, possibly, in feeling disappointment that the marriage of the Old Buccaneer and Countess Fanny was not the amazing one chosen for the serious story. There you have a quick, dashing romance. After it you settle down to one that needs much explanation. The plan, however, is excellent. You hear the curious tale now from Fleetwood's side, now from his wife's, now as amusingly travestied by Dame Gossip. Then, in no other story has Mr. Meredith let loose more of his lyrical faculty. His spirits, too, are high; his humour, save where his heroine is concerned, alert. His sketches of the parasites that flocked round Fleetwood are inimitable. And his narrative powers are here and there at their liveliest. But these powers do not wait on our sentimentalities, for unquestionably the strongest portion of the book is that ghastly marriage scene, the furious drive of the wrathful bridegroom and his abject bride, and his fiendish entertainment of her at a prize-fight.

Fleetwood draws away our best attention from the other characters. The curious mixture of brains and brutality, of superfine instincts and caddishness, of black moods and conventional elegance, in the young spoiled millionaire nobleman, is treated by a master hand. He is only not so perfectly successful as the *Egoist*, because he is infinitely more complex and difficult for us to take in. Readers, it should ever be remembered, make one of the conditions of a writer's success. With the wandering scholar of Nature who fascinates us

* *The Amazing Marriage*. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. \$2.50.

the beginning, he is in imperfect sympathy. Woodseer settles down to domesticity prematurely; there were further developments in his history, for certain. Perhaps we seldom accept Mr. Meredith's characters as inevitably what he makes them. Harry Richmond's father and Sir Willoughby, of course, are exceptions. Is this a lack in them, or a proof of strong human interest, prompting us to interfere with their opinions and careers as we like to do with those of our flesh and blood neighbours? Something of both. For instance, when our sympathies are being tossed to and fro between Fleetwood and his wife, we do not say, at one black point, Yes, here he was a brute; Mr. Meredith was creating a brute. On the contrary, we grow indignant, and say it is against nature, which means against our desires. So with Carinthia—which brings us to an interesting point.

Mr. Meredith has perhaps his warmest admirers among women. Some of them hold him to be their best interpreter. Well, he cherishes a wealth of kindly feeling towards them, and he has a rare sense of justice, and of chivalry. But his observations of them are not very wide. Only one or two types does he deeply understand. And then there is that crying offence of his—his forgiveness of Diana's meanness. He may go on multiplying his types of men. Long ago he came to the end of his women. We like his Amazons as a rule. They are excellent comrades. And at the verbal description of this one, Carinthia, we kindle.

"Living faces, if they're to show the soul, which is the star on the peak of beauty, must lend themselves to commotion. Nature does it in a breezy tree or over ruffled waters. Repose has never such splendid reach as animation—I mean in the living face. Artists prefer repose. Only nature can express the uttermost beauty with her gathering and tuning of discords. Well, your mistress has that beauty."

Again, from Woodseer's notebook,

"From minute to minute she is the rock that loses the sun at night and reddens in the morning."

But the Carinthia that plays an active part is a bore. In Fleetwood's most brutal moments we have a sneaking sympathy for him; she had the worst fault to a quick spirit like his—obtuseness. Life had to bore holes with a pickaxe to let understanding into her. She goes

about, in the beginning at least, with muffled hands and veiled eyes, and cannot see how her weary quotations of her father, and her clawing, abject manners, rile the man upon whom she has bestowed her affection. The spirit of humour does not breathe in her or on her. But she might be excellent, we own, as Mademoiselle de Levellier, fighting in Spain with the Carlists.

The book makes one bristle here and there, but it is the best work Mr. Meredith has given us since *Diana of the Crossways*, and if without the charm of that it is also without its alienating feature. And it reveals Mr. Meredith's sympathies more openly than almost anything else in his prose. He is the Welshman here, and Wales may be proud to claim *The Amazing Marriage*. Great nonsense is often talked in connection with the Celtic Renaissance. But Mr. Meredith has much of interest to say concerning race characteristics, and one truth, which is almost a discovery, finely uttered—

"Now, to the Cymry and to the pure Kelt, the past is at their elbows, continually. The past of their lives has lost neither face nor voice behind the shroud; nor are the passions of the flesh, nor is the animate soul, wanting to it. Other races forfeit fancy, forfeit youth and manhood with their progression to the wisdom age may bestow. These have each stage always alive, quick at a word, a scent, a sound, to conjure up scenes in spirit and in flame. Historically, they still march with Cadwallader, with Llewellyn, with Glendower; sing with Aneurin, Talliesin, old Llywarch; individually, they are in the heart of the injury done them thirty years back, or thrilling to the glorious deed which strikes an empty buckler for most of the sons of Time. An old sea rises in them, rolling no phantom billows to break to spray against existing rocks of the shore."

THE MAKERS OF NEW ENGLAND.*

Dr. John Brown of Bedford is distinguished both in England and America not only as a successful and warm-hearted clergyman, but as the author of the biography of Bunyan which has been accepted as the final book on the subject. His seventeenth-century learning, especially in ecclesiastical affairs, is proved afresh in this admirable account of the Pilgrim Fathers, which draws

* The Pilgrim Fathers of New England and their Puritan Successors. By John Brown, B.A., D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$2.50.

freely on State papers, manuscripts, authorities, and original documents, and makes especial use of Bradford's long-lost *History of Plymouth Plantation*. Dr. Brown has a second qualification to be the historian of a great movement; he is in hearty though discriminating sympathy with the spirit of the men whom he portrays. After a preliminary chapter on the origins of English Puritanism, we are introduced to the two friends, William Brewster and William Bradford, round whose lives the main interest of the story centres. It was under the roof of Brewster's manor house at Scrooby that the "separated" Church met, which had John Robinson for its minister. Dr. Brown traces with minute research the genesis and then the exodus of this little persecuted society of the faithful. They found refuge first at Amsterdam, and thence migrated to Leyden, where Arminius had just died, and Rembrandt was growing into manhood, and the strife between Remonstrants and Counter-Remonstrants had come near to civil war. John Robinson himself took public part in this controversy; and Dr. Brown devotes a chapter to a careful account of his writings.

But old Holland was not destined to become the cradle of a new England. After many plans and prayers, and delays and disappointments, the *Mayflower* sailed west, and landed her band of emigrants on Plymouth Rock, in the early winter of 1620. Dr. Brown repeats with new freshness and accuracy the pathetic tale of their hardships and perils, their dauntless faith and fortitude. Bradford, who was chosen governor in 1621, and Brewster, who became "Elder" and practically pastor, guided the young colony through its first fateful years. The Pilgrims reverted instinctively to first principles in politics, as in religion. It is curious to read how their early communism soon gave place to private property. Meanwhile the Puritan exodus from Stuart tyranny rapidly increased. Endicott and Winthrop founded Salem and Boston, and large bodies of settlers colonised Massachusetts Bay, and spread up the Connecticut Valley. In May, 1643, the deputies of 26,000 emigrants signed articles of a mutual confederacy of New England Colonies—the mustard seed of the future. But "the greatest man

among the founders of Plymouth Plantation did not live to see that day;" for a month earlier, "to the great sadness and sorrow of them all," William Brewster had died.

We cannot help wishing that Dr. Brown had found space to write his verdict on Roger Williams and the beginnings of Rhode Island. We are curious to know how far he concurs in Dr. Dexter's strictures on that much-debated and remarkable personality. But it is not possible to deal with every point in one moderate volume. We especially appreciate the genial tone in which the last chapters describe some of the harsher sides of primitive New England life. Each township was dominated by its minister and its meeting-house. However stern the winter, worship went on without a fire. Judge Sewall writes: "Bread frozen at the Lord's table . . . yet was very comfortable at meeting." Sermons lasted from two to four or five hours. The "tithing man" moved among the pews "recalling sleepers to consciousness with his wand." The constables at Salem had orders "to attend at the three great doors of the meeting-house every Lord's Day . . . to keep the doors fast and suffer none to go out before the whole exercise be ended." Nay, a man at New Haven was punished by the town for venturing to say that he "received no profit from the minister's sermons;" a man at Plymouth who "spoke deridingly of the minister's powers," and another at Andover who "cast uncharitable reflections on his pastor," were fined and deprived of the sacrament. Church music was rudimentary; there were only about ten tunes in use, and a volunteer preacher "set the Psalm." Judge Sewall records in his diary how, "His voice being enfeebled," he came to grief in this office: "I intended Windsor, and fell into High Dutch. . . . The Lord humble me and instruct me." And again: "In the morning I set York tune, and on the second going over the gallery carried it irresistibly to St. David's, which discouraged me very much."

We have said more than enough to show how the vivid, human picturesque touches in Dr. Brown's book balance and relieve his scholarship and research. The Pilgrim Fathers live and move and endure and overcome in his pages; to

have told their story worthily is his highest praise. And he does show how, after allowing for all drawbacks, "there was in these makers of New England a grand masterful sincerity, a noble courage of conviction, an overwhelming sense of the authority of righteousness in human life, and an ever-present consciousness of God's personal rule over the world in spite of all its confusions." Of them, too, it may surely be said that their works do follow them. Professor Seeley defined and tested religion by what he called its "nation-making power." Plymouth Rock confirms the definition and attests its truth.

Dr. A. E. Dunning, of the *Congregationalist*, has written a spirited introduction to the work, in which he says that "it is a most welcome evidence of the strong ties that bind England and America together that an Englishman has here chronicled the noblest chapter in our early history, with so genuine an insight into its character and dignity that in both nations it will be read with equal interest." There are numerous illustrations by Charles Whymper taken from original sketches, many of them curious and quaint reminders of "the makers of New England."

T. H. Darlow.

MR. HOWELLS AS A POET.*

Mr. Howells is so universally admitted to hold the primacy among living American men of letters as to make his appearance in a new field of effort an event of peculiar interest. That he should turn to poetry is particularly certain to excite both curiosity and comment, for in many ways his theory of art is one that finds its most natural exemplification in prose, eschewing as it does the ideal and holding fast to the obvious and the actual. These productions of his, therefore, conceived in poetical form, have an unexpectedness about them that will inevitably lead to their being read with a sensation not unmingled with surprise.

The first and strongest impression that one gets from the perusal of this volume is an impression of intense sadness. A profound melancholy pervades every one

of the short poems that are here collected. There is scarcely a line that sounds the note of carelessness and joy; and when the major chord is struck, it only gives additional intensity to the minor that invariably succeeds. This melancholy, this pervasive sadness, one cannot quite call pessimism, for it does not spring from a pessimistic spirit. True pessimism is seldom dissociated from cynicism, and is by no means inconsistent with a tone of gaiety. The standpoint of the real pessimist is that which is indicated in the famous saying, "There's nothing good and there's nothing true, and it doesn't signify." Mr. Howells, too, holds apparently that there is nothing good and nothing true, but to him it signifies very much indeed. It wrings his heart and afflicts his whole being with a sense of pain and of disappointment. The lines in which his feeling finds expression describe the mind of one who has hoped much and met nothing but disillusion; of one whose nerves are overstrained, whose spirit is sickened, and whose very soul is sorrowful and despairing. Life is one great failure—a mystery whose veil is quite impenetrable, and which, if one could penetrate it, would doubtless show us only forms more fearful and anguish still more intense.

This mental attitude is one that the readers of Mr. Howells's later novels have come to recognise to some extent; it finds voice in the social discontent of *A Hazard of New Fortunes* and *The World of Chance*; and even in the half-humorous pages of *A Traveller from Altruria* this undercurrent of melancholy is perceptible; yet nowhere before is the impression so powerfully conveyed as in these scattered poems; for here there is no by-play, no mitigating humour, nothing to distract the attention of the reader from the dominant motive; and the very brevity and concentration of the thought drive its full meaning home to the consciousness.

