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Literature

Published by



The Times

VOL. VI.

JANUARY 6 TO JUNE 30, 1900.



50219
1901



Literature

Edited by

H. D. Traill.



Published by

The

No. 10. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1900.

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UNNECESSARY BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Since the times of Queen Elizabeth, whose court was often a sample-room for the commercial traveller of Empire, the Englishman has in great measure set the travel-pace of the world. Whether or not this be due, as the satiric

nations in which the ties of family are elastic. The Englishman can travel for a purpose, but the Frenchman can travel for nothing, but travel to be most happy. Emigration is, after all, only a kind of travel, and we have migrated to all ends of the earth. The main need is that of movement; and Spartan mothers have sent us into the world in a shield, and have not always bidden us to return. Nowadays the average traveller usually departs forthwith sends for ink and pens and paper and a book. The crown of his labours is a crown of laurel, decorated by photographs and produced up to date. Any one who has studied our lists of books and articles of shorter reviews will certainly agree with that "unnecessary books of travel" is just as well worth calling attention to.

To a race like ours there is no more fastidiousness of literature than the record of exploration. Really great books of travel have been written by the Englishman. For he alone has possessed the secret of success which lies in the natural observation and a pleasing personality. To him with inimitable lightness of touch portray the world for a background; the German the forest as he catalogues the trees with labour; while the Saxon and the Celt in their home-bound people the picture of their work in due proportions. Darwin, Belt, Bates, in one class stand all alone. Livingstone and his ardent brothers are almost equally wise. It is curious to observe that Stanley and Speke, their works are in English and for an English audience, almost utterly lack the charm of the French. There is a hardness about the work which is too truly, the professional explorer.

But if the masterpieces of travel and exploration are due to those who have not travelled for a commercial account, the modern amateur in travel becomes increasingly tiresome. A century ago second-hand book-boxes overflowed with the Grand Tour, which were compiled laboriously

be a grand tour; it is a Cook's excursion, and can be done in three weeks by the laziest American. We have almost ceased to write globe-trotting books. The modern amateur actually compresses long voyages in steamers into six or a dozen heavy chapters, and though he can always describe deck-quoits and sea-crickets as if they were the new and strange games of peculiar savages, he has learnt in most cases to omit any printed description of what he ate between Ushant and Cape Saint Roque.

To say so much in favour of the traveller seems to give away the case against him. But much remains behind. There is still the fatal lack of intelligence which renders nugatory all his efforts to enlighten mankind. The modern amateur is almost invariably ignorant of what has been done in the country he visits; he never asks for any information as to what remains to do. He may travel (and he does) through Australia from or to any given point of the compass; but what he knew about the great Island Continent before he started could have been compressed into the smallest tabloid of knowledge, and when he comes out he is full to the lips with ancient and inaccurate matter. Is Africa, that new playground, his place of recreation and learning? If it is, he plunges into the Sudan, or into Uganda, or the Shiré, or the Welle, or the Cannibal country, and comes out with much malaria, unmitigated ignorance, and no little self-conceit. Does he wander in Siberia or snow-shoe on the barren grounds of Canada? If he does he returns (with some honourable exceptions) full of misleading stuff, which does harm rather than good. He actually throws away all his labour for want of a little foresight, and yet he is not infrequently very indignant that the learned societies do not do him honour.

The pity of it is that almost any one, not actually a fool, can do valuable work in any country of the world if he only knows what is wanted and how to set about it. Even if he be a fool, but an industrious and painstaking one, there are eminent men in every branch of science eager and willing to sift his chaff for a few grains of wheat. Just as the patient entomologist goes through the thousand insects brought him by hired natives on the chance of finding one not yet known to science, so the authorities at the ethnological and geographical societies, or at South Kensington, are willing to spend laborious days making something out of the work done by the humblest traveller who has the very slightest notion of what is wanted. But the average "explorer" is not content to play so humble a part; he never asks for advice, and he hurries to discover the discovered, to explore the explored, and to catalogue new species which were named in past centuries.

record march through the very country that the ablest men of Europe have been yearning to know about. To do forty miles a day in a district where a square acre affords a year's work may be a record for pace and folly at the same time. The opportunities of travel and exploration are of the rarest. The traveller should be content to be as possible to triumph in the realm of the finite as in that of the infinitely great. To return with a new spider, or an accurate account of a new insect, brings a man more real credit than if he travelled a hundred miles in one breathless week from Peking to London. To put it on the very lowest ground, it is not worth while that his name will be attached for ever to a book while it is tolerably certain that some fastidious man will go from Potsdam to Peking and break the record in a minute and three-quarters.

The New Year's honours list is so long that it can furnish a literary paper with but scant material for criticism. The only man of letters included is John Lubbock; and Sir John Lubbock is not a man of science. One can only, therefore, express a wish that Lord Salisbury shows a disinclination to follow the example set by Lord Rosebery during his Premiership, in including men of letters among the honours upon whom the fountain of honour should not be allowed to play. It was to Lord Rosebery that Sir Walter Besant, and Sir William Martin, and many others, owed their titles. Lord Salisbury has bestowed a decoration upon the Poet Laureate, a choice. Yet, if these decorations are given to men of light and leading in literature as well as men of light and leading in other spheres, and if they are worth nothing, then they are given to men of light and leading in art and science. This is a dilemma which has often been presented, and from which no way of escape has been found.

One justification for Lord Salisbury's inclusion of John Lubbock might be suggested by the complaint of Mr. John Addington Symonds in the *Fortnightly Review* that there are now no more English men of letters to be found. We might point in a similar spirit at the beginning of the century, and it is no doubt true that we cannot find such names as those of Tennyson and Keats, or Newman and Carlyle, writers who rank with the greatest not only in England but all over the world. To-day it would be hard for us to put forward a single name of men whose influence is comparable with that of the great men in their several spheres by Zola, Ibsen, and Tolstoy. The only consolation we can offer to lighten the disappointment is that Mr. Joseph Jacobs must be that the situation is similar at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Wordsworth found "equally a want of both the poet and the man" that English literature has, since then,

grounds for his belief, other than the desire to postpone for a year the inconvenience of a change of title. The number has two or three articles of literary interest. Mr. Herbert Paul writes on Swift as "The Prince of Journalists." Mr. Cuthbert Hadden's protest against the tinkering of hymns in the interests of theological creeds is perhaps not wholly convincing. Quite convincing, on the other hand, is Mr. Sidney Lee's plea for non-spectacular Shakespearian performances such as Phelps attempted, not unsuccessfully, at Sadlers Wells, and such as we are hoping that Mr. F. R. Benson will shortly prove to be possible even at the present day. Shakspeare's own country is the only one where his art by itself makes no appeal—despite the myth of a so-called "Shakespearian revival."

The *Author* begins the New Year well by publishing the outlines of a new Pension Fund Scheme to be supported by authors and administered by a committee of members of the Authors' Society. This is an important and interesting departure. We shall say more about the project next week. In the meantime we quote from the *Author* the list of subscriptions already promised:—

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

Reviews.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH'S POLITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The United Kingdom. A Political History. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. 2 vols. 8x5½in., 650+482 pp. London, 1890. Macmillan. 15/- n.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's friends and admirers have always looked forward to his one day giving the world a political history of England. He has many qualifications for the task. He has a style with many merits, the rarest being a certain note of distinction. He has at command the phrase which condenses the essence of a paragraph or a page. His portraits of the figures which pass before him are painted, if not with subtlety, with vigorous strokes. When his prejudices go to sleep he can be candid and charitable

with a sense of the difficulty about being sure in the past, are afraid to imitate. Even the narrative is sketchy and thin; if about the most abstruse problems are seen much too free a hand; if the lucidity is in part unconscious suppression of embarrassing criticism if the high lights and the shadows are brought order to humour the author's taste for rhetoric—the value of the book is considerable. Yet these volumes at least a map of the entire country by defects in the survey of parts, but showing nexion with the whole. Certainly the charm largely due to the freedom and confidence with Goldwin Smith settles what in other minds doubts. But the "doubting Thomas" is always

The early chapters are particularly sketchy. Goldwin Smith is still in the bonds of Mr. writes of Senlac, and has never, apparently, been Round. The author has no pleasure, one would in this part of his work. He hurries on with and his decisions on great questions have defects of judgments formed by a traveller through which he passes in an express train. The between Henry II. and Becket is described by a the former; one, too, who does not recognize with deficiency the issues which were involved in the be the King and the Prelate. "Superstition" and "privilege" are phrases which satisfied the great Voltaire and Gibbon, but they do not faithfully describe the cause for which Becket died. Goldwin Smith becomes himself, is ardent, eloquent, and impressive when he draws nearer time; when there is some one to fulminate a especially when, in attacking a malefactor of t is by implication combating some of his cont He deals one by one with the points which made in favour of Henry VIII., only to them contemptuously, and winds up a sketch of th of his reign with the dictum, "There have been tyrants than Henry VIII.; there never was brutal. There never was one who triumphed affection. Those who deem affection a sin our life and weal, or of our civilization. Henry a good King." "The sophisms by which murders have been defended may be passed over Our author's heart goes out to Cromwell if to a is generous in praise of the greatness of soul of hero, and almost melts into tenderness when the lonely eminence of Cromwell's last day does not forget to reprove the excessive of Mr. Carlyle, and to let fall the remark world goes on and intelligence spreads, the of individual leaders grows less, and hero-worship a serious thing, if it is applicable to the present applicable to the present."

The second volume carries the narrative Restoration to present times. It contains many chapters and a whole gallery of portraits sketched the deft assured hand of the practised artist. In our own time the historian becomes more and more

investigations had thrown the gravest doubts on the identity of the enemy of Hastings and the anonymous pamphleteer. The account of the colonial system of England and its effects on the colonies is probably discoloured by the author's well-known opinions on the relations of the mother country to the colonies. Let anyone read the highly-wrought picture of the evils which the thirteen States experienced at the hands of Pitt and English financiers and then compare the sober, calmly-worded examination by Professor Ashley in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* and he will see that the impressive rhetoric of the former is bought at a price. There is scarcely an allusion to Scotland which is not a little unfriendly, and some references to it are, to say the least, supercilious. There is somewhat too much of this sort of remark:—"Nor can Scotch character have suffered (by the Union) if the present Scotch estimate of it is true." To be sure, the Celt comes in for harder knocks; he is rarely mentioned except in terms of thinly-veiled contempt or scorn. "Anarchical or preslatory independence," "general lawlessness under the name of the Brehon law," "the lawlessness tempered by custom which he (the Welshman) called the laws of Howell the Good," "tribal barbarism" are the phrases, conventional and not wholly accurate, used whenever the Celt crosses the historian's path.

The faults of the two volumes are on the surface. In every chapter are to be traced the personal antipathies of the author. In every chapter is a Papal tone of authority which at first commands confidence and in the end breeds distrust. There is trifle too much scolding for our taste. "O'Connell's tendency to vituperation could not be altogether suppressed." O'Connell was not solitary in this habit. Our author, too, it must be owned, has not all the equipment needed for his task. He has not pondered on the economical causes which underlie many of the events which he seeks to explain in fanciful fashion. His philosophy of history is often a little thin and shallow. His accounts of movements in thought and science which affected the destinies of nations at least as much as the vices and whims of kings and courtiers are generally unsatisfactory. But with all their defects these volumes are a true history of England, no jumble of miscellaneous facts, but an edifice reared with skilful hand: not a history of the modern kind, but such as would have gained the good word of Gibbon or Hume, or Voltaire, and all those who believe that a nation's history should be, indeed, a story.

GEORGE SELWYN'S LETTERS.

George Selwyn: His Letters and His Life. Edited by E. S. Roscoe and Helen Clerque. 9s. 5d. fimo., 322 pp. London, 1889. Unwin. 10 6 n.

In the fifteenth report of the Historical MSS. Commission were printed more than two hundred letters written by George Selwyn which were found among the papers at Castle Howard. The Lord Carlisle of that day was one of Selwyn's most intimate friends, and it is either to him or Lady Carlisle that most of these letters are addressed. Till the publication of the above report they were unknown. "George Selwyn and His Contemporaries," by Mr. J. H. Jesse, contains many of the letters

the main are just the same. The latest coup at the time of the freshest scandal from White's or Brooks', that of a society beauty, who is to be married and who dresses at the drawing room, or the last mad fad of the men about town are intermingled in one curious, strife between the King and the oligarchy, the the Coalition Ministry, and the French Revolution miscellaneous fund of information we constant little incidents which may surprise the modern eye that in 1768, when some ladies of the highest projecting a masquerade, the Bishops intervened because it was in Lent. Horace Walpole also circumstance, and a notable point is that nobody been surprised at it. It was looked upon as per About this time the aristocracy were waking up with which they were threatened by a new class of Parliamentary honours. These were "Nabob Cor agents of the House of Commons, who were en the claims of persons established in towns and descent, family interest, and long-enjoyed proper system continued, and Pitt used it to establish son to the power of the Whig oligarchy. Lord Beauchamp account of the matter is well worth reading.

The book, we regret to say, is not quite so good as it might have been. We sometimes have not are not wanted, and at other times miss them very "If anything is published," says Selwyn in a letter "that is not a mere catchpenny, as it is called, directly. I believe the account of the Duke of Nancy is of that sort, but I know no more than ment." Nancy, of course, is Nancy Parsons. Roscoe could not find out the particular incident to, he should at least have told his readers who were between this lady and the Duke of Grafton that time Prime Minister. Further on we read, Charles Fox:—

Vernon said yesterday after dinner that others—Bully (Lord Bollingbroke), I think, and had been driven by the rain up into Charles' room they had lugged him out of his bed, they attacked violently upon what he did at Bath that he was a recourse, as he did last year, to an absolute den

What was this affair at Bath, in which the Opposition in Parliament behaved so disgracefully right to ask this about such a man as Charles Fox, of it is to be found elsewhere. Mr. Roscoe should to it. If not, he should have said so. Selwyn, referring to friends and relatives frequently mentioned by their Christian names, and Mr. Roscoe, if he could put the surmise in a note on every occasion, should once for all how to identify them. He has done so of Fox. "Charles," he tells us at the beginning of Fox. But how is the ordinary reader to find his way through of Georges and Harrys and Carrys, and Rich and Johns, to which no clue whatever is supplied.

In politics Selwyn was a Tory as the term was then—that is to say, in the long struggle which lasted 1782 he was on the King's side. He did not like War. But he liked the Coalition Ministry still less nothing unconstitutional or undesirable in that personal government which George the Third sought. The letters show us what was thought of the conduct of the Opposition in 1782 by one who was a sentimental Royalist or servile courtier, but a con-

dearly for their short-lived triumph. Selwyn was much disgusted with their behaviour when North's resignation had become certain. The following little exhibition of spleen is very natural:—

I dined in at Brooks' last night, but avoided all conversation, and will in future, with any one belonging to the party. Their insolence, their vanity and folly, and the satisfaction expressed in their countenances upon fancying themselves Ministers is no object to me now of mirth.

Mr. Roscoe abstains from hinting that Selwyn's disgust at the conduct of the Opposition was in any degree dictated by the fear of being deprived of his place, worth two thousand a year, a calamity which actually befall him. That he had an eye to quarter day in the midst of his jeremiads is likely enough. But we cannot doubt that in the main he was perfectly sincere. Knowing as he did intimately all the chief actors in the drama, he was not to be deceived by their professions. He saw that the permanent success of the Whigs meant a change in the Constitution little less important than had been effected a hundred years before, though it might be more carefully disguised. When Mr. Pitt came into power he gave Selwyn another place which enabled him to pass the remaining years of his life in ease and comfort. But the French Revolution was another great shock to him, though he did not live to witness the Reign of Terror and the execution of the King and Queen. He was spared that last blow, and died in January, 1791, while the French Monarchy, in name at least, still existed.

Of the wit and humour for which Selwyn is so famed the editor says very truly that to reproduce a number of examples at the present day, divorced from the circumstances, the society, and the moral atmosphere which gave them point and brilliancy, must necessarily convey a very false impression to the modern reader. Mr. Jesse has given us two or three pages of them collected together, which fully justify Mr. Roscoe for not following his example. Selwyn's wit was often only a play upon words, and dependent for its effect on some incident familiar to his hearers. In the idea itself there is often nothing at all. Clothed in other words it would be wholly commonplace. But that is not the case with Johnson's wit or Sidney Smith's or even Caning's. In their good things there is generally of course, not always—a touch of universal and permanent significance apart from the occasions which suggest them. But in Selwyn's wit there was nothing ill-natured or malicious. He was a thoroughly good-natured, kind-hearted man to whom friendship was a necessity, a great lover of children, and interested to the last in all the pleasures and pursuits of young people. His fondness for attending executions did not arise from any special callousness to suffering. The world was pretty well hardened to hangings in those days. It was a morbid curiosity, which, we own, it is difficult to account for in a character like Selwyn's.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters. By Percy H. Bate. 11½ x 8½ in., xvi. + 126 pp. London, 1899. *Boll.* 42.-n.

There is no subject about which more has been written of late years than the Pre-Raphaelite painters. We have had three or four biographies of Dante Rossetti himself, an excellent one of Madox Brown, Christmas numbers and magazine articles without end on the life and art of his comrades, histories of the Brotherhood from men such as Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. William Michael Rossetti, who could tell us the inner working of the movement, or from interested observers, who have watched

“endeavour to give, both in letter-press and illustrated review of the artists who have passed under the Pre-Raphaelite. But when Mr. Bate says that they have been written to set forth accurately and in a business-like manner the essential facts of the inception and rise of the movement, to think he is mistaken. Mr. H. J. S. H. W. M. Rossetti have little share in a really early. The and intention of the three young artists who were the founders of the Brotherhood has been correctly stated by W. M. Rossetti thus:

1. To have genuine ideas to express.
2. To study nature attentively, so as to know how to represent it.
3. To sympathize with what is direct and serious in the great works of art, to the exclusion of what is trivial and self-parading and learned by rote, and
4. Most indispensable of all, to produce their pictures and statues.

And if we were required to sum up these three words we should turn back to Mr. Ruskin's famous words, and say, with him, "Truth was the vital power of the school. Truth its armour, Truth its war-weapon."

Foremost among the painters of the group, Mr. Ford Madox Brown, whom he styles the Fourth Raphaelism, a title to which he clearly has no right, should more properly be called the forerunner of the school since in some ways his work anticipated the achievements of the younger artists, just as his efforts to solve problems of light and atmosphere made him the precursor of the school in France. But he never joined the Brotherhood and neither adopted the formula nor followed the precepts of the members. The true founder was Dante Rossetti. Mr. Bate, however, does full justice to the originality of this last name, the imagination and the splendour of his achievements in his chapter headed "Pre-Raphaelite and Idealist." He quotes his descriptions of several of his pictures from Mr. F. G. Stephens, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and gives excellent reproductions of "The Bride," or "The Beloved," and other characteristic works. To our surprise omits all mention of "Dante's Dream," one of the finest and most remarkable of the master's works. Holman Hunt is described as "The Staunch Pre-Raphaelite" in contrast to Sir John Millais, who is labeled "The Pre-Raphaelite," while a separate chapter is devoted to the members of the Brotherhood, which originally included the sculptor Thomas Woolner and the well-known writers George Stevens and Mr. W. M. Rossetti, as well as James Collingwood who resigned his membership on joining the Roman Catholic Church, and the short-lived painter Walter Deverell.

The latter and by far the most interesting part of Mr. Bate's work deals with the numerous artists who, at one time or another of their lives, have been directly or indirectly influenced by the principles of the Brotherhood. As we find men of genuine individuality and distinctness of character, Mr. Frederick Sandys and Mr. Samuel Solomon, to others whose names are now almost forgotten, such as the Liverpool artist Wm. L. Bayly, whose last picture was the subject of Mr. Ruskin's most impassioned praise, and Mr. Burton, whose fine picture *The Wounded Cavalier* has a general admiration, when it hung on the line of Holman Hunt's *Scops Owl*, at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1856. William Morris is included among the artists who were influenced by Pre-Raphaelitism, exercised a permanent and lasting influence, and it is to be regretted that no reproduction is given of that very interesting picture *Queen Guinevere*, which

Quarter once remarked we owe to this movement almost all the best English art of the present day. Among the artists whom Mr. Bate mentions as influenced by Pre-Raphaelitism we find the names of the sea-painters John Brett and Henry Moore, of Mr. Val Prinsep, Mr. Calderon, Mr. G. D. Leslie, Mr. G. A. Storey, Mr. J. F. Lewis, and the versatile French master M. Tissot. The list might easily have been doubled. The fine and poetic art of such men as Frederick Walker and George Mason owed much, there can be no doubt, to the teaching and example of the brotherhood, while the delicate and refined work of the water-colour painters Boyce and Goodwin was intimately connected with the movement. Even so original and independent a master as Mr. Whistler did not in his Chelsea days wholly escape from the magnetic influence of Dante Rossetti. A separate chapter, bearing the somewhat inappropriate title of *The Rossetti Tradition*, is devoted to the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones whose art no artist owes much to the inspiration of his friend Rossetti, but which brought far more than this to the service of painting and was never a Pre-Raphaelite in either his principles or his practice. And while Mrs. Stillman, Mr. Fairfax Murray, and Mr. T. M. Boske may be fairly styled continuators of the Rossetti tradition, Mr. Spencer Stanhope, Mr. Strudwick, and Mrs. De Morgan, it appears to us, would be more correctly described as imitators of Burne-Jones.

Finally, in a chapter which the author has entitled "*Pre-Raphaelitism To-day*," Mr. Bate takes the work of Mr. Byam Shaw and Mr. Cayley Robinson, as typical of the latest development of the school. But, if the spirit of Rossetti and his companions still lives, its current flows in other channels. Mr. Bate has briefly described the work of Mr. Frederic Shields at Eaton Hall and in the Bayswater Chapel, and the well-known designs of Mr. Walter Crane (p. 95-97), and he has, in his concluding chapter, glanced still more briefly at the decorative school which forms so important a branch of the movement. A complete chapter might well have been devoted to these artists, to the men such as Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Whall, Mr. Heywood Sumner and their companions, who are the chief supporters of the Arts and Crafts Association, as well as to Mr. Gere, Mr. Gaskin, and the other members of the Birmingham group. It is these men who, taking their stand on the principles first inculcated by Mr. Ruskin and adopted by their great leader William Morris, have inaugurated the flourishing and vigorous school of decorative design which is one of the most hopeful and encouraging features of English art at the present time. Their work and their efforts are a direct outcome of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and in spite of all drawbacks and failures it is to them that we look for the advance and development of national art in the coming century.

Præraphaelite Diaries and Letters. Edited by William Michael Rossetti. 71 & 5jims, 328 pp. London, 1896.

Hurst & Blackett. 6/- n.

As we have just remarked, materials for a history of the Pre-Raphaelites are accumulating at such a rate that the annalist of the movement will soon be able to compile a complete history, not only of the brethren, but of their friends and associates and casual acquaintances. The present volume, written by one of the three surviving brothers, is a further instalment, or, rather, three instalments, of such materials. First, there is the early correspondence of Rossetti, commencing with a letter written in 1835 (when he was seven) and going down to 1854. Secondly, we have a fragmentary diary by Ford Madox Brown, from 1847 to 1856, with a few earlier letters by his first wife; and, lastly, extracts from the *P. R. B. Journal*. Madox Brown was not a brother, though he

them "ate up all the flowers in the garden or they behaved very ill." More of these daily notes such as "about £3 left in pocket. Taxman called fourth time for the poor rate. Sent him about. Worked at the sketch of *The Last of England*." is by no means low water mark, for a week of birth of his son he writes:—"Finances reduced. So we drag on." The publication of such things they help the mental picture of Madox Brown, by the name of some extremely violent personal count the diary. One of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's aims in volume is stated to have been to convince the world "a poet who expressed himself in verse and in fact." Dante Gabriel Rossetti was "not a dreamer, a mystic, or an aesthete," but "full of vigour and *elan*, well alive to the main chance, capable of *en* as well as the grave aspects of life, and by no means in contributing his quota to the cause of high letters certainly show that in youth, at any abundance of these rather common qualities, the disenchanting to find him writing of the "*Ecco A* as "the blessed white daub," and urging Madox it on? thick as to payment, for they certainly. Perhaps the most remarkable letter of all is one grandfather, whom he convicts respectfully, but re a precision of language that suggests a youthful published as his own and without any acknowledgment. Italian paraphrase of "You meaner beauties of this date D. G. Rossetti seems to have been about

The extracts from the journal of the *P. R. B.* disappointing. It does not appear why the *P. R. B.* journal, but they resolved to have one, and Mr. was commissioned to write it. He fell in with but compiled it "without consulting his fellow without submitting it to them." It was producible who might choose to ask for it, but the author that any one ever did. In fact the only one of the seems to have taken any keen interest in the journal have been the poet, who at some date not ascertain it and tore out "a fair fifth of the whole." I deal about the conception, birth, and short life about which, as it is to be re-published, we shall pro shortly. As Mr. W. M. Rossetti was a writer, he a good deal of attention to the intercourse of the *P. R. B.* with literary people. So we have the Brownings, of Coventry Patmore, of divers editors and of Tennyson. It was at the Brownings' lo portrait sketch of the late Laureate was made by is the only one of the four illustrations which interest, although the pencil profile of Christina serves as frontispiece, is very delicate in outline editor assures us, a perfect likeness of his sister. Tennyson reading "*Mand*," which Rossetti took comically exact study of gesture and attitude. T n sofa, with the little volume, from which he is read hand. His left leg is curled up to the level of th and with his open left hand he beats time on rhythm of the verse. If not a line piece of draught extremely convincing, and Rossetti evidently thou for he made two copies. The present reproduction that done for Miss Siddal, the pupil whom married.

road. Its main object, as stated in the preface, is to "point out the source, the direction, and the balance of power at the present day," and to "indicate which of the tendencies of modern constitutional development seem to lead to danger, and ought, therefore, to be resisted, and which will probably lead to strength, prosperity, and happiness, and ought, therefore, to be encouraged." But in pursuance of this object it was hardly necessary for him to "describe and analyse the machinery of National Government," with which his readers might have been fairly presumed to be already familiar. Assuredly, at any rate, Dr. Dorman need not have considered it requisite to preface his inquiries by so bald and repellent a summary of well-known constitutional facts as fills nearly one-fifth of his volume. The space which could have been saved by omitting it might have been much more profitably devoted to the fuller development of the latter of the two themes enumerated above—a development which, to tell the truth, is not by any means as complete as could be wished. Dr. Dorman's method of exhibiting the various forces which unite to form the resultant "will of the nation" is to sketch the characters of the successive Sovereigns who have reigned in this country without governing and of the successive statesmen who have governed without reigning since the middle of the last century; while for the people's share of the motive power he has been content to quote copiously from the newspapers of the various periods during which these Sovereigns and statesmen flourished. This latter method has, of course, its special drawbacks, but its adoption has resulted in the accumulation of a considerable mass of English opinion, if and in so far as its representation in the contemporary Press can be trusted; and if he has not always made successful and convincing use of the documents, he has at least compiled a record which will be of considerable value to the student of the future.

His own use of it in the first section of the chapter entitled "The Balance of Power," wherein Dr. Dorman reviews the principal events of the century from the Act of Union with Ireland to the occupation of Egypt and undertakes to apportion their respective shares of influence in bringing about the events between the Crown, the Parliament, and the people as represented by the Press, is hardly satisfactory. We cannot always agree with Dr. Dorman's apportionments, and in some cases he forgets to effect the distribution with the requisite precision himself. Still, the survey is not without value, and might enable a fairly intelligent reader to construct a "law of the phenomena" for himself. Where the author is least successful is, unfortunately, at the point at which, if his work is to fulfil its main purpose, his success should have been the most marked. In Section II. of his last chapter he discusses in a somewhat too cursory fashion "the probable influence of the various forces on the immediate future," estimating in turn the prospective power of the Crown, the Cabinet, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and the Press in the determination of the national destinies. His forecasts are plausible if a little obvious; but his somewhat mild prescription of education and self-education to conscientious citizenship hardly fulfils his promise in the preface to indicate "which of the tendencies of modern constitutional development ought to be resisted and which encouraged." Dr. Dorman's book, in short, is of considerably less value as a systematic treatise on the philosophy of politics than as a summary of English political history of the present century and as a repository of sensible and occasionally shrewd and suggestive comments thereon.