A quotation or two may serve to show the tone and temper of the whole. Take, for instance, this poem entitled "Hereditary"—

That swollen paunch you are doomed to bear
Your gluttonous grandsire used to wear;
That tongue, at once so light and dull,
Wagged in your grandam's empty skull;
That leering of the sensual eye
Your father, when he came to die,

* Stops of Various Quills. By William Dean Howells. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

Left yours alone ; and that cheap flirt,
Your mother, gave you from the dirt
The simper which she used upon
So many men ere he was won.

Your vanity and greed and lust
Are each your portion from the dust
Of those that died, and from the tomb
Made you what you must needs become.
I do not hold you ought to blame
For sin at second hand and shame ;
Evil could but from evil spring ;
And yet away, you charnel thing !

Still more characteristic is this, called
" To-morrow " :

Old fraud, I know you in that gay disguise,
That air of hope, that promise of surprise ;
Beneath your bravery, as you come this way,
I see the sordid presence of To-day ;
And I shall see there, long ere you are gone,
All the dull Yesterdays that I have known.

And this, called " Calvary " :

If He could doubt on His triumphant cross,
How much more I, in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be ?
My God, my God ! why hast Thou forsaken me ?

And in another poem, which we cannot take space to quote in full, Mr. Howells gives his whole view of life—a hurried, meaningless rout, amid which man is a bewildered guest, one who was not asked to come, who has never seen his host or had from him a word of welcome ; but who, as he stands gazing on the foolish scene about him, hears from time to time a ghastly shriek as some one is hurried away to be seen no more. Each page bears witness to a like emotion, an emotion almost of disgust at the cross-purposes and senseless folly of all that men see and hope and do. The *Weltschmerz*, the *tedium vite*, casts a grey light over every line.

It is all very strong writing. As literature it ranks very high. Does it rank equally high as poetry ? Let those who can claim to speak with some degree of authority give an answer to this question. For our part, we do not think that these impressions of life gain much from the metrical form in which they appear. Without it, published as short prose impressions, like some of Mr. Hamlin Garland's, they would, we think, be equally effective ; for their excellence from a literary point of view depends wholly upon their possession of the qualities that are peculiarly conspicuous in all of Mr. Howells's work. A marvellously

keen eye for detail, a strong grasp upon the characteristic features of what he wishes us to see, an unerring instinct in language, and an exquisite sense of word-values—all these are present in his verse, but yet no more so than in his prose. Take his striking winter scene from the poem called " Labour and Capital "—

A spiteful snow spit through the bitter day
In little stinging pellets gray,
And crackling on the frozen street
About the iron feet.
Broad stamped in massy shoes,
Sharpened and corked for winter use,
Of the huge Norman horses, plump, and round,
In burnished brass and shining leather bound.

And hunched above the load,
Above the Company's horses like a toad,
All hugged together
Against the pitiless weather,
In an old cardigan jacket and a cap
Of mangy fur,
And a frayed comforter
Around his stiffened chin, too scant to wrap
His purple ears,
And in his blinking eyes what had been tears
But that they seemed to have frozen there as they
ran,
The Company's man.

This really gains nothing from the rhyme, which is only an incident and adds nothing to the effect of what in pure prose would be an equally perfect picture, making one almost shiver as he reads.

Nor is the structure of the verse wholly satisfactory, for it is too often at variance with the requirements of rhythmic consistency. One is tempted to attribute the frequency of this scazonic movement to technical inexperience ; but Mr. Howells is too thoroughly an artist to make this explanation tenable. It is likely that he purposely admits irregularities, as a musician admits dissonances, to heighten the effect of what is regular and metrically normal in the adjacent lines. Tennyson did this frequently, far too frequently, in fact, in his later verse, just as some of the Latin poets broke the inevitable monotony of their hexameters by playing tricks with the *cæsura*. But Mr. Howells should have remembered that while this is allowable and even commendable in long stretches of verse, it is a positive defect in a poem of only a dozen or twenty lines, in reading which the ear does not have time to tire or to demand variety, but is far better pleased with perfection

of melody and regularity of cadence. The last line of the third passage quoted above will illustrate what we mean. At the first reading one stumbles over it most unpleasantly. Of course, rereading it, one can crowd it into a normal measure by a sort of crisis in the words "thou hast"; but this is at best a Procrustean operation that is sure to offend, and is in every way a blemish on the verse and a source of vexation to the reader.

Harry Thurston Peck.

HEDONISTIC THEORIES.*

In these days of ethical movements, when even politics are beginning to feel the force of moral ideas, it would seem a pity that our best thinkers should still confine themselves so exclusively to the discussion of questions of purely theoretic interest. Perhaps their attitude is due to a belief that common sense is better able than philosophy to guide the affairs of mankind; but even so, it would be a satisfaction to have a code of scientific morality with which at least we might disagree.

Professor Watson's book, however, in spite of the fact that it assumes the form of historical criticism, is by no means out of touch with practical life. Utility is still the ideal of the great majority of political theorists and practical politicians, and under the disguise of this vaguest of terms we can in most cases find a concealed or acknowledged hedonism. Any criticism, therefore, that may serve to unfold the implications of this theory, will render good service to the cause of right living.

In some respects, the title of this work is misleading. We are led to expect a history of hedonism from its origin to our own day, and the student of the history of philosophy or ethics might naturally turn to its pages for the determination of some obscure point in the history of his science. He would probably look in vain. There is no detail of biographical or bibliographical interest. We are not told when or why the systems under discussion were written, or even the form in which they appeared. In fact, the historical environment has

dropped out. In its place we have the successive systems reduced to their lowest logical terms, in order that we may follow clearly and unhindered the development of the principle of pleasure.

From this it is plain for whom the book was intended. It is not for the historical student, or at least, not for the beginner in the history of thought. The logical or illogical character of the systems is made too evident. It would be impossible for one coming for the first time to the study of these thinkers through this book, ever to understand how it was that such illogical systems could have arisen. The lack of atmosphere would render impossible a just estimate of historic values. But for an introduction to systematic ethics, this work serves admirably. One by one the elements of hedonism are discussed and criticised as they historically appear, so that by the time we reach the most complex formulation of the theory we have already a firm basis from which to view its added difficulties, and have no need to discuss again its foundation principle. When Hobbes has been dismissed, Mr. Spencer need not long detain us.

The success with which Professor Watson has accomplished his task is but another witness to his well-known philosophic breadth and critical judgment. It is no light thing to separate the essential from the accidental in philosophic systems, and, in paring away the historical detail, to avoid omitting that which is necessary to logical completeness. That the reconstruction of the past has been done with faithful impartiality, no one can doubt. In its logical development, hedonism has not had a clearer exposition. And this has been done "in familiar and untechnical language," as the author has purposed to do. So simple and clear is his exposition that a hasty reading might leave the impression that this was philosophy made easy, and unworthy of more serious attention; but as we proceed we find that this simplicity is due to that complete mastery of his subject which enables the author to present the argument free from all that is accidental and irrelevant. The book is probably the result of lectures, since it is given out as a supplement to the author's recent work on Comte, Mill, and Spencer, the origin of which was class-room work.

* Hedonistic Theories from Aristippus to Herbert Spencer. By John Watson. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

The criticism is, of course, from the idealistic standpoint, and the work is another instance of the fact that, in this school, as Mr. Schiller notes, "whom they would destroy, they commentate." The objectifying work of thought is traced in every formulation of an ideal. Unless man be content to follow his instincts blindly and unconsciously, he must accept the guidance of reason in his life, since abstract pleasure is an impossible idea. Even the pleasure-seeker "is not seeking pleasure for itself, he is seeking to still the immortal craving to realise himself, to find the means of speaking peace to his own spirit. He cannot avoid framing an ideal of himself and seeking to make it an actual experience." That ideal cannot be pleasure in its abstractness, since, as Mr. Watson neatly phrases the "hedonistic paradox," "The moral man does not aim at it, and the immoral man who does aim at it cannot obtain it."

Norman Wilde.

THE THISTLE STEVENSON.*

It was meet that this fine edition of Stevenson's collected works should be collated and prepared for publication in the land which was the first to honour him with popularity, "for," wrote Mr. Barrie, some eight years ago, "the Americans buy his books, the only honour a writer's admirers are slow to pay him. Mr. Stevenson's reputation in the United States is creditable to that country, which has given him a position here (Great Britain) in which only a few saw him when he left."

In that same article Mr. Barrie echoed the expectations of Stevenson's admirers at that time in speaking of "the great book, for which we are all taking notes. We want that big book; we think he is capable of it, and so we cannot afford to let him drift into the seaweed." But he did drift away from us never to come back, and now he is a year dead, and "the big book" can never be written.

But let us not be misunderstood. Many readers of Stevenson, reading of his life in the South Seas, easily ideal-

ised the existence down there as one never ending *dolce far niente*, with Nature as a generous provider, and with little else for the exile to do but now and then to gratify an irresistible impulse to sit down and write one of those masterpieces of fiction that seemed almost to write themselves. One of the most potent lessons of Stevenson's life lies in the fact that life for him since young manhood had been a fight, not only towards gratifying an ambition to be a literary man, but for very existence itself. Courage to work, when work means exhaustion of the smallest physical resources; courage to hope, when hope seemed to go ever farther before, and courage to go on without a moment's begging of quarter were his, and while he found at Vailima that his physical power was at its best, even then to most men the bitterness of the struggle would have warped and nullified the best of talents. And as to his drifting south, his heart was always with his native land; where will be found sadder words than these? "And then you could see Vailima, for it's beautiful, and my home and tomb that's to be; though it's a wrench not to be planted in Scotland—that I can never deny—if I could only be buried in the hills under the heather and a table tombstone like the martyrs where the whiaups and plovers are crying."

The Thistle edition of Stevenson's works—and fittingly so is it called—is in every respect worthy of the most bewitching of nineteenth century writers. Bound in red polished buckram, with titles and cover design in gold stamps, printed from De Vinne type on hand-made paper, with deckled edges and gilt tops, one can readily see that no pains or expense has been spared to make this edition as handsome and substantial as it could be. The volumes are delightful to handle, and make an exquisite library set. The edition is complete with the exception of Stevenson's posthumous works, chief of which are *St. Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston*, still unprinted and which it is sadly known to Stevenson's friends are merely fragments. The illustrations in photogravure have been drawn by the well-known artists William Hole, R.S.A., Howard Pyle, J. Alden Weir, William H. Hyde, and others, and there is a portrait of Stevenson from a photograph by Notman.

* The Novels, Travels, Essays, and Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson. Thistle edition. 16 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$32.00.

The bookmaking and editing seem perfect, and in the whole work we find nothing to cavil at, but everything to commend.

✓ ST. PAUL THE TRAVELLER AND THE ROMAN CITIZEN.*

Professor Ramsay's volume on St. Paul has grown out of lectures delivered at Auburn Theological Seminary, Johns Hopkins University, Harvard, and Mansfield College, Oxford. As the title indicates, they chiefly concern themselves with the outward conditions and movements of the apostle's life, not with his theology. In other words, they are based upon the Book of Acts rather than on the Epistles of St. Paul. In his researches in Asia Minor, Professor Ramsay found himself frequently consulting the Book of Acts, as one of the authorities for its topography, antiquities, and society. At first, as he owns, he was prejudiced against it as an authentic witness of first-century history; but gradually this prejudice was removed, and in its place there grew up entire confidence in it as a guide and an ally in obscure investigations. And the present volume is not so much a history of Paul for its own sake as a prolonged exhibition of the trustworthiness of Luke's narrative. It is an attempt to show that, instead of being the mere second-century compiler, groping and stumbling among unknown places, misunderstood circumstances, and anachronistic customs, or a mere dull editor with scissors and paste, collecting random scraps of sensational legends and gluing them together without intelligence, Luke is a historian of the first rank, trustworthy, and possessing a first-hand knowledge of the greater part of what he records, guided by an unerring sense of proportion, which tells him what to omit and what to relate, and able to present his material in a clear and simple narrative. Certainly no one has a

better right to pronounce an authoritative judgment on the historicity of the Acts than Professor Ramsay. He has studied the history of the first century as very few have done, so that, as any of his readers could detect anachronisms in a nineteenth-century book, he is familiar with what is congruous and what incongruous with the first century; but, especially, he has carried this book open in his hand through the localities in which its scenes are laid. He possesses the knowledge of an expert, which justifies him both when he condemns the "error and bad judgment" which preponderate in what at present passes for historical criticism and when he assigns to the Book of Acts a highest place among historical works.