More Unpublished Thackeray.

In 1832 Thackeray came of age. His property is said to have given him an income of about five hundred a year. In a short time his principal had vanished. An Indian bank, cards,

volume, NATIONAL STANDARD AND CONSTITUTIONAL (Specimen in which he collects Thackeray's writings and drawings journals. They have no literary and little historical value. Mr. Spencer is pleased with his labour. He writes:

The many admirers of Mr. Thackeray will be afforded an opportunity of acquiring the present volume at a price, a large number of his earliest writings, periodicals, not hitherto reprinted even by the Author. The collection is certainly not without a curious interest of its own. One sees, at least, the young Thackeray, sharp-talons for future and larger battles. These were, indeed, forgotten by their author long before he was the incidents connected with his editorship of the remained fresh in his memory. In "Level the Mad tells us how the "Bachelor of Beak street" came to be taken to mean the *Constitutional*, which was a precisely the same character. Later, in "Level," provides us with a useful comment on his first journal which thus forms a criticism of Mr. Spencer's collection.

I dare say [he writes, always in the characteristic bachelor] I gave myself airs as an editor of that *Museum*, and proposed to educate the public taste, morality and sound literature throughout the nation pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my . . . I daresay I wrote satirical articles in which myself upon the fitness of my wit and criticism the nonce out of encyclopedias and biographical . . . I dare say I made a goby of myself to Pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a

A very long time after the present collection of his papers had been published, Thackeray wrote for his friend Miss Kate Perry the well-known verses called "The Album," in which occur the lines explaining to most of his occasional journalism:—

Day after day the labour's to be done,
And sure as comes the postman and the sun
The indefatigable ink must run.

He was young and was writing with the hope of daily by his pen, and he did not write very well. Hence Mr. collection contains much immature and immaterial work it will have its interest for Thackeray specialists.

Ricardo.

The "Orthodox Economists" of the early part of the century have lately come into favour again. Within twelve years we have seen the publication of Ricardo, Malthus and McCulloch, and his letters from abroad. Now from the Clarendon Press LETTERS OF DAVID RICARDO TO TROWER AND OTHERS, 1811-1823. These letters, together with the other three batches, make accessible practical economist's informal writings. They have been edited by Mr. James Bonar and Mr. J. H. Hollander. As has been pointed out, many of Ricardo's so-called errors are on his inability to express himself clearly, his habit of cramming much thought into few words, and those perhaps not happily chosen. Of this failing he seems to have been fully aware; he writes more than once of his "limited powers of expression" and declares in 1815 that "never shall I be so happy as to see my opinions may become, as to produce which shall procure me fame and distinction." He explains much that was obscure. Most of them were written to Hutcheson Trower, a stockbroker who developed into a comic actor, and became chairman of the Guildford Bench and Ge-

merits of mixed government and republics, taxation and religious toleration, foreign travel, free trade, and Irish distress. They are full of interest, not only economic, but also social and political. Almost every topic of the day, even such frivolous ones as the *Waverley Novels* and country views, come up for discussion. In short, to use time-honoured words, this admirably-edited volume should find a place in every economist's library, and in a great many others as well.

French Song

It would be hard to find a better present for children who are old enough to have learnt a little French than *A Book of French Song for the Young* (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.). Indeed, Mr. Bernard Minssen, one of the Harrow masters, who is the compiler, has thrown his big net so widely, and yet with such unerring sympathy of selection, that the book is more than likely to be intercepted in the drawing room before it reaches the nursery. It includes some of the delightful old French nursery rhymes, which, like the English ones, have no known authors, side by side with exquisite bits from writers as different as Victor Hugo, Verlaine, Lamartine, de Banville, Guy de Maupassant, Alfred de Musset, Jean Richepin, Théophile Gautier, Mürger, Béranger, Paul Bourget, and Armand Silvestre. Paul Déroulède is represented by that immortal piece of autobiography, "Le Bon Gîte," and two other songs, which may explain to English readers the unique position which the much-maligned soldier-poet occupies in France. Mr. Minssen has added an unobtrusive but useful vocabulary, which somehow contrives to escape the disagreeable air of ordinary lesson-book vocabularies. He recommends his little readers to ask the French governess to sing them the songs, nearly all of which have been set to music, while some owe their survival entirely to the popular tunes with which they were handed down. Altogether, no lover of children, and we would even say no right-minded child either, could be proof against the charms of this dainty book. The delicate grace of Mr. T. H. Robinson's drawings—he has evidently made a conscientious study of French costume at different periods—quite distinguishes the collection from the whole hateful tribe of lesson-books.

Military.

When books of an avowedly military nature—such as this one—are penned by civilians, even that accommodating and credulous person, the "general reader," is apt to regard their technical correctness with a certain measure of suspicion. In the case of Mr. F. Norrey Connell's *How Soldiers Fight* (Bowden, 3s. 6d.), his natural distrust will not be altogether misplaced. The author's prophetic account of "A Battle of the Future" will make military men smile. In his preface, however, Mr. Connell very sensibly declares that his volume is not meant for "professional soldiers." Less critical persons will derive some interest, if no very great amount of authentic instruction, from it.

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN (Nelson, 1s.) is admirably devised to give the young an idea of life in the British Army by means of a series of coloured illustrations. The ingenuity of modern warfare is well represented by pictures of the most approved form of war balloon, of a trestle bridge, and so forth, and among the pictures of heroic deeds that of Sir Redvers Buller winning the Victoria Cross is well chosen at the present moment. Perhaps with the aid of some more pictures a little more special instruction in the regulations of the Army might have been imparted. For example, few children—and, indeed, not many adults—are well versed in the different uniforms of the British Army. But the pictures will serve to stimulate the youthful patriot.

the gallant part played by the forlorners of the of the 17th in the Balaklava Charge makes spir every one is probably aware, the regiment is as "The Death or Glory Boys" on account of emblem that forms its crest. According to sobriquet has in the past been shared with the Dandies" and "The Pipeslay Boys." No explanation is offered as to the origin of this latter epithet.

Reprints.

PICKWICK, with new pictures, will strike t with surprise if not with suspicion. But, if only there is much to be said for the first volume of the new Rochester Series—a series, which, like *Mosses* is a standard edition of a different order from the Dickens now being published. The pictures are new, and are solely views of places. This new fact, might be called a topographical "Pickwick" are largely, though not wholly, topographical. The work is in capable hands, this is still more true. Mr. Gissing writes prefaces, critical and bibliographical. F. G. Kitton writes notes. Both writers know both are refreshingly brief, and tell the reader not more than he wants to know. We can therefore this first instalment of the Rochester Dickens (Dent, 1s. 6d.).

A new edition of GULLIVER'S TRAVELS is added to Bohn's Libraries, and has an introduction. The introduction attains the ideal lately held though not consistently pursued, by Mr. Andrew Lang, almost exclusively biographical and bibliographical light, among other things, upon the relations of authors and publishers in early Georgian times. £200; but added "If it shall happen that I answer as I expect and believe, then whatever too much, even upon your own word, shall be paid." The publisher replied that he could not, at least raise so large a sum, but would promise to pay time, concluding,

In the meantime I shall trust to your honor that what shall appear to me more than the success shall be repaid as you may depend upon a promise if the success answers or exceeds expectation.

We are not told how this agreement would know pretty well what would be Sir Walter Boscawen's answer.

TRAVEL.

The Carolines.

It is occasionally the lot of the reader, as it is to come unexpectedly on so rich a country that examination of its resources or its wonders is a Such a country is to be found in Mr. F. W. Clunney's *CHRISTMAS ISLANDS* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), for to review it fairly a committee of scientific men learned in zoology in those Polynesian languages about which so the battle has long raged. But the Carolines, or what Spanish Micronesia, include as many and as various as are to be found in any group of islands in the Pacific. Some of them are handed over to England by the 1899 Agreement, we may hope for further study by the Archipelago while the native life yet remains. The history of the islands under Spanish rule has been a blank in the history of other lands dominated by Spain, and in one sense this has been an advantage to the world which included less of bloodshed and barbarism, and altered matters greatly. It is friendly intercourse and extension of trade which is its progress of the

Admiral Cyprian Bridge in a delightful and suggestive introduction, sees in these islands a very museum of suggestive analogies of especial value to the student of social and political processes. This is a branch of science that has been far too much neglected. We have a great deal of Comparative Philology, but too little Comparative Politics. Analogy, with all its dangers for the short-sighted enthusiast, or mere dialectician, is the most fruitful of elucidatory processes. From what Admiral Bridge has given us, it seems a pity that other duties have prevented him from developing his sketch of allied political processes into a volume.

Mr. Christian devotes much space to the highly interesting problem of the ruins of Metalanum or Nan-Matal on the East Coast of Pompa, and it seems probable that, pending further evidence, Kubary's conclusions will be accepted. The discovery by Kubary (to whom Mr. Christian does every justice) of skulls in undisturbed graves, which are of entirely different character from the present Pompa skull, may not be entirely conclusive, but it calls for equally strong presumptive evidence on the other side before ethnologists can disregard it. And this evidence at present seems lacking.

Japan.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's new book, *IS GHOSTLY JAPAN* (Sampson Low, 7s. 6d.), is a medley of Japanese facts and fancies. The author gets much closer to Japanese life and thought than the ordinary writer on the subject. Unfortunately, the book is quite incohesive, and cannot be regarded as a whole; but, taken separately, all these sketches and short papers are worth reading. A few of them are stories, others relate to philosophy and religion, and others to poetry and proverbs. One of the best is on incense, which is not only used in religious ceremonies, but also supplies a quaint kind of game for the amusement of those who can afford it. It is expensive, for only the costlier sorts of incense are burned, and the object of the game is to identify each kind of incense by its perfume. The player must distinguish one sort from another, and must not mistake plum-blossom incense, let us say, for Evening Mist. "It is quite a feat to make ten correct judgments in succession," for the olfactory nerves get jaded long before the queer æsthetic contest is over and all the ten packages of incense are consumed. The game is played with desperate earnestness. An elaborate etiquette is proscribed for it; the results are solemnly recorded, and the apparatus used is sometimes very valuable and artistic. The chapter on poetry, which is universal in Japan, is on a more serious subject. Mr. Hearn finds an analogy between Japanese short poems and Japanese pictorial art in that both are intended rather to suggest their meaning than to present it completely. In reliance on this artistic principle we trust that our necessarily short notice will suggest that Mr. Hearn has written a very attractive book.

The Alps.

Emile Javelle was a Frenchman who began life as a photographer, and afterwards became a schoolmaster, at Vevey. In his holidays he climbed mountains, and he was a contributor, mainly on Alpine subjects, to Swiss periodical literature. His fugitive papers were collected and published after his death, and these are now introduced to English readers, in a translation done by Mr. W. H. Chesson, under the title of *ALPINE MEMORIES* (Unwin, 7s. 6d.). They are good enough magazine articles, a good deal better, in fact, than the average; but we should hardly have thought them important enough to be rendered into a strange tongue. The charms of the form are necessarily lost in the translation, and the substance has little interest, as M. Javelle was not a climber of exceptional intrepidity, and seldom broke

legend is referred to by De Sansure, when Javelle is of some length, but neither he nor his translator is aware of the expedition undertaken to look for this, 1778, eleven years before De Sansure's visit to the Alps. There was such an expedition, however, and a monument of it, showing that the party reached the Discoverie, exists. Originally written in German, translated by a descendant of one of the party to Vevey, who published it in French, in the *Bulletin Alpine* of Turin, in 1894. A reference to it, if only it would have added to the value of the paper. We implore Mr. Chesson, if he ever translates another book, to abandon his bad habit of writing the barbarous "Mons." for *Mountain*. "Mons." is an abominable misnomer.

South Africa.

A second edition of Mr. J. G. Millar's *A Day's Work* (Sotheran, 4s. 6d.) is welcome at the present obvious reasons. It is not the less welcome for its conveniently portable size than the first edition. The book is mainly a narrative of sporting expeditions, with incidental estimates of the Boer character, which are interesting for having been formed and committed before angry passions were aroused. Mr. Millar's judgment, but disagreeable, fellow—one who will prove a st when conciliated, but who can seldom be conciliated. It is time that the English traveller has at his disposal a purpose. Here Mr. Millar is probably nearer to the truth in his conjecture that "the people would heartily prefer English administration of their affairs in exchange to the and narrow-minded rule of the present Volksraad, who politics are based on the Old Testament, and whose methods are much on a par with those of Mr. J. J. The illustrations are, of course, admirable, and particularly to those who are interested in natural history.

Politics, society, the intricacies of the mining visions of the speculator, and all things that exist between Cape Town and Bulawayo are known to Devereux. She shares her knowledge with us in this volume, *SIX LIGHTS ON SOUTH AFRICA* (Sampson Low, 7s. 6d.), evidently elaborately formed, errs occasionally of affectation, but never becomes commonplace or tedious. Devereux went forth to conquer South Africa as correspondent to the *Morning Post*. She gives a graphic of Mr. Kruger and his people. The pictures of life in the land, and of Kimberley as it was yesterday, are fresh and living. Mrs. Devereux's observations and reflections on the question are of value, and her book, as a whole, is agreeable, yet worthy of serious consideration.

SOUTH AFRICA OF TO-DAY (Macmillan, 6s.) is a re-issue. Captain Francis Younghusband's volume, of course, the "South Africa of Yesterday," as it was first in 1897. It is the result of his visit as a special correspondent to *The Times*. He arrived in Cape Town just as the Transvaal was reaching a crisis. Mr. Lionel Phillips, then of the Chamber of Mines at Johannesburg, had resorted to the disabilities under which the gold-mining industry had hinted that unless concessions were made the residents might be compelled to resort to force. Captain Younghusband's accounts of the revolt and raid, the result of the Transvaal are all excellent. His chapter on "Indian Immigration to Natal" is of value by reason of his wide knowledge of Indian life.

Arctic Discovery.

Together with the Vega. The geography in a book of this kind, whether for children or adults, should be clear as well as correct. Mr. Scott, not content with informing his readers that Cape Chelyuskin is "the most northerly point of Europe," confuses them hopelessly by relating that Captain Maclure, after sailing "along the North-East Passage," was accorded "the honour of proving the existence of the North-West Passage." But this is not the worst. There are many inaccuracies in the accounts of the earlier voyages which we have no space to point out. The author should scarcely spend fifteen pages upon Franklin's last voyage without a hint that the incidents are largely imaginary. But when he deals with expeditions like those of Nansen and Jackson, which are still fresh in our memories, we expect to find the tale retold without errors on every page. It is not too much to say that Mr. Scott has given us a new version of the meeting of the two explorers and of Nansen's return home. But this is the way in which history is written when the author writes in haste and trusts largely to memory.

The Rhone.

Mr. Charles W. Wood is one of the few modern writers who, after the fashion of the writers of the eighteenth century, travel on the beaten track, and write placid books about their experiences, telling us what weather they had, and what they said to waiters, chambermaids, and booties, and filling in the space with notes on the historical associations of the places visited. His touch is light and sympathetic, which helps to excuse his not having much to say, and for saying what he does say without distinction. IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE (Macmillan, 10s.) is the narrative of a journey from Sion to Provence. The references to history would be more valuable if they were more accurate. It is incorrect, for example, to say that Petrarch "was wont to climb" Mount Ventoux; the poet only climbed that mountain once. It is also incorrect to say that the Prisoner of Chillon "was very domesticated," and that, when Servetus was sentenced to be burnt, Calvin "endeavoured to have the sentence changed to imprisonment or banishment." As a matter of fact Bonivard got into trouble with the authorities for beating his wife, and Calvin's proposal for dealing with Servetus was that that excellent man should be beheaded. The most interesting section of Mr. Wood's book is his account of his exploration of the Camargue. There, at any rate, he was in a country rather less known to the average tourist—a country where there are wild horses, where the inhabitants are said to make a practice of pelting strangers with stones, and where cripples, going on pilgrimages to shrines, are understood to fight with their crutches for the best places in the chapel. It seems a pity that Mr. Wood did not explore this neighbourhood thoroughly; but, though he only gave a couple of days to it, his description is interesting and graphic.

QUIET CORNERS OF ANCIENT EMPIRES, by Michael Meyers Shoemaker (Putnam, 10s. 6d. n.), describes an American's travels—mainly in the Philippine Islands, but also in Southern India and Burma. It is a casual book, with little pretence at throwing light upon any of the profounder problems of the Far East, yet interesting enough to read. The denunciation of the Philippine friars is particularly vigorous. It is due to Mr. Shoemaker to add that he does not fling his charges about at random, but gives chapter and verse (often from official records) for the worst of them, and that he "does not consider that these friars have anything in common with the enlightened Catholics of Europe and America." It is a lurid picture exhibiting quite a new aspect of the white man's burden.

LITTLE JOURNALS TO THE HOUSES OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMATS, by

places and social habits, and a plentiful supply about the personal tastes of the author. The "Russia" are particularly lively, and remind us that few writers have proved able to put upon paper the life of every-day Russian life. Some of the material is equally readable: the author thinks that the Genoese are the noisiest people in the world, and believes that the summer station, has "no rival short of Vienna." The "Mormon Record" seems a little out of place in a book which is largely prose-poetic, and this is to be regretted in its statements and opinions are noteworthy. We ourselves call the "frank egoism" of "Initial" interest to a sketch which is otherwise of slight interest. It is beautifully printed, and its cover is well designed.

The dispute between Russia and Finland has long been of interest in England and elsewhere, even among those who are not interested in Finland. Mr. Fisher, B.A., has done good service to the cause of justice by the publication of a clear and succinct history of the relations between Russia and her dependent Finland, during the ninety years, under the title, FINLAND AND THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE (Arnold, 12s. 6d.). During this period Finland has suffered greatly, and has produced many eminent writers in both the Finnish and Swedish, besides historical and naturalists, &c., of very high standing. Latterly, however, the regret of all the friends of both countries, as well as of the more intelligent Russians themselves, a determined attempt has been made to override the constitution of Finland, and to impose upon it a greater military burden than it can bear. A revolution has consequently been plunged into mourning, and thousands have already emigrated to America. Whether the present conditions literature and science will continue to flourish in Finland is very doubtful. Mr. Fisher's book will be of interest to those who follow the contemplated changes, as a memorial of the past.

We have two new Baedekers—a second edition of DUTCH (Dulau, 5s.) and a ninth edition of AUSTRIA (Dulau, 5s.). "Canada" is well brought up to date, containing a great deal of information about Klondike taken from the book of Angelo Heilprin, which we reviewed quite recently. It is as full as can reasonably be expected for a pocket guide. There is also a bibliography—a feature which is conspicuously absent from the guide to Austria. It certainly should be added to the tenth edition.

HISTORY.

The French Revolution.

Not long ago there was what, in a metaphorical sense, the Stock Exchange, is usually called a "boom" in the French Revolution and the first Napoleon. It was then that the booksellers heap their counters with quite a large number of new titles. Possibly the present interest in war and rumour has revived the enthusiasm for Napoleon and his times, and there is plenty of bloodshed in the pages of Mr. H. P. Jones's new book, THE REAL FRENCH REVOLUTIONIST (Macmillan, 10s.), which deals chiefly with the war in La Vendée and the suppression by the tribunals of Carrier and his associates. Of late years many historical students in the west of France devoted themselves to elucidating the history of the struggle, from which the attention of Europe was drawn by more exciting events which followed upon the revolution. Many books and pamphlets published at Nantes, Angers, and other provincial towns, as well as at Paris, have given the

of the cruelties perpetrated by the revolutionary tribunals and military commissions which were entrusted with the task of crushing the "revolt." We do not know any English book that gives so full an account of the wild work done when "Carrier came down to the Loire and slow," although in essential truth Mr. Jephson's labours have added little or nothing to the burning pages of Carlyle. The worst fault in Mr. Jephson's book is its title. Surely Danton and Mirabeau were as "real French revolutionists" as Carrier?

Royal Historical Society Publications.

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New Series, Vol. XIII. (Longmans), is full of interesting matter. Mr. C. H. Firth contributes an excellent paper on "The Raising of the Ironsides," which includes sections on the *personnel* of the officers, medical organization, equipment, maintenance, and discipline. It is noteworthy that, though each regiment had its surgeon, there was no hospital system; but the sick and wounded were generally left behind at their quarters. Dr. Gairdner discourses on "The Fall of Wolsey," and shows conclusively how unjust were many of the counts of the indictment against him. One regrets to find Dr. Gairdner inclining to the opinion that Sir Thomas More's strong language about "the great wether" of the flock may, after all, be authentic. A lengthy and most learned paper is that by Miss Mary Bateson on "The Origin and Early History of Double Monasteries," or foundations for men and women existing side by side. She there contests the opinion of M. Varin that this form of organization was directly traceable to Irish influences. The volume also contains the Alexander Prize Essay for 1898 on "The Relations of the Crown to Trade under James I.," by F. Hermin Durham. It will interest many people to-day to learn that a Royal proclamation of 1620 ordered the establishment of national stores of grain. Its object, however, with the far smaller population of those days, was not so much to guard against a dearth during war as to supply the frequent deficiency in home production.

Mr. C. H. Firth, M.A., has issued the third volume of THE CLARKE PAPERS (Longmans), which he is editing for the Royal Historical Society. William Clarke, who was Secretary to the Council of the Army from 1647 to 1649, and to General Monk and the commanders in Scotland from 1651 to 1660, was very much behind the scenes during the Interregnum, and his papers contain a good deal that is of value to the historical student. They fill a long series of volumes in the library of Worcester College, and extensive excerpts from them have already been published by the Scottish History Society. These portions have not been repeated in this volume, and although the news-letters and other papers comprised in the present instalment also go over much of the ground covered in Carlyle's version of Cromwell's speeches, they are printed here only when they differ seriously from other accounts or are not included at all by Carlyle. Perhaps, however, the most interesting part of the volume is that which deals with the sayings and doings of Richard Cromwell during his brief Protectorate. There are many things in the Clarke Papers which help to dispel the old Royalist belief or pretence that Richard was a mere country bumpkin. One of the letters, relating the opening of Parliament in January, 1659, speaks of his "grace and presence," and praises his oratory, and, as the editor says, he really seems to have made a presentable Sovereign so far as outward personality went. There are many details of his endeavours to ingratiate himself with the army, all to no end. A curious caricature of Richard Cromwell forms the frontispiece to this volume, which is to be succeeded by a fourth and last. Mr. Firth has done his editing very carefully.

and eighty illustrations. But very few of them do justice to Irving's personality. Besides the well-known and satisfactory Millais picture of Irving, we are given a series of photographs and drawings showing the actor at work and in a variety of characters. Many of the drawings, without interest, such as that of "Richard III." (p. 148), or Mr. Hal Ludlow's drawing of "Iago." Partridge's portraits of Irving in character, although well-known, are admirable. The "Mephistopheles" uplifted hand and the "Robert Laforey" will give a casual observer some idea of the actor's immense range. Mr. Alfred Bryan's caricatures are amusing, and signed "Oliver Bath," in the style of Mr. Nicholson, more like the picture of Sir Henry by Mr. Gordon. The last issue of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, is interesting and also a portrait. Mr. Craig supplies a new eye for the cover of Mr. Hiatt's book. Some of the photographs, such as that of Jingle, are full of character. An account of Sir Henry Irving's theatrical career, his appearance at Sunderland in 1856, where he failed to local critics as "Clemenes," to the recent production of *Robespierre*, is admirably and directly told. Some labours of the actor's early youth may be gathered from an extract which closes the chapter on the long period, and the actor's provincial experiences. —

Before he left Edinburgh (says Mr. Hiatt) he had performed a hundred and twenty-eight speaking parts. To this total must be added a hundred and sixty parts played between his Edinburgh engagement and his appearance in London in 1866. He had, therefore, performed a hundred characters before he achieved any recognition on the metropolitan stage.

Equally interesting is Mr. Hiatt's account of the success which rewarded Irving for his early struggles. The chapter tells of how the fortunes of Mr. Bateman at the Lyceum, at a low ebb, were revived by Irving's "Mathias" and "The Two Roses." It has all the charm of a romance. All who have been Irving's admirers in the past, and all who look for future successes, will wish to possess Mr. Hiatt's little work.

Dr. Berry.

CHARLES A. BERRY, D.D. : A MEMOIR, by the Rev. S. Drummond (Chesell, 6s.), is a book which, although primarily to Nonconformists, is by no means uninteresting to those who are outside what are rather inexact terms the "Free Churches." Dr. Berry made an immediate impression upon the great body of Dissenters, late Dr. R. W. Dale had done, and he was only five years when he was offered the succession to Mr. Henry Ward at Brooklyn. He had the strength of mind and self-control to refuse what was, in many respects, a brilliant position which depends for its value and power upon the preaching of one man can that be said. Berry was undoubtedly an exceedingly fine preacher, and was also a diplomat in every way, and did much to help the "Federation of Free Churches." His theology, too, was far above the level found in his own communion. He even ventured to give a High Churchman, and certainly preached a Eucharist which brought upon him charges of unorthodoxy.

Southern Continent. With the exception of some personal details that show the explorer to have been by nature amiable as well as persevering, there is nothing in this volume that has not been recorded in the many books devoted to the earlier exploration of Australia. That explorers are for the most part just as jealous of their brethren as actors we know already, and though the background of spite and rivalry which is always behind all preparations for an expedition may attract students of human nature, the main interest of the book has necessarily been long ago worked out. Few indeed among travellers are immortal, and those that are have been their own biographers. For the rest, their claim to be remembered was considered when their names were attached to some lake, or mountain, or headland. And no man can travel in Australia, or study its map, without knowing that the world owes much to Sturt. But his peers were many, and many of those are now remembered only when the student finds an obscure name and date by the zigzag line in some forgotten map.

The Old Lancashire Liberalism.

The interest of the LIFE OF JOHN MILLS (Manchester, Sherratt and Hughes), which is described as "Threads from the life of John Mills, banker, author of 'Vox Humana,' interwoven with some early century recollections by his wife," is greater than the position actually held by Mr. Mills. He was not eminent in public life, like some of his friends, but was rather a business man of culture, and an ardent promoter of the ideas of Liberal Lancashire. He may be said to have belonged to the Manchester School, but his sympathies were so wide that it would be better to apply to him a less restricted term. Banking was his business—the foundation of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank in 1872 was due to him—but poetry and music were his recreations. Among his friends and acquaintances were Wordsworth, Bright, Emerson, Elihu Burritt, Frederick Douglass, Keasuth, and Professor Jevons, to name some of the best known of them. Mrs. Mills' unadorned narrative gives a good picture of a well-spent life.

Incidentally, it does more than that. Mrs. Mills prefaces the biographical part of her book with her own early recollections, which began at Rochdale in 1830; and in writing of the years during which her husband was a bank manager at Nantwich has much to say of that old-fashioned Cheshire town. Tinder boxes and pack horses are among her childish reminiscences. Ten years later came the memorable day when the dinner table and a copper coal-scuttle were seized and sold for compulsory Church rates. The children were even disappointed that their father, John Petrie, was not imprisoned for the good cause. Another notable year was 1839, which was signalized by the first train from Manchester to Littleborough passing in view of the Petrie's house, and by some abort and sharp machine riots. When a party of rioters came to John Petrie's house and said they were "clemming," Mrs. Petrie met them at the door, fed them with bowls of steaming stew, called them fools, and, telling them not to come again, said "You can send your bairns to-morrow, you that have any." Then one man said hesitatingly, "You're a gradely good 'un, missus, and thank you kindly"; and they all turned away. But these, and some of the following years were bad enough in Lancashire.

Some of the older folk had seen their little girls, of eight and ten years of age, sent down into the darkness of the coalpits to work with a chain round the waist for ten or twelve hours; others to the cotton mills, to stew and slave, even when babes of seven, the livelong day. People read of these things now with wonderment, as of a tale that is told; but we saw,

Collected Biographies.