The importance of such a judgment, even limited and conditioned as it is, can scarcely be overestimated. The fresh light which Professor Ramsay throws on certain passages in the career of St. Paul is also considerable; and still more considerable is the sense of reality which he imparts to the whole narrative. He very truly remarks that Luke "expects a great deal from the reader . . . there are many cases in which to catch his meaning properly, you must imagine yourself standing, with Paul, on the deck of the ship or before the Roman official; and unless you reproduce the scene in imagination you miss the sense." The great and lasting merit of Professor Ramsay's book is that it enables even the unimaginative reader thus to see what is narrated. He will not always see what Professor Ramsay sees, still less will he always infer what Professor Ramsay infers; but he will feel that the ground he treads is solid, and the persons he hears of are real and living. The Book of Acts becomes a new book, and excites a new interest. Almost every suggestion made by Professor Ramsay will be contested by scholars; but no one will deny that he vivifies the narrative and proves its trustworthiness, and that St. Paul becomes more than ever a real figure and one of the greatest of men.

Marcus Dods.

* St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Humanity, Aberdeen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.



NOVEL NOTES.

A VIRGINIA COUSIN AND BAR HARBOUR TALES. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.25.

If certain gracefully unimportant books came from unknown authors, nothing need be said. But, unluckily, such is rarely if ever the case, for the reason that only the practiced pen can clothe commonplaces with grace. And, since a recognised place in national literature has its penalties as well as its privileges, a new book by Mrs. Burton Harrison cannot be passed by even with a silence that would be kind. Yet it is hard to know what to say about *A Virginia Cousin and Bar Harbour Tales*. Flowing smoothly from cover to cover, the three stories leave nothing more than a mental blur, too indistinct to be remembered longer than the turning of the leaves. All that remains is regret—for the author's vanished charm.

The characters are those of the author's earlier stories—the two typical matrons representing the old and the new régime; the sophisticated clubman and his guileless cousin; the subtle city girl and the hard-headed business man. They are all familiar, but they seem more unreal and remote than usual. And, whether in New York or at Bar Harbour or on the Blue Ridge, or "leaning abstractedly against a column" in Rome, they are always saying the same things, but less aptly and less wittily than they have said them before. This is trying, in view of the fact that no one does anything but talk. No incident interrupts the flow of conversation. A boy tumbles off his pony, but the others never stop talking; and he begins again as soon as he gets his breath. A man falls out of a boat, and there is an effort here to have something happen. The machinery positively creaks with the strain; but nothing does happen beyond a ducking and the making of an opportunity for the woman to ask the ducked man where his manners are.

Thus, in a dispirited way, as if the characters themselves were tired, the dialogue drags along. There is not a glimmer of the wit that sparkled through *The Anglomaniacs*. There is no sign of the fresh thought that gave interest to *A Bachelor Maid*. Indeed, at one par-

ticularly heavy point it becomes necessary to bring in as a vocal recruit a country corporal who does not belong to the old original set. He can scarcely be called an acquisition; but he does what he is expected to do, and talks without stopping through seventeen pages. What about? Let him answer who can say what it is all about.

A COMEDY OF SENTIMENT. By Max Nordau. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. \$1.50.

The fame of Herr Nordau's versatility has spread even here; so that the discovery that he can write a clever novel will not be an astonishing addition to his other accomplishments. This is a clever novel; or, to speak more accurately, it is a story written by a very able man—one who might be partial, unfair, shortsighted, and arrogant, as able men often are, but who could not write balderdash; nor, from clumsiness, misrepresent what he actually understood. It is an episode in the life of a scientific man who falls into the toils of a designing woman, and has a narrow escape. We confess we should have respected him more had he not escaped. In some respects he is most worthy, devoted to his mother, with whom he lives, delivering up to her his salary as he receives it, and having no secrets from her till Frau Ehrwein comes into his life. But there is another side of him which revolts us. While giving way to his sensual passions he is perfectly aware of his folly, and he exhibits a hard, calculating, and most unhumorous temper throughout his *liaison*, which is complicated by his weak and insincere attempt to play the part of devoted lover. As for Paula, the less said about her the better. Her efforts to entrap Bruchstädt are so noisy, violent, and vulgar that they would disgust a tavern-haunter; and when he is in her toils she keeps him there by the grossest flattery for the most sordid pecuniary reasons. Those who read *The Comedy of Sentiment* within a reasonable time after reading a much greater book, *Jude the Obscure*, may observe a certain likeness between Paula and Arabella. But the dash of generosity in the rough, coarse Arabella is wanting in this woman of culture, who, if less ugly, is more corrupt. Of

course, Herr Nordau looks on her as she ought to be looked on; but there is so little relief to her vileness, Bruchstädt's prosaic, calculating nature, and his ridiculous game of love, affording none at all, that the picture is more sordid and more cruel than we like to look at, save on the canvas of one whose art and whose human sympathy are greater than Herr Nordau's.

A GENTLEMAN VAGABOND AND SOME OTHERS. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Those who remember the story of "John Sanders, Labourer," in the *Scribner's* of some six months ago will need no further invitation to look into this little volume which Mr. Hopkinson Smith has added to the plenteous short-story library. An acquaintance with Sanders and that canine apology of a "doggie," and the throb of pity which we are made to feel for the poor, deformed little orphan, gives one the chord of the whole melodrama, whether its characters be dogs or men; for the former receive no small share of the author's sympathy, and will, we believe, be as readily appreciated by the reader. The stories are gathered from here, there, and everywhere, and whatever their defects, all possess the essential quality of human interest. The common denominator of the collection is their all-pervading humanity, which warms one to a healthy sympathetic glow and inspires a renewed faith in human nature. Occasionally one feels some misgiving at the lavish show of colour in description or grotesqueness in figure. "Here and there one finds a vagabond pure and simple, and once in a lifetime a gentleman simple and pure," says the author. It seems to have been his good fortune to have met several examples of this *genus homo*, and he has certainly not lacked generosity in sharing their acquaintance with us. "Major Slocum" arouses a lurking suspicion that we are being deceived in him, and that there is something wanting to that gentleman's perfection. In fact, an afterthought may be convincing on this point. There is an audacity in the sketch, and a freshness of Southern life and warmth of colour which are fascinating. The individuals in these stories may be different, but the type is the same, whether they be found in the

apartment of a Continental express, in the grafted product of southern chivalry, or in the nondescript flagmen in a railroad yard. "Bäader" and "The Lady of Lucerne" are European experiences, the latter story remarkable if for nothing else than for the description of the organ recital at vespers in the great church at Lucerne. "Jonathan" and the May-time pictures of the Bronx banks and Brockway's Hulk are bits of canvas, that will fit very delightfully and familiarly into some panel of one's vacation or spring ramble experiences.

THE NEW WOMAN. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. New York: The Merriam Co.

While such books as this can be written and read, then surely we are in need of a Nordau to point out our degeneracy. Mrs. Linton's audacity and reckless indulgence in strong language will probably be admired by those whose taste will not be offended by her exaggerations. The good people in the book are tiresome with excess of virtue; the bad ones are terrible indeed; and the various types of the new woman, on whom Mrs. Linton throws the search-light of her satire, are weird triumphs of the author's fancy. She fairly revels in their depravities, and we get several pages of description like this: "They were, for the most part, married women with uncongenial husbands." "Protesting wives and reluctant mothers" demanding "unfettered liberty and supreme power." "Queer mixtures of manly breadth and feminine charm," who "smoked and drank with fast men," and were one and all "good judges of wine, cigarettes, and every kind of mixed drink." Phœbe Barrington, the central figure, and the newest of these new women, has pomegranate lips and bleached hair. She also has a long-suffering husband, whom, at various times, she calls a brute, a block, a tyrant, a wretch, a dried-up mummy, a liar, and an awful hound! When, at the end, the poor man mildly packs his trunk to leave for more peaceful scenes, Phœbe bursts into a "violent flood of tears" and wails, "Can I never win him back to real love and undo the mistakes of this wretched past?" This is painful or funny, according to the point of view; and if more is desired, it can be found *ad nauseam* in the 450 pages of this remarkable work. In an appropriate spirit of satire, the book appears

in a tasteful binding that suggests refinement.

ALL MEN ARE LIARS. By Joseph Hocking. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.50.

Mr. Hocking has written a strong story showing how a life can be ruined when it loses faith in goodness, and how the broken life can be healed and the lost character redeemed when that faith is regained. The hero is brought on the scene overflowing with ebullient youth, with a fresh unspoiled vision that looks the whole world in the face, and with a heart brimful of glad hope that cries *nil desperandum!* In spite of his high hopes and aspirations and his stock of belief in life's worth, he is first soured by cynical teachers, and then heart-broken by his wife's treachery, until he disbelieves in everything and rushes into wild sensuality. He is rescued and restored at last by a faithful friend, and a pure and pitiful woman. We have grave doubts as to Mr. Hocking's legal accuracy, and we are confident that Mr. John Burns—the story is laid in London—would repudiate his black picture of Battersea. There are glaring blemishes in the construction of the story and also in its details, and notwithstanding that it is a powerful book, and that it has been written with a sincere purpose to uplift and to point out the dangers of unbelief and pessimism which lie in wait for the unwary youth, we doubt whether such a presentation of life is wholesome and effectual for good. *Donovan* has been responsible for many imitations which have a certain fascination for the young man withheld by a moral leash from "seeing life," but who may allow himself to imagine it in fiction.

THE VEIL OF LIBERTY. A Tale of the Girondins. By Péronne. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.

A convenient and altogether erroneous opinion exists about the writing of historical novels, and it is entertained by a good many novelists to-day who find history suggest more exciting incidents and more picturesque characters than their own invention could supply. It is that the less history you know, the more superficial your research and the more popular your sources, the better your historical novel. Like most convenient theories, it is all wrong. Scott,

Dumas, Thackeray, were saturated with the history and literature of the time they presented to us in fiction. And that they had a grip of the material is at least one reason why their novels have a grip on us. Just at this moment, when we are flooded with thin and superficial historical romance, entertaining enough, some of it, for half an hour, but unsatisfying, and slipping from the memory and the imagination in less time than we allowed for the reading of it, it is pleasing to recognise the existence of a robuster school. Of course, historical learning is far from being enough, and all the reading of which there is evidence in *The Veil of Liberty* might have gone for nought, so far as making a vivid picture of the time is concerned, without imaginative and artistic powers. But "Péronne" has these, also a trained and a lively style, an eye for the picturesque and the dramatic, and a good understanding of human nature. Is it indiscreet to be curious about the authorship of an anonymous novel we have admired and enjoyed? *The Veil of Liberty* is not by a novice. We had thought that so intimate a knowledge of last century France, so discriminating and detailed an appreciation of French Protestantism, could be set down to the credit of no one but Miss Betham Edwards, though, it is true, she is not fond of dwelling on the shadier sides of the Revolution. If we are entirely wrong, at least neither Miss Betham Edwards nor "Péronne" has reason to feel aggrieved by the juxtaposition of their names. The pictures of revolutionary France in this novel are often masterly and always of interest. The close acquaintance of the writer with the facts and factions of the time is not wasted, for this knowledge, used artistically, has given an ease, a fulness, and a vividness, which belong to no novel spun out of a popular manual or perhaps a couple of gossiping memoirs. And, likewise, we cannot withstand the intense interest which the author takes in her central personages, the family Villas. Such an energetic concern is contagious.