In writing his HEROES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, two vols., 5s. each) Mr. Barnott Smith has probably chosen the best of his subjects; but, as his work is intended to be popular, he has not gone far wrong. One volume Wellington, Garibaldi, Grant, and G. his companion Nelson, Napier, Roberts, and Livingstone, or at any rate most of them, would at once be one, with the addition, perhaps, of Franklin and B. volumes are well printed and illustrated. These are rather compilations than original studies. In the first instance, there are passages where Mr. Barnott closely followed Southey, and has laid himself out which it would have been better to acknowledge. The book is for popular consumption, and we may commend it with which the writer has emphasized the qualities that appeal most strongly to the public interest. We are also glad to notice that he carefully abstains from writing, and sticks to plain and lucid narrative.

Rosa Nouchette Carey is a name to conjure with in the classes, and her TWELVE NOTABLE GOOD WOMEN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Hutchinson, 6s.) is written in a style dear to a large number of readers. "Our crown the van," as Miss Carey remarks in her introduction, is an example of the author's style is found on the second page devoted to her Majesty:—"It was a blessed day when in the grey old palace of Kensington, the girl with her blue eyes first upon this world." The italicized we had always supposed Kensington Palace to be, then, perhaps, the sharp antithesis of colour spoiled the elegance of the phrase. The other volumes deal with two Princesses, a Royal Duchess, a "belted Earl," and the Baroness Burdett-less highly-born heroines, such as Sister Dora, Frances Ridley Havergal, &c. There are twelve in all, and the book will no doubt prove an acceptable present to a serious mind.

We have received the first five volumes of the BIOGRAPHIES OF EMINENT AMERICANS (Kegan Paul, edited by Mr. M. A. de Wolfe Howe). They are, of course, after the famous eminence of Beacon Hill begins with Daniel Webster, Robert E. Lee, Adm. Russell Lowell, and Phillips Brooks. With the exception of Edward Everett Hale, jun., who writes upon Lowell, are but little known in England; but, taken all round, produced well-proportioned and workmanlike volumes containing in large, clear type little more matter than a daily newspaper would devote to an obituary notice of first-rate importance. Each volume has a brief and useful bibliography. These tasteful and well-printed volumes ought certainly to obtain their need of popularity in the United States.

Two Reprints.

The review of a book should not become a book. We wish Lord Rosebery had recast and perhaps rewritten his study of SIR ROBERT PEEL (Cassell, 2s. 6d.), which he contributed to the *Anglo-Saxon Review* as a review of his own "Papers." But it is a study of great ability, and of great interest from the fact that it is written by an expert who does not object to disussing quite freely with the position of the Prime Minister, whether in the days of Peel, or of himself.

Mr. Hogben in a new edition of his monograph

Other Biographies.

MEMOIRALS OF HUGH M. MATHESON (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). Mr. Matheson was a Presbyterian merchant who took an active interest in Presbyterian missions. His widow has performed a pious task in shaping his diary and letters into an autobiography. Mr. Matheson did not write very good English, and is sometimes inclined to an unctuous rectitude, but he was a man with many friends, and no doubt an interested public for his memoirs will be found among them.

As a supplement to the Life and Letters of Bishop Maples, of Lake Nyasa, his sister, Miss Ellen Maples, now gives us a selection from the JOURNALS AND PAPERS OF CHANCEY MAPLES (Longmans, 6s. 6d.). There is much in these that is interesting, and we would draw particular attention to a paper "On the Method of Evangelizing Uncultured Races." It was the Bishop's opinion that "the European missionary must become an African to win Africans"; that he "should adopt the native dress," which is, we believe, a very light and airy costume; and that he "should eat his food in native fashion," which consists, we believe, in plunging your fingers into the dish in quest of a "tit-bit." We should have supposed that the proud Bantu race would have expected a missionary so adaptable to accept their religion instead of attempting to impose his own religion upon them; but we are, of course, far from wishing to put our theories against the Bishop's experience. His methods, after all, are those of the early Roman Catholic missionaries and of the Salvation Army of to-day.

KATE FIELD: A RECORD, by Lilian Whiting (Sampson Low, 8s. 6d.), is another example of those numerous biographies of which the length is out of all proportion to the interest inspired by the persons whose lives they record. Miss Field was, no doubt, a woman of singular ability, and of great, though scattered, energies. She wrote for the newspapers, she edited a newspaper, she wrote plays, she acted, she took up causes, she lectured, and she dined out. She doubtless impressed the people who knew her as a person of strong and interesting individuality. Yet one feels that 669 pages of life and letters is more than her case requires. The only anecdote that seems worth quoting is the one that runs as follows:—

It is reported of Mrs. Stowe that having desired to know Dickens, he gave a large dinner party for her, and received her acceptance. Later the Duchess of Sutherland desired her company and Mrs. Stowe went to her, leaving Dickens out and sending no apology. She called upon him afterwards and he refused to receive her.

The book will probably appeal only to a very limited public.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Yorkshire.

IN HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN YORKSHIRE (Macmillan, 6s.) Mr. Arthur H. Norway has given us another of the series of glorified guide-books which he commenced two years ago with Devon and Cornwall. With their tasteful binding, elegant printing, and charming illustrations, these volumes are outwardly exceedingly attractive, while Mr. Norway himself writes so pleasantly that they are as good company by the fireside as when glanced at on the spot. Anything in the nature of a complete itinerary of our greatest county was not to be expected; the book is rather a gossiping account of a bicycle tour which included most, though by no means all, of the spots the tourist wishes to see. Such towns as Hull, Bradford, and Leeds are visited for reasons in which the picturesque holds no place. Mr. Norway conveys very aptly a vivid impression of the romantic and legendary charms of rural Yorkshire without any attempt at fine writing, and with a gracious humour which is never overdone. He is especially enthusiastic about York, which is visited far less than it deserves—not merely for the majesty of its minster, but for the charm of its medieval city.

Thomson's illustrations, Mr. Pennell's woodcut illustrations, well. The index leaves very much to be desired.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe is well known as a novelist, his local colour in the Yorkshire moors. One has been struck by the superiority of his local colour to his story, one is therefore well pleased to find that in *Ry Moon* (Larwin, 6s.) he has given us a Yorkshire book where there is no story to distract our attention from the local colour. The description is admirably done; the historical details are well selected, and presented without pomposity or pedantry. In the first chapter we are introduced to Haworth, and we wish for no more sympathetic guide. The occasional historical details are never dragged in by the head and shoulders, but fall naturally into their places. Nor does one get bored by the Yorkshireman to read with keen interest the chapters on Skipton, with its recollections of the Armada, the '45, and the '46. Amid a multitude of good things the chapters on Clifford, the Sailor Earl, is particularly good. The following, which Mr. Sutcliffe sums him up may be quoted as a fair statement of the author's thought:—

He spent his money, his health, the time of his life, in men were giving to luxury, in sharing the hard lot of the poorest sailors; he fought the Spaniard, and he destroyed the Spaniard's ships and treasure, and the time when England cried out for such bold services of the sea was in his blood, and the rover's headless might, indeed, have been a model husband, had he been a model husband—on other lines—but England, in the '45, was not saved by model husbands.

This is the best book that Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has yet written.

Northumberland.

THE HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND, which is being published in the direction of the Local County History Society, has now reached its fifth volume (Andrew Reid, Newcastle-on-Tyne). In this well-written, admirably arranged, and carefully edited instalment Mr. John Hodgson, F.S.A., deals with the parishes of Wark, Shilbottle, and the Chapelry of Brainshawgh; but the matter and distinction of Warkworth Castle naturally call for more extensive treatment than either of the other parishes. On matters topographical it is easier to be painstaking than on matters historical; but Mr. Hodgson has not allowed the want of material to hide the fascination of his subject, and we read so minute and at the same time so attractive a narrative of the fortunes of a famous baronial stronghold. Every page of the most exacting antiquary can desire is there. Studious and troublesome subject of mason's marks, especially grateful for several pages of facsimiles of the mason's marks existing at Warkworth. In this, as in other parts of the History, the Duke of Northumberland's monument room has been used upon freely, and has yielded much new material. The book contains many authenticated pedigrees, together with lists of farm-tenants, which are most useful genealogical material, and science is propitiated by a chapter on the geology of the district and a chart of its strata. This History, a model for all such undertakings. Interesting, thoroughly authoritative, crammed with well-sifted evidence, beautifully printed, carefully illustrated, and handsomely bound, it is a work of which every body may be proud, and for which not Northumbrians alone have reason to be grateful.

Derbyshire.

exists for the history of almost every parish in England this volume will be a revelation. It contains lists of enclosure awards, of the dates when magistrates qualified, of the appointments of game-keepers to act on manors, calendata of deeds enrolled before the justices, a mass of information about highways and turnpikes, abstracts of "Papist deeds," and a great variety of other matter. As a calendar the book is very well done indeed; but we could have wished that Mr. Cox could have seen his way to index the name of every person and place mentioned in it. The partial character of the indices will make the exhaustion of the volume by those inquiring into the history of a particular family or place a distinctly lengthy process.

The Isle of Man.

Mr. Edward Callow's FROM KING ORRY TO QUEEN VICTORIA: A Short and Concise History of the Isle of Man (Elliot Stock) is not a very well-written book, but it is remarkably interesting. Orry was the first King of Man who did anything worth remembering. He died in the middle of the tenth century, having founded the House of Keys and established a rudimentary form of Constitutional government. Mr. Callow claims, indeed, that the Imperial Parliament is little more than a complicated version of King Orry's House of Keys, just as, we believe, the Channel Islands claim to have annexed England by virtue of William the Norman's conquest. The annals of the little isle which is now the sport of the cheap tripper to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other spot within the four seas are so full of battle, murder, and sudden death that it is marvellous they should have been used in fiction to so comparatively small an extent. It certainly is a highly exciting story which Mr. Callow has to tell, and the oldest thing about it all is that subjects of the English Crown should have been allowed to call themselves Kings of Man. The great baronial house of Stanley became Kings of Man in 1403, and a century later Thomas, the second Earl of Derby, resigned the title in favour of "Lord of Man" for divers good considerations which he set forth in excellent English and with great clearness. He thought it better to be a great noble than a petty Monarch; it was not consistent with the regal dignity that its holder should be the subject of another State; and—perhaps this was the moving reason—he was not altogether sure that the Kings of England would continue to like it. The Stanley rule lasted longer than any dynasty that has reigned in England since the Conquest. Mr. Callow gives a capital account of the laws and usages of Mona, and devotes a good deal of space to a description of its ancient glories as a smuggler's paradise. The Bishops (was it not Sidney Smith who spoke with pitying contempt of "Even Sodor and Man?") sit in the House of Lords, but cannot vote—probably because until the seigniorial rights were bought by the Crown they were appointed by the *Rex Insular*. But, indeed, the whole volume is so full of curiosities that it makes excellent reading, despite its defects of literary form.

Scotland's Ruined Abbeys.

The ecclesiastical architecture of Scotland has been so much neglected as compared with that of England that SCOTLAND'S RUINED ABBEYS, by Howard Crosby Butler, A.M. (Macmillan, 2s. n.), is likely to be useful to tourists who take an intelligent interest in what they see. Mr. Butler is an American, and was formerly lecturer on architecture at Princeton; his work is, therefore, the more laudable. His modest aim was to give a succinct account of the style and character of some thirty of the ruined Scottish abbeys, with the addition of just enough of their history to complete the practical interest of the volume; and he has succeeded admirably. He points out very usefully that in

ANNUALS.

DOD'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE (Low, 10s. 6d.), covers more ground than most peerages, including even missionary bishops' honour. It is also the only peerage which attempts a question of the Bolingbroke succession of deceased Viscount's solicitor offering inspection notes of birth and marriage being given up "occurrences during printing."

WHITAKER'S PEERAGE (2s. 6d.)—which us "Whitaker's Titled Persons"—may be described as a man's peerage. It certainly is the cheapest, an marvellous amount of information for the money.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL (Hazell, Watson, and Ansell) maintains its claim to be accepted as "a cycle men and topics of the day." It is particular summaries of Blue-books and White Papers, almost all the despatches lately exchanged between British Governments, and admirably summarizing the Royal Commissions on the Licensing Laws and on the Poor Law Commission. To all politicians (whether amateur or professional) "Hazell" will be invaluable.

A fifteenth edition of MEN AND WOMEN (Routledge, 15s. n.) has been published. It is a book to criticize a work which, whatever its shortcomings, is constantly very useful to us; and, indeed, to criticize it effectively without knowing where or eclecticism is the editor's ideal. If the intention is to be comprehensive as possible, then sins of omission have been committed. Captain Dreyfus, M. Caillaud, Mr. James Greenwood, and Mr. Robert Bly are those who may fairly complain that the tower of Babel is because of their exclusion. They are interesting and important than some of those to whom space has been granted. On the other hand, there are omissions—actors and actresses of the second rank, for example—for whose inclusion it might be hard to find room. On occasions, too, the editor's aims seem to have failed him; we certainly do not see the principle on which Mr. George Manville Fenn was excluded from space assigned to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In his biography, moreover, there is too much critical spirit; some information about the early life of the poet would have been welcome in the place of predictions of posterity will take of Mr. Kipling's place upon the list of fame. Yet, when all this is said, "Men and Women" remains one of the most useful books in the library.

The ALMANACH HACHETTE holds its own in France. "Whitaker's Almanack" holds its own in England. It is a book in being profusely illustrated; it takes all knowledge for its province, though many subjects less thoroughly than does its English rival. It tells us how to cook our dinners, how to buy property, how to invest our savings, and how to insure our lives. It tells us how to avoid our risk of being buried alive. As is usual in the kind a good many of the articles—those on the care of the sick and feeding babies, for example—are mere advertisements in disguise. We might have been surprised if we had been sent the "édition complète" "édition simple."

There are several new articles in the ENGLISH BOOK (Hack, 2s. 6d. n.); articles on "Story Writing," on "Stuart," on "Temperance Work," by Mrs. A. W. Whitaker; on "Photography," and on "Dressmaking," by Mrs. A. W. Whitaker. There is also a list of the chief books written by the past twelve months, compiled by Mrs. Mullis Jones; but this contains mistakes in the matter of D. S. Meldrum, and Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke being female writers. The "Englishwoman's Year-Book" tells Englishwomen most of the things they need to know to the opportunities open to them for education.

A PATRIOT.

I know the man : elation he will hide ;
 No patriot of the Halls, no braggart he
 That lifts the facile shout of victory.
 Rather —(like one that loves, where he doth chide,
 Applauding least, where most he sets his pride)—
 His puritan passion over painfully
 Will canvas blame, and let the praises be,
 And show the shadow on the sunnyside.

But—as a light in sombre lantern shined,
 That in the noontide faintly glimmereth,
 Shines through the ominous gloom when tempests how'r—
 Even so, at need, that sullen soul you'll find
 Steadfast, indomitable, still as death—
 A patriot most in Britain's darkest hour.

H. C. F.

Personal Views.

THE COMING OF THE PREACHER.

Tounguenoff, in the last letter he wrote to Tolstoi, made pathetic entreaty that his friend would "come back to literature." We know what he meant by that; not "The Kreutzer Sonata," nor "Resurrection," but some work of art worthy to succeed those of the master's prime. The appeal was too late. Tolstoi's philosophy had become religion; the man of letters was subdued by the prophet; and when, years after, he set himself the question, "What is Art?" the answer not only condemned his own works of imagination, but declared the impossibility, in such a day as ours, of any true art at all. The influence of Tolstoi has been great, though vague; it affects the better thought of our time, and is helping to shape that of the future. From one point of view, no man living can so justly be called representative. His career displays in an individual the progressive characteristics of an epoch. If one thing can be said with certainty of a time so rife in contradictions it is that, whilst the hope of Art steadily declines, the craving for spiritual direction is more and more declared. We are familiar with the complaint that literature is nowadays but mediocrity, however good as such. When, it is asked, will arise the new master in fiction, drama, poetry? When will art once more be illumined by genius? Not yet awhile, we may be sure. The intellect of mankind is too uneasy; life is too anarchic. There will appear no great imaginative craftsman until the soul of the world has in some degree been set at rest. Not the Artist have we now to look for, but the Preacher.

Literature (in the special sense) is everywhere affected by a restless preoccupation with things alien to its sphere—for the moment, nowhere so markedly as in

cantly entitled "Le Roman de l'Energie Nat" truth scarce novels at all, but moralized stud French history. These typical writers have thing which interests them more than literar thing which seems to them decidedly mor than debate as to the methods and the sphere with M. Coppée, who publishes a little pre recounting his conversion to the old faith, an finds himself haranguing Nationalist meetin with M. Jules Lemaitre, who comes forth fro to put his critical intellect at the service, deems patriotism. From art, from letters, have turned to preaching. Literature in its satisfies them. They seek to communicate, vigour they can use, a social or political creed spiritual conviction.

To a certain extent, undoubtedly, this n France is indebted to English influence; upon will assuredly react. Our fiction has always b less a vehicle of moral teaching; but the ma writing in England is now so largely a branch o not long ago turned against stories "with a there came a revival of romance, side by side and very popular school of blood-and-thunder. M unrest has not ceased to make use of the novel neo-barbarism which seeks an outlet in story-t be regarded as a protest against "mere" liter effort to teach some primitive theory of human obligations. Writers who are prompted to " thing" have recourse to the novel because it best hope of obtaining a wide audience. Eve revolutionist such as William Morris could find no better way of presenting his social ideals th to resuscitate an old form of romantic narrative of fiction which is not art, which less and less c itself art, having what is meant for a higher int again flow. Its common characteristic is a novelist's prime virtue, the ability to create convincing personalities. In the argumentative tative novel we are not concerned with perso types. This is observable in the fiction of all co less in work which retains some literary savou that which, beneath its disguise, is mere pulpit ineptitude. It serves a purpose in preparing another kind of writing, which will at once b value and be a response to urgent spiritual need. order of mind found its prophet in the late H mond, whose writings, old matter in new ph so vast a public. The reception of a book such linck's "Trésor des Humbles" by readers of a different class is in the same way significant.

The true interest of the time is ethical, or

no other. A day may come when all this knowledge will be transmuted into spiritual gain; to that end, we look for the new power in literature, which shall sun and intensify and direct the striving of a transitional age. Our great preachers of the mid-century seem very far behind us; they were, in fact, retrospective. Carlyle, puritan disciple of German philosophy, wrathfully ignored the modern world; Ruskin, puritan worshipper of beauty, recognized the forces amid which he lived only to despise them and to despair. Their voices are not silent; they speak under the senseless turmoil, and truths to which they have given noblest utterance will pass into the teaching of him we wait for. The academic irony of Matthew Arnold addressed itself to a smaller circle, but his message will not be forgotten when men once more have leisure for things of the mind. Culture, he well saw, was growing all but impossible beyond the guarded closes of a fortunate few; yet culture, as Arnold understood it, must needs enter into the new civilization. One leader of science, who occasionally called himself a lay preacher, had, thanks to his philosophical studies, a clearer vision of man's life than that enjoyed by most of his fellow workers; Huxley's grasp of philosophic idealism might have been a force for good had he but seen that this fundamental perception was in every sense more valuable, of more importance to the world at large, than the most conscientious study of phenomena. No otherwise, indeed, can men be unburdened of a materialism growing ever more sordid as its power extends than by coming to understand that all "science" has for its ultimate discovery the futility, the meaninglessness, of a materialistic view of life. Carlyle began with this text; had he more closely adhered to it, his influence would to-day be more observable. Man goes a far way round to attain his ends. When at length there shall come the inevitable reaction against tyrannic worldliness, it will be seen that the modern mind has, with infinite labour, merely succeeded in re-establishing a truth ages ago known and acted upon.

Mr. Lecky—he, too, addressing his scholarly mind to questions above scholarship—has given us a "Map of Life." It is a Law of Life that men are seeking. They will seek long before they arrive at a new synthesis of intellectual and moral convictions with authority equal to that of the by-gone Creed. But we may not have long to wait for a clear voice amid our tumult which shall rebuke the maddling world, and recall its thought to things essential. The new preacher, like him of old, will begin by crying "Vanity!"

GEORGE GISSING.

Notes.

The new *Punch*, which has just reached us, is described as an old friend with a new face, for one of the features that have been sedulously preserved in this superficial area of the numbers is also to be the same in the new, though their cubic capacity is increased by the addition of "Mr. *Punch's* extra pages," devoted to short stories. The first week's short story is by Dr. Conan Doyle; next week's by Mr. Frankfort Moore. Another innovation is the signing of contributions—sometimes by the full name of the writer, and sometimes by such easily recognizable initials as H. W. L. or F. C. B. Mr. Owen Seaman contributes short parodies, professing to furnish us with "a new story for every day in the year." This, copied from the *Punch* model, is delightful:—

The smouldering pit with plaudits rang;
Cophetua beamed above the throng;
A popular comedian sang
The Absent-minded Beggar's song.

Cophetua wagged his kingly head;
" 'Tis well!" he cried aloud—and paid;
Then, in his beard, "Give me," he said,
"The Present-bodied Beggar-maid."

We offer our congratulations to *Mr. Punch*, together with our compliments of the season.

* * *

The *Black Tulip* has not long survived the reception by those critics who judge plays upon their merits when they are produced by a popular management. It has made way for a long-projected revival of *She Stoops to Conquer*. The new Young Marlow is Mr. Paul Arthur, an actor, of much energy and humour, and without a trace of an American accent. Old English comedy rendered in the New Yorker would have a curious effect. Miss Vane will, of course, be the Miss Hardecastle, and Mr. Squire, with Mr. George Giddens as Tony Lumpkin, the future the Haymarket also promises *The Rivals* and *Scandal*. Why, by the way, does no one ever refer to *Natured Man*? There is a great deal of fun in it, and a vastly amusing personage. The drawback is that it does not offer rich opportunities.

* * *

A correspondent writes:—"If *Paolo and Francesca* were put upon the stage, it is an interesting question whether the play be cast? Mr. Alexander, it is my opinion, should play Giovanni, and should make a good study of a husband full of affairs of State, with no hold upon his wife's heart. But who is to be the Paolo and who the Francesca? Mr. Forbes-Robertson seems to us to be the ideal choice (though the collaboration of two actor-managers is obviously difficult). Miss Lena Ashwell for the other part, if Mr. Forbes-Robertson, it is true, was not at his best in *Romeo*, but mere boy. For nobility of bearing and in expression of passion, as well as in the way of sway Paolo Mr. Forbes-Robertson is without a rival. Miss Ashwell has no rival among the younger actresses in parts that demand power and passion. We have got a chance of displaying her finest qualities in *Grierson's Way*—she ranks an irresistible appeal to the heart and to the head. Will Mr. Alexander play the part of the Duke within the limits of his own company in casting the play? It is to be hoped that he will. We have few players fit for the drama. Those few we have we ought to call upon."

* * *

It is difficult to speak of a play like *Miss Holbrook*

we are inclined to think that *New Lamp for Old* and even *Woodbarrow Farm* were a good deal better from all points of view. Mr. Jerome, by the way, should never make his young women pretend to be housemaids. They are too much like the real thing when they are not masquerading.

Probably no epithet was ever better merited (writes a correspondent) than that which described the late Mr. Quaritch as the "Napoleon of Booksellers." Whenever he determined to have a volume, competition seldom deterred him from gaining his object, and as a result of this it is safe to say that he exerted a greater influence than any one man who ever lived in raising the prices of books. His attendance at recent sales was very intermittent, but it was in the auction room that the peculiar qualities indicated by the above title were most marked, and at such historic sales as those of the Sunderland and Syston Park and Hamilton Libraries Mr. Quaritch was seen at his best. The aggregate total for the Hamilton sale was £86,000; of this more than one-half was debited to Mr. Quaritch, while of the £56,000 realized at the Sunderland sale he was accountable for over £33,000. Mr. Quaritch always evinced the keenest delight in the contests for the great rarities of the book world. One incident, which occurred at the Sunderland sale, may be quoted. The book in question was Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," the magnificent Jenson folio of 1475 on vellum. It was taken up to £500, at which figure it appeared about to pass to M. Tschener. Up to this point Mr. Quaritch had not made a bid, but he then joined in the competition, and ultimately secured the book at £1,000 amid the cheers of the onlookers. But the little comus did not quite stop there. "I'll take that," said the purchaser, and when it was handed over he literally put the volume into a pocket in his overcoat. Not many dealers are equipped with pockets capable of holding folios. But it was when private individuals, with long purses, competed and forced his hand that Mr. Quaritch showed his determined temper. A good instance of this happened at the sale of a nobleman's library at Sotheby's in 1895. The particular book was Grolier's own copy of the Aldine Ovid of 1533. The binding was not in very good condition, and the bidding (Mr. Quaritch's) had reached £200, when a stranger joined in the contest. By the time £200 was reached the dealer began to grow restive, and complained sharply that the amount reached was "too much." It undoubtedly was "too much," but one bidder in the room wanted the book while the other bidder obstinately refused to let it go, and the result was that it was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch—but he had to pay £125 for it.

Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon King of Arms, one of the new knights, is a well-known authority on heraldry and antiquarian subjects, and is the author of "An Ordinary of Scottish Arms," a history of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers, and a handbook to the Edinburgh Parliament House. He was editor of the *Journal of Jurisprudence* for twelve years.

Mr. William Forsyth, who died the other day at the great age of 87, had to a great extent outlived his fame. Yet he had achieved a real distinction in many different branches of literature. He began his literary career by writing on legal subjects. His first book, "On the Law of Composition with Creditors," appeared as long ago as 1841. It was followed by "The Law Relating to the Custody of Infants," and other books of an analogous description. Later, general literature claimed

activity of Napoleon at St. Helena, from the *L. Journals of Sir Hudson Lowe*. In addition to his books Mr. Forsyth lived an active life as a barrister, a public official, and a member of Parliament. He was a Cambridge man (third class), an Optime, Chancellor's Medallist, and Fellow of the Royal Society. Mr. R. F. C. Costelloe, who died a fortnight ago (known as a consistent Roman Catholic as well as a municipal life of London. Some time before his completed a volume of 437 pages, telling "The Complete Catholic Homes." The book will be published shortly by Sands and Co., and will be illustrated. Mrs. Lee recently died at Hastings at an advanced age, was the author of about a hundred books. She was a well-known figure in the early fifties. Messrs. Darton and Harvey succeeded her, were the firm now styled Messrs. Gresham, T. Co. One of Mrs. Lenthley's most popular books was "Chickweed Without Chickweed." Her last publication was a small volume of verse printed about three years ago in private circulation. Though she came of a Quaker family, Lenthley was a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

MM. Eugène Morand and Marcel Schwob (Charpentier et Fasquelle) the prose translation of the tragedy with herself in the title-part. It is an excellent piece of workmanship, and a version well studied always with admiration for the artistic skill of the translators and not seldom with genuine pleasure in the French. Such abatements of our perfect satisfaction with it as confess to are inseparable from its prose form, and why MM. Morand and Schwob themselves, in the introduction, full of Shakespearian learning and acuteness, they have prefixed to the text. Critics on our side of the Atlantic "have, in the first place," they observe, "declined the possibility of translating Shakespeare at all. The poetry disappears," say these critics, "in prose." On the other hand, French verse can never represent English is true; but the artist who executes an engraving does not transfer his colours to his plate. He transfers into 'values.' Thus, if we may compare painting with poetry reproduced in an engraving. The poem loses something of its music, and the picture the glamour of its hues; but, as compensation for the loss, the prose can preserve a phrase, and the engraving the clear-cut effects of line. The work of the poet or the painter offer a more resistance to the interpreter. The parallel is perfect, since beauty of line can be more easily and more detached from that of colour than can the magic of words from the form of his expression. But it may be ungranted that wherever such detachment is possible they have seldom failed to accomplish it.

It is not, however, a mere question of the transfer of poetic speech to the "sermo pedestris." For the Shakespeare has a rhythm of its own which is as much its power as its music is a part of the power of his poetry. I feel this, for instance, only too acutely in the French Hamlet's famous rhapsody ("I have of late, but how I know not, lost all interest of the Second Act, where the exclamations "Work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in

scene by "Absinthe! Absinthe!" urging that the association of the latter word with the Parisian's five o'clock *apéritif* is merely accidental and temporary, and that with a change of fashion "absinthe" will bear its original signification of a bitter plant "sub specie æternitatis." Yes, but the Parisian may stick to his "verte" for many a year yet, and what about the associations of the word in the meantime?