SUNSHINE AND HAAR. By Gabriel Setoun. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

Mr. Setoun has selected a Fifeshire mining village, Barnecraig, as the centre of his observations. In his second book

he further illustrates the character and customs of the inhabitants by stories of varied tones. Those written in a gentle sentimental vein are best as stories—"Ekky's Road," for instance—and some portions of the longer tale, "Lowrie and Linty;" though the ways peculiar to *Barnraig* may be most vigorously presented in "The Return of Big Wull" and "The Creeling of Big Tam." The latter and a few like them give detailed descriptions of old customs now dead or dying; and in relics and survivals Gabriel Setoun is evidently interested. But we doubt if it is as the chronicler of such he will find his work, or even as the painter of distinctive Scottish types. The talents and sympathies here displayed point rather to his success in the novel of present-day romance and sentiment, Scotland being the scene, of course. We imagine that he belongs by right more to the school of Dr. Macdonald than of Mr. Barrie. Be that as it may, here and in *Barnraig* he has essayed to be the historian of a limited locality in a series of tales nearly all of which claim our sympathetic interest. But it is a pity he included the prefatory paper, "Red-Letter Days." It is nearly worthless as local lore; and as a piece of writing—well, Gabriel Setoun can do much better, and so must every writer who is to take a creditable place.

THE THREE IMPOSTORS. By Arthur Machen. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

The horrible is sweet to the taste of Mr. Machen. He plays with it a little frivolously at times, but now and then it does seriously take hold of him, and on some of these occasions it impresses us. A curious medley is this book of the sensational, the trivial, and the occult. Written on an old plan, some idea of its design and tone may be gathered from thinking of Stevenson's *Dynamiters*, with the sprightliness and fun, but not the frivolity, left out, and with dark occult sin substituted for the grotesque. Every now and again we are struck with admiration of the picturesque and suggestive writing, and sometimes we think the same overweights what had been a better story if more plainly and briskly told. We thought for a time that Mr. Machen was fooling us with his horrible hints (we had forgotten the contents of the prologue). The hunt of the gold

Tiberius, the ingenious imaginations of the three impostors, we had thought might end farcically. Perhaps his learning in the black arts would so have been wasted, but we wish he had some restraining qualities that would keep him from writing such horrors as those in his last chapter.

GATHERING CLOUDS. A Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom. By F. W. Farrar. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

The writer's earlier novel, *Darkness and Dawn*, had a brighter theme. It represented the early struggle of the Church with paganism, and the victory of Christianity, which had only its purity and integrity to fight for it against the strongest worldly weapons. The present story tells of the re-invasion and the partial triumph of the world. At the end some of the evil is seen to be abating, the martyrs are honoured, and the prosperity that overtakes the worthy hero Philip are significant of the worst terrors being over. But on the road to this peace readers have to walk through scenes of terrible corruption and cruelty—the vague rumours of history being bared of the vagueness which has hid much of the ugly truth about the persecutions. As a work of history it has greater merit than as fiction. Evidence has been weighed and sifted, and characters judged calmly, with due consideration of the circumstances of the time. The painful nature of much of the story may deter a good many from its perusal, though it should be said horrors have not been piled up sensationally, but only described with such literalness as shall not allow them to escape the notice of unimaginative readers. And its length is against it. Students of Church history can alone appreciate the conscientious care and labour that have gone to make this lifelike picture of the Eastern Empire, but though frivolous readers will not read *Gathering Clouds* at all, one need not be seriously instructed to recognise the interest and the beauty of the career of Chrysostom and his friends as Dean Farrar has drawn them.

THE RED COCKADE. By Stanley S. Weyman. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's stories are greedily and unthinkingly devoured. Any reader who stops to think must respect them. There is an evenness about

the workmanship which can only be the result of great care. And though the average English sentiment on historical matters is generally reflected—which adds, of course, to their chance of popularity—the characters are never the puppets that the conventional adventure-story is content with. Mr. Weyman does not write of another age than his own to shelter his ignorance of human nature among the imposing circumstances of famous events. There is a group of characters here that not only look well when seen in motion in a crowd, but are real and living no matter how closely you examine them. The most noteworthy is the Royalist Froment de Nlmes, but the aristocrats, Madame de St. Alais and her spirited son, with their wonderful confidence in the invincibility of the noblesse, and their "We are France," are hardly less vigorously presented. The hero is no great hero, though he is brave enough. Circumstances are unkind; and at different times, and always for good reasons, he dons the white, the tricolour, and the red cockades. But that he is driven to dealing with so many factions makes him perhaps all the better as the central personage of the story.

HERBERT VANLENNERT. By C. F. Keary. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

For Mr. Keary's talents we have warm admiration. We shall continue to believe for long that he has the power to write fiction of an uncommonly good kind. In *The Two Lancrofts* there was thought and there was observation which could only come out of a man who had looked closely at things, judged for himself, and had a large experience of human character. It contained, too, suggestions of keen interest to all who watch the artistic temperament other than superficially. This present book can be recommended as a readable story. Those who have not built high hopes on its author will be astonished to hear it hardly criticised. And it does not lack careful and elaborate work. But it is an entire disappointment, for in spite of bright spots here and there, it is what *The Two Lancrofts* emphatically was not, a commonplace novel. There is a hitch in the hero somewhere. He is meant to be a man of marked character and ability, an impressive, imposing person. We can only think of him as a well-dressed

club man, who took a trip to India. He is slow, conventional, idea-less, and with the capabilities of injustice which such a nature possesses. There are good sketches of character in the book. There is not one character. The sensational episode is ugly, and we think false. What has gone wrong? We have an idea that it is the society which the book is filled with that is partly to blame. Unless dealt with by genius, there is no class so hopelessly dull in fiction as the respectable, fairly well-conducted, moneyed and landed minor aristocracy of England. The painters and the literary folks introduced here are infected by the general dulness, by the inarticulateness of the slow-brained set in which Herbert Vanlennert moved and had his undistinguished being. But we do not for a moment think Mr. Keary's power has gone because this book might have been written by a much less able man.

THE HORSEMAN'S WORD. By Neil Roy. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

A very original, romantic, but most ill-told story. The material is new, the background has been little used before, and the central personage is, take him altogether, strikingly presented. But it is unendurably long; many of the scenes intended to illustrate character and custom in the north of Scotland are wearisome, and here and there, where reflection is indulged in, there is a descent to the utterly commonplace—this too from a writer who has an unusual amount of imagination, who shows real power in dealing with human character, and has a gift of picturesque description. Whatever be its faults, it has striking and interesting features. Readers of Borrow will remember his tale of the smith who roused his horse to frenzy, and soothed it out of madness by the utterance of some mysterious words. That is hint enough of the subject of this story, where horses appear under a stranger, wilder aspect than we are now wont to regard them. Mr. Roy has made good use, we can see, of some impressive legends of the strip of country where his story is laid, not very far from the Moray Firth; but for the working out of the character of Kelpy, his sullen and pathetic hero, he has had to depend on his own powers. And the imagination of few would have been equal to the strange and difficult task.

THE LITTLE ROOM AND OTHER STORIES.

By Madelene Yale Wynne. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.25.

On first reading "The Little Room" in *Harper's Magazine*, one was half inclined to think that its author had not written a real "tale of mystery" after all, but was just playing a joke on the reader.

Author: Well, which was it, a china closet or a little room?

Reader: I don't know.

Author: Well, I don't know either.

But Mrs. Wynne did know, and has conceded a bit to the reader's curiosity by giving us a sequel to her title story in the present volume. It points us to the psychology of suggestion, and we run to Mr. Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, with a feeling of relief that we have not been played upon, after all, but that there is something like a respectable scientific clue to that tantalising

little room. The author might have made the original story more suggestive, a few of us think, by including in it the hint of the sequel. But then, that would have denied us a little excitement, and lost the story much of its pleasant notoriety. The four stories that complete the volume are all slight in motive, but gracefully told. One of them, "The Voice," is even exquisite in its happy blending of psychical mystery and delicate allegory.

It takes a powerful genius to create a story of mystery like "The House and the Brain" and "Thrawn Janet," stories that seize us with the shuddering horror of the unseen. The present author would never feel the call, we imagine, to hide her head under the bed-clothes in the dark. But she seizes the picturesque, the poetic hints of a strange psychic world, with a very neat fancy.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ROBERT BROWNING'S COMPLETE POETIC AND DRAMATIC WORKS. Cambridge edition. One volume. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.

BROWNING STUDIES. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.25.

At last we have Browning complete in one volume. The problem of bringing the entire poetical and dramatic works of Robert Browning into one volume presented difficulties which are obvious, and apparently impossible to overcome. Yet we have it now before us, a not unwieldy octavo volume, with type, paper, and binding all in good taste, and wholly legible. Not content with accomplishing so much, several fragments have been included not to be had in any other edition; there is a biographical sketch of the poet; an appendix containing the essay on Shelley, notes and indices of titles and first lines; and it contains a finely engraved portrait of Browning and an engraved title-page with a vignette view of Asolo. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have won deserved praise for their compendious and neatly prepared volumes in the Cambridge Edition of the Poets, but they have surpassed all former efforts by their present enterprise.

Mr. Edward Berdoe, who has been

one of the most energetic members of the Browning Society, and whose name is more closely associated with the poet's work than that of any other critic or student, has edited, with an introduction, a series of select papers emanating from the afore-mentioned society and published in a volume called *Browning Studies*. "There is no more remarkable fact in the history of literature, and no greater disgrace to English criticism," says Mr. Berdoe, "than the treatment meted out to Robert Browning for half a century."

"Ye British poets who like me not,"

complained the greatest poet since Shakespeare, after writing for thirty-five years; but before the time came when all too soon he left us, appreciation had grown so warm and the demand for his works had so enormously increased that he could, in his own last words, "greet the unseen with a cheer." So that in the end it was well, as it invariably is; for the public is sane in its judgments if not always quick to recognise genius. The enthusiastic admirers of Robert Browning have been prone to forget that, as Coleridge aptly said of Milton, he strode so far in front of the men of his time as to be dwarfed by the distance. Now that his com-

plete works have been issued in one volume in the Cambridge Edition, there will be an opportunity for a wider audience to come forward and listen to Browning, whose voice always sounds the clarion note of hope, and these *Studies* will undoubtedly be acceptable to many students, new and old. We say "students" advisedly, for Browning himself said that he never intended his work to be read over a cigar.

Nearly half of the first volume of *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Thomas J. Wise, which has just been published, is devoted to materials for a bibliography of the writings in prose and verse of Robert Browning. The value and importance of this contribution to Browningiana are very great.

Song from "Pippa Passes".

*The year's at the Spring,
The Day's at the Morn,
Morning's at seven;
The hickido's dew-pealed;
The bee's on the wing,
The mail's on the horn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.*

Robert Browning.

Paris, October 17. '58.

A fac-simile of the well-known song from "Pippa Passes" in Robert Browning's handwriting is herewith reproduced from this work. An early portrait of the poet is given on page 466.

THE JOURNAL OF COUNTESS KRASINSKA.
Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

It was a happy thought that prompted the young Countess Krasinska to be-

gin, on her sixteenth birthday, the writing of her memoirs, which would be of interest were it only for the vivid picture they present of the social and domestic life of the Polish aristocracy during the latter half of the eighteenth century. But a deeper value than this attaches itself to the journal of the Countess Krasinska, great-grandmother of Victor Immanuel; who, though married to a king's son, yet, as the translator tells us, "spent her beautiful youth in wandering and humiliation."

There is something deliciously quaint in the very absurdity of what constituted, for Frances and her sisters, a liberal education.

"We learn vocabularies, dialogues and anecdotes by heart from a text-book. . . . Returning to our room, we learn German vocabularies, we write letters and exercises, and Madame dictates to us the verses of a French poet, Malesherbes."

Later, at a fashionable school in Warsaw, the girl writes:

"Before the end of my education I must learn enough to be able to paint with colours a dead tree, on one branch of which is a wreath of flowers with the initials of my honoured parents, to whom I shall offer my work as a token of gratitude for the education I have received."

Before going to school the young countess writes a lively account of her elder sister's betrothal and wedding, and gives delightful pictures of her own stately but happy home life.

The deeper significance of the book, however, is manifested when the school-girl becomes the belle of Warsaw society, and wins the heart of the king's eldest son, the Duke of Courland. The story of her love and brilliant hopes, of her brief bliss and her long disillusionment, is one which is best told in her own simple words. It is also one which teaches, quite unconsciously, yet with almost startling force, life lessons which moralists and writers of fiction might proclaim in vain. The pathos of these memoirs is only enhanced, as it must be in all such cases, by the thought that their author could not know that the story of her sorrows would prove of value to future generations.

PICTURE POSTERS. By Charles Hiatt. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$4.00.

MODERN ILLUSTRATION. By Joseph Pennell. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.

These two handsome and useful volumes of modern and contemporary art

in the sphere of the bookmaker's interest are imported from the press of Messrs. George Bell and Sons. *Picture Posters* contains a short history of the illustrated placard, with numerous reproductions of the most artistic examples in all countries. Not only is this a book of immediate, practical interest, it presents with a fascination of subject and treatment such a history as we would desire in a work of brief compass. The first chapter discloses the historical fact that the poster is one of the oldest and most obvious forms of advertisement, an incident of the most crude and ancient civilisations, and Mr. Hiatt cites Callades, an artist mentioned by Pliny as the Chéret of his age. "He was the great artistic advertiser of ancient Rome, just as Chéret is the great artistic advertiser of modern Paris." Naturally considerable space is devoted to the pictorial poster in France, which absorbs half of the book, the remaining half being portioned out to England, America, and other countries in which the poster is found. To the American reader it will appear that his particular field has been cursorily reviewed, although Mr. Hiatt shows a wide-awake acquaintance with poster artists, even including Miss Ethel Reed, whose work has only become known within the last few months. France, England, and America would in all justice require a volume each to itself, and considering Mr. Hiatt's limitations, his work has been admirably done and not without great expense and trouble in collating facts and collecting posters.

Modern Illustration appears under the auspices of the Ex-Libris Series, edited by Gleeson White, whose excellent enterprise and artistic instinct led him to choose the most distinctively qualified person of all others to compose this work. With great simplicity and with a warmth of feeling that is evident in the first words of the preface, Mr. Pennell has done his work faithfully and conscientiously. More than this, he begets enthusiasm in the reader, and as a master of the craft and an ardent student of illustrative art, he has largely contributed to our knowledge of the subject out of a plentiful and well-regulated storehouse of material. Beginning with a general survey of modern illustration, he proceeds to describe the methods of to-day, and traces their ori-

gin and development. Under separate chapters he takes up French, English, and American illustration; also illustration in Germany, Spain, and other countries. Numerous examples of the stages of illustrative work in each country are given, and few can conceive at what tremendous pains the editor and author have been to select and obtain these illustrations. The collection of posters is fun to this more stupendous undertaking. For both these books, which have entailed a vast amount of thankless drudgery, of which only the expert is cognisant, we are greatly indebted to the promoters of the scheme and those who have accomplished it.

MONEY IN POLITICS. By J. K. Upton, ex-Assistant Treasurer of the United States. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.25.

The title of Mr. Upton's really valuable book is misleading; one instinctively looks for accounts of the corrupting influence of money in the many battles at the polls fought by American citizens, but instead finds an accurate history of money in the United States. This is a second edition of the work, and has been extended and revised to conform to present conditions. Any history of money, whether scientific or historical, ought to begin with a statement of what money is—that is, the office and function of money—and then the physical and material substance of money; also why and how it gets to be an interchangeable measure of values. Mr. Upton gives the history of "peag" or sea-shell currency of the Indians of Long Island, and also of the attempt of Massachusetts to make corn (no doubt Indian maize, and not corn in the English meaning) a legal tender, and the same experience with tobacco in Virginia. These facts might be pondered with profit by the modern "fiat money" school.

The history then proceeds regularly to give an account of colonial coins and mints, the paper issues of the colonies, the introduction of the Spanish dollar, the value of shillings in the several colonies, issue of United States notes, national bank-notes, the decisions of the Supreme Court on the legal-tender question, and other matters of interest. The history is authentic, and is an armoury from which to draw conclusive arguments against the wild schemes of in-

flation and unsoundness so constantly urged upon the people.

THE HAWTHORN TREE AND OTHER POEMS. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has, with the assistance of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton and Mr. Arlo Bates, made a selection from the songs, sonnets, and *vers de société*, of which he has been an occasional contributor to the pages of our leading magazines and periodicals during the last twenty years. *The Hawthorn Tree and Other Poems* attracts us by the simplicity, spontaneity, and cheerful optimism of its contents and the absence of anything like *fin de siècle* decadence. Here is a slight specimen of his lighter vein taken at random; it is called "Confession."

It was a charming day, my dear,
An August day some years ago;
From me you ran away, my dear,
Down thro' the shaded walk you know.
I saw your fluttering drapery
White mid the sun-flecked trees like snow.
I followed to the grapery,
And there I found you all aglow.
And when I kissed your cheek, my dear,
To pay you for the way you sped,
You pursed your lips to speak, my dear;
Do you remember what you said?
You said, "I love"—ah! yes, you did,
Why then, I pray, this tell tale red?
You said, "I love"—confess you did!—
"I love sweet grapes" was what I said."

The little volume is handsomely bound and printed in clear type on fine paper.

THE BOOK OF ATHLETICS AND OUT-OF-DOOR SPORTS. Edited by Norman W. Bingham, Jr. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.50.

Boys need intelligent guidance in their athletic pursuits; and this it is the aim of *The Book of Athletics* to furnish. All the well-known and much-practised sports are subjects of carefully written papers by men who are recognised authorities in their several spheres. Thus the organiser of the League of American Wheelmen, Kirk Monroe, is the author of the chapter on cycling. He unquestionably knows what he is writing about, and his advice may be followed with profit. Others equally well known give common-sense directions regarding the practice of other sports. "Advice to

School Football Captains," by Arthur J. Cummock, Harvard's football captain; "How to Handle a College Nine," by Lawrence T. Bliss, Yale's base-ball captain, and so on; in tennis, rowing, running, jumping, skating, swimming—some master of the art gives wholesome rules for the benefit of boys and girls who are about to take part in strength and health-promoting exercises. None of the subjects is discussed in a scientific way. The practical rightfully predominates, as it is understood with greater ease, and is itself based upon the result of and in many instances contains the opinions founded upon carefully assimilated scientific knowledge.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By P. G. Hamerton. New Edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.00.

This is perhaps the most original thing Hamerton ever wrote; certainly the most stimulating. He was tackling a hard subject; he did not say the final word, and he was sometimes rather verbose and vague. But over and over again he suggests the attitude towards the art of landscape which we feel is the true one. This is an eminently practical subject, if art is to appeal to the many. At every picture gallery you will hear remarks showing that the idea of imagination counting for anything in painting is never entertained at all. Poets have a less ignorant public to cater for. This book of Mr. Hamerton's is one that, written pleasantly, and addressed, as all his work so particularly is, to the English mind, might do something to bring to persons of ordinary cultivation a glimmering of what pictorial art aims at. The pictures from Claude, Corot, Dürer, Constable, Turner, and many others, are charming.

AN ARTIST IN THE HIMALAYAS. By A. D. McCormick. Illustrated by over 100 Original Sketches made on the Journey. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.

There must be few readers of adventure and travel who have not read Sir William Conway's account of his Himalayan exploration. They will remember that the artist of the expedition, Mr. McCormick, took a very active and plucky part in the enterprise. Mr. McCormick now attempts, very success-

fully, to give an idea of the picturesque aspect of the journey, and a personal narrative which will appeal to the lover of scenery and the searcher for adventure rather than to the geographical student. Between his lively story and his admirable sketches he has made a very attractive book. He has put in nothing trivial that is not humanly or picturesquely interesting, and by his spirited view of things, his appetite for the new and strange, and his enthusiasm for his leader, he makes friends of his readers inevitably. He is full of gratitude to fate for his share in the expedition, the year spent in it being, he says, "the fullest in my life, the strangest, the most wonderful." The pursuit of art has not enfeebled his energies. "There I came closest into contact with real men and real fighters; there I learnt what it is to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict with the mightiest forces of the universe; and there I saw what perseverance, foresight, and endurance can hope to accomplish."

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The little children of Mr. Robinson's imagination are the drollest, the most innocent of things. Has he illustrated Stevenson? There may be two opinions about that. But he has depicted childhood in all its remoteness from the grown-up land, in its heroic and fantastic imaginings, in its long thoughts and its short sight. And Stevenson did that in his own inimitable and individual way. Poet and artist meet and part in an interesting fashion. And it is not merely as a book of graceful pictures that this one which Mr. Robinson has done so much to make beautiful will be treasured. It is Stevenson's exquisite *Child's Garden* with still more childhood put into it.

THE ART OF LIVING. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

This is the best thing that Mr. Robert Grant has ever done, but we do not regard this dictum as particularly high praise; for, from the days of the *Harvard Lampoon* down to the present time, Mr. Grant has put forth more inanities than any other American writer who has a respectable following of readers. But

this book is really clever in spots, and one could gather quite an anthology of amusing things from its pages. It is not a good book to present to the average young couple, however, for its large and liberal views about money will make them discontented. We recommend it, therefore, to all persons who regard anything less than \$10,000 a year as poverty; and it may, perhaps, be safely read by those who consider this sum a comfortable income; but those who think \$5000 a year comparative wealth should let the book alone, or else buy it merely for a table ornament, which they may very properly do, as its cover is a dream in gold and delicate green.

THE LAUREATES OF ENGLAND: from Ben Jonson to Alfred Tennyson. By Kenyon West. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This very timely volume contains well-condensed accounts of the various persons who have held the office of Poet Laureate from Ben Jonson's time to our own. Now that Mr. Austin has been installed and has given the world a taste of his qualities in the absurd stanzas published by him in the *Times* of January 11th, celebrating that very much bedraggled hero "Dr. Jim," American interest in the question of the laureateship will speedily wane. Yet because a few really great names have adorned the office, the present volume will have a permanent value for reference, especially as it contains, after the sketch of each laureate's life, a number of illustrative selections of his poetical work, chosen with much taste and discretion. After all, Mr. Austin need not shrink from challenging a comparison of his worst work with the best of such feeble nonentities as Tate, Pye, and Eusden. Mr. West's book gives portraits of the subjects of his sketches, and some general "fancy" illustrations of the poems, among which the one on page 13 looks as though it had escaped from that interesting annual entitled *Le Nu au Salon*.

A LONDON GARLAND. Selected from Five Centuries of English Verse. By W. E. Henley. With Pictures by Members of the Society of Illustrators. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

This is the book of books for Londoners this season. It will stir such as have the good fortune to acquire it as no oratorical appeals to their civic pride could

do. For that poets long ago, and on till now, loved it and sang of it, and that a band of artists to-day have pictured it in endless aspects, must appeal strongly to their imagination. One often hears that the lovers of London have been few and those not ardent, that the great place has not the capacity for inspiring human affection, as Paris has, for instance. Perhaps this *Garland* will effectively contradict that.