We understand that the famous Dickens collection formed by the late Mr. W. R. Hughes, F.L.S., of Birmingham, is for disposal *en bloc*. It consists of more than three thousand items, of which nearly three hundred are first editions of the works of Dickens. It includes more than fifty bibliographical works, while under the head of "Miscellaneous Books" (numbering two hundred and twenty, and all first edition) will be found the writings of various authors who knew the great novelist, and have there recorded for the first time their reminiscences—an assemblage of volumes which in itself constitutes an interesting and valuable library. It is strange that the two most celebrated Dickens collections should be in the market almost simultaneously. The other is, of course, that of Mr. William Wright, of Paris, which came to the hammer last summer, realizing the handsome sum of more than three thousand pounds. The library of the late Mr. Augustin Daly, of New York, which is about to be disposed by auction, contains some unique Dickens treasures, the most notable being the original "Pickwick" designs by Seymour, which realized the stupendous sum of five hundred pounds at Sotheby's a few years ago. We believe it was Mr. Daly's intention to bequeath these drawings to some public institution in America.

Some figures are given in the new issue of that excellent periodical, the *Library*, showing the present state of the libraries of Australia, which are of much interest to those who follow the literary movement in Australia. Victoria leads the way. The colony contains 424 libraries, with 1,029,743 volumes, "or, roughly speaking, one volume per head of the total population." Of these books no fewer than 480,000 are contained in the Melbourne Public Library. An interesting feature is that the public library lends books to the mechanics' institutes in the country districts. New South Wales is a bad second. There are only 120,000 volumes in the Sydney Public Library, and only 510,000 in all the public libraries put together. The public library of South Australia only contains 40,539 volumes, and in Queensland there are at present no public libraries at all, though a movement is on foot for establishing a National Library at Brisbane. In Western Australia there are forty-nine literary institutions, containing 20,000 volumes between them; while the Perth Public Library contains 23,500 volumes.

The recent reception at the French Academy of M. Henri Lavedan is an event which Paris seems to look upon as destroying a precedent. M. Lavedan, as a writer, is not less disrespectful of social conventions than is the mordant Comtesse de Martel. This young dramatist, however, is responsible, not merely for "suggestive" pages, but also for astonishingly outspoken scenes on the stage. Yet he has knocked at the doors of the Academy, and they have been opened to him. This may be interpreted from several points of view; but no one will pretend that it is an attempt to preserve the purity of the language, which is, after all, the *raison d'être* of the Academy. No one has introduced modern Parisian *argot* into his pieces more recklessly than M. Lavedan. The Academy has, perhaps, merely desired to show that it has *earcité*. But the event has not

suborn; much more than a temple in which the fires are sedulously kept alight.

Hachette's new illustrated annual *Lecture* us a chance of judging what the French can do in turning out a popular magazine. If imitation flattery, the editors on this side of the Channel to feel flattered; while English authors may proportion in which they have contributed to. Many of the articles, in fact, if not the absolute either translated or "adapted" from English adventures of Louis de Rougemont, for example, however, with interest that these adventures editor announced as true are advertised by the "incredible." The "trick article" also seeming itself on a sound basis; we find a paper entitled "Montante du Budget," illustrated by diagram Schooling style. At the same time the note loudly sounded. M. Arsène points out that if he lost the battle of Waterloo, he would have Gustave Larroumet has an article on the French editorial headings to the tune "Jamais en France régnera." We think that "Le Sang des Fils de la sol de la patrie" is very fine as sub-editor. On the whole, the best things in the annual. The technical excellence of the reproduction of a useful object lesson to some of our own editors.

A volume which recalls the chaos of public England under the Tudors is the black-letter printed in 1596 for the Deputies of C. Barker, of New Oxford-street, includes in his last publication. The Stationers' Company had not long previous of Mary, been incorporated, but it was not so incorporation to correct or prevent abuses in the although it possessed the right of granting matters on a better footing Elizabeth. In 1559, so to the effect that no one might print any book ever unless the same had been licensed, though circumstances the Queen did not relinquish the patents irrespective of the Stationers' Company Parliament. About this time Elizabeth did, in Barker family a monopoly for printing the Bible remained undisturbed with them for nearly one. But the possessors of the monopoly grew negligent in their business, and in 1631 they issued an edict without the seventh commandment, for which they were fined £300.

IN DEFENCE OF SNIPPETS

One often hears it said that the taste for the fostering of which Dr. Garnett has devoted of his well-earned leisure, is quite a modern device who like snippets point to the fact as a proof of our ancestors, who were foolish enough to read and became "Probably Arboreal" through their need to find quiet and secluded places for the study. Those who think ill of snippets talk of "the tyrant and see in it a sign of decadence and the extinction. Before considering what may be said for either party may be well to remember that the fashion of the as the hills. The Babylonian method of public tablets, which is generally supposed to be about

Mr. James Payn held so inferior to "Pickwick," the story of our old friend Scholastikos bringing a brick to market as a sample of the house that he wished to sell, is a bungled variant of the history of the first Babylonian anthologist, who offered a single tablet a literal snippet as a specimen of the latest popular epic. "Anthology" sounds much grander than "snippets," yet it is pretty clear that any blame which we attach to Dr. Garnett's principle must fall equally upon the shoulders of Melenger, the Gadarene garland weaver, and his successors down to Cephalaus and Maximus Planudes, the monkish anthologist of the West, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread; it is better to read the songs we have than sigh for others that we know not of. The eighteenth century had its wider precedent for Dr. Garnett in the *Elegant Extracts*, a collection known to all of us by name, but now chiefly to be seen in scattered volumes that haunt the fourpenny box *about women*. In the early Victorian era Charles Knight renovated the principle with his "Half-hours with the Best Authors;" Robert Chambers, Henry Morley, and Professor Arber all tried their hands with popular success on the same lines. It is pretty clear, then, that the taste for literary snippets has been persistent in the human breast. Perhaps it will not be a waste of time to glance at some of the arguments which may be urged on their behalf, and which were probably not unknown to Melenger when he dwelt among the swine-herds of Gadara.

The advocates of snippets insist upon the deluge of books which is rapidly overwhelming us, and which in their view deprives the average reader of any power to make a selection. Statistics, we have been told, will prove anything. Mark Twain shows how it follows from the fact that the Mississippi shortens its bed by "cut-offs" to the extent of one mile and a third annually that in a past geological age that river must have been at least a million miles long, and have stuck out over the Gulf of Mexico like a fishing rod. In the present case, however, there is no need to carry the argument from statistics so far. The British Museum Library contains about two million printed books, and is being increased at an accelerating rate which is now about ten thousand annually. It is clear that even an omnivorous and hasty reader like Macaulay, who could devour books at the rate of three or four a day, would need about a thousand years to work through the present accumulation in London. At the end of the time he would be further than ever from the completion of his task; and it is quite conceivable that he might be a little tired of reading. We may, therefore, accept without suspicion the accuracy of the proposition which has been set forth of late, that it is necessary for all readers to make a selection among the existing books. Perhaps that might even have been admitted without the aid of statistics. The figures, when much considered, are apt to carry one even beyond the desire for snippets. They lead some to maintain, with the undergraduate known to Mr. Frederic Harrison, that the invention of printing has been one of the greatest misfortunes that has ever befallen mankind, as tending to multiply books rather for the sake of the writers than of the readers. Others hold with Mr. Cross that the novel of the future will be condensed to twenty or thirty pages (in the manner of Mr. Kipling) if it is to have any chance of being read. Others, again, look forward to the arrival of that glorious time, which the ingenious imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells has conceived, when the art of reading will have been lost, and the book will be entirely replaced by a combination of the phonograph and the kinematograph which will set you little dramas of all kinds when you press the button. The appeal to statistics, indeed, may be made to support many other theories besides that of the need for snippets. It would perhaps be better to

necessary to eat the whole of a goose, loaves and all, because we like a delicate slice off the breast, as the highest mark of the literary epicure to wish to the half-dozen pages in which an author has done justice. Surely the anthologist may use the same he chooses when he regards all poems, like Shelley, to that great Poem which all poets, like the cooperator of one great mind, have built up since the first world."

The lover of books has how ever a right to eat a snippet. "What man of taste and feeling," ask "can endure *abridgements, barometres, abridgements, editions?*" It is quite true that a select one is *preferred* to make one's own. The old maxim *laissez* us strongly in the library as at the dinner-table. "What his neighbour lingers over with *gastromomy* at the anthology, the selection, the page of snippets of books what the *table d'hôte* meal is to the free restaurant *a la carte*. There are many people, it like to have a choice made for them, or who *cost* extra charge in time and money for the exercise of the. For them the purveyors of snippets are benefactors: choice is between snippets and nothing. No doubt I have shelves full of the classics always at one's elbow is out of the question: it is well to have even the new from them as a seasoning to the daily paper, the and the last new novel from the circulating library always be a comparatively small number of readers: luck to browse in a library, or the self-concentration such *hominous names* *libra* as the old maxim was well beware of. For the majority, a good anthology affords chance of having a nodding acquaintance with the the world. No doubt it would be much better that content themselves with "knowing the best that has and aid in the world," which can be done with a *q* possession of money and leisure. But the desire for not—perhaps never can be—spread "in widest comm one need not quarrel with the growing demand for only when they affect to supply the need of a libe at being all things to all men that collection Extracts can be really dangerous to literature.

Foreign Letter.

GERMANY.

GERMAN PROVINCIAL TALES.

Some critics regard every German writer as a cousin. It must be admitted that Hauptmann's is often natives of Silesia, the author's birthplace, where action passes. Max Halle sometimes lays his scene Prussia, where he was born; and East Prussia, province, forms the background of many of Sudermann and dramas. By this kind of argument every German does not localize his scene at Berlin is necessary. The merit of a novelist or dramatist, however, is not by the fatherland of his heroes and heroines. It is human life, his insight into human character, and the last consideration of reader or spectator.

But as surely as the literature of the eighteenth century a cosmopolitan tendency, so has that of the nineteenth century a provincial tendency, and there have arisen in a number of writers who purposely seek to emphasize

though little known outside her native land, is particularly interesting by reason of its subject matter and its high literary excellence. The Black Forest tales of Fraulein Hermine Villinger appeal to all lovers of good literature and to all who are interested in old world manners and customs. Auerbach's "Schwarzwalder Dörfgeschichten," of which the first series appeared in 1843, are generally regarded as the classical presentment of peasant life in the Black Forest, but his peasants are often too cultured and philosophical to be entirely convincing. Those of Hermine Villinger, on the contrary, even allowing for the developments of fifty years, impress us at once as lifelike and natural.

Hermine Villinger was born at Freiburg in the Breisgau on February 6, 1849. The family soon removed to Karlsruhe, where Fraulein Villinger still resides. She began early to write, but her talent developed slowly, and she published nothing until 1880. She excels in the short story, and since that date scarcely a year has passed without the publication of something from her pen. Those who are entirely unacquainted with her work should read first "Schwarzwaldgeschichten" (Engelhorn) and "Kleine Lebensbilder" (Benz).

Fraulein Villinger sets the Black Forest peasant before us as she has known him for the last thirty years or so, with his faults and his follies, his profound ignorance and his placid content, his rooted dislike to change, his laziness, his love of strong drink. A delightful little story, "Das Rätsel der Liebe" (Vita), opens thus:—

"For truly," thundered the priest from the pulpit of the little church of Klein and Gross Au, "if the bell in the tower pealed forth Wine, Beer! Wine, Beer! all the peasants would come running, and each would take care not to be the last. But in the sound Bin, Bam! Bin, Bam! seems no need for hurry, and everybody thinks there's time, there's time. But I tell you there's not time. Our Lord will not always be the last. . . . He will be first in our thoughts, first in our love. What do you know of the 13th chapter of Corinthians? If there was a chapter of curses, that you would know by heart, but of the right comprehension of love you have no more idea than the geese in your ponds or the oxen in your stalls."

The spirited and characteristic sermon forms the keynote of the tale. A young Sister of Mercy nurses the motherless child of mine host of the Lion through a serious illness; the father, a rough peasant, falls in love with her. She shows him how, in trying to make her break her vows, he is not proving his love, but seeking his pleasure at her expense. The pathos of the situation lies in the fact that she loves him in return, but is strong enough to conquer her passion. When he pleads his great overwhelming love as an excuse for his conduct, she replies, "Only when you conquer your passion and let me go my way will you love me as I love you; then, indeed, will your love be truly great and overwhelming."

The stories contain pathos, humour, romance, and occasionally, as in "Die Galgenbauerin," tragic force. The qualities are sometimes found in combination in one story; at others, one alone of them forms a sufficient motive. In "Mutter Resin" we have them all. The heroine's character deteriorates under the influence of a misfortune that causes her to lose faith in her fellow creatures. The cheerful, contented spirit that neither poverty nor a brutal husband could quench is broken; she no longer quotes St. Paul in maxims of her own invention to support her philosophy of life, but, distrustful of all the world, barricades herself in her cottage. Drawn with the fewest touches, the character lingers in our memory as if we had met her in the flesh.

Black Forest peasants on one of their rare visits accepts an invitation to go to see them in a dilettante fashion the painter is in love with daughter. She and her mother go to the station—guest—the railway through the forest had only just—and, fearful of not being in time, arrive two. Their conduct at the station, where they nearly a mad, is most diverting. The climb up to the hill is little to the taste of the town-bred man, chiefly to Christine, and he soon discovers that steep are not conducive to conversation. The indigenous sleeping accommodation which constitute the hospitality lead to situations, touched in by F with sly humour, that effectually cure the pain. The peasants on their side cannot understand the complete ignorance of agricultural operations, and to the health of cows.

Fraulein Villinger thoroughly understands are always true to life, and fascinate by their unconscious humour. One most attractive little himself a helper to all his circle. His assistance but his childish interference did in one case his desired marriage. In reticence of style Hermine bears some analogy to that of Mary Wilkins, a fast vanishing society. It has been complained too much for form, a reproach that can seldom be a German writer. But, if she does nothing else much more), she proves that the German language style and charm; and her aim at perfection of form detracts from the spontaneous freshness that function.

"Der Heim-Kehrende Gatte und sein W literature" by Dr. W. Splettaösser (Mayer Leipzig), is a volume which proves the exhaustiveness of German erudition. A topic which at first suited to serve as mere matter for a light novel here made to fill a bulky volume, and deemed worthy treatment and an index. All cases that occur in the world, in which a husband after long absence find his wife either dead, married, or about to another, are carefully enumerated and the subject logically analysed. Between Homer and Pierre of dramas, novels, short stories, and poems in historic incident has been dished up anew is a store of the most notable instances, of course, are Ten Arden, Maupassant's "Le retour," Féval's "Poirier," and Prevost's "D'aïre."

THE CANADIAN BOOK TRADE

[Mr. G. Herbert Thring, the Secretary of the Society of Authors, who was recently comm. Society to investigate on the spot the subject. Book Trade, has communicated to us the following result of his inquiries.]

The Canadian book trade has, during the gone through many and important changes. It is necessary to discuss the question from an earlier English Copyright Act of 1842, which, being took effect in all the colonies. At that time the novel was the common method in which all printed in England, and cheaper editions were

side of the Atlantic, and produced in cheap editions. They were produced in this form owing to the competition of the printing trade in America, and the lack of protection to the author.

As, therefore, the United States were full of cheap editions of certain books, which the Canadians were unable to secure (the importation being prohibited under the Copyright Act of 1842), the Government of the North American Provinces made strong protest to the Imperial Government that it was impossible for the reading public of Canada to obtain plentiful and early supplies of the copyright English literature; it was further pointed out that the Canadian public, living over a vast country, and not being wealthy, could not be supplied by the ordinary methods adopted in England—the circulating library, &c.—but that any one who desired to read a book had, as a matter of fact, to buy it. Accordingly, to meet the demand of the Canadian public, the Foreign Reprints Act of 1847 was passed and was adopted by many of the colonies. This Act permitted the Legislature of any of the colonies to pass a law allowing the introduction of foreign reprints into that colony if a proper reward were secured to the author from such importation. Canada passed a law allowing such importation on payment of a Customs duty of 12½ per cent., which was to be collected by the Canadian Government.

This Act was, no doubt, of considerable benefit to readers in Canada, but it had a serious and disastrous effect upon the book trade. Prior to this date, the Canadian book trade, though not in a very flourishing condition, prospered by cheap reprints of British copyright and other works. But the flooding of the market with cheap American reprints destroyed utterly the little business the booksellers and publishers then possessed, and one or two were practically ruined by this arrangement. From the point of view of the copyright owners, also, the Foreign Reprints Act was entirely unsatisfactory, as for a period of nearly ten years, from 1866 to 1876, about £1,200 only was collected in the Customs, of which Canada contributed about £1,000. The Canadian publishers were also disaffected, as they began to realize that, with the Foreign Reprints Act in force, the Canadian publishing trade must practically cease to exist. This fact then became evident, after the Act had run a considerable number of years, that, though the reading public of Canada benefited intellectually, the material producers of the books, as well as the intellectual producers, both in Great Britain and Canada, were suffering. The Canadian publisher and printer, and the other trades concerned, brought pressure to bear, and the Canadian Government brought in a Bill which became law in 1875—its object being to stimulate the printing trade in Canada by allowing copyright in Canada under certain circumstances, so that if an author chose to obtain such copyright the Foreign Reprints Act would to the extent of that book be null and void. This, it was thought, would materially assist the printing trade. At the time certain Canadians thought that this would override the Imperial (English) Act of 1842, and in one case, when an English author had failed to copyright in Canada, a certain Canadian publisher produced an unauthorized edition of the book. The matter was brought into the Courts, and it was finally decided that this view of the law could not stand. The case is the leading case of "Smiles v. Bellford."

The Act of 1875* therefore turned out of little use practically, either to help the Canadian publishing and printing trade or to help the British author in Canada, and bookselling still continued, during the next ten or fifteen years, its precarious existence to a large extent by the selling of cheap foreign reprints. During the same period Canadian authors were springing up, whose works, first published in Canada, obtained Canadian copyright,

passed through the hands of the Canadian bookseller had to compete with the book imported under the Reprints Act. During the same period, that is, between the Act of 1875 and the passing of the Act of 1901, the Bern Convention was entered into involving all the colonies. It was signed by the Representative in 1896. The feeling grew more and more throughout Canada during this period, owing to the fact that the whole of the book trade was practically taken up by reprints, with the exception of the few books then copyrighted in Canada. The Canadians seemed to feel that the result was brought about owing to the fact that they were unable to legislate for themselves on the copyright question, as to override the Imperial Act. It is an interesting fact, impossible, in the space at command, to discuss the arguments *pro* and *con*, on this point. They will be given in a future volume.

In 1880, owing to the extreme pressure of the publishers, an Act was passed by the Canadian Government. Sir John Thompson, the Minister of Justice, submitted a report to the Privy Council in support of it, and it was practically the cause of the printing and publishing trade against the author. The Canadian Act, however, never received the Royal assent. In 1891 America passed its Copyright Act, necessitating printing in America in order to obtain the right of importation. This Act, appearing to the Canadian publisher and printer to be a fresh argument in their favour and to be a case of injustice, aroused considerable jealousy and discontent, then existing diffidence and bitterness. As a matter of fact, however, the passing of the American Act was the first step towards the resuscitation of the Canadian book trade, for this became impossible amongst the different printers and publishers who undersell one another with cheap reprints of the new books of British authors that had obtained the American copyright. In consequence it was impossible for the American publisher to flood the Canadian market with cheap reprints and cheap books. The American publisher had to compete with the English author, and thereby obtained sole control of the American market. Usually the contract in America covered the Canadian market as well. He then, either directly or through an agent of his own in Canada or through a Canadian publisher, resold these rights, taking a small profit to himself. This practice of underselling had ceased in America, and to a certain extent, owing to the same influences, in Canada. Under these circumstances the book trade began to revive in Canada. A further considerable stimulus was given to the printing, and other trades connected with the book trade, when the Canadian Government refused any longer to grant authors' royalties under the Foreign Reprints Act. This occurred in 1895. The Foreign Reprints Act in Canada then ceased to take effect in Canada.

The American publisher who had purchased Canadian rights was now forced to sell to Canada, or he must hire an agent into Canada, as his rights were valueless without an agent. Canadian publishers were quick to see this, and they still the Canadian booksellers and printers (some of whom the English authors sold their rights to) were quick to see this. They wanted to be protected against this by an Act. A Bill was introduced by a British author to contract direct with the Canadian publisher under certain legal restrictions and at certain prices. No Bill was brought forward on this basis. Although drafted somewhat along these lines, its working would be impracticable, as no Government would consent to acting agents. In fact, the Canadian Government had

Canadian market as against American pirates, one or two began to contract direct with the English author. Mr. Gilbert Parker, the author of many Canadian novels, was the first to enter into a contract of this kind, and with a favourable result. There is no doubt that a Canadian publisher can give a considerably better price for the Canadian market than an American publisher, as the American publisher must take something as the middle man. It is therefore to the benefit of the British author to contract straight with the Canadian publisher, and it is not only to his benefit financially, but it is also to his benefit from the point of view of future legislation; for as soon as the Canadian publisher, printer, and the trades engaged in book production in Canada increase and flourish, owing to the development by means of direct contract with the author, it will be unlikely that the question of copyright legislation for Canada, which has been such a bitter point between the colony and the Imperial Government for the past twenty years, will crop up again. It is almost certain, therefore, that authors conducting their business on these lines will contribute greatly to solving a very difficult and vexed question.

One difficulty, however, exists—namely, the fact that the English imprint of works, in which the Canadian publisher has bought the copyright or the exclusive licence to publish, can still be imported into Canada. It is hoped, however, that this difficulty will be shortly remedied.

G. HERBERT THRING.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

A malignant deity once dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla. "About her played her children, Noise, Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Critic, Pestilence, and Illmanners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice resembled those of an ass; her teeth fallen out before her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall" and so on, and so on. Thus Dean Swift, himself so kindly and so guileless a writer, depicts Criticism. Does this lurid picture, of which we have only given the mildest and the most quotable parts, remind us of the polite reviewer of to-day? The critic of the last century was, we admit, often a being of a rather different order. But there are writers enough from Addison downwards to prove that criticism is not wholly a diabolical art. Criticism has done an immense deal for good literature and good taste, and moreover the author and the critic tend more and more to become one. Lately, however, it has become the fashion to sniff at critics. It began with one or two novelists who suffered from what is known as "the persecution mania" and thought that the world of critics was banded against them, or who were able to flourish in the face of disparaging reviewers the immense cheques they received from their publishers. These cheques have not widely impressed the reviewers, who are not by any means all of them ready to accept the verdict of "the man in the street."

Now in *Loquax's Magazine* (which has two capital articles on "Dreams," and on a "Summer in the Forest" by Mr. H. G. Hutchinson and Mr. W. H. Hudson) Mr. Lang tells us that there is a large class of critics who set up and worship an idealized image of the "Man in the Street," and he advises editors to "turn all the devotees of the 'Man in the Street' to herd with him there." We have much sympathy with this, but it is really not the critics so much as the editors that are to blame. The journal stamps the contributor, not the contributor the journal.

street." He writes (not quite so persuasively) "imaginative criticism" as exemplified in *Pr Hamlet*, Mr. Gosse's "Donne," and Mr. S. F. Spenser's *Sonnets*. Quite in the spirit of the old Mr. Lang so much contemned, Urbanus Sylvan is not a person about whom the public is much what, under the heading "The New Criticism" by Urbanus Sylvan—himself an old critic—is that Mr. Gosse adopts of discovering biographical poems. The method, of course, wants skill in the application of it here made by way of traves poems is a somewhat laborious jest. Shakespeare's course, the *locus classicus* in which the dangers of best displayed. Urbanus Sylvan criticizes Mr. Professor Dowden and Mr. Gosse. In the same the trite complaint—"It has ceased to be of a critic has to say, for no one ever buys a book his criticism."

The Dramatic Critic has been much *en vogue* writer of books. So far, actors have not treated some authors treat theirs. But, perhaps, the dramatic critic will come; and an amusing writer in *Blackwood* to have a cold douche ready to be turned on when Mr. Clement Scott is hand. For him Mr. S. stage-struck hero-worshipper. With his analysis methods of writing most people will agree, even so far as to assent to the proposition that "Mr. knowledge of, nor interest in, the drama, dramatic critic for forty years, and his enthusiasm personal." Mr. Winkley, again, "is a pert echo. For Mr. Archer the *Blackwood* writer has more because he is the antithesis of Mr. Scott, and poor little plays which he is asked to witness with gravity which is almost grotesque." *Blackwood* articles of literary interest—Mr. G. S. Street's *Selwyn's Letters*, for instance; and as a foot literature must be reckoned a pleasant paper *Tavern Life in London*."

In the *Contemporary Review* we find a well speaking of critics and their work in a far more

than that on which we have commonly

Kipling, at the same time showing that a

a truly interpretative critic of

brother author. Sir Walter Besant is, we think, in his popular statement of the merits of Kipling as poet. We do not know that we wholly understand. When we think of Scott and Thackeray, of Tennyson, and of the kind of literature such as the magic world of colour and old romance; the splendour; the meditative calm and the spiritual and nature; the refining spell of art—the art of the past and of a wistful present; the whole realm of the divine; the meaning and the charm of the very sky—we must surely feel that Kipling, at least, is not forgotten; and in a balanced estimate of his work it is less. It is true that Kipling's voice is not suggested by a less generous critic, "the voice of the poet." The *National Review* also has an excellent eulogy of Kipling as a descriptive writer, or, rather, as a school of descriptive writing of which Kipling, and Hardy, are the best representatives. Mr. later makes some clever comparisons with the old school of Scott and Galt, finding the characteristic

Letters are discussed at large by Mr. J. C. Bailey here as they are by Mr. Birrell in the *Contemporary* and also more briefly and critically in *Macmillan's*; Miss Hannah Lynch compares Zola and Tolstol in their treatment of the "sex question"; two articles appear which are past their best youth, but which are worth preserving Professor Sully's inaugural address at University College on the Value of Philosophy in Modern Culture and an article by Professor Lewis Campbell, which seems to be more than a year old, on the Growth of Tragedy in Shakespeare; and Mr. J. G. Frazer makes an important contribution to philology by the suggestion that gender, as a grammatical form, may have originated in the different words used for the same thing by men and women among early tribes. That they did largely speak a different language he establishes by a good deal of evidence from South America and Australia. We are very glad to see an article in *Macmillan's* on the now too much neglected Anthony Trollope, by Mr. Stephen Gwynn. He points out, with truth, that Trollope's social types are drawn with a much truer insight into their springs of action than the entertaining but rather superficial figures of Mr. E. F. Benson and Miss Fowler. In the *Pall Mall* Mr. W. E. Henley discourses, interestingly, of course, but with an exhausting vivacity—on the "Two Hugos"—Hugos a man futuous, as a lyricist great and satisfying. The true bibliophile will relish a very pleasant story in the *Gentleman's Magazine* by Mr. C. Lusted, called "A Bookman's Dilemma." The *Puritan* has changed its cover and now presents a reproduction of Mr. Gatch's "Alleluia." Among its contributors is Mr. Le Gallienne. What in the world is he doing in that *galère*? He is not a Puritan, but he shares the Puritan dislike of "the Beautiful Lie of Rome." On that subject he writes at length—not deeply, indeed, but with some force and eloquence. Among the local magazines—a better sign of the times, to our thinking, than many of the cheap illustrated monthlies—we have before us the *Hampstead Annual*, a well got up publication, containing notes on Keats, Leigh Hunt, and Joanna Baillie, by Dr. Garnett, who, by the way, is the subject of the first of a series of portraits of eminent bookmen in the interesting December number of the *Library*. The *Home Counties Magazine* has illustrated articles on "Pope at Binfield" and "George Eliot at Richmond."

FICTION.

The latest addition to Mr. Heinemann's Pioneer Series is Mr. Benjamin Swift's *DARTNELL* (3s.), and in many ways it is worthy to rank with the best of these clever short novels. The writing is excellent, clever, witty, and epigrammatic, but obviously modelled on the masterpieces of Meredith. Mr. Swift's last book, "The Siren City," showed signs of recovery from an aggravated attack of *lues Meredithiana* and even incipient signs of a dose of Thackeray. Here, however, he has suffered a severe relapse, returning body and soul to his first love. But as Mr. Swift does Meredithian comedies very cleverly and amusingly, let him proceed with them uncensured. The theme of "Dartnell," which turns upon the breach of the Seventh Commandment, is cleverly conceived and worked out with a keen sense of irony. The characters are too artificial to be convincing, but they have the merit of being entertaining. Mr. Swift, who has always shown a proneness for odd words, repeatedly uses the ugly form "quieten," for which there seems to be no justification save a single example in one of Mrs. Gaskell's minor works. Worse still, in two places he is guilty of gross taste. On page 72 he makes one of his characters refer to the late Mr. Donnell as

Bullen, Esq.), deals with Dublin in the good old fashioned and early morning meetings in the Phoenix. Hinkson paints the period before the Union, when the power in the land, and the wit and honour of the country, glory of the Irish Bar. It is Mr. Theobald Dillon who, from his country seat in county Galway, after the custom of the times, to find employment, comes to his Grace of Ballyval, the King's Deputy of the story is told with great vigour all through. Whether it is never dull. Perhaps the dialogue is a shade too even for Dublin in its palmiest days. There is a prodigious amount of deftly turned compliment. But V has chosen to paint a Court, and an Irish Court, which surely look for more than the common amount of flow. His novel is a good one of its kind, spirited, and considerably better written than the average.

The story of *THE PRINCESS NENIA*, by H. B. Watson (Harpers, 6s.), though often over-fantastic and unconvincing, is interesting; some of the episodes are described, and at times there is the real thrill of romance. This is the utmost that can be said in praise of the style is stilted and precious to a degree that exasperating. The book is one of the unwelcome the delicate genius of Stevenson and the spirit of Mr. Anthony Hope; in other words, but for "Freud" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" we should not have "The Princess Nenia." The result is unfortunate, for example, when escaping from assassination and abruptly on a young girl's privacy, has time to talk jargon impossible in the circumstances: "Believe me, not discern you so much upon a lesser provocative dear madam, . . . may I have the privilege of fare?" We regret the tragic death of the principal character in the book, the vivid Katarina, but we regret the unpleasant sentimentalism of the last words concerning her is impossible not to see in Mr. Marriott-Watson's materials of romance; one can but regret that the style is so unnatural.

MY LADY FRIVOL, by Rosa N. Cady (Hatch) belongs to that class of romance which will always find readers. The most timid need never fear that the lady or the governess-heroine will have an untimely ending. The character of the principal personage, an unassuming squire, owe not a little to a previous acquaintance with "Eyre"; but they are perhaps none the worse on that account. The passionate note is subtracted and the setting and the plot of the story are sufficiently new. The fault in the detached nature of the episodes. A conversation on the methodically, or a wandering discourse on amusing epigrams in a country churchyard, do not assist the plot, though they may help to amuse the class of reader for whom it is designed. And, after all, a simple romance told with out is more welcome and better art than a glossy novel posed. "My Lady Frivol" will be widely read.

Three topical novels on South Africa are before us. The latest is *A SOX OF AFRICA*, by Anna Comtessé (Greening, 6s.). There are passages in the book which are of Mr. Rider Haggard, and others which recall Miss Olive Schreiner; and the effect of the juxtaposition of these two very different models is extremely should be added, however, that the plot of the story is not very good. It is about a young half-breed. He turns out in the

large extent founded upon facts that have actually occurred. If it be more caricature than portrait, that is no valid objection from the point of view of the literary critic. It should in justice be added that the author has not yielded to the illusion that all Uitlanders are necessarily angels of light. "Arcades ambo" seems to be his estimate of the two classes which make up the population of the country. The story has no plot, but is composed of a series of incidents.

A DAUGHTER OF THE TRANSVAAL, by Alys Lowth (Hutchinson, 6s.), is a strange book about a girl's school in Cape Colony, where the young ladies spend most of their spare time in discussing with great violence—verbal and physical—the question of Boer against Briton in South Africa. Miss Alys Lowth is a Briton, and distributes her heroines and villainesses—both of the deepest dye—accordingly. If she would drop politics she might write quite passable stories for the *Girls' Own Magazine*.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE POOR PLUTOCRATS of Maurus Jókai (Jarrod, 6s.) should be a tonic for the jaded appetites of enervated novel readers. "Szegény Gazdagok," although by no means one of its author's best, or even most popular, works, is sensational enough to satisfy the cravings of the most exacting. It deals chiefly with the doings of a masked highwayman, "Fatia negra," and is filled with exciting adventures. Drugged wine, terrific combats, underground caves, false coiners, faithless husbands, and frail fair ones constitute the pabulum provided. The romance however, is permeated by more local colouring than many of Jókai's more ambitious productions and is attractive on that account. It is by no means destitute of creative talent, especially when dealing with the minor characters. Old Demetrius and his family circle are cleverly portrayed: Squire Gerzson is a typical Hungarian; and the peasantry are made life-like by many skilful touches. The hero is an impossible personage. Fatia negra is one of those individuals, good or evil, whom Jókai loves to depict as the possessors of superhuman powers. Dowered with fabulous strength, gifted with marvellous skill in all sorts of things, he is able to outdo Cagliostro, or Crichton, or any other human monstrosity, in all he undertakes. The romance begins well, by a few cleverly depicted traits making known to us the chief personages of the story, but after a while the author evidently wearies of his task; the individuality of the characters becomes less marked; action takes the place of idiosyncrasy, and the work dwindles down to the ordinary "blood and thunder" of the Hungarian repertoire. Jókai frequently furnishes vivid sketches of original characters and natural adventures, but, not unlike many others of his trile, fails to carry out his portrayals to the end. He has not yet, as one of his countrymen has said, written a perfect romance, but only parts of excellent romances. "The Poor Plutocrats" does not present any of those magnificent pictures of natural phenomena in the depicting of which Jókai's glowing Oriental imagination is so truly at home, nor does it introduce any of those life-like personages, such as Tinar, "the man of gold," the Rev. Mr. Fröhlich, in "Pretty Michal," Hessay, in "The Sea-like Eyes," or others for which he is famous. The translator, Mr. Nisbet Bain, has done well, but why does he continue to give the German and not the English equivalent of Jókai's Christian name? And why does he, or his publisher, continue to declare that each successive volume of the Hungarian's romances is the best, or most popular, or most brilliant, of his masterpieces? Surely, also, the portrait of Jókai might now be varied.

AN ORACLE APOSTLE (Greening, 6s.) is, unless we are mis-

most ably and sympathetically drawn. There in the long feud between the houses of Todros two obscure Jewish families in a tiny Polish town them to the level of ancient and Royal dynastic long struggle of light against darkness, of blind civilizing thought. Of course, the book is a life-history of a reformer not a tragedy? driven forth into the great world, cursed and the Karaitish girl, is murdered. Some day meet with a far different reception. Thus the it is indeterminate, but it could not well be otherwise full of a certain grave and quiet tenderness, there by a passage of satiric humour, as in the Hannah. Perhaps it is too exclusively concerned of Polish Judaism to attain a great country, but it is undoubtedly worth reading good literature. The English of the translation careless in places, and not always perfectly from the pen of C. S. de Soissons, who deserves any rate, for being the first to introduce English readers.

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

I LIVED AS I LISTED (Wells Gardner, Part Alfred Maitland, tells the tale of Dick Compton road, and draws a picture of Charles II. and his than ordinary vigour and sustained interest. An author is treading on dangerous ground by essaying the adventures of a highwayman in the seventeenth century, and the *amour* of Charles and Louise de Querouaille, he infuses new life into figures, partly by ingrafting the prettily-told Puritan, Peg Mallard. As is right in such a tale, prove to be a Royalist baronet.

THE DRESS OF WRATH, by Walter Grogan (Part a historical romance of the period of Charles II. written—though the stereotyped hero (who to first person) of modern historical novels is monotonous, and he can so obviously trace his creations of Mr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Arthur Grogan's novel must suffer by the inevitable "Simon Dale." Nell Gwynne is, of course, its pages, while the other characters are of the one expects to meet with in historical romance the story shows careful workmanship, the clear, and the book is pleasant enough reading.

Hélène Gingold's (Mrs. Laurence Cowen CHILLINGFIELD CHRONICLES (Unwin, 6s.), is a successful essay in historical fiction. A certain ledge of Wardour-street journeyman'ship is shown fortunes of her hero, Frank Chillingfield, with the reign of Queen Anne, and the adventures of But the book is written too much upon convention there is a prodigious lack of humour in its space is devoted to such recondite *dicta* as "of a gentleman's education is to behave as a mentioned incidentally that Chillingfield's earl Rapert, Viscount Grantley, "a curly-pated, oval looked so thoughtful and dreamy that none ever was he who sucked the eggs that the hen was his Briggs'." The statement is too unconvincing. A fine portrait of the authoress in what we "fancy dress" graces the front of this book, an impression that it has done a similar service from the same hand.

The late Miss Manning's pleasant historical the best known is based on the life of that Mary Milton occasion to write and publish his treatise of divorce, are popular with many readers. The know that the new uniform edition of these which is being published, though for some

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

We still have some books for the young which could not find a place in our Christmas Supplement: and among them the first place must be given to—what it is a treat to come across—a genuine picture-book; a book, moreover, which will delight the children. Such is *The Book of Stories* (Grant Richards, 6s.), with verses by E. V. Lucas and pictures by F. D. Bedford. If Mr. Lucas had not long ago proved his sympathy with childish tastes he would have established it beyond all doubt by these verses. No child could fail to respond with rapture to the "Confectioner" poem and all the delicious memories it evokes.

With chocolate cream that you buy in the cake
Large mouthfuls and hurry are quite a mistake.

Even more felicitous, though less exciting, is the "Chemist," of which we give the last verse:—

Of all the kinds of men there are
The Chemist is precisest far.
Though but a halfpenny you spend
He treats you like his dearest friend;
He stands beside his tiny light,
And hurries not a bit,
And folds the paper smooth and white
And soaling-waxes it,
And hands it to you with the air
Of one who serves a millionaire.

The pictures are marvels of close observation, and the artist betrays as lively a sense of humour as the author. Both may be congratulated on an altogether delightful book.

Mr. James F. Sullivan's stories, *HERE THEY ARE AGAIN!* (Downey, 6s.), are a curious mixture. His determined attempts to be funny too often lead him into errors of taste, but when he gives his full attention to his narrative he shows no little power of invention. "The Purring of the Mill," the shortest and the best of these tales, produces the romantic, old-world effect that so often eludes the writers of fairy tales. "The Dragon Errant" is too discursive, and its tragic *dénouement*, which would have been most artistic, is spoiled by a postscript, evidently inserted by the author for the sake of his more tender-hearted readers. The illustrations show all Mr. Sullivan's well-known humorous and dramatic characterization.

The author of "Culashire Folk," which our readers may remember as an odd but amusing book, still retains his anonymity in *BILLY, A Sketch for the New Boy by an Old Boy* (The Lendenhall Press, 3s. 6d.). The comic behaviour of a small boy on being suddenly transported from his father's shop in town to the countryside is not badly drawn, and will probably make children laugh. But we must add that the irreverence of Billy's commentaries on the family Bible sometimes cross the limits of good taste in a book obviously intended for the young.

NICE STORIES (Nelson, 2s. 6d.), by a variety of contributors—one by Mrs. Molesworth, and quite worthy of her—do not belie their title, and, with their appropriate illustrations, should be most popular with children.

A charming book for children is *THE WONDER WORKERS*, by A. O'D. Bartholomys (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.). It is about a little girl who fell asleep in a church and in her dream was told stories by an abbess from a niche, a crusader from a tomb, and a saint from a stained-glass window. They are all legends of the Early Church, and all relate to some holy flower; the crusader, for example, tells the story of the Flour de Lys, and the abbess that of the Lily of Navarre. We gather that the book is intended, in the first instance, for Roman Catholic children, but there is no undue attempt to impose distinctive doctrines. The illustrations, many of which are in colours, are worthy of the very highest praise.

There is plenty, perhaps a little too much, variety in *AUSTRALIAN WONDERLAND, A FAIRY CHAIN*, by A. A. B. and Helmae, a story with a good moral and full of exciting adventures. Children may learn something about the natural history of the bush in a pleasant way from the book, and will, we think, appreciate the humour of the illustrations by Louise M. Glazier.

Mr. J. Thomson Dunning, R.B.A., has produced a very charming romance for children in *THE TWO PIGEONS* (Inwin, 3s. 6d.). We are taken into Fairyland, of course, and these make

of sketches of varying length and pretension—*rough-drawings* to the apt story—by a writer who would prefer to be described as a "symbolist." They suggest a dream only partially remembered, but it is suspected to have meaning; and they seem designed to leave the impression of the joys of life, so far as such things exist, are not. Dead Sea apples after all. Owing perhaps to some defect, we are unable to appreciate this sort of thing done very well. By Mr. A. S. Lewis it is only done well.

As *GRIMES SUE* I was a novel by a new writer, W. A. Fisher (Inwin, 6s.). We are here introduced to a bright young woman who had been by force of circumstances to take the position of governess in a middle-class school story suffers from the single long drawn-out scene which is its chief claim to interest, but there are several charming book which seem to have been sketched from life.

Miss Sarah Tytler is not quite so fortunate as a choice of a heroine in the book which she has called *HONEYMOON'S FETTER* (Hatto, 3s. 6d.). The heroine is certainly eclipsed with a vengeance, and we can hardly be entertained by a Scott aborigine who quarrelled for beginning with the first week of married life, on the first busy word. The story takes us back to the fifties to a certain extent, reflects the emotions of that period. As it is pleasantly written, and ends with reunion, it will interest.

The "Overseas Library" gives us *A WIFE FOR HAROLD BINDLOSS* (Fisher Unwin, 2s.), a plain, unvarnished of the experiences of one who has endeavored to work the wide Dominion of Canada and has found that fort is rarely made there, but that the life of toil and end new country is its own exceeding great reward. An instructive little volume, in spite of its lack of literary

Another book of the same series is *AT THE SIGN OF THE TORII* (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), consisting of picturesque life in Morocco, including a good deal of information and amusing anecdotes. We are a little puzzled as to the author. On the cover we read that it is by Mr. R. L. N. Johnson, the title-page tells us that it is written by Miss Madge and "edited by R. L. N. J." At any rate, if the "I" sketches is not the result of a literary rise we must apologise for half suspecting it, and congratulate Miss upon the possession of the pen of a ready raconteur upon her success in communicating to the book a *jeu-d'esprit* which much enhances its attractions.

Correspondence.

NAPOLEON'S LIBRARIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You have spoken of the Empereur Napoleon's library, but not of the one taken by General Bonaparte. The latter, collected for him by his sister Pauline, was on his return at the Marseilles library, but the curate then to be sent temporarily to his country house, and more was heard of them. In 1818, however, Jauffret appointed curator, discovered on a shelf, concealed behind books, thirty-four 18mo. volumes, stamped "R. P." "Part of the missing collection, which apparently had been borrowed" by Jauffret's predecessor. They include translation of Bacon's Essays, and two passages (or mark in the margin, as though Bonaparte had been struck by them. One was the essay "Of Great Pleasure" the sentence "It is a strange desire" to the one Seneca's verses. It thus includes these words:—"into place is laborious, and by pains men come to grief and it is sometimes base, and by indignities no-

QUOTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—Allow me to point out that the original version of Sterne's proverbial expression, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," appears in George Herbert's "Jacula Prudentum." The proverb there runs as follows:—"To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure." In all probability Sterne was familiar with Herbert's work.

Yours faithfully, G. BARNETT SMITH.

MRS. VOYNICH AND "THE CHAP BOOK."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—On returning to Europe after some months' absence, I find that a translation made by me from a Russian story by V. Garshin, "Attalea Princeps," has appeared under my name in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Chap Book."

For personal reasons into which I need not enter, it would be unpleasant to me to have any one misled into supposing me to have consented to the publication. I hope, therefore, that you will allow me to explain the matter in your columns.

In 1893 (I think) I offered to Mr. Fisher Unwin several translations. This one was rejected; but he forgot to return the MS., and I carelessly omitted to claim it. I heard no more of it till a few weeks ago, when proofs of the rejected translation were forwarded to me in America, with a request that I should correct and return them. Mr. Fisher Unwin was, at my request, informed of my objection to the appearance of my name in his publication; but had, it appears, already issued the volume. It is only fair to him to say that he then offered to pay me for the MS. if I would accept money for it; but this I could not do. I do not wish to dispute with him the possession of the story, and trouble you for space only in order to prevent a misunderstanding.

I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours, E. L. VOYNICH.

36, Gower-street, W.C., January 2nd, 1900.

MR. KIPLING'S ACCURACY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—In a Note in your issue of August 19th you point out Mr. Kipling's misuse of the term "Supazalat" in his ballad. But this is one of the least of his errors, even in "Mandahay." Burmese girls, for instance, do not ever wear caps ("her little cap was green") or any covering to the head, nor do they ever play a banjo or any other instrument. Nor would a Burmese girl sing "Burma lo lo Kulla lo lo" to her lover, that being equivalent to what we should call in England a risky low-class music-hall catch. In another tale of Burma Mr. Kipling describes a Burman as calling an Englishman "white man." Now to the Burmese we are "the red foreigners," Chinese are the white foreigners, and so on. Turning to India, Mr. Kipling tells us of a coffee planter who employed an elephant rooting up tree stumps. That planter must have retired to Bellam soon after. And in "William the Conqueror" no one who has been on famine work but can see at once that Mr. Kipling has not the remotest idea of the system on which relief is carried on. His account of the young official's procedure is, from a famine point, absurd.

But, indeed, to us in India the way that Mr. Kipling is accepted in England as having a deep knowledge of India is surprising. For the knowledge displayed in his tales is just the knowledge of the mess or club smoking room in the Punjab or North-West. Any one could acquire a like knowledge in a cold weather tour. I do not say that any one could express this knowledge as Mr. Kipling does. But that is just where it is. Mr. Kipling's style is so forcible, so expressive, so brilliant that one is dazzled into a belief that there is depth beneath, whereas there

Authors and Publishers

The lull in the book world which always is more marked this year than usual. Publishers busy stocktaking, but are making up their mind arrangements will be in face of the existing South Africa. Many books were held over but, as one publisher remarked to us, "it ever," and the prospects are far from encouraging volumes held over, however, will now be brought as possible, though probably few books will be next week or so. The pause will help the book of some of their stock. Then, perhaps, we shall something concerning the publishers' program

Under the title "Macmillan's Library of Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are issuing a series of various standard works, printed from large type volumes, at the uniform price of 5s. 6d. net books will contain neither new introductions nor idea being to present typographically perfect best existing texts. The texts will throughout supervised where necessary, by Mr. A. W. prefix to each book a short bibliographical notes volumes, "Bacon's Essays" and "Sheridan's ready, and will be followed at short intervals "Morte D'Arthur," "Mandeville's Travels," "Sterne, Walton's "Lives" and "Compendium hart's "Life of Scott," Fielding's "Tom Quincey," and other works that are in constant the first twenty-five volumes, which is all that present, be well received others will follow.

One of the most important contributions to literature during the next twelve months will be containing a collection of articles by well-known sportsmen on the fishing and shooting of every European country, edited by Mr. F. G. Afalo, and among those prepared contributions are Prince Demidoff, Prince Nikolas Ghika, Sir Henry Pottinger berg, and Count Geza Szechenyi. Sporting games of or less technical character are almost the only at present obtainable, and these merely of countries, such as the Scandinavian and H. The new book aims at being comprehensive and its chief novelty will probably be found to be which it will give of some of the Central European present little known to British sportsmen. The profusely illustrated, and many of the photographs have been specially taken for the purpose.

Two more volumes of Mr. Murray's new press. The volume of poetry edited by Mr. will comprise "The Giaour," "The Bride," "The Corsair." The volume of letters edited will cover the period beginning with the last coming down to 1820, the years during which fourth canto of "Childe Harold," "The Pri "The Dream," "Manfred," "The Lan "Beppo," "Mazeppa," and the first two "Juan" were composed; years, spent entirely after the disastrous end of Byron's short mar

and in her little volume of travel she made a more serious attempt to establish her reputation. Time praised both author and book very highly. The present edition has been reprinted from the second edition, published in 1692, and has been edited by Mr. Archer M. Huntington, who has provided it with notes and an introduction. We gather that the translation will include both the "Relation du Voyage d'Espagne" and the "Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne." Both books are full of interest, and among other things describe the martyrdom of Marie Louise, the niece of Louis XIV., as the Queen of the night-mare court of Spain under Charles II. Madame d'Aulnoy's name is probably more familiar, especially at this season and in this day of fairy stories and folk lore, as the charming author of "Gracieuse et Perinet" and "La Belle aux Cheveux d'Or." But the memoirs and travels, since the revived critical attention to them in France, have established their position as classics and furnished Paul de Saint-Victor with material for one of his most elaborate essays.

The translation of M. Zola's "Fécondité," which is to come from Mr. Vizetelly's pen after all, will probably appear in March or April. Since the novelist gave his permission for a revision of the volume to suit the susceptibilities of the British public, Mr. Vizetelly has pushed on with the work rapidly, and Messrs. Chatto and Windus already have a considerable portion of the book in type. Meantime, we understand that the French edition of the book is selling remarkably well in London. The translation of M. Zola's "Abbé Mouret's Transgression," to which we referred a week or two ago, will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus almost immediately. A translation of "The Conquest of Passans" is also in hand, but this will not be published until after "Fruitfulness" has made its appearance.

A rumour was circulated more than a year ago that Ibsen's next book was going to be not a play, but a commentary on his own work. The rumour is now revived in a new form, to the effect that "When we Dead Awake" is to be his last play, after which he is going to devote himself to writing his memoirs. His memoirs should make an interesting book. He has seen cities and men, and has, as his works abundantly testify, an extensive and peculiar knowledge of character and motive. And if in the course of his confessions he gives his authoritative account of the motive and meaning of his own plays, he will, no doubt, be taking the bread out of the mouths of the militant Ibsenites, but will greatly gratify a less esoteric circle. But Dr. Ibsen is probably too wise a man to give away his secret. Goethe's disciples argued and wrangled while Goethe smiled with Olympian serenity and lived to the end of his long life without vouchsafing a solution of his disciples' difficulties. And when the Brownings worried the master about his darker sayings they were courteously referred to the Browning Society. "You have heard of it, perhaps," added Browning unkindly.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce a new three-and-six-penny edition of Mr. Mallock's "New Republic." Without any desire to underestimate the merit of some of Mr. Mallock's later work, it cannot be said that he has ever quite fulfilled the promise of that remarkable performance. Not that it was one to be wholly proud of. When once Mark Pattison quoted a note from its pages in a serious magazine article he was thought in Oxford to have been guilty of a breach of the amenities of University life, so strongly did the fundamental bad taste of the relation of the author to the originals of his portraits strike their

utterances of Mr. Rose are masterpieces in this kind. This first book may be said to contain implicitly the rest of those corrections of popular errors which Mr. Mallock elaborated in his more serious treatises, while it also shows their least objectionable form the uglier features of Mr. Mallock's notion of "nineteenth century romance." Mr. Mallock attempted to repeat the success with the "New Republic," but that was quite another story.

Mr. F. G. Kitton is supplementing his volume on "The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens," this will be the Book-Lovers' Library, under the auspices of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

It will interest many to learn that a collection of George Meredith's epigrams is being prepared for publication. The compiler's greatest difficulty will be in selection. The volume will be unwieldy; but in "The Pilgrim's Scrip" he has made to his hand. Such a book has already been published across the Atlantic, and the authorized collection has been long in the making. There is scope for something better than the "Meredith Birthday Book" arranged by "D. M."

Some important documents are to be published by the Scottish History Society this year. It will be a great boon to students of Scottish family history to have the Macfarlane's "Genealogical Collections" in print. The collections, which will be published in volumes, have been edited by Mr. J. T. Clark, the Kew "Advocate's" Library, Edinburgh, the home of the new Scottish History Society. The first volume and the greater part of the second are now in the press, the cost of printing being defrayed by the trustees of the late William Fraser under the generous terms of his will. A volume of documents illustrating the history of the Society in the service of the United Netherlands is ready. "The Journal of the Foreign Tour in 1665 and 1666," and portions of others by Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhall, are also printed. Donald Crawford is editing the "Journal." But the most valuable work will be the "Dispatches of the Papal Legation to Queen Mary during her Reign in Scotland." They include some papers relating to Mary's divorce from James VI. They are for the most part from the archives of the Vatican. They include papers relating to the mission of Nicolas de Selve, Bishop of Amiens, as legate to the Queen Regent; to the negotiations of Nicolas de Gauda, Papal envoy to Queen Mary, 1561-62, and of Vincent Laureo, Bishop of Mondovi, as plenipotentiary and nominated Cardinal Protector of Scotland. The documents are edited by the Rev. J. Hungerford Pollen, S.J., who is to be able to send his manuscript to the printer in London. It has also been decided, on Mr. C. H. Firth's suggestion, to publish certain unsold or imperfectly edited papers, "Negotiations for the Union of England and Scotland, 1653," which, according to Professor Maasson, will throw light on several matters. Mr. C. Sandford Terry, of Glasgow, will be the editor. Other works have been provisionally pressed by the council of the society. A desire has frequently been expressed that the period preceding the Reformation should be fully dealt with, and Dr. J. H. Wallace-James has offered to edit the charters and documents of the Grey Friars of Haddington and the Cistercian Nunnery of Haddington.

The Scottish Text Society does not appear to enjoy the same popularity—using the word in a modified sense, of course—as the Scottish History Society. The latter, in its first year with its membership full, and a list of seventy names, which means a sufficient number to fill the vacancies for five or six years. But at the annual meeting of the Society, the Chairman, Emeritus Professor Maasson, has proposed for an addition to the membership. He mentions

glossary, of Sir Gilbert Hay's "L'Arbre des Batailles." The latter work is the earliest example of Scottish literary prose. It will be edited from the Abbotsford MS. by Mr. J. H. Stevenson, who is also to edit two other works contained in the same MS.—"The Book of the Order of Chivalry" and "The Book of the Governance of Princes." Among the works promised by the Society are the Scottish Recension of Wyclif's New Testament, to be edited from Lord Aulmerst's MS. by Dr. T. G. Law; "The Poems of Robert Henryson," to be edited by Mr. G. Gregory Smith; "The Sacred Songs of Alexander Hume," to be edited by Professor Lawson; Rolland's "Seven Sages," by Professor Varnhagen, of Erlangen; the "Alexander Book," by Dr. Hermann, of Berlin; the Scottish writings of King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton; and Bellenden's Scottish Translation of Lly, to be edited by Mr. W. A. Craigie, from the MS. in the Advocates' Library. With regard to the writings of King James VI. Mr. John Scott, of Halkhill, has directed the attention of the Council of the Society to the existence of a MS. of the "Basileon Doron" in the British Museum, which is believed to be in the handwriting of King James himself, and which contains more vernacular Scots than any of the other MSS.

The "Kipling Primer," announced a few weeks ago, will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus about the middle of this month. The book, which includes bibliographical and critical chapters, an index to Mr. Kipling's principal writings, bibliographies, and two portraits, has already appeared in America.

For his new weekly, the *Sphere*, Mr. Clement Shorter has arranged, apart from artists at the seat of war, for new illustrations from many well-known artists of the day—Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. W. T. Smalley, Mr. Hartrick, Mr. Hugh Thomson, Mr. Stanley Berkeley, and others. Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Austin Dobson, and nearly all the principal living imaginative writers will be among the literary contributors. The paper will appear at the end of the present month.

The next volume in Mr. Fisher Unwin's Sports Library will be on "Football, Hockey, and Lacrosse." Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby, the new war correspondent of the *Morning Post*, will write about hockey, Mr. B. Fegan on football, and Mr. Inard on lacrosse. The novels of Mr. Battersby, who is a son of General Battersby, appear under the *nom de guerre* of Francis Prevost.

Mr. Murray's new series of Classical Maps, arranged on a novel system, has made an encouraging start. Britannia and Hispania will probably be the next to appear. Mr. Murray's idea has been to render the well-known and costly maps in Sir William Smith's Classical Atlas available for school use, at the same time incorporating the results of recent researches.