Mr. Henley says of his *Anthology*, that it is "a choice for illustration." We have no quarrel with that, and no particular desire for completeness. It is a good choice, any way considered. He thinks it will be found "to example many differences in method and the point of view which have ruled and passed in English poetry in the long years dividing the London of Chaucer's *Prentice* and Dunbar's panegyric and the London of 'Piccadilly' and 'In the Rain.'" That will interest a student of literature. What will interest others more is the sense of the growing age of the place that comes over you as you read on from songs that sing

"The sands in Chelsey Fields
Or the drops in silver Thames"

to Mr. Henley's own description of King Fog; the sense, too, of growing complexity, grim endeavour, and yet no exhaustion. Its present vigour, indeed, seems symbolised in the surprising life in the work of the galaxy of artists. Almost every notable illustrator of the day has contributed a picture, and no care has been spared in the reproduction. It is a sumptuously produced book. And what is not the same, but a much better thing—it is a beautiful and interesting one.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Two prettily illustrated books in dainty dress are *The Spectator in London*, being a selection from the essays of Addison and Steele (price, \$2.00), and *Round about a Brighton Coach Office*, by Maude Egerton King, published by the Messrs. Macmillan. Only second in charm to the Sir Roger de Coverley essays in *The Spectator* are those in which the town life in Queen Anne's time is daintily described and gracefully satirised. Most of the latter are contained in *The Spectator in London*—the chapters

on the coffee houses, on the operas, and the playhouses, on London cries, on fine ladies, their patches and head-dresses, on citizens, shops, and beggars. It is superfluous now to speak well of them. Mr. Ralph Cleaver has a graceful, dainty and humorous pencil. It is the old Brighton of the Georges that is described in *Round about a Brighton Coach Office*. The writer has succeeded in rehabilitating old Brighton and its queer characters with a fascinating pen. The robust and gentle personalities that cluster about the old coach office are effectively portrayed, and the few lightly drawn sketches of them, and the scenes, merry and sad, from their daily life, make us long that we had had the good luck to be one of their number. The illustrations by Lucy Kemp-Welch are drawn with quiet power and charm.

Two more volumes have been added to the *Illustrated Standard Novels* (\$1.25) issued by the Macmillans, namely, *Pride and Prejudice*, by Jane Austen, illustrated by Brock, and *Sybil; or, The Two Nations*, by Benjamin Disraeli, illustrated by F. Pegrarn. "One of the curiosities of modern criticism," so Mr. Austin Dobson begins his Introduction to Miss Austen's novel, "is a marked impatience of new prefaces to old books." We confess to the allegation as a rule; but the special fitness of this eighteenth-century chronicler to the work in hand makes a strong and irresistible plea to its exception in his case. Mr. Dobson has done his work admirably, and this biographical and critical essay will add another contribution to the pleasant and fragrant gleanings in a bygone generation with which he has enriched literature. Mr. H. D. Trail makes a good advocate for Disraeli's *Sybil*, which, he says, has always held and will always hold the foremost place among the works of its author with the student of English social history, and with the critic of English literature.

In *The Law's Lumber Room* (A. C. McClurg and Company) Mr. Francis Watt has traced the history of some of the quaint and curious usages of the old English law, such as the "benefit of clergy," the application of "peine forte et dure" to a person refusing to plead to a charge, "deodands," the right of sanctuary, trial by ordeal, and other practices of the bad old times. It is of interest to learn that the "peine forte et

dure" (i.e., crushing beneath an enormous weight of iron) was inflicted by an English court as late as the reign of George II. (1726), and that trial by combat was not formally abolished until the year 1819. (Price, \$1.00.)—In Mr. F. A. Ober's *Josephine, Empress of the French*, we have a work of the J. S. C. Abbott order, which, with a delightful disregard of facts and the evidence of history, depicts Madame Beauharnais as a persecuted but impeccable being, too good for this earth, and naturally much too good for her Corsican husband. It is always pleasant to believe that an empress with a romantic history is good and pure and generally virtuous, but one has to draw the line somewhere, and we think that we shall draw it at Josephine. (The Merriam Company, New York.)

Beautiful Houses, by Mr. Louis H. Gibson, is a beautiful book, its two hundred and fifty or so of plans and illustrations representing the most interesting and attractive structures in many lands and many ages, and giving both interiors and exteriors. From the temples of Greece and the châteaux of mediæval France down to the huts of the Alaskan Indians, everything of interest and beauty is included. The book is a delightful one, and will be a source of pleasure to the lover of the arts of architecture and decoration. Of the text it is sufficient to say that it admirably supplements the illustrations. (T. Y. Crowell and Company, \$3.00.)

A Century of German Lyrics, by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker, is a dainty little volume of translations from the Germans best known in lyric poetry. The English rendering is spirited and graceful, and has few if any traces of the awkwardness that renderings from the German are too apt to reveal. (The Frederick A. Stokes Company.)—Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has translated six of Verga's short Sicilian stories, among them *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The selections are judiciously made, and the translation is adequate if somewhat less praiseworthy than that of Cavazza. The Joseph Knight Company, of Boston, publish the volume in their Round Table Library, which also includes the following volumes: *The Starling*, by Norman Macleod; *Little Idylls of the Big World*, by W. D. McCracken; *Arne*, by Björnsterne Björnson; and *An Altic*

Philosopher in Paris, from the French of Émile Souvestre. These little books are prettily gotten up, including several half-tone pictures, and there is a very complete biographical account of Björnson preceding the novel by him. The price of each volume is \$1.00. The illustrated edition of Mr. Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*, which we have already spoken of in our December number, is now ready, and makes quite a picturesque book.

The Messrs. Macmillan have brought out, in a beautifully printed volume, a version of the famous mediæval story of Reineke Fuchs, the text being a modernisation of Caxton's translation by the late Sir Henry Cole. Numerous pictures by Frank Calderon immensely enhance the value and interest of the book, which has also an introduction and notes by Joseph Jacobs dealing with the history of the tale from the standpoint of folk lore and also from its semi-political and social side. The price is \$2.00.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have added *The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes* (\$2.00) to the Cambridge edition of the poets. This series deserves to be popular; each volume is printed in clear type, on good paper, and the editing has been carefully done, while such features as portraits of the poets, vignette illustrations of celebrated views, biographical estimates of the authors, and appendices and indices make the work in each case more complete and valuable than in its more extensive form.—A new edition of Tolstoy's *Anna Karénina*, in Mr. Dole's able translation, has been issued by the Messrs. Crowell. This edition is illustrated, and has a fine photogravure portrait of Tolstoy as frontispiece. The price is \$1.50.—The United States Book Company have reissued in their Lakewood Series (paper covers, price 50 cents) Ibsen's *Prose Dramas* in two volumes. There is an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse.—In paper covers we have also two more volumes of Macmillan's Novelists' Library (price 50 cents), *A Strange Elopement*, by W. Clark Russell, and *The Last Touches*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. The second volume of *Lyric Poetry from the Bible* (\$1.00) and *Water Babies* (75 cents), by Charles Kingsley—in the fine pocket edition now being issued—have also just been published by the same firm.—

Sermons for the Church Year, by Phillips Brooks, is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Mr. Berkeley Updike of Boston sends us a beautiful edition of Hans Andersen's *The Nightingale*, which is exquisitely illustrated in modern decorative design by Miss Mary Newill, of the Birmingham School of Art. The old style type is used, and the printing is done on hand-made paper. As its sub-title defines it, *The Nightingale* is "a story for children and a parable for men and women."

The price is only \$1.25. We have also received from Mr. Updike the first number for 1896 of an American edition of *The Quest*. Three numbers are issued annually, and the subscription price is \$2.00. This magazine is printed by the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, and expresses the ideas of those artists who are associated with it. The first number contains a delightfully interesting article by William Morris on some buildings in the Kelmscott district.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The New York Library Association, the organisation of librarians for New York State, held its usual meeting for this section of the State, on January 10th, in conjunction with the New York (City) Library Club. An interesting series of papers was read and discussed at the two sessions during the day, and in the evening the State Association was the guest of the New York Library Club at its annual dinner. The New York Library has now been in existence more than ten years, and this dinner and occasion celebrated the tenth completed year.

There was inaugurated, in November, at Milan, a School of Bibliology, for the training of persons employed in the book trade. Its courses of instruction cover three years. The first year deals with the history of books, the second year with the technique of books and book-making, and the third year with bibliography and bookselling from the commercial standpoint.

The innocent item in the last issue of *THE BOOKMAN* relative to a possible oversupply of would-be library employés from the numerous library schools of various grades has called forth some protest from persons interested. If it is true that all graduates of these schools who are reasonably capable find sooner or later suitable places, we ought all to rejoice, and the managers of the schools can afford not to be oversensitive toward the feeling on the part of librarians that there is danger of overproduction. Many people, perhaps not well informed in the matter, think

the law schools are turning out more lawyers than are needed; but the law schools have never looked on this notion as a grievance or an evidence of lack of sympathy with their work. The schools for library training that are doing good work and making no misrepresentations to the public have only to go ahead and let the relations of supply and demand settle themselves. Yet the calling into existence of more and more schools is itself a declaration to the public that there is a probable demand for their graduates. The librarians who are conscious of the great pressure for places may be pardoned for doubting this.

The New York Free Circulating Library, whose library class was the text for all this, assures us that its class is intended only for training its own employés, and is not likely to increase the visible supply. It should, therefore, be honorably acquitted.

The *Proceedings of the Denver Conference of the American Library Association* has just appeared. The papers read seem to be of perhaps more than usual interest. The articles on international or co-operative indexes to scientific literature mark a widening impulse if they do not give full solutions in the direction of accomplishing completely for all what the strongest libraries can now do for themselves only partially. If the scientists who feel the need most strongly and are making the most stir will clearly formulate what they conceive themselves to need, and let the librarians fix the form and method of such index work, the best results will be

achieved. Some of the papers read at the Denver Conference seem to underestimate the extent and difficulty of the task. For instance, the subject index which any two persons with scissors and paste could make in one year of the Royal Society's catalogue of scientific papers might be worth storing where rent was low, but would not be worth printing. Inadequate and faulty work in this direction is worse than none, as it stands in the way of good work. Discussion and investigation will set us in the right direction in the details of this line of work. The plans for such an undertaking should be shaped in this country, where cataloguing and indexing have

been brought to higher perfection than in Europe.

Dr. George E. Wire, who has for the past five years had charge of the medical section of the Newberry Library, in Chicago, has resigned his position. Dr. Wire has during that time arranged and put in order that part of the Newberry Library which incorporates the books of the Medical Library Association of Chicago and the medical works from the Chicago Public Library, and thus forms one of the largest and most important medical libraries in the West.

George H. Baker.

THE PASSING OF PAN.

Laughter, velvet-lipped, runs ringing
 All along the woodland ways,
 And a strange, bewitching singing
 Fills the glad Arcadian days ;
 Ripple-rocked, the slender naiads
 Rush-fringed shores expectant scan
 For attendant hamdryads,
 Heralding the path of Pan.

Through the swaying bushes sliding,
 Dark-eyed nymphs before him trip,
 And the god, with stately striding,
 Follows, laughter on his lips ;
 While the wild bird-hearts that love him
 In the haunts untrod by man,
 Riot rapturously above him,
 Heralding the path of Pan.

From the yellow beds of mallows
 Gleams the glint of golden hair,
 Nereids from the shorewise shallows
 Fling a greeting on the air ;
 Slim, white limbs, divinely fashioned,
 Of the fair immortal clan
 Sway to harmonies impassioned,
 Heralding the path of Pan.

Round his brow a wreath he tosses,
 Twined with asphodel and rose,
 And, triumphant, o'er the mosses,
 Song-saluted on he goes ;
 Frail wood-maidens who adore him,
 When he rests, his temples fan,
 When he rises, run before him,
 Heralding the path of Pan !

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1896.