"Austrian squatting is sick unto death," according to a book which has been written by Mr. Thomas Major, late

Inspector of Rans for the New South Wales which Messrs. Sands and Co. will publish in a volume entitled "Leaves from a Squatter's Note-book" has followed the fortunes of Australian squat forty years. In a few weeks' time the same publisher will issue the second volume of "The Library for the Year," edited by Mr. F. G. Aflalo, dealing with "Australia." The author is Mr. H. A. Bryden.

Owing to the amount of work involved in the transactions of the recent Women's Union of Aberdeen is editing, Mr. Fisher Unwin has postponed publication until the beginning of February.

"The Medical Directory" for 1900 has been sent to a fire at the printers, but Messrs. J. and A. Spottiswoode will publish the volume early in February.

The appearance of the late Sir James Spenser's rare. Perhaps his last was in connexion with his son's, Mr. Stephen Paget, "Life of John Spenser," which Sir James strongly enforced Hunter's dietum, "The King is dead, long live the King."

Messrs. R. A. Everett have in the press a new volume entitled "Boxers and their Battles," by "Thornton," of "Kings of the Hunting Field" and "King of the Ring."

Messrs. Putnam's Sons will shortly publish Baseon's "Growth of Nationality in the United States," in which the author discusses the constitution of the Union in connexion with the national life which it has helped to create and with the social life which has sprung from it. Elizabeth Champney's "Romance of the Feuilles," an elaborately illustrated volume dealing with traditions of a few of these historic châteaux, will appear with Messrs. Putnam's this month.

The late Mr. Craibe Angus, of Glasgow, referred the other day, shortly before his death, to a biography of Burns, with a brief introduction. It is in private circulation only, but it is possible that it will be published, but it is possible that it will not be strictly adhered to.

The new book upon which Mr. Richard D. Webb is engaged will be called "Captain Macklin's Adventures, by Himself." It will not be published until the end of February.

Free Russia, the organ of the Friends of the Russian Revolution, no longer confines itself to political records, some interesting translations from Russian literature. The January number, for instance, is a tale entitled "The Children," from the Russian of Vladimir Nemov, one of whose books, dealing with the Solovets White Sea, has appeared in English. This and other translations of his success to his experience as a war correspondent during the Russo-Turkish War.

A new volume of verse by Mr. James Joyce, an Irish poet, will be published almost immediately by Messrs. B. W. Blackie.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ARCHÆOLOGY.
Pompeii: Its Life and Art. By August Mau. Translated by F. W. Kelsey. 9s 6d. xlii. + 500 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 28s. n.

DRAMA.
A Pure Child-Face. By E. S. Padmore. 7s 6d. 98 pp. London, 1900. Simpkin Marshall, 1s.

EDUCATIONAL.
The Suppliants of Æschylus. By H. Heald. (Bell's Classical Translations.) 7s 6d. 42 pp. London, 1900. Bell, 1s.

Commercial Correspondence in Shorthand. 7s 6d. xlv. + 27 pp. London, 1899. Pitman, 2s. 6d.

German Commercial Correspondence. 7s 6d. 272 pp. London, 1899. Pitman, 2s. 6d.

Au Cœur Frais de la Forêt. By Camille Lemonnier. 7s 6d. 311 pp. Paris, 1899. Ollendorff, Fr. 3.50.

FOLKLORE.
Blue-Beard: Gilles de Retz. 10s. 11s. A Contribution to History and Folklore. By T. Wilson. LL.D. 8s 6d. 212 pp. London, 1899. Putnam, 7s. 6d.

LITERARY.
A Book of Seventeenth Century Lyrics. By F. E. Schelling. 7s 6d. 181s. + 211 pp. Boston, 1899. Ginn.

MISCELLANEOUS.
A List of English Clubs in All Parts of the World for 1900. By E. C. Anstey Leach. 4s 6d. 63 pp. London, 1900. Ginn.

More Anagrams. By Some Minor Poets. 5s 6d. 43 pp. London, 1899. Spottiswoode, 1s.

Light Wines for Christmas and After. By Dingwall Ross. 7s 6d. Edinburgh, 1899. Menzies, 1s.

POLITICAL.
Boers or English—Who are in the Right? By Edmond Demolins. Translated from the French. 7s 6d. 42 pp. London, 1899. Lendenhall Press, 1s.

REPRINTS.
La Tragique Histoire d'Hamlet, Prince de Danemark. 8s 6d. 254 pp. Paris, 1899. Carpentier, Fr. 3.50.

Les Idées Économiques, Sociologiques, Philosophiques et Politiques. 9s 6d. 1899. G. Bouglé, 9s 6d.

THE
On the Use of Objects for Teaching. By the Rev. J. C. Church. 7s 6d. 288 pp. Church, 1899.

Race and Religion. 10s. 6s 6d. 1899.

TOPOGRAPHY.
Wimborne. Christ Church, the Rev. T. 1899.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

No. 117. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1900.

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THE AUTHORS' PENSION SCHEME.

It has long been known that the organization of a literary pension fund, to be administered by a committee of members of the Society of Authors, was one of the cherished ambitions of the energetic founder of that Society, Sir Walter Besant. In his contributions to the *Author*, Sir Walter has frequently predicted that the time would come when it would be possible for the scope of the Society's operations to be extended so as to include the collection and direction of such a fund; and it has recently been an open secret that the attempt was being made to

and other well-known authors, including, of course, Sir Walter Besant himself. Further subscriptions, we have been promised since the first list was published, and we may take it that the success of the enterprise is already assured. We offer our sincere congratulations to its promoters, and trust that that success may justify their hopes and expectations.

The need for the establishment of some such scheme must be tolerably obvious to every one. Even if it should be not, as Sir Walter Besant valiantly insists, the most, or an exceptionally precarious calling, it is a calling, in the ordinary sense of the word, as indeed most callings are, which exclude men who, in spite of reasonable industry and ability, find it difficult to make adequate provision for the time which must come if they live long enough when the imagination flags, and hard work ceases to be effort, and the younger men pass them in the race. It also includes men (not always either more industrious or more fortunate) who earn considerable fortunes with their pens. In most other walks in life—be it in the ranks of soldiers, or stock-brokers, or solicitors, or even in the ranks of travellers, or actors—there is a certain solidarity of interest which lays upon the fortunate the obligation to make some organized effort for the relief of the unfortunate. It should be the same with authors. In the old days, when authors were few, and mostly poor, and the profession unorganized, it was, of course, difficult for any such solidarity, even if it existed, to find any practical expression. Nowadays there are plenty of authors, and many of them reasonably well-to-do, and in the Society of Authors they have their organization ready to hand. It is to be hoped that they should use this organization for the purpose of mutual help in other matters besides the defence of literary property; and this mutual help can take a more useful form than a well-considered and judiciously administered pension scheme.

Nor is there any weight in the objection that the assistance of impecunious authors are already provided for by the existence of the Civil List Pension Fund. Quite apart from the natural view that the assistance of authors ought to be under the direct control of authors, and also mainly supported by authors, there are good reasons why neither the Royal Academy nor the Civil List Pension Fund quite meet the necessities of the case. A considerable proportion of the Civil List Pensions are given to people who have no connexion whatever with literature, and a large deal of the money goes to the widows of authors.

pensions clearly do not cover the same ground as will those which the Society of Authors hopes to give. The Royal Literary Fund, on the other hand, does not give pensions at all, but only does for the relief of exceptional distress. It was represented, at the last annual dinner of the fund, that the trustees had more money in hand than they knew what to do with. That being the case, it would certainly be a graceful act on their part to devote a part of their revenue to subscribing to the pension fund of the Society of Authors. But it cannot be said that their operations and that of the proposed pension fund clash in any way.

In conclusion we should like, in a spirit of the greatest friendliness, to make two suggestions, the adoption of which, we are persuaded, would help materially in making the scheme successful. The first is that it should be made clear that it will not be necessary to prove absolute indigence in order to become eligible for a pension. It is not easy to arouse people's interest in pensions which will never come to them unless they need them in order to keep body and soul together. The pension which may be relied upon as a convenient supplement to a small income is likely to excite a far more widespread enthusiasm. In the second place, we feel strongly that there ought to be some rigid rule excluding from participation in the benefits of the pension fund all those authors who have not subscribed to it for a stipulated number of years. The minimum subscription demanded need not be very large. A guinea a year, perhaps even half-a-guinea a year, would suffice. But some such stipulated subscription there certainly ought to be, not only in order to ensure the steady increase of the capital of the fund, but also in order to keep up the self-respect of the beneficiaries.

After looking at the Society of Authors' Pension Fund Scheme one naturally looks to see whether the matter is better ordered in France by the Société des Gens de Lettres, which has had such a scheme in operation for a good many years. The French rule is that every one is eligible for a pension of 300*fr.*, provided that he has attained the age of sixty, and been a member of the Société for twenty years. There is no inquiry into either the needs or the merits of the cases, but members are pensioned, as fast as the funds are available, in the order of their seniority; though, as a matter of practice, members who do not need pensions waive their claims in favour of those who do. The English method of exercising discrimination in making the awards will have the advantage of enabling the Committee to give pensions large enough to be useful as well as ornamental. Most of us, in our youth at all events, would prefer the chance of a pension of £100 to the certainty of a pension of £12. On the other hand, the French adhesion to the principle *Seniores priores* has obvious points in its favour which

the latter of these indices only appears on the former only at intervals of several years. A new venture will serve a different purpose to a different public. It should be most interesting to readers who, while unable for one reason or another to glance through all the magazines, do not care for anything of importance or anything of a particular speciality or hobbies in any of them. It would be still more useful if, while avoiding articles of any length, included brief notes, giving a better clue to the mention of the title can supply to the reader the articles referred to and the lines on which subjects are treated.

Must slang be derogatory to the dignity of literature? There is surely a touch of eighteenth-century pedantry in Mr. J. C. Bailey's contention, in the *Fortnightly*, of the permanent literary value of Stevenson's language by the occasional appearance in them of a few words of slang. Expressions like "That's guano" and "Merivale is a howling cheese" may, in your opinion, "be pleasing enough to the ordinary reader," but they "will not do in a book that is to read fifty years hence." "Pleasing" is a poor epithet we should ourselves have selected to describe the first effect of these peculiar phrases; but it is to be supposed that they will jar upon the ears of more than upon ours? Either the slang of the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Bailey will then have become an integral part of the language, or it will have become an object of curiosity interesting to the antiquarian, and not shocking the critic. There is plenty of slang that have stood the test of time—"Zou Zou fish" are instances that come readily to mind. It would be fatal to the abiding interest of old literature if its way into them as the expression of one-sided personality. If the world values literature as a whole, it will hardly be "put off" by the "first chop" or "howling cheese."

Reviews.

LESSONS FOR THE TIME.

Lessons of the War with Spain, and the Influence of Sea Power on History.
By Alfred T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain U.S. Navy. 8x5½ in., xvi. + 320 pp. London, 1890. Sampson Low.

Captain Mahan's works, from the first "Influence of Sea Power on History" to the present, is mainly occupied with the Spanish-American War of 1898, derive their value not from novelty but from the few strategists who had thought of it before. To the few strategists who had thought of it before war Captain Mahan's first volume rests on a principle. They found it helpful by its enunciation and copious illustration of it, and they recognized as sound, and from this the reputation which Captain Mahan deserves. In this country, and in the British Navy,

enemy's navy has been perverted into the absurdity that shore defences are of no value. The present volume exposes the futility of both these false conceptions, and will assist the serious students of war in this country to take a just view of some of their strategical mentors.

Mahan's first doctrine is that war can be learned, and that, great as is the value of actual service, the right place to learn it is in the study, first by mastering treatises on the principles, then by the detailed study of campaigns; that the knowledge thus acquired must be digested; and that "digestion by other minds can in no wise take the place of assimilation performed by one's own mental processes," for "war is a matter not merely of knowledge and of general principles, but of sound judgment." He well illustrates the way in which the judgment is formed by his analysis of Cervera's difficulties on the voyage to Santiago, and says at its close:—

In the absence of certain knowledge, conjectural opinions, such as the writer has here deduced, are not unprofitable, rather the reverse. To form them, the writer and the reader place themselves perforce nearly in Cervera's actual position, and pass through their own minds the grist of unsolved difficulties which confronted him. The result of such a process is a much more real mental possession than is yielded by a quiet perusal of any unascertained facts, because it involves an argumentative consideration of opposing conditions, and not a mere passive acceptance of statements.

As regards the theory of war, the writer lays great emphasis upon a few leading principles. That war is a means of national self-assertion conceived of as the vindication of right; that it implies offensive action, and that the only real defence consists in striking down the adversary; that the cardinal virtue of military action is the concentration of purpose, and therefore of force; and that the first and great objective is always the enemy's principal force—these are maxims which peacefully-disposed nations are always forgetting, and of which they should ever and anon be reminded.

Captain Mahan is most anxious to persuade his countrymen not to build their battleships too large. He lays down the principle that a warship should be built for a specific strategical and tactical purpose, and that, in a ship intended to be a mit of the battle-force, offensive power—that is, gun-power—is more important than either speed or protective armour. The objection to battleships of too great a size is that the number of mits is thereby reduced and the power of variety in combinations diminished. Much interest attaches to the full explanation of the necessity for shore defences in order to free the fleets to act against their true objective, the hostile navy. The argument is summed up in the passage: "The best defence for one's own shores is to harass and seriously threaten those of the opponent; but this best defence cannot be employed to the utmost if the inferior, passive defence of fortification has been neglected."

Captain Mahan's volume is at the present moment the most useful book that could be put into the hands of British readers, save and except only some of the English volumes to which he is in parts deeply indebted; for it points out how national indifference to preparation for war may embarrass a nation when war has become inevitable,

through which the British nation is now passing. A close study of Captain Mahan's volume would be of the greatest use to-day to all those who are in any way upon to help in guiding the flood of feeling which war in South Africa has aroused, and which, unless by knowledge and judgment, may lead Great Britain to further embarrassments.

The distinction between the political and the military meanings of the word "defence," and between the military aggression and the military offensive, is well explained in the last essay, which contains some excellent examples of the relation between strategy and policy. The speech on the Peace Conference is worth reading for its bearing upon the true place and function of war in the system of the world, and upon the necessity for war as in itself the only means by which righteousness can be upheld. Nothing has been more injurious to the national life than the absence for many years of a clear conception of the place of war in the moral system. Captain Mahan is perhaps indebted for his own lucid and correct ideas on this subject to European writers, and his forcible presentation of his views makes his essay well worth reading and should earn for it at the present moment a wide circulation both in Great Britain and the Colonies.

TWO ANTHOLOGIES.

British Anthologies. VII. The Dryden Anthology, 1675-1700 A.D. VIII. The Pope Anthology, 1701-1744. Edited by Professor Edward Arber, F.S.A. London, 1897. 312-312 pp. London, 1897. Frowde, 26 es.

The plan of this series, as we have already pointed out in previous notices, is to give a survey over the whole of English lyrical poetry, and such pieces of other kinds as are longer than a few pages. We must not be surprised, therefore, to find a great difference of interest in the volumes. These two are no means so interesting in themselves as those which we have already noticed, but that is not the compiler's fault; and they are necessary to the student.

The change in tone which comes over poetry in the eighteenth century is here strongly marked. There is very little of feeling; most of the pieces are artificial, even to the names of persons and form of composition. One soon wearies of the continual stream of Strophons and Phyllidas, of swains and nymphs and shepherdesses. Even Dryden is not robust enough to shake off these trammels, though there is more reality in his work than in most of those who follow. These pages give an inadequate idea of Dryden. He does not shine as a lover, he is too burly to dance the minuet. He is more at home at sea fight, or amid the glories of Alexander's Feast. The other strong men in the Dryden Anthology, such as Marvell and John Bunyan. It is true Bunyan's *Apology* is not poetry, but it is well worth including as a vigorous verse. Addison's epistle to Sacheverell on the English Poets, and the Duke of Buckingham's piece on the election of a Post Laureate are interesting, showing contemporary criticism. It is amusing to compare Swift's "Battle of the Books." Otway is represented by two poems only, one of which ("I did but look and love") is quite good. Isaac Watts appears in a new character. Are religious songs outside the scope of the series?

for Celia, Cupid falls asleep and is trapped by Chloe, and so forth. In Farquhar's words,

A trifling song you shall hear,
Began with a trifle, and I ended.

Gay is an exception. His "Ruddier than the Cherry" has the right ring, and "Molly Mog," if unpolished, is sincere. In both volumes some of the best pieces are anonymous. We have, for example, the "Railiff's Daughter of Islington," "As I Was Sitting on the Grass," the "Vicar of Bray," "William and His Margaret," and "The Coldler's End." Besides these may be mentioned Fielding's "Hunting Song" and Henry Carey's rollicking poems, with "God Save the King" and Thomson's "Rule, Britannia." A few imitations of Anacreon and Sappho are found, and a clever burlesque by Nicholas Rowe, of *Junce quibus cum tibi*; a dialogue between Tonson, the printer, and Congreve. Scotchmen will be pleased to see their Allan Ramsay and a few dialect poems by other writers.

English Elegies. Edited by J. C. Bailey. Svo., xlv. + 295 pp. London, 1884. **Lane. 5.-n.**

It is not so easy as it might seem to say off-hand exactly what an elegy is and what it is not. The derivation of the word seems, indeed, to leave no doubt upon the matter. The Greek would tell us that it is a lament: "a mournful song," says Johnson, whose "Dixionary," as the excellent Miss Pinkerton—that friend of the great lexicographer—was accustomed to spell or at least to pronounce it, is still a fairly trustworthy guide in most matters that are purely literary. But it is too familiarly known that doctors disagree in all points where disagreement is humanly possible, as well as in some where one would think that it is not. Thus Coleridge, whose authority can hardly be disregarded, defines an elegy as "the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind," and adds that it "may treat of any subject, but it must treat of no subject for itself, but always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself." We should be inclined to reserve this definition for lyric verse, of which the elegy is merely a sub-division. Thus Shelley's beautiful lines "written among the Egeanean Hills," and Keats' sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer," and Tennyson's "Two Voices," come within the scope of Coleridge's definition, but it is not easy to suppose that even Coleridge, with all his immense talent for nebulous ways of looking at things, would have called them elegies.

As Mr. Bailey pertinently inquires, "Are we always unhappy when thinking, and especially when thinking of ourselves? A thousand songs of joy are the sufficient proof of the contrary." He goes on to commend Shenstone's good sense in defining elegy as "any kind of subject treated so as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy." There can be little doubt that the average man, when he hears elegy mentioned, thinks at once of such poems as "Lycidas," "Thyrsis," and "Adonais." In making his selection Mr. Bailey has accordingly confined himself to the "single subject of death and the dead, the most frequent and obvious of all subjects of elegy, and that in which it has achieved its most splendid triumph." Herein we are of opinion that he has been very wise. It is much to be wished that the anthologists who are so numerous and enthusiastic at the present moment would more frequently content themselves with a single division of English or other poetry, instead of usually choosing to roam, like the young lover in Blake's pretty verses, from flower to flower, quite regardless of the number of bees that may already have pressed upon all that bloom. We are much obliged to the

author of an elegy, which, by the laws of the game, results of deep and sincere feeling. "The grief is, the less obvious should be the metric the heroic couplet, for instance, is at once ruled out. "A fitter metre for the utterance of such a stanza as Matthew Arnold has employed in his series of stanzas which Shelley chose for Adonais, the metre of Lycidas." In the last-named poem, a common consent the highwater-mark in this apparently unstudied character of the rhythm a quite peculiar plangency to the "melancholy." We do not know, it is true, that Milton was a in his lament for the loss of Edward King the mourning over the premature decease of Richard expressed in a sonnet of singularly penetrating. For once the cynic has no chance of slipping parentheses on this subject; it cannot be do of the modern elegiac verse is the honest out-grief, and there is no room for the too comm it is well for art that the artist should himself f he desires to convey to his reader. Not to s that have already been mentioned, there is, we b that such smaller gems as Landor's exquisite li Arnold's "Requiescat," and Wordsworth's Lucy were written under the immediate stim All these, with many other beautiful and less fa be found in the admirably printed pages of Mr and scholarly anthology.

MOROCCO.

The Moorish Empire. By Budgett Meakin. 115 Illustrations. 8½ x 5½ in., xxiii. + 570 pp. London, 1884. **Son**

Mr. Budgett Meakin is to be envied for filling a wide gap in historical literature, and congratulated in filling it. Of course, there are other books on Morocco in French and English, besides those of captivity or travel. For the eighteenth century years ago Pellow's experiences, edited with me by late Dr. Robert Brown; and for recent events Drummond Hay's reminiscences. But there was no history, and Mr. Meakin's is a continuous history with the Carthaginians and he comes down to the present affair; and, besides a rapid but fairly complete political history, crammed with facts and dates, by hundreds of references to authorities, he has written on the Moorish government, on the Christian Rovers, diplomatic relations, rights of foreigners with a most useful bibliography, with short chapters on Morocco. The value of the work is enhanced by historical and genealogical tables and maps, increased by a large number of excellent illustrations. The only omission we have noticed in the apparatus is the title-page author of three books yet been published. Antedating publication "previousness" of prophesying authorship experience as editor of the *Times of Morocco* him the risk of anticipating events.

The historical section will be of real value to students of the subject, and it is, indeed, intended

convey, but his slight error is open to misconstruction. He states that the Arabic of Morocco is a very pure dialect, but, so far as we can decipher his complicated and peculiar transliteration, the Arabic he writes is certainly not according to the literary standard. No Arab would write of the caliph *El Hishâm*, or put *Hajaz* for *Hijaz*, *Mâwla* for *Mu'awiya*, *Kasar* for *Kasi*, *el Hâkim* for *el-Hakam*, *Târik ibn Zâid* for *Tarik ibn Ziyad*, *kahna* for *kahina*, *mudhden* for *mu'elldhin*, *'Abd el Wahhd* for *'Abd-el-Wâhid*, *Fatah* and *Fatih* for *Fath*. *El Kûthlya* is a mistake for *Ibn-el-Kutiya* ("son of the female Goth"), and *Ibn Hazzan* (p. 27) is a misprint for *Ibn-Hayyan*, whilst the paragraph following the name, though professedly from *el-Makkiot*, i.e., from Gayngos' translation, is unfortunately garbled or altered in eleven places in thirteen lines. The inscription of the coin engraved on p. 47 is wrongly translated, the 'Al at the foot of the reverse is a proper name, not the preposition 'ala, and can have no grammatical connexion with the marginal inscription. The mint should be read *Tuqlha*, not *Bed'a*, as corrected by M. Lavoix and accepted by Professor Lane-Poole. The coin on p. 55, described as a "dinar of Yûsuf bin Tâshfin" is really a coin of the Almohade caliph *Abu-Ya'qub Yusuf*, and the translation of the coin on p. 132 leaves out the words *El-Ka'im bi-tamrillah*. These errors are enough to show that the text requires a careful revision before the next edition is printed. At the same time it would be well to correct such slips as "habitantes" and Alfred's bishop "Ascher," whilst "Annus Hejira" is not even dog-Latin. We would also appeal to Mr. Meakin to reconsider his complicated and to us frankly unintelligible system of transliteration. We can see no object in ñ for w, â for 'ain, and apparently â for both short and long feth; whilst the employment of e to represent both "nisbah" and "khaifah" is destructive of accurate transliteration. Neither the scholar nor the ordinary reader will relish the substitution of 'Aolani for the familiar 'Ulema, nor does it in the least resemble the pronunciation in any dialect of Arabic with which we are acquainted.

So far we have regarded Mr. Meakin's book from the points of view of the Orientalist, and of the historical student, and to them there is no doubt that it will prove a valuable work of reference, not only for itself, but for its references to original authorities, though it would be the better for a minute revision. It will interest, however, a much wider circle, and the general public will find a great deal both to astonish and to amuse in its curious records of Moorish barbarities and eccentricities. The chapter on the Christian slaves forms a tragic and dismal commentary on the impotence of Europe. The reign of terror of the execrable *Mulai Ismail* so successfully impressed the Christian Powers with Moorish prestige that many of them paid regular tribute or blackmail for a century to escape the depredations of the pirates:—

With the exception of Holland, which paid £2,200 a year from an early date to 1815, it was probably the trading cities of Southern Europe which set the bad example. Thus we have Venice undertaking (1732) to pay 50,000 sequins down and 10,000 a year, besides a present of 60,000 to the Sultan, with presents for his chief wife, and 5,000 sequins to the warer. . . . On the other hand, Sweden, which had got off for £3,000 a year in Swedish goods, refused payment altogether when *Gustavus Adolphus* came to the throne, sending presents only. But the old terms were re-inforced (1803), payment to be made publicly on St. John's Day, with \$3,000 to \$4,000 for the officials. This disgraceful contribution was continued to the middle of the century (1844), as was also the tribute from Denmark, originally assessed at £3,600. Sardinia was one of the latest to come to terms, agreeing to pay the last-named sum at each change of consul. France at one time had

cost its author infinite labour. We look forward to its two companion volumes, on "The Land of the" and "The Moors themselves. The subject likely a burning question before long will probably exhausted if the other volumes are as thorough and "The Empire of Morocco.

OXFORD SCHOLARSHIP.

Novæ Anthologia Oxoniensis. Translations of Greek and Latin Verse. Edited by ROBINSON ELLIOTT, M.A. D. Godley, M.A. 7s. 5s., 279 pp. Oxford, 1899. Clarendon Press.

If any one ever supposed that the art of Greek verse-making was likely to fall into disuse, this anthology, by more than fifty different writers, all of whom, with few exceptions, are living, and for grace and scholarly pieces will bear comparison with any previous collection, might be added that the fifty translators, only represent no means exhaust, the scholarship of modern Oxonians might be greatly increased, and, if the system were joined her forces with them, the alliance would show its making flourishes as abundantly now as in the days of and Comington. But we need not speak at large in the art. It serves, as Bacon might say, for decoration, and it is not only followed by school-college tutors, but it retains its fascination with men of public life.

The new anthology has many merits. For one thing, it has evidently been edited with extreme care, a very precaution considering the strange slips that even good will occasionally make. If once or twice an expression seemed to challenge criticism, we have found on inquiry that in each case there is in reality nothing to criticize; we are inclined to think, Tennyson's lines, "Some type," naturally suggest Lucretian hexameters, where half converted to another opinion by Mr. Raper's line. Another excellent feature of the book is that the pieces are thoroughly suitable for translation. As far as Greek is concerned, the choice of such pieces is not usually stuffed mainly to Shakespeare and our other dramatists; but many a set of Latin verses has failed from the sheer impropriety of clothing the English original in a Latin dress. The pieces are rendered in a pleasing variety of metres. Heroic couplets, and elegiacs hold their own, as one would expect in the very cream of the collection are lyrics of all kinds, Latin and Greek, and Theocritean and Horatian in form. Perhaps the volume as a whole rather lacks homogeneity, but the humorous element is represented, not, indeed, pleasantly, by Professor Lindsay's Plautine verses from Professor Hardie's Horatian hexameters from the "Snobs," and Mr. Herbert Richards' trochees, "Northern Farmer"; and there are no examples of epigram. However, if one man cannot be coerced into either can fifty. Probably, the contributors were sent their best, without reference to comedy and tragedy as they include, besides the two editors, such scholars as Mr. Evelyn Abbott, Mr. A. S. Weyman (in adoption), Mr. Barton, and Mr. Stuart Jones, the standard obviously high enough. One set of couplets is interesting one of the few extant examples of Professor

eminent degree, that we quote his version of Shakespeare's threnos on the Phoenix and the Turtle :—

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cluders lie,
Death is now the phoenix nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,
Leaving no posterity;
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity,
Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty buried be,
To this urn let these repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

Hic clausum cineres tenent sepulchro
veri quiddid habetve forma rari,
iuncta simplicitate gratiarum,
phoenicis repuit favilla nidos,
illud turris infidele nunquam
pactus perpetuam fovet quietem,
si post funera non manent nepotes,
nequiquam emeriti feruntur artus;
post conubia castitas manebat.
I, verum tibi gloriare: non est,
inetet se venus, at venusta non est;
et verum et venus hic simul premuntur,
ergo urnam celebretis, O venusti,
sen quis fidus amans; et invocetis
per suspiria mortuis quietem.

To this we may add Professor Hardie's distinguished rendering of Stevenson's lines :—

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me die;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies where he longed to be;"
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Ἀστροφαί στήνη μοι ἐν' αἰθέρι γέλαθ', Ἰταίρα,
ὅτι χαίρων τ' ἔζων τοῖα δίωκα ἴθαρων.
γρόβωται εἰ ἐν πέτρῃ τοῦ ἵκου' ἢ γαύρη λεύκ' εἰρώων
εἰμα: ὀφρυγῆτι εἰς ὄριος κατέβην."

THE SONNETS AGAIN.

Shakespeare's Sonnets Reconsidered, and in part Rearranged. With Introductory Chapters, Notes, and a Reprint of the Original 1609 Edition. By **Samuel Butler.** 9½ x 5½ in., xii. + 328 pp. London, 1880. Longmans. 10/6

In his preface, which touches various topics, including Dryden, Mr. W. H., and Nausicaa, Mr. Butler tells us that less than two years ago his mind was a blank with respect to Shakespeare's sonnets. During the interval he has held a "bloody assize," sentencing his predecessors in Shakespearian scholarship to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; he has determined the date of each of Shakespeare's sonnets (often within a month or a fortnight of the precise moment); and he has laid his hands upon the head of "the Rev. Edmund Malone," but omits to tell us whether he has made that candidate for Holy Orders a priest or only a deacon. It is difficult to take such light-hearted work very seriously, and Mr. Butler, knowing the harshness of heart of Shakespearian scholars, is not sanguine about their reception of his conclusions. Mr. Butler is unjust to the scholars, though

had their origin in a passion of friendship for W. H., and a passion for a woman who drew spurs's friend; students who, like Mr. Butler, were Herbertites nor Southamptonites, believing that the identification of persons has even a semblance who, unlike Mr. Butler, and not having the "affable familiar ghost," confess themselves what year, or month, or week, this sonnet or that. They can only regret that Mr. Butler did not precise hour, and prefix to his No. 127 not "Aug. 8," but "on returning from the theatre supper," and to his 148 something more definite about Nov. 24," such as "perhaps about 11 waiting in a tavern for dinner."

Mr. Butler dates the sonnets from 1585 to 1588. Sonnet 107 of the original arrangement the Spanish Armada. He accepts the original 1-125; only (quite needlessly) excluding from acceptance sonnets 35 and 121. Of the see following 126—he transfers several (and, with it to a position preceding 40-42 of the quarto, thus bringing together, and into their right chronological order, sonnets addressed to Mr. W. H. concerning the Number 121 is transposed so as to follow 32. The second series are treated as unconnected with (among these 126—the Envoy—and "Poor soul my sinful earth") and are printed as a series. The rearranging game can be played in several ways, and Mr. Butler's play is skilful and interesting.

Perhaps the best part of his work is destruction. Mr. Sidney Lee's printer William Hall as the "only begetter," vigorously Mr. Lee's Southampton theory, and Elizabethan instance of "begetter" meaning been produced. The supposed example from *Satiric* (as was pointed out immediately since of Mr. Lee's book) is put into the mouth of A. Vaughan, "a Welshman, who, by way of humor as murdering the English language all through Canon Ainger has cited Wordsworth's lines to the effect—
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again—

as giving a modern instance of "beget" in the sense of a moment's consideration would have made it a worth meant *engender*, or *reproduce*. Mr. Butler that "only begetter" had associations derived from "begetten" of the Cross, which tended to limit obvious and natural sense.

Mr. Butler dares not venture to identify but he does not regard unfavourably Tyrwhitt's the name Heus or Hughes may be played upon sonnet 20:

A man in hew all *Heus* (sic) in his controw
Which steals mens eyes and womens soul

Why has no "ingenious gentleman" supposed been intended it arises from the suggestion of eyes," and that the hues are the clamours of a apprehend the thief? Baret's "Alverrie" (1580) or cries, acclamatio, eserlement." "Sometimes, (who spells the word in one place *Hieu*) "Hue

in "Unwritten Laws and Ideals of Active Careers" we have a book in which the question is discussed by eminent experts with particular reference to no fewer than eighteen different vocations. These essays, which are edited by Miss E. H. Pitcairn, would perhaps have been more useful if a still longer list of callings had been dealt with, and special attention had been given to those callings in which the prevailing ideals are generally believed to differ in some respects from those of the average honest man. About the ideals of peers, members of the House of Commons, judges, musicians, and architects one does not need much enlightenment. With due allowance for slight differences of circumstance and situation, they are the ideals which are common to all well-bred and cultivated men. But what are (and what should be) the ideals of money-lenders, company promoters, commercial travellers, advertisement canvassers, or of the organizers of the Standard Oil Trust? These would be the questions for the casuists engaged in such callings. It is a thousand pities that they were not turned loose on them.

Nor does one find the ideals of the professions included invariably treated so thoroughly as one would like. Many of the contributors appear to confuse professional ideals with personal opinions. This is particularly the case with the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan, who, writing of the ideals of the clergy, recommends celibacy, the confessional, and disobedience to the commands of Bishops. It is also the case with Lord Monkswell, who takes the opportunity of unfolding a plan for the reform of the House of Lords, and with the Rev. G. G. T. Heywood, who exhorts boys at public schools to raise the moral tone of these seats of learning by cultivating the practice of tale-bearing. Other writers avoid casuistry and confine themselves to history, as does General Innes in his paper on the Royal Engineers. The only contributor who, having delicate questions of casuistry to deal with, really grapples with them is Mr. Augustine Birrell, who writes of barristers; and even he seems to prefer the balancing of arguments to the drawing of conclusions. The only point on which he appears to have quite made up his mind is that it is "odious" to "lug attorneys." On the subject of taking fees which have not been earned by an appearance in Court, he hedges, inclining to the opinion that to return such fees is "the sterner and the nobler course," but, at the same time, supplying any barrister who prefers to keep the fees with plausible reasons wherewith to salve his conscience. Finally, as regards the vexed question whether an advocate is justified in acting as the champion of a client whom he *knows* to be guilty, Mr. Birrell gets out of the difficulty by representing that the advocate has no means of knowing anything of the sort. That, of course, is the comfortable theory of the Law Courts. But there is the well-known Courvoisier case; and certainly in a great number of cases advocates must go into Court feeling as certain of their client's guilt as they are of their own innocence. Mr. Birrell admits the possibility, but merely smiles away the point of conscience.

It may happen that an advocate, whilst studying the papers and mastering the information placed unreservedly at his disposal by his client, discovers a way of putting the case against his own man from which there is no escape. "If the other side see this," says he, "we are done." It is just possible that for one reason or another the other side does not "see this." Will any sane man contend that it is the duty of the advocate to abuse the confidence of his client and to give him away?

Probably not. But why not? It is easy to imagine a concrete instance in which the most iniquitous consequences might follow from the advocate's loyalty. A large fortune, for example, might be taken away from its rightful owner and given to some one

LUTON CHURCH

Now that topography, in some form or other, is a popular subject, every year sees an increased outpour upon local history and speaking generally, an increase in their construction. But even now work of that kind, as it is to the student and entertaining, as the casual tourist finds it to be, is rarely literature, and can only be judged from the standpoint of any criticism, purely antiquarian. It is, therefore, a revelation to such a book as *Luton Church: Historical and Topographical* by the late Rev. Henry Cobbe, M.A. (George Bell & Co., 12s. 6d. n.). We cannot recall any other case in which a country parish church, however distinguished, has had seven hundred or two pages devoted to it. The author died a year before his book was published—hence the printed *Mortuus est* on the cover. And, indeed, this is a worthy piece of work. Not only was Mr. Cobbe an expert upon his subject, but that subject is, from the point of view of historical topography, worthy of the patient and laborious devotion to it. Luton was so important a place in the days Athelstan held a Witenagemot there more than three hundred years ago, and it was long a royal manor, that it is not surprising that a large and important church around which a mass of history would cluster.

By a happy chance the records connected with the church are exceedingly full—the list of rectors and years from 1086 is, indeed, so complete that it is probably unique. And one of these men the book contains a sufficient, and ample, biography, fortified by references and elucidations that was obscure and still more that was forgotten. The exercises are more difficult than to write brief biographies can be read with real interest; but Mr. Cobbe's style is so agreeable, his pen catches up the human interest of the subject, that any man with a liking for the by-paths of history can read them with pleasure, even although he may neither care anything about Luton. The Church of St. Mary is one of the earliest of English ecclesiastical buildings not only with a religious house; but Robert, Earl of Gloucester, rebuilt it early in the twelfth century, was its virtue. It is now an amalgam of the Early English, Perpendicular, and Decorative styles, with a few fragments of Transitional. In the chancel there is the very unusual number of sedilia, and the fine canopied and tracery-decorated stalls, admirably designed but not very well executed, stand alone. The church has been more than once restored, but has been dealt with tenderly on the whole, save that, in the sixteenth century, the churchwardens melted down a number of brasses to make a chandelier, for which, had justice been done, they themselves deserved to hang. With its feet of length, its wide transepts, its Ho and Wools, Luton Church is one of the largest in England, and contains 2,000 persons. The advowson, which was always the cause of the multiplication of district churches cut down the revenue long in the hands of the monks of St. Albans, who applied the tithes to their own domestic purposes until Pope Honorius III. compelled them to give Luton its due. Mr. Cobbe tells an interesting story of how an early restorer endeavored to convert the church as a military tie, a pretension so impotent now that more than anything else to strengthen the Bishop's determination to substitute institution by themselves the patron. The history of the lands which were the endowment is traced with even greater minuteness in the biographies of the incumbents, one of whom, the

CUCKOOS.

Our Common Cuckoo, and Other Cuckoos and Parasitical Birds. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E. 8vo. 5im., xi. 22 pp. London, 1899. Burlingh. 6-

To Wordsworth the cuckoo was

No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery,

and to the greatest of scientific ornithologists and field naturalists the habits of the bird, and more particularly the primary *motif* of its parasitical ways is still as great a mystery to-day as it was to the poet. Since Edward Jenner penned his "Natural History of the Cuckoo" (Transactions of the Royal Society for 1788), much new light has been shed on its habits and on the habits of closely allied species of birds in other countries. With great industry and skill Dr. Japp has gathered together all these essential facts. But in the chapters devoted to Darwin's speculations on the parasitic habits of *C. Canorus* he adopts a method of argument and uses language that is undignified, unscientific, and sometimes offensively flippant, and that, coming from a Japp about a Darwin, will not commend his book to biologists or field naturalists.

On the obscure points about the habits of cuckoos in this country, about which Dr. Japp speaks with great knowledge, the "ejection habit" is one of the most important. "The fact that the young cuckoo mercilessly ejects from the nest and makes an end of its foster-brothers," writes Dr. Japp, "is now just as well established as that the parent drops the eggs into other birds' nests," instead of laying them therein, as was once generally believed and is still believed by unscientific and unobservant "naturalists." This "ejection habit" was placed beyond doubt by a communication in *Nature* of March 14th, 1872, from Mrs. Blackburn, of Moidart, N.B., who not only watched the operation, but made a sketch, which was afterwards published, with full details of her observations, in her "Birds of Moidart" (Edinburgh, David Douglas, 1895). Since then, in July last, Mr. J. Craig, of Beith, Ayrshire, published an elaborate account of similar experiences extending over several days, illustrated by a series of instantaneous photographs by Mr. J. P. Miller, all showing at different stages the "ejection" *modus operandi*. Competent ornithologists are now at one on the point with regard to the equally puzzling problem which arises from the cuckoo's habit of selecting for its parasitical work the nests of birds that lay eggs somewhat similar to its own. Dr. Japp writes:—"The supposition that the cuckoo having laid an egg on the ground takes a good view of its colour and then looks round for a nest with eggs somewhat like it is, to our mind, so clumsy that it will not bear looking at." We think that problem was solved at a meeting of the British Ornithologists' Club in April, 1895, when Mr. E. Bidwell exhibited 919 cuckoo eggs along with the accompanying clutches of eggs of the foster-parents, representing no less than seventy-six distinct species of victimized birds. The marked variation in the shape, size, and colouring of the eggs justified the opinion that, as a rule, the cuckoo distributes its favours with prodigal indiscriminatio.

Dr. Japp's confident opinion that the cuckoo only calls on the wing "when mating and in pursuit of the hen" is not borne out by the observations of other field naturalists, who have heard the bird calling on the wing in early August. The story told by the author of a young cuckoo that was reared "among the shrieks of crows, the cawing of hawks, and the scolding of jays"

HUXLEY'S SCIENTIFIC W

The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Huxley. Edited by Prof. Sir Michael Foster, K.C. LL.D., F.R.S., and by Prof. E. Ray Lankester, LL.D., F.R.S. In 4 vols.: Vol. II. 10½ x 7½. London and New York, 1890. Macmillan.

This volume, the second of the series of forty-three collected memoirs of the late Professor Huxley, contains thirty-seven original communications and addresses delivered to the following learned societies of London—the Geological, Zoological, and Ethnological, as well as the Royal Institution, the Geological Survey, the *Quekett Microscopical Society*, and the *Natural History Society*. The editors have done their work with the skill and care which have marked the first volume. The dates at which the memoirs appeared range from 1857 to 1884, and thus in this period in the history of thought which began with Darwin and Wallace's joint essay before the Linnean Society on the "Origin of Species" (1859). In the fierce controversy which immediately followed the appearance of the "Origin" Huxley more than any other man, fought the battles of science. The memoirs in the present volume are the stirring times, and their appearance cannot be without the widest interest.

The fourth brief essay, "On the Persistence of Life," was the foundation of a Friday evening lecture at the Royal Institution on June 3, 1860, and thus lies before Huxley read the "Origin" and wrote to Darwin (letter 23) expressing his warm admiration and agreement. How profound a change had been wrought in Huxley's mind is shown by contrasting his letter to Darwin on the substance of his Friday evening lecture on "Origin" (Essay XVIII., p. 388) with the substance of his discourse of June 3rd:—

If, on the other hand, we view "Persistence of Life" in relation to that hypothesis which supposes that beings living at any time to be the result of a modification of pre-existing species—a hypothesis, though improved and sadly damaged by Darwin's porters, is yet the only one to which philosophy can countenance—&c.

This passage shows that Huxley was in favour of evolution as a reasonable interpretation, but also that he followed the arguments of Lamarck, and not of Darwin. "Vestiges." It also seems to prove that he was not acquainted with the Darwin-Wallace essay until eleven months before.

The twenty-sixth essay in the volume, "On the Relations of Man with the Lower Animals," is of great interest in relation to the controversy on Darwin's justification for his "diametrical" certain assertions respecting the difference between the brains of the higher apes and man. It was read by Professor Owen at the famous meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860. Many of the illustrations are the anatomy of monkeys and lemurs, and the comparative anatomy of the brain.

The twenty-ninth essay is of great importance in the doctrine of evolution. It was delivered before the anniversary address to the Geological Society in 1860. The first part contains an acute and searching contention that "corresponding" strata in the world were strictly contemporaneous in origin. The concluding part is devoted to a consideration of the "shaking nest" argument from a consideration of the

that all living forms are the results of a necessary process of progressive development, entirely comprised within the time represented by the fossiliferous rocks" (pp. 528-529). He finally asserts that if an hypothesis of progressive modification should eventually be proved to be true, "the conclusion will inevitably present itself that the paleozoic, mesozoic, and cenozoic faune and flora, taken together, bear somewhat the same proportion to the whole series of living beings which have occupied this globe as the existing fauna and flora do to them." Darwin expressed a similar opinion in the "Origin," and had even made the bold suggestion that fossiliferous rocks, earlier than any known to us, may form the floor of the great ocean basins; for, although he was the first to believe that the positions of the continents and oceans had persisted for vast geological time, he still thought that they might have been reversed at a period so distant as that at which the pre-paleozoic fossiliferous works were deposited. Huxley's profound researches in so many varied departments of paleontology give to his conclusion the highest interest and value, a conclusion which is furthermore sustained by the immense advance in our knowledge of detail which has taken place since 1862.

The remaining memoirs are of less general interest, although of the highest importance to the zoologist. Their range is extremely wide, the majority being concerned with fossil remains of the utmost diversity—the fishes of the Devonian; amphibia, reptilia, and mammalia from many strata in different parts of the world; a bird from New Zealand; crustacea, including a study of the anatomy and relations of the genus *Pterygotus*. The important essay which deals with this latter subject formed Part I. of Monograph I. of the Memoirs of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom (1859); and the editors have also reproduced Part II., by J. W. Salter, "because without it the plates, and much of Professor Huxley's portion of the memoir, would be unintelligible."

In addition to the pale-ontological memoirs there are many which deal with the anatomy and development of living animals, and here, too, the same wide scope is apparent. In these days, when the growth of scientific discovery and the multiplication of detail is inexorably driving the student into a specialization which is becoming more and more restricted, we look back with some regret to the days when a master in science could make his power felt over so vast an area. The noble freedom of range displayed in this volume is apparent in the subject of the first essay, written jointly with Professor Tyndall, "On the Structure and Motion of Glaciers," a subject widely remote from that of any other memoir.

It is interesting to observe how Huxley with unerring judgment selected the most important and suggestive zoological problems—the reproduction of aphids in 1850, nautilus in 1859, the scorpion in 1860. In the first of these the special subject is made the introduction to a discussion of the various kinds of reproduction and their relationships.

The work is extremely well and clearly printed and contains no less than thirty-nine plates copied from those of the original memoirs, many of which were reproductions of drawings by Huxley's own hand. A steel engraving of the author, by C. H. Jeens, forms the frontispiece. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. deserve the thanks of all interested in preserving and rendering accessible the records of the scientific work of our greatest investigators, for the manner in which they are bringing out this series of volumes.

with a free use of historic methods. If to our eyes the result is disappointing, all readers will acknowledge Hervey's uniform reverence of tone, his tenderness of feelings which he regards as based on illusion, his high his careful and polished style. In some respects the most noteworthy theological work that has appeared since the publication of "Lay Mankind."

Prof. Gardner is doing a real service in pointing out difficulties which threaten ordinary Christianity on the side of historic criticism. We doubt whether the teachers of religion, in England at least, have to a great extent and bearing of these difficulties. But of religion exclusively on the basis of spiritual experience, as it contends, Christianity, as usually understood, is sinking to the level of an enlightened Theism. It would probably deny this, but his application of *criticism* is certainly fatal to the miraculous elements of Christ the doctrines of the Incarnation and Resurrection. The writer shows indeed a strong sense of the function of the critical and the historical faculty. He asks the "early spread of the Gospel displays" the operation about which history knows very little." He also points out an incalculable element in history—the presence in it of "will, character, and divine inspiration." His criticism of the facts of early Christianity he does entirely escape from the influence of certain *preconceptions*. He speaks too confidently of the tendencies which in the earliest lives of Christ, and in later passages, of the teachings of Paul.

The book, however, taken as a whole, would be anything like petty criticism. Parts of the argument with great force and eloquence, some of the finest passages in the book occurs in the chapter on "The inspiration of the Bible" which Prof. Gardner describes the influence of human "divine ideas," "those noble and life-giving religious tendencies which, by degrees, variously, in various degrees, displayed upon the theatre of the world's history, and into the framework of human society." But the real value of the book is that it raises for Christian theology the question: "What is the 'sufficient foundation' of Christianity? the growth of historical criticism necessitate far-reaching in the fabric of the Christian creed, or simply a rest of its original basis?" Prof. Gardner seems himself to be in a creed purged of elements which do not stand ordinary historic tests. He indicates an important step in the solution of the problem when he insists that it must rest on the basis of psychology. On the other hand, he underestimates the "incalculable element" which enters into human history when we attribute to God will, character, and personality. This is an element which must possess the confidence with which we apply historic tests and doctrines of religion.

Principal Caird's Gifford Lectures.

THE FUNDAMENTAL IDEAS OF CHRISTIANITY. Macmillan, Glasgow, 12s. n.l. These two volumes of Principal Caird's Gifford Lectures, constituting alas! his last contributions to religious philosophy, are fully worthy of the author. The introduction to the "Philosophy of Religion" is the most thoughtful, masterly, and ingenious adaptation of the subject have been fully recognized. On several occasions the lecturer deals in the first part of his lectures with what may be called *prolegomena*, such as "Natural Religion," "The Faith and Reason," "The Relation of

great apostle of deism, Matthew Tindal. He does not, however, touch the real difficulty—viz., the claim that Christianity is in the possession of certain ideas and doctrines which reason could not have discovered and which, therefore, had to be revealed by Christ. You may, of course, discuss the given contents from a philosophical point of view, and attempt to show their consonancy to reason. But there will always be a vast difference between the methods of philosophy and those of religion, between the Deity of the former and the God of the latter. In the second lecture Dr Caird seems to weaken his argument by admitting that the primary organ of spiritual knowledge is faith, and restricting the function of reason to the adequate translation into scientific language of the Christian consciousness. In other words, it lies within the province of reason to construct a system of Christian metaphysics. That is a very much humbler rôle than the one formerly assigned to reason.

Four excellent addresses are given on the perplexing problem which has so severely taxed human ingenuity, "The Origin and Nature of Evil." The conclusion at which the author arrives, after having gently criticized the Augustinian conception of sin and dismissed the negative and sensuous theories (he seems, by the way, to overlook St. Paul's distinction between the *σῶμα* and *εἶψή*), is that the source or seat of sin is to be found in the will. The essence of the atonement is found in sympathy. "Not only can the sinless suffer for sin, but there are sufferings for sin which only he who is himself sinless can, in the fullest measure, undergo." There is a fine sermon towards the end of the second volume on the "Kingdom of the Spirit," the consciousness of a connexion with "A Life that is at once above us and in us, transcending our finite thoughts and feelings, yet in which we most truly realize ourselves and the ideal of our own spiritual nature."

An eloquent and loving tribute to his brother's memory by the Master of Balliol is prefixed to the first volume. From it we learn that Principal Caird was born in Greenock in 1820, and was originally destined for the engineering trade. His ministry commenced in 1845, when he was ordained minister of Newton, in Ayr. In 1857 he received a call from Glasgow, where his fame as a preacher, chiefly on account of his well-known sermon, "Religion in Common Life," had preceded him. In 1873 he was appointed principal of the University of Glasgow, where he died in harness the day before his resignation would have taken effect. Dr. Caird was essentially a great orator. "Even when he wrote, there was in the flow of the sentences something that reminded one of spoken words." His theology was of a liberal type, but he was not much of a theologian. His mind and temper were cast in a philosophic mould, and, as the Master of Balliol justly remarks, it was the "ethical bearing of his principles that his mind seemed to grasp most firmly."

Ritschlianism.

Mr. Garvie's *THE RITSCHLIAN THEOLOGY* (T. and T. Clark, 9s.) is well timed. Comparatively little interest has as yet been roused in England by the theology of Ritschl, in spite of the fact that it has been for nearly a quarter of a century dominant in Germany, and that in many ways it responds to the anti-dogmatic temper of the age. The characteristic feature of Ritschlianism is its distrust of metaphysics and its "historical positivism." Speaking broadly, Ritschl attempted to reconstruct theology on a new basis, independent of metaphysics and of the historical development of ecclesiastical dogma. He starts from the primary facts of Christian experience, so arriving at a true conception of Christ's person, and of His "worth" or significance for religion. The centre, indeed, of Ritschl's system is the historical revelation of Christ; on this he bases his idea of God

criticizes he is able and acute, but he writes pathos with Ritschl's system, and feels the void. He seems to share the Ritschlian dislike of method of dogmatics." Indeed, he expresses dissent both with Harnack's estimate of the respect for the person of Christ, and with criticism of modern Kenotic theories. But he laments the defects of the system. In particular he points out a fortunate element in an anti-metaphysical system is Ritschl's attempt to expound and vindicate his theory of knowledge. The book is a fair-minded and thorough discussion of an intricate subject. There are few who the theology of Ritschl is already exercising a beneficial influence on religious thought in England.

The Law of Sacrifice.

The best that can be said of Mr. W. Williamson's volume, entitled *THE GREAT LAW, A Study of the Unity underlying them* (Longmans, 6s.), pervaded by a genuinely religious spirit, that the conclusions embodied in it, such as they are, are not convincingly set forth, and that the writer is not of a good library. At least one-fourth, and perhaps more, of the text consists of copious excerpts from religious writers extending from the age of the Vedas to the present, and having a correspondingly broad lateral range. Mr. Williamson has done no more than arrange these in certain order, for the purpose of showing that the Law of Sacrifice may be discovered, though under varying conditions, in all religions. We are assured that in proportion to the rule of life a man becomes a fellow-worker with the Law which uphold the universe, frees himself from Karma, and enters on wider and wider fields of work. It will be seen that Mr. Williamson is not, or, more accurately, an adept in the Occult. The adept shakes off the "exclusive cultivation of vigorous effort of will, and letting the psychic energy be transformed from a slave to a free man, those who desire to know more of the vicissitudes of the soul, Williamson and his school should consult *Sinner's Soul*" and "Esoteric Buddhism," and the *London Lodge of the Theosophical Society*.

A Dogmatic Protestant.

In *THE BIRTH OF CHRISTENDOM* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) Dr. R. Anderson assumes a high tone of superior knowledge, and claims a monopoly of truth, almost every one else is in the wrong. The Church Fathers, especially the Latin Fathers, Augustine, as well as his namesake Augustine, the Popes without exception, the whole of ecclesiastical history and teaching since the days of the Canon Gore, the modern Ritualists, the new Darwin, Herbert Spencer, *The Times*, and England, each one in turn receives due castigation at the hands of an uncompromising Protestant. Nevertheless, Dr. Anderson's knowledge is occasionally a little deficient, and his treatment is somewhat harsh. Moreover, because the Fathers were so foolish things, and there are a good many pages devoted to the Church which one would fain blot out from the record to conclude that the Christian teachers who the Apostles had not occasionally a lucid moment, the Church is a "mass of corruption, which, by its influence, could not have survived the sixteenth century, and author finds the panacea for the ills of Christendom in the authority of the Bible: "The Bible is the

Miracles.

The Bishop of Southampton says in his preface to *THE PRAYER OF MIRACLES IN RELIGION* (Murray, 5s.) that he had hoped to expand the Hudson lectures, and kept them back for some time for that end. In these days of busy Bishops we must be grateful for even a sketch of a subject, though it be one specially suited to such a masculine, sensible, and scholarly mind as Dr. Lyttelton's. The main interest of the book lies in its criticism of Paley and his followers. Revelation can, says Paley, only be made by miracles, and Revelation is "a message from God, conveying intelligence of a future state of rewards and punishments, and teaching mankind how to prepare themselves for that state." Mozley and Newman are far enough removed from this starveling gospel; yet Mozley said that miracles were necessary as the "guarantee and voucher for a revelation," and Newman's famous essay declares that the peculiar object of a miracle is "to evidence a message from God." Dr. Lyttelton points out how utterly this is at contrast with the Apostles' method of presenting Christianity, and with the attitude of our Lord Himself. Miracles are credible because of Christianity, and not Christianity because of miracles.

Dr. Thomas B. Kilpatrick's *CHRISTIAN CHARACTER* (T. and T. Clark, 2s. 6d.) may be described as a handbook to Christian practice. It is simply written and arranged with great clearness. We should imagine it will be extremely useful to those whose difficult business it is to teach or to preach that which is often ill-taught and seldom preached systematically.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY, by J. R. Miller, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.), contains a series of spiritual moralizings on religious topics. Dr. Miller writes agreeably, and has, on the whole, steered clear of excessive idealism and sentimentalism, and his book may be recommended as a mild spiritual stimulant.

In *OLD CREEDS AND NEW BELIEFS* (Blackwood, 5s.) Dr. Gray makes a laudable attempt to hold out the olive branch to those who, whilst holding to the essentials of the Christian faith, feel the need of reconstructing some of its formulas so as to bring them, if possible, into harmony with the scientific requirements of the day. Believing that theology is a science, he asserts its progressive character and the feasibility of its adjustment to other divine revelations in the world. They who halt between two opinions (Dr. Gray has no message for those who do not accept the truths of revelation) will find the well-reasoned volume before us very useful.

In *SERMONS AND ADDRESSES* (William Blackwood, 7s. 6d.) Professor Flint gives us a series of plain, practical meditations well reasoned out and animated by great earnestness. To the professor Christianity is the absolute religion not, of course, in the Hegelian sense of the word and the shorter "catechism" the most perfect expression of the same. He is at his best in the sermons "The Earth is the Lord's," "Claims of Divine Wisdom on Young Men," and "Christian Unity," though he narrows his conception of the last-named by excluding all those who do not share certain theological beliefs.

In *UNFAMILIAR TEXTS* (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Dimsdale T. Young has selected a number of out-of-the-way texts, or, rather, biblical phrases, as pegs whereon to hang some interesting addresses. Some of his applications are a trifle far-fetched, and he is rather given to being grandiloquent. Why speak of Christian Theology or a Visualised Deity? And what is an individual? But these are minor objections.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.**A Philanthropist in Ireland.**

Sir Edward Fry's memoir of *JAMES HAY TUCKER* (T. and T. Clark, 2s. 6d.) is an admirable biography, though the author has his work only as a "manuscript" and claims only to be compiled it, with the assistance of Mrs. Tucker, from T. letters and papers. In any case, a useful work has been partly because Tucker's unselfish exertions deserve to be and partly because they illustrate the history of Ireland the last half century. Tucker was not a Home Ruler, nor a pronounced politician on either side, but one, whether English or Irish, who worked hard for the good. He had no particular connexion with the country, but was a banker at Hitchin, who might have satisfied himself with a tour in Donegal and a subscription to a relief fund. But it was not in his nature merely to subscribe. In 1847 he had visited the west of Ireland in company with William Forster, the father of the late Chief Secretary, seen the shocking results of famine and eviction, partly the barony of Erris, where the abject misery of the people scarcely can be described. A far less terrible experience have left an indelible impression on the mind of an ordinary humanity. It was natural, then, that with a few years of hard times in later years Tucker should be foremost in efforts of raising relief funds and of organizing emigration in distressed districts. The Land League was powerless against agrarian murders, many of them still fresh in the recollection, were of frequent occurrence. Tucker ignored the political and religious troubles of the day, recognizing that many of them arose from economic causes, and his utmost to reach the source of the evil. Relief, of course, could be no more than temporary palliatives, and he worked hard at administering them, and spared neither strength in his effort to save the people from starvation. His journals describe in striking detail how the West of Ireland poor live and die. He was equally energetic in promoting schemes of emigration, and saw, what must have been obvious enough, that an infertile soil will not support any European population. Tucker had his opinions, no doubt, when he ordered evictions, when priests discouraged emigration, and agitators admitted that congested districts furnished "a very good reason *d'Etat*." But these questions of religion, and Home Rule were treated by him as side issues. His own sole object was to improve the material and industrial condition of the country, and of politics he says little incidentally. His biographer also has kept politics in the background, and, though Ireland was not the only field for his useful and benevolent work, has rightly devoted the greater part of the book to his Irish labours. Sir Edward Fry doubts not how far the life of a Quaker banker in a corner, or the shipment of emigrants from the barren and sad Connaught will interest the reading public, for it is clear that, if the recent history of Ireland is of importance, just one of the books that should be read in connexion with it.

John Oliver Hobbes' Play.

The "drama in three acts" which has been reported to have been written by the author from the *Laugh-Straight Romance*, is the interesting work of a brilliant writer to express herself through a literary medium which seems to us, we confess, to be irreconcilably at variance with the nature of her genius. "John Oliver Hobbes" is, as we all know, a prose artist of a very finished type, whose strength was

Oliver Hobbes " sighs for other artistic worlds to conquer; and in *OSBERN AND URSYNE* (Lane, 3s. 6d.) she invites criticism on an elaborate attempt at poetic tragedy. From the purely literary point of view it is a creditable effort. The author's blank verse is wanting, it is true, in flexibility and in variety of cadence, and the sameness of its rhythm, too rarely relieved by broken lines, possesses at last an effect of monotony. But the language is not lacking either in force or distinction, and occasionally at the intenser moments of the drama it strikes a note of genuine passion. Considered in detached scenes, one might extract many passages from "*Osbern and Ursyne*" of distinct poetic merit. It is as a drama that it leaves so much to be desired. The characters of the tragedy are in one or two important instances drawn with insufficient clearness of outline and the story is not told with the necessary lucidity. The relation in which Osbern and Ursyne stand to each other is too vaguely indicated, and the mind of the reader, as probably would be the case with that of the spectator, is inadequately prepared for the catastrophe of their fate. "*John Oliver Hobbes*" will have to learn how to get an earlier grip upon her audience if she is to be a successful dramatist. But why should she labour to acquire this new form of art to the neglect of that in which she excels?

A Frenchman on the War.

M. Edmond Dénolins is already favourably known to the British public through his works on education and on Anglo-Saxon superiority. In a brief pamphlet translated under the title *BOERS IN ENGLISH: WHO ARE IN THE RIGHT?* (Leadenhall Press, 1s.), he endeavours to reduce the Transvaal question to its lowest terms. His view is that neither the rights of the Franchise dispute nor the tone of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches and despatches is worth considering; to discuss these things is merely to confuse the issue. The one point worth considering, in his estimation, is that here are a Higher and a Lower Civilisation contending for the mastery; and he argues that, when that happens, the Higher Civilisation is necessarily in the right; otherwise it would be necessary to condemn not only the expansion of England, but also the expansion of France and Russia. It would save a great deal of trouble if M. Dénolins' countrymen, and our foreign critics generally, would approach the subject in this very practical spirit. Here, of course, he is preaching mainly to the converted, though there are English journalists and others who might peruse his pages with advantage.

The National Portrait Gallery.

NATIONAL WORTHIES (Constable, 4s. n.) is a beautiful book to possess. It is a moderate-sized quarto, handsomely bound, containing 154 plates reproduced from portraits in the National Portrait Gallery. The selection is a comprehensive one, and the portraits, starting with the Queen, work back chronologically to the Black Prince. They are well reproduced, and at the end short notices are given of the subject of each picture, with some apt quotation characterizing his or her work. These are carefully done (though we should note that the Duke of Wellington was not the fifth son of Richard, first Earl of Mornington, but the third son of Garret, first Earl of Mornington). The work gains much from being of a handy size. As a record of great interest and beauty, illustrating both English history and English art, it is to be warmly welcomed.

A Famous Scot.

The Famous Scots Series (Olliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier) maintains, with a few exceptions, a good level of merit. The latest addition to it is *GEORGE HUGHANAN* (1s. 6d.), begun by

eulogy of the reformer who came to the Reform the Renaissance, was thoroughly un-Scotch in his religious dogmas and metaphysics, and got on very unctuously or fervour. The fact that Mr. Cam discharged the task of completion adequately does not entirely remove our regret that the book was by Mr. Wallace.

The Navy.

To write an account of every interesting action by our Navy from the time of Alfred to the full obviously no small matter, and Captain Eardley in *OUR NAVY FOR A THOUSAND YEARS* (Sampson can hardly be said to have succeeded in accomplishing satisfactorily. His ambition was to connect navy with history, and the book is at once too serious enough. The general reader will probably find it intended for boys, and boys will think it intended spite of the illustrations, many of which are really interesting old prints. Captain Eardley-Wilmers much space to purely military operations. To include the campaign in the late Nile campaign in the Navy is to show a want of perspective. Many officers and bluejackets are on land or river presence in inland campaigns demonstrates rather the potency of our purely military forces than their. Their presence at Ladysmith at the present time is a proof of this.

Luca Signorelli.

LUCA SIGNORELLI, by Maud Cruttwell (Bell's 5s. n., 119 pp.), marks a distinct advance on the Italian masters which have already appeared in the Cruttwell's name is new to us, but she has shown careful and thoughtful student of Renaissance art as in this small volume an accurate and concise that is known about Luca Signorelli, from his birth in the city of ancient Cortona, about 1411, to his death town 82 years later. Messer Luca's training under Umbrian painter Piero dei Franceschi, and the influence which the Florentines Antonio Pollaiuolo exerted upon the development of his genius, are and full justice is done to the artist's exuberant conception of bodily strength and beauty. "Temporary painter," says Morelli, "was it given human frame with the like degree of passion, strength." And, as Miss Cruttwell justly adds, "has ever conceived humanity with the same stately the same broad spirit." "Signorelli is," as she says "before all, the painter of the dignity of human master of Cortona was formerly supposed, on the his kinsman Vasari, to have been one of the artists Pope Sixtus IV. to decorate his chapel in the Vatican two frescoes there ascribed to him, one is now generally to be the work of Pinturicchio, while the other, death of Moses, was probably painted by his follower tommeo della Gatta. Such, at least, we are of opinion of the latest critics. Vasari's statement well points out, is unsupported by any documents and Signorelli does not seem to have visited Rome later period of his career. The great frescoes which remain Messer Luca's chief title to fame, are full among the reproductions of details from them which adorn the book we are glad to see the master as he painted himself, side by side

his gift of the bust of Coleridge to Westminster Abbey. *NOTES ON AN OUTLOOK ON LIFE* (George Bell, 5s.) are selections made from his private MSS. by Mr. Manton Marble at the request of his executrix. They consist of short and sententious apophthegms on any subject that interested their author. Some of them are worth preserving, but others might as well have remained in the commonplace book, where, no doubt, they were jotted down without much care for their literary form. For instance, we hardly know what to make of the following sentences, each of them a complete quotation: "It is certain that if you changed a man's position he would have something to learn of himself to the end; here is the wonder of the soul." "If you write a book of human nature for yourself, you will find that you can afterward get much of it before others." "The language of genius is an organism of soul." There is plenty of grain in the book, but the large admixture of chaff shows a lack of discrimination on the part of the editor.

A New Atlas.

An atlas of seventy-eight plates devoted to England and Wales alone is a triumph of specialism, and *THE ROYAL ATLAS OF ENGLAND AND WALES* (Newnes, 10s.), reduced from the Ordnance survey, and edited by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., certainly contains a great variety of special information. Besides thirty-one maps devoted to different sections of the country, there are eighteen plans, giving the streets of our most important towns. No less than four deal with London, the map of the London railways being especially useful. The first sixteen plates each present some special feature—ecclesiastical divisions, density of population, railways, geological features, monthly temperature, rainfall, and so forth. Such a work disarms criticism, but the most ignorant of geography will no doubt delight in attempting to discover some slip in the plan of a town with which he happens to be familiar. The undergraduate of Magdalen, Oxford, may even be a little indignant to find that the field where the Magdalen school boys play is called the Magdalen College Cricket Ground—a very different and superior place. The eunuchs might also be disposed to question why a map of the Channel Islands should have been included.

Funk and Wagnall's *Student's Edition of a STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE* (10s. 6d.) seems to us to attain the golden mean between excess and defect of lexicographical lore. Big enough to serve all the purposes of everyday life, it is also small enough to be handled easily. It certainly contains Americanisms; we find the word "voluntary," for example, given as a substantive, equivalent to "volunteer." But it may be useful, none the less, to English students. The appendices are almost on the scale of Whitaker's Almanack, including information about weights and measures, and chemical elements and trigonometrical functions, together with lists of the pilgrim fathers and signatories of the Declaration of Independence, and instruction in shorthand, and the art of correcting proofs.

APPEARANCES, by Mrs. Alfred Praga (John Long, 2s. 6d.), is a book of hints to those who, having only £200 a year to live upon, wish to live so that their neighbours may believe that they have more. The hints are not all of equal value. The suggestion, for example, that we should reduce our butcher's bills by having spring onions instead of meat for supper does not strike us as a counsel of perfection. On the other hand, the suggestion that housewives should know enough about housework to be able to train young servants instead of paying the higher wages of experienced servants is obviously worthy of attention; though it implies a standard of competence among housewives which they by no means invariably attain. Our scepticism is somewhat aroused by the representation that a house can be comfortably furnished for an outlay of about £100; and we can only express our regret that Mrs. Praga did not go into details on this branch

shall take the form of abstinence from flesh food on that such food is physically and morally injurious, be a statement which is not warranted by a sufficient facts. At present there are no adequate data for the purpose such assertion, nor can there be until communities vegetarians, in many different climates and for many have shown themselves superior to their omnivorous. Meanwhile, a wise philosopher, rather unfortunately parables us "beware of sudden changes in any great point."

Mr. Clark has evidently spent a great deal of trouble upon his *ELEMENTS OF CIVICS* (Macmillan), which he describes as a supplement to Mr. Bryce's *Commonwealth*, and intended for the use of teachers, schools and colleges. Each chapter deals with one special connected with American national history or the Constitution, and for the study of each a list of "topics" is provided, as well as a selection of the bibliography. Teachers, especially those who are engaged to instructing their pupils in "civics," will probably find a real help, while the careful bibliography at the volume should appeal to a wider circle.

WHITE SEWING MACHINES (Hodder and Stoughton), a volume in which Mrs. Emma Rauschenbusch-Clough's experiences and observations among the Madagas. So many curious customs and primitive beliefs of which found traces amongst this Telugu Pariah tribe, and which have a certain value for anthropologists. By the public the book will be welcomed for the glimpse of missionary work among the humblest and most despised of Southern India. It would be difficult to exaggerate the blessings of the social and spiritual reform wrought by the introduction of Christianity among such

ADVICE TO SINGLE WOMEN, by Haydn Brown (Dowden), is a tract which informs single women how they may render themselves attractive to single men by the simple maintenance of their health. The author naturally enters into details of a somewhat intimate character; but he will get a more patient hearing for his counsel from the fact that "padding is quite a legitimate procedure," and does not reasonably find fault with dress improvers. Does Mr. Haydn Brown come to be so unobservant that he knows that dress improvers are out of fashion?

In *TRAVELLERS FOR EVER* (Nutt, 2s. 6d.), Mr. L. Ford reproduces nine "middles" contributed to the *Illustrated Observer* and other papers. Their tone and temper is Mr. W. E. Henley used to impose upon his "young and class emotions are flattered in the face of a Philistine. The essays, mainly about walking tours, are good of the

TWO ECCLESIASTICAL BIOGRAPHS

A Leader of Religion.

HUGH LATIMER, by R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle, latest volume in Messrs. Methuen's "Leaders of Religion" (3s. 6d.). It may be doubtful how far Latimer was a leader of religion, but a similar doubt might be suggested of others of those who appear in Mr. Bocking's excellent and when so good a book as the present is written, reason to complain of the form in which it appears. Mrs. Carlyle have given a clear, vigorous, and readable the great English Protestant preacher. They have extenuated, and certainly they have set down might. They do not appear to have made much special research, have not used the uncalendared documents in the Bocking dealing with the most important part of Latimer's life. His passages also in contemporary writers seem to have their notice, as, for instance, Sir Thomas More's famous eulogium of Latimer, as he came from taking the oath to the new king, laughing and sporting "as though he had a way of doing so, though some say that in 1530 Latimer had a

saint; but in St. Ambrose (Duckworth and Co., 3s.) the Duc de Broglie has had a subject not unworthy of an Academician. Yet we can hardly say that he has made a very inspiring use of his opportunities. The volume is one of a series of lives of the saints which, Father Tyrrell, S.J., tells us in his preface, is designed to be founded on facts rather than upon the fictions which have made so many people impatient of hagiology. The distinguished author has not altogether fallen in with this aspiration; but our chief complaint against him is his dullness. Ambrose had one of the most romantic and, indeed, amazing careers in history. Elected to the Bishopric of Milan under circumstances almost unprecedented in the Western Church, at a time when the power of Rome was within arm's length of destruction, he was a sagacious counsellor as well as a faithful prelate, the friend and adviser of Theodosius as well as his chastiser. His ups and downs of Imperial favour, his haughty immovability when the rights of the Church were threatened, his calm defiance of the threats of enemies, his labours and journeyings in defence of the State, his dramatic interviews with Justin and Maximus, his funeral sermon over Theodosius in the conjectured presence of Alaric—all this contains the makings of a story full of colour and vivacity, a perfect romance of biography. To these possibilities the Duc de Broglie has not risen. All that can be said of what he has written is that it is a useful little volume for reference. Nor does he always know his subject thoroughly. Recent Ambrosian literature is evidently unfamiliar to him; otherwise he would have known that Father Van Ortrøy has demolished the legendary story, which Rubens painted, of the scene between the saint and Theodosius after the massacre at Thessalonica. Miss Margaret Maitland's translation runs smoothly.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHY.

Modern French Thought.

M. Lucien Lévy-Bruhl's *HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE* (Kegan Paul, 12s. n.) is an unsatisfactory book for many reasons. The principal objection to it arises out of the limitations imposed upon the author by his choice of a subject. Modern philosophy may have originated in France with Descartes, but its most interesting developments (except, perhaps, in the department of political philosophy) have taken place in other countries. So far as that development has been metaphysical it has taken place chiefly on German soil; so far as it has been positive or materialistic it has (notwithstanding the case of Comte) been in the main an English development. To write of modern philosophy with special reference to France is, therefore, not altogether unlike writing of snakes with special reference to Iceland. M. Lévy-Bruhl discharges the task by means of the device of treating, as philosophers a good number of writers who have no reasonable claim to the title. He includes, for example, Bayle, Fourier, Renan, and Taine. His book, moreover, lacks that clarity of exposition which one expects from French writers. Even in the case of so simple a philosopher as Rousseau he contrives to be difficult to follow by his bad habit of talking round the subject instead of grappling with it and tearing out the heart of it. What depths of obscurity he would have attained if he had undertaken to write of Kant or Hegel or Fichte or Lotze one shudders to imagine. The book will not help students preparing for examinations, and is somewhat too pompous and dull for general reading. The best things in it are the portraits of the philosophers. These are admirably reproduced.

Mental Instability.

For the author of *L'INSTABILITÉ MENTALE*, by C. L. Duprat (Alcan, Fr. 7.50), "mental instability" is an essential fact of our

conclusions M. Duprat establishes a distinction "a moral" being, who is, if not absolutely beyond events very difficult to cure, and the "immoral" curable by ingenious and unremitting solicitude recommends a purely pedagogic treatment, a so conducted re-education, consisting of an intelligence

The Basis of Morals.

MORALE ET EDUCATION, by M. Felix T. Fr. 2.50), is far easier to read than M. L. owing to its more engaging literary form. It is an exposition of the main existing philosophic discussions of their educational value. He shows the normalizing power, as much by the severe discipline of loyalty which it gives the mind, as from the combats the two chief causes of our discords and ignorance and misery." There is no antagonism and morality, but there are, nevertheless, other believing than reasons of a purely scientific sort. Pascal, *à ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas*.

But the question arises whether determinism is a system of ethics. M. Thomas does not think philosophers would do well to come to an understanding of the meaning of the word "liberty," which has two utterly contrary connotations:—(1) the sense of power anterior to the act—this is the meaning of the French spiritualists; (2) the sense of the soul as a consequence of an action, and according to the act. This is the sense given it by the theologians. In the former case liberty is a *means*, in the second an *end*. A misunderstanding arises from the confusion.

After an examination of the theory of "moral sanction," developed by Guyau with perhaps more than solidity, M. Thomas studies in succession:—

Solidarism.—that is to say, the doctrine which feeling of solidarity the possible basis of moral action. The author remarks justly that "solidarity is not characteristic of "solidarity" is that it is a *feeling*. This is evidently a fruitful idea for ethical inquiry.

Pessimism.—This doctrine, which has already been in fashion, contains nothing, according to the author, to serve as a basis for a system of morals.

Æsthetic Morals.—This offers likewise, advantages, multiple dangers. The greatest is that the *bien* are far from being one and the same. Æsthetic morality is sufficient for a few persons, but certainly not sufficient for the masses.

Dilettantism.—This principle, which certain would take as a guide of life, is equally incapable. M. Thomas, of serving as a solid basis for the moral

Having examined and criticized these systems, he devotes a chapter to the study of the old and always question of "Duty and Interest." He shows us constantly made of the "categorical imperative" doctrines in general. He considers the reaction fortunate from every point of view. It is high notion of "interest," in the sense ascribed to it, should assume the place due to it in ethical discourse. "The Kantian principles," says M. Thomas, "you succeed in making heroes and saints, but you will find that it is *nece* who are needed."

Individualism is next studied and defined as a moral. The author means by "individualism" the ardour in the struggle for life, that need of asser-

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

All through the first glad rapture of the spring,
 When lilies lift their spires of scented snow,
 And daffodils like cressets flame and glow ;

Through ardours of the summer noons that bring
 A flush of tropic beauty to the cold
 And dreary north, as one by one unfold

The glories of the garden ; to the day
 When from the bough the leaves hang thin and red,
 And roses droop with petals half outspread ;

Amid all changes, changeless, we display
 Only our sturdy foliage, sober green,
 And gray buds shyly peeping out between.

Till at the last when frosts and stormy rains
 Have wrought their worst upon the dying flowers,
 And winter lords it o'er the darkening hours,

The fire of summer hid within our veins
 Bursts in a blaze of beauty, and our store
 Of gathered riches gladly we outpour.

Ours is the perfect life that holds repressed
 Spring, summer, autumn, in its swelling breast,
 And in the winter gives the world its best.

B. PAUL NEUMAN.

Personal Views.

A PATHETIC IMPOSTURE.

An eminent person presided at a dinner eaten mostly by persons connected with the Press. Relying on the charm of his manner and the copiousness of the meal, he insinuated that his ideal newspaper was one which should give its news without comment. Nervous titters, not many, echoed in the hollow silence which followed this confession. One felt that the speaker had made an error in taste. In England, indeed, an idea is always regarded as an error in taste; as something worse, if it sting a vested interest. No wonder that the commentators, next morning and evening, were very angry with Lord Rosebery!

Doubtless his plea for no comments was made in behalf of his own comfort and of the commonweal. Yet it might have been made, persuasively, in behalf of them whom he addressed. Crafts which degrade their practitioners ought, for their practitioners' sake, to be abolished. Writing "leaders" and "notes" is one of these sorry crafts. The practice of it, more than of any other, depends on and fosters hypocrisy, worst of vices. In a sense, every kind of writing is hypocritical. It has to be done with an air of gusto, though no one ever yet enjoyed the act of writing. Even a man with a specific gift for writing, with much to express, with perfect freedom in choice of

he happen to have a talent for writing his words but the more painful, and his hypocrisy the greater chances are, though, that the talent has already sucked out of him by journalism, that vampire, too, he will have forfeited any fervour he may have, any learning, any quietude. How can he, the judge, preter, hold any opinion, feel any enthusiasm? In leisure, keep his mind in cultivation? In business order, at unearthy hours in a whirling ring of order! Yes, sprightliness is compulsory there, weightiness, and fervour, and erudition. He must to abound in these advantages, or another man must take his place. He must disguise himself at all costs; disguises are not easy to make; they require care, which he cannot afford. So he must wear ready-made disguises—hook them down, rather than must know all the cant-phrases, the cant-references, are very, very many of them, and it must be hard to bar them all at one's finger-tips. But, at least, the difficulty in collecting them. Plod through the "notes" and "notes" in half-a-dozen of the daily papers will bag whole coveys of them.

Most of the morning papers still devote more to the old-fashioned kind of "leader," in which pretence is of weightiness, rather than of fervour, lines, or erudition. The effect of weightiness is simply by a stupendous disproportion of language. The longest and most emphatic words are the simplest and most trivial statements, and they are so elaborately qualified as to leave the reader with the impression that a very difficult matter, which he cannot make head or tail of, has been dealt with judicial and exemplary way.

A leader-writer would not, for instance, say

Lord Rosebery has made a paradox.

He would say—

Lord Rosebery, { *whether intentionally or otherwise, our readers to decide,*
 or, *with seeming conviction,*
 or, *doubtless giving rein to the playful which is characteristic of him,*

has { *expressed an sentiment,*
 or, *taken on himself to enunciate a theory,*
 or, *made himself responsible for a dictum,* } which { *we venture to say, we have little room to declare, or, we may be p, for thinking, or, we may mention of notes*

{ *nearly akin to,*
 or, *not very far,* } the paradoxical,
 { *conned from,* }

But I will not examine further the trick of the thing—it takes up too much of my space. Beside long "leaders" are a mere survival, and will soon be altogether. The "notes" are the characteristic of the modern newspaper, and it is in them that the

And here are some favourite methods of conclusion :—

A mad world, my masters!
'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.
There is much virtue in that "if."
But that, as Mr. Kepling would say, is another story.
Si non è vero, è

or (lighter style)

We fancy we recognize here the hand of Mr. Benjamin Truotto.

Not less inevitable are such parallelisms as—

Like Topsy, perhaps it "groined,"
Like the late Lord Beaconsfield on a famous occasion, "on the
side of the angels."
Like Bree Rabbit, "To lie low and say nuffin."
Like Oliver Twist, "To ask for more."
Like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and
peculiar."
Like Napoleon, a believer in "the big battalions."

Nor let us forget Pyrrhic victory, Parthian dart, and Homeric laughter; quos deus vult and nil de mortuis; Sturm und Drang; masterly inactivity, unctuous recititude, mute inglorious Miltons, and damned good-natured friends; the sword of Damocles, the thin end of the wedge, the long arm of coincidence, and the soul of goodness in things evil; Hobson's choice, Frankenstein's monster (when F. is not himself the monster), Macnulty's schoolboy, Lord Burleigh's nod, Sir Boyle Roche's bird, Mahomed's coffin, and Davey Jones' locker.

A melancholy catalogue, is it not? But it is less melancholy for you who read it here than for them whose existence depends on it, who draw from it a desperate means of seeming to accomplish what is impossible. And yet these are the men who shrink in horror from Lord Rosebery's merciful idea. They ought to be saved despite themselves. Might not a short Act of Parliament be passed, making all comment in daily newspapers illegal? In a way, of course, it would be hard on the commentators. Having lost the power of independent thought, having sunk into a state of chronic dulness, apathy, and insincerity, they could hardly be expected to succeed in any of the ordinary ways of life. They could not compete with their fellow-creatures; no door but would be bolted if they knocked on it. What would become of them? Probably, they would have to perish in what they would call "what Mr. Goschen would call 'splendid isolation'." But such an end were sweeter, I suggest to them, than the life they are leading.

MAX BEERBOHM.

Notes.

Some of the obituary notices of the late Mr. Whitwell Elwin, Rector of Boston, Norfolk, and some time editor of the *Quarterly Review* [writes a correspondent] seem to have overlooked his friendship with Dickens. In 1851, we know from Mr. Forster's "Life of

demonstrative than ever, and had been de- neighbours who were coming to the reading. him, and he went down at seven with me to where I dressed, and sat by the fire while I childishly happy in that privilege! During sat on a corner of the platform and ro- He brought in a lady and gentleman to I was undressing, and went away in a per- rapture.

Mr. Elwin was joint executor with Mr. Just Forster's will. Among the documents in the number of letters addressed by Forster to Dic- "specially private." These they conscientiously the flames without previously examining the con- for whom Mr. Elwin entertained the highest respect, used to address him in his charming "dear Priamrose," in allusion to the rector's retreat. He was the proud recipient from Thackeray himself of the gold pen, in it- with which the whole of "Vanity Fair" much cherished *souvenir* of the famous novelist. ago I enjoyed the privilege of a conversa- subjects with Mr. Elwin, and afterwards hope that his reminiscences would be placed Elwin who had a scruple against the public reminiscences, said that he had not divulged what he could have said about men of letters of was in a position to impart a fund of inform- Lord Lytton, Carlyle, Browning, and a dozen- eminence. One curious experience was a dinn- hurst's with three ex-Lord Chancellors—Lyt- Brougham, and Cranworth—the Chancellor for Lord Campbell, and with Lord Kingsdown, who Chancellorship. Referring to his editorship of *Review* (1854-1867), he observed that, although for the post, he accepted it rather as a matter of after years often expressed surprise that it should offered to him. The honorarium, however, was from the proceeds of his editorial labours he was his lonely and substantial rectory-house in the village which he had served so long and so faithfully.

India is not exactly the chosen home of religion and perhaps no one in the world is less likely to imagine that his deity would interest himself in an unbeliever. The following quaint and characteristic anecdote from an old and learned Brahmin at Madras. Professor Max Müller has achieved a unique