The holiday trade has come and gone with its customary rush and confusion. In total results it has probably not exceeded previous years, but in the number of titles sold there has unquestionably been an increase. The growing tendency to purchase inexpensive books in preference to costly works has also been strikingly manifested during the past holiday business.

The leading books of the season have undoubtedly been Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. The cheap editions of the former were hardly out in time for Christmas, but it is gratifying to note that the demand for these is confined almost exclusively to the authorised editions. This is due to the prompt and energetic action of the publishers.

The works of Eugene Field continue to be in much favour, the publishers repeatedly being unable to fill their orders. *The Story of the Other Wise Man and Little Rivers*, both by Henry Van Dyke, and Robert Grant's two books, *The Bachelor's Christmas* and *The Art of Living*, were very popular. *The Second Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling, and the illustrated edition of Mr. Harris's *Uncle Remus* also sold readily.

Of the more expensive illustrated books, *Constantinople*, by Edwin A. Grosvenor, *Victorian Songs*, by Edmund D. Garrett, and Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* were most popular.

Juvenile literature of all kinds sold freely. *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress*, by Mrs. Burnett, *Mr. Rabbit at Home*, by Mr. Harris, and *The Brownies through the Union*, by Palmer Cox, were the leaders.

Fiction occupied a prominent place in the holiday purchases, and the works of all the popular authors of the day were in good demand. *The Red Cockade*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Manxman*, and *Slain by the Doones* being the special favourites.

The humorous books of John Kendrick Bangs, particularly his recent *House Boat on the Styx*, *Chip's Dogs*, and a juvenile entitled *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a Golliwog* received many orders.

Religious works were largely called for, notably Phillips Brooks's and Canon Farrar's *Year Books*, *The Shepherd Psalm*, by F. B. Meyer, and *How Christ Came to the Church*, by A. J. Gordon.

Recent publications are naturally few in number, Mrs. Oliphant's *The Makers of Modern Rome*, *The Vailima Letters*, by R. L. Stevenson, and *Letters by Matthew Arnold* being the most important.

The reports so far from the regular booksellers indicate but a fair holiday trade; this may be partially accounted for by the increasing prominence given to the business by the Dry Goods stores, which is somewhat unfortunate, as the average book department is a poor substitute for the well-stocked book-store to the true book buyer.

Leading books in point of sale for the month were as follows:

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.50.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Story of the Other Wise Man. By Henry Van Dyke. \$1.50.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

Slain by the Doones. By R. D. Blackmore. \$1.25.

The Village Watch-Tower. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.00.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.

The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. \$1.25.

Casa Braccio. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. \$2.00.

Little Rivers. By Henry Van Dyke. \$2.00.

The Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. \$1.50.

Mr. Rabbit at Home. By Joel Chandler Harris. \$1.50.

The Brownies through the Union. By Palmer Cox. \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1896.

In reviewing the December trade, the first thing that strikes one is that there was no falling off in the bulk of the business done, for sales ran ahead of last year in quantity; but the receipts make it evident that the purchases were smaller and the items less expensive. Costly books are not bought nowadays during the holidays as formerly. There is no doubt that the tempting beauty and artistic neatness of many of the recently published books has interfered largely this year with the sale of more expensive works. Country business during the month was moderately good, and orders called mostly for inexpensive books. Retail trade in Chicago was fair, and compared with last year's record made a good showing, and had it not been for the deplorably wet weather which prevailed during the week before Christmas, the receipts would doubtless have been above the average of the last season.

The books which sold best during the holidays in their respective classes were as follows: In fiction Ian Maclaren's two books, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, were closely followed by *The Prisoner of Zenda*, by Anthony Hope; Rudyard Kipling's two *Jungle Books*; *A House Boat on the Styx*, by John Kendrick Bangs; *The Holy Cross* and *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*, by Eugene Field;

Aftermath and *A Kentucky Cardinal*, by James Lane Allen; *The Bachelor's Christmas*, by Robert Grant, and *A Singular Life*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Among the juveniles the most popular were *A Child of Tuscany*, by Marguerite Bouvet; *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress*, by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett; *Brownies through the Union*, by Palmer Cox; *Hero Tales from American History*, by Theodore Roosevelt and H. C. Lodge; *Elie's Journey on Inland Waters*, by Martha Finley, and *Trooper Ross and Signal Butte*, by Captain Charles King. The old favourites also sold well, particularly the Elsie Books, Miss Alcott's stories, those by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and the numerous works of G. A. Henty. In poetry the demand was very great for Eugene Field's books of verse, and those by James Whitcomb Riley, while the demand for the standard poets were up to the average.

Among the fine holiday books, Abbey's *Comedies of Shakespeare* sold well, and Joseph Jefferson's *Kip Van Winkle* went splendidly. *The City of the Sultans*, by Clara E. Clement, also had a fair sale, but taken as a whole the sales of books in this class were below the average. In historical works and books of travel the favourites were *Constantinople*, by Marion Crawford; *The Makers of Modern Rome*, by Mrs. Oliphant; *Notes in Japan*, by Parsons; *Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century*, by Mrs. Latimer, and the new edition of D'Amicis, *Spain and the Spaniards*. In art books the best sellers were *Old Dutch and Flemish Masters*, the new five-volume edition of Mrs. Jamieson's works, *Gibson's Drawings, Churches and Castles of Medieval France*, by W. C. Larned, and *Beautiful Houses*, by Louis H. Gibson. In biography, essays, science, belles-lettres, the leaders were *The Book Hunter in London*, by William Roberts; *Matthew Arnold's Letters*; *Literary Shrines and Literary Pilgrimages*, by Theodore F. Wolfe; *A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life*, by Thomson Jay Hudson; *Memoirs of Napoleon*, by Constant, and *The Valima Letters*, by R. L. Stevenson. Outside of the above classes the following miscellaneous books met with more than average sales: *Pony Tracks*, by Frederick Remington; *Electricity for Everybody*, by Philip Atkinson; *College Girls*, by A. C. Goodloe; *The World Beautiful*, by Lillian Whiting; *Because I Love You*, by Anna E. Mack, and *White City Chips*, by Teresa Dean.

The cheap, mutilated reprints of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* did not affect the sale of the authorised, complete edition during December, for it sold better than at any time since it was published.

Books on Wagner and his operas have been in lively demand since the recent season of Wagner opera in this city began; those most inquired for being *Stories from the Wagner Operas*, by Miss Guerber, and *The Standard Operas*, by George P. Upton.

The Cambridge editions of Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning are having good sales, and we hope the series will be extended.

The books which sold best in actual numbers last month were:

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Mac-laren. \$1.25.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Mac-laren. \$1.25.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.

A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life. By Thomson Jay Hudson. \$1.50.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.

Aftermath. By James Lane Allen. \$1.00.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

A Child of Tuscany. By Marguerite Bouvet. \$1.50.

The Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. \$1.50.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. \$1.50.

College Girls. By Abbe Carter Goodloe. \$1.25.

Brownies through the Union. By Palmer Cox. \$1.50.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, November 25 to December 21, 1895.

Great is the joy in the bookselling trade at the revival that has taken place. Whether it is Christmas trade only or a permanent improvement, time will show. As we write, the wholesale trade is at its wits' end to get all the orders in hand completed in time for the retailer to receive his parcel before Christmas. The colonial and continental business has been very good for the period named.

The leading book of the season and *facile princeps* is *Trilby*. It is selling at the rate of several tons per month. Following it at a respectful distance, as being next in popular favour, are Crockett's *Sweetheart Travellers* and Marie Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan*.

The demand for fairy tales continues unabated. Mr. Baring-Gould's collection is in great request. Drawing-room table books are fast disappearing. The public will not buy books which are issued merely to be looked at. They insist upon having a readable text, to which the illustrations are servants, and not by any means the masters. Hence the active enquiry for fiction in fine editions. Defoe, Fielding, Dumas, Balzac, Poe, Smollett, and other authors of established reputations are being sold in very dainty dress.

Minor poetry is decidedly at a discount, and it is doubtful if it is often heard of outside a certain street which is famed for its production. The poetry of William Watson is in good request, and it seems as if one of the poets of the century has appeared. His *Father of the Forest* has been very well received. There is a good demand for Annuals, Diaries, and Almanacs, but the rush for the two latter classes commences, strangely enough, on New Year's Day. A very favourite gift-book for the season is one of the volumes of Dr. J. R. Miller's popular religious writings, which are issued in a delicate uniform binding at 2s. 6d. each by Hodder and Stoughton. Thousands have been sold. There are a few secessions from the ranks of magazine literature, as is usual at the end of the year. They are not of sufficient importance to specify.

Appended is a list of the leading books of the

season. It would appear to show a wide range of taste, but this column chronicles, and must not criticise. Many of the titles have been named in previous lists. The selection has, however, been made after considerable and careful enquiry, and may be taken as a correct index of the most popular books of the moment.

- Tribly. By George Du Maurier. 6s.
 The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
 The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Mac-laren. 6s.
 Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
 My Honey. By the author of Tip Cat. 5s.
 The Carbonels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
 The Tiger of Mysore. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
 A Knight of the White Cross. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
 Through Russian Snows. By G. A. Henty. 5s.
 The Story of Rosina. By Austin Dobson. 5s.
 The Father of the Forest. By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net.
 A Message for the Day. By J. R. Miller. 3s. 6d.
 A Child's Garden of Verses. By R. L. Stevenson. 5s. net.
 The Wallypug of Why. By G. E. Farrow. 5s.
 Katawampus. By E. A. Parry. 3s. 6d.
 The Gurneys of Earham. By A. J. C. Hare. 2 vols. 25s.
 The Red True Story Book. By A. Lang. 6s.
 The Story of a Cat and a Cake. By M. Bramston. 2s. 6d.
 The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By A. Hope. 6s.
 The Red Cockade. By S. Weyman. 6s.
 The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
 The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montrésor. 3s. 6d.
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Mac-laren. 6s.
 The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
 Stewart (Robert and Louisa). By Mary E. Watson. 3s. 6d.
 A Lady of England (A. L. O. E.). By Agnes Gibberne. 7s. 6d.
 Diet in Sickness and Health. By Mrs. E. Hart. 3s. 6d.
 The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between December 1, 1895, and January 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

- ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Mac-laren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Doctor of the Old School. By Ian Mac-laren. 50c. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ The Rivers. By Henry Van Dyke. \$2.00. (Scribner.)

- ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 5. Other Wise Man. By Henry Van Dyke. \$1.50. (Harper.)
 6. Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. \$1.75. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Mac-laren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Mac-laren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. 1.50 (Scribner.)
 4 Little Rivers. By Van Dyke. \$2.00. (Scribner.)
 6. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century.)
 6. Uncle Remus. By Harris. \$2.00. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

- ✓ Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Mac-laren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Mac-laren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. \$1.50 (Century Co.)
 4 Little Swiss Guide. By Parkhurst. 30 cts. (Revell.)
 5. Slain by the Doones. By Blackmore. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 6. The Other Wise Man. By Van Dyke. \$1.50. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Mac-laren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. Doctor of the Old School. By Mac-laren. \$2.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 6. Red Cockade. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Harper.)
 ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Mac-laren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 6. Slain by the Doones. By Blackmore. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Mac-laren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Mac-laren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 3. Meadow-Grass. By Alice Brown. \$1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
 4. Arnold's Letters. 2 vols. Ed. by Russell. \$3.00. (Macmillan.)
 ✓ The Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50 (Scribner.)
 6. Singular Life. By Phelps Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

- ✓ Red Cockade. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Harper.)
 2. Vailima Letters. By Stevenson. \$2.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
 ✓ House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)

- ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner)
 5. The Wise Woman. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton)
 6. Gentleman Vagabond. By Hopkinson Smith. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

- ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 2. A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life. Hudson. \$1.50 (McClurg.)
 ✓ House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
 4. Child of Tuscany. By Bouvet. \$1.50. (McClurg.)
 ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 6. Aftermath. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)

CINCINNATI, O

- ✓ Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century.)
 2. Aftermath. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
 3. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
 4. The Yellowstone Park. By Chittenden. \$1.50. (Robert Clarke Co.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 4. Vailima Letters. By Stevenson. \$2.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
 ✓ Red Cockade. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Harper.)
 ✓ House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)

DENVER, COL.

- ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 4. Art of Living. By Grant. \$2.50. (Scribner.)
 5. Singular Life. By E. S. Phelps Ward. \$1.25. (Houghton)
 6. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. \$1.50. (Lippincott)

DES MOINES, IA.

- ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 2. Love Songs of Childhood. By Eugene Field. \$1.00. (Scribner.)
 3. The Master. By Zangwill. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 4. Slain by the Doones. By Blackmore. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 6. Titus. By Kingsley. \$1.00. (Cook.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Red Cockade. By Weyman. \$1.50. (Harper.)
 ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 4. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
 5. Aftermath. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
 6. Uncle Remus. By Harris. \$2.00. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. \$1.75. (Harper.)
 ✓ Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 4. Aftermath. By Allen. \$1.00. (Harper.)
 5. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Burnett. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 6. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Colonial Dames and Good Wives. By Earle. \$1.50. (Houghton)
 2. Slain by the Doones. By Blackmore. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 3. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. \$1.50. (Lippincott)
 4. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. \$2.00. (Macmillan.)
 5. My Sister Henrietta. By Renan. \$1.25. (Roberts.)
 6. College Girls. By Goodloe. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 3. Little Journeys. By Hubbard. \$1.75. (Putnam.)
 ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 5. Little Rivers. By H. Van Dyke. \$2.00. (Scribner.)
 6. Miles Standish. By Austin. \$6.00. (Houghton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

- ✓ Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Century.)
 ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
 5. Jack Ballister's Fortunes. By Pyle. \$1.50. (Century.)
 6. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

- ✓ Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
 ✓ Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BROOKS, REV. PHILLIPS.—Sermons for the Principal Festivals and Fasts of the Church Year. 8vo, pp. viii-351, \$1.75. Dutton
- BROWN, WM. MONTGOMERY.—The Church for Americans. 8vo, pp. xiii-440, \$1.25. Whitaker
- HINKSON, KATHARINE TYNAN.—Our Lord's Coming and Childhood. Six Miracle Plays. 8vo, pp. iii-91, \$2.00 *net*. Lane
- HOUGHTON, LOUISE SEYMOUR.—Antipas, Son of Chuza, and Others Whom Jesus Loved. 12mo, pp. vi-246, \$1.50. Randolph
- HUDSON, THOMAS JAY.—A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life. 12mo, pp. 326, \$1.50. McClurg
- JENNINGS, MARY E.—Asa of Bethlehem, and His Household. 16mo, pp. 268, \$1.25. Randolph
- SHELLEY, P. B.—The Banquet of Plato. 16mo, pp. 126, \$1.50. Way & W.
- THE UNION COLLEGE PRACTICAL LECTURES. Butterfield Course. Vol. I, 8vo, pp. 429, \$3.00. Neely

FICTION.

- ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN.—The Nightingale. Small 4to, pp. iii-17, \$1.25. Uppike
- AUSTIN, MAUDE MASON.—"Cension. 16mo, pp. vii-159, \$1.00. Harper
- BALDWIN, MRS. ALFRED.—The Shadow on the Blind, and Other Ghost Stories. 12mo, pp. xii-309, \$1.50. Macmillan
- BALZAC, H. DE.—The Quest of the Absolute. Translated by Ellen Marriage, with a Preface by George Saintsbury. 12mo, pp. x-226, \$1.50. Macmillan
- BARTLETT, MRS. E. B.—Pleasant Days at Maplewood. 8vo, pp. 375, \$1.50. Ireland
- BLACKMORE, R. D.—Slain by the Doones. 16mo, pp. vii-244, \$1.25. Dodd, M.
- BURTON, R.—Dumb in June. 16mo, pp. viii-88, 75 cents *net*. Copeland & D.
- CHAMBERS, R. W.—The Red Republic. A Romance of the Commune. 8vo, pp. viii-475, \$1.25. Putnam
- DRACHMANN, HOLGER.—Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone. 16mo, pp. 208, \$1.25. Way & W.
- EASTWICK, JAMES.—The New Centurion: a Tale of Automatic War. 16mo, pp. 93, paper, 40 cents. Longmans, G.
- GARLAND, HAMLIN.—Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. 12mo, pp. 403, \$1.50 *net*. Stone & K.
- GOULD, S. BARING.—Old English Fairy Tales. 12mo, pp. 400, \$2.00. Way & W.
- HALE, E. E.—My Double and How He Undid Me. 16mo, pp. 50, 75 cents. Lamson, W.
- HAMILTON, M.—A Self-denying Ordinance. 12mo, pp. iii-294, \$1.00. Appleton
- HARRISON, MRS. BURTON.—A Virginia Cousin, and Bar Harbor Tales. 16mo, pp. iii-202, \$1.25. Lamson, W.
- HESDIN, RAOUL.—The Journal of a Spy in Paris. 16mo, pp. xxiii-204, \$1.25. Harper
- HUNGERFORD, MRS.—A Point of Conscience. Cr. 8vo, pp. 311, \$1.00. Lippincott
- JEFFERSON, JOSEPH.—Rip Van Winkle. Square 8vo, pp. 199, \$5.00. Large-paper, \$10.00 *net* and \$25.00 *net*. Dodd, M.
- KING, CAPT. CHARLES.—Trooper Ross and Signal Butte. 8vo, pp. ii-297, \$1.50. Lippincott
- KING, MAUDEGERTON.—Round About a Brighton Coach Office. 12mo, pp. xii-209, \$2.00. Macmillan
- LAURIE, ANNIE.—The Little Boy who Lived on the Hill. 4to, pp. viii-80, \$1.00. Doxey
- MCNEILL, ORANGE.—A Jesuit of To-day. 16mo, pp. v-146, \$1.00. Tait
- NEW, CATHERINE MCLEAN.—A Woman Reigns. 16mo, pp. 112, \$1.25. Bowen, M.
- PAYNE, W. MORTON.—Little Leaders. 16mo, pp. 278, \$1.50. Way & W.
- RADE, C.—Christie Johnstone. 12mo, pp. vii-265, \$2.00. Large-paper, \$5.00 *net*. Dodd, M.
- RUST, MARGARET.—The Queen of the Fishes. 8vo, pp. viii-15, \$2.00 *net*. Way & W.
- SAINTSBURY, G.—Letters from Charles Grandison. Selected, with a Bibliographical Introduction and Notes by George Saintsbury. 2 vols., 16mo, pp. xxxix-302; x-319, \$4.00. Macmillan
- SMITH, GERTRUDE.—The Arabella and Araminta Stories. Small 4to, pp. vii-103, \$2.00 *net*. Copeland & D.
- STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, and HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST.—Macaire: a Melodramatic Farce. 16mo, pp. v-108, \$1.00. Stone & K.
- STUART, ELEANOR.—Stone-Pastures. Small 8vo, pp. v-178, 75 cents. Appleton
- WALFORD, MRS. L. B.—Successors to the Title. 12mo, pp. iii-285, paper, 50 cents. Appleton
- WALFORD, L. B.—Frederick. 16mo, pp. v-251, \$1.25. Macmillan
- WYNNE, MADELENE YALE.—The Little Room, and Other Stories. 16mo, pp. 145, \$1.25. Way & W.
- YALE, CATHARINE BROOKS.—Nim Cum, and the Wonder-Head Stories. 16mo, pp. 126, \$1.25. Way & W.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

- BAIN, R. NISBET. Charles XII, and the Collapse of the Swedish Empire, 1682-1719. 12mo, pp. xviii-320, \$1.50. Putnam

- BROWN, ALEXANDER.—The Cabells and Their Kin: a Memorial Volume of History, Biography and Genealogy. 8vo, pp. xvii-641, \$7.50 net. Houghton, M.
- BURROWS, MONTAGU.—The History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain. 8vo, pp. xiv-372, \$3.00. Putnam
- CROWE, SIR JOSEPH.—Reminiscences of Thirty-five Years of my Life. 8vo, pp. xi-445 \$4.00 net. Dodd, M.
- DAUDET, ALPHONSE.—In the Midst of Paris. Translated by Celine Bertault. 16mo, pp. 200, \$1.50. Platt, B.
- FISHBACK, W. P.—Recollections of Lord Coleridge. 12mo, pp. 134, \$1.25. . . . Bowen, M.
- HOLE, S. REYNOLDS.—A Little Tour in America. 12mo, pp. vi-297, \$1.75. Arnold
- HOLE, S. REYNOLDS.—A Little Tour in America. 8vo, pp. viii-381, \$4.00. Arnold
- HUGHES, T.—Vacation Rambles. 8vo, pp. x-495, \$1.75. Macmillan.
- LATIMER, ELIZABETH WORMELEY.—Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century. 8vo, pp. 456, \$2.50. McClurg
- MERCER, HENRY C.—The Hill Caves of Yucatan: being an Account of the Corwith Expedition of the Department of Archaeology and Palæontology of the University of Pennsylvania. 8vo, pp. 183, \$2.00. Lippincott
- MCCORMICK, A. D.—An Artist in the Himalayas. 8vo, pp. xii-306, \$3.50. Macmillan
- MCLAUGHLIN, M. LOUISE.—The Second Madame: a Memoir of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchesse d'Orleans. Cr. 8vo, pp. v-172, \$1.25. Putnam
- OLDROY, FELIX.—Walks in our Churchyards, Old New York Trinity Parish. Cr. 8vo, pp. ix-181, \$1.25. Peck
- OLIPHANT, Mrs.—The Makers of Modern Rome. Cr. 8vo, pp. xvix-618, \$3.00. . . . Macmillan
- RAMSAY, W. M.—St. Paul, the Traveler, and the Roman Citizen. 8vo, pp. xvi-394, \$3.00. Putnam
- SAYCE, Rev. A. H.—The Egypt of the Hebrews and Herodotus. 12mo, pp. xvi-342, \$2.00. Macmillan
- SPEARS, J. R.—The Gold Diggings of Cape Horn. 8vo, pp. xi-319, \$1.75. Putnam
- WINTER, W.—Brown Heath and Blue Bells: being Sketches of Scotland, and Other Papers. 18mo, pp. 237, 75 cents. Macmillan
- POETRY.**
- BOLTON, C. KNOWLES.—The Love Story of Ursula Wolcott. 16mo, pp. vii-31, \$1.00. Lamson, W.
- CARMAN, BLISS.—Behind the Arras. 16mo, pp. viii-102, \$1.50. Lamson, W.
- COCKE, ZITELLA.—A Doric Reed. 16mo, pp. ix-91, 75 cents net. Copeland & D.
- COONLEY, LYDIA AVERY.—Under the Pines, and Other Verses. 16mo, pp. 104, \$1.25. Way & W.
- DALMON, C. W.—Song Favours. 16mo, pp. x-77, \$1.25 net. Way & W.
- HENLEY, W. E.—A London Garland. Selected from Five Centuries of English Verse by W. E. Henley. 4to, pp. xxii-203, \$7.00 net. Macmillan
- ROSSETTI, D. G.—Hand and Soul. 16mo, pp. iv-56, \$3.25 net. Way & W.
- Songs (The), and Music of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play. Prepared and Arranged by Susan E. Blow. 12mo, pp. xv-272, \$1.50. Appleton
- SPENSER, EDMUND.—Epithalamion. 8vo, \$7.50 net. Dodd, M.
- STODDART, T. T.—The Death-wake of Lunacy. 16mo, pp. iv-124, \$1.50 net. Way & W.
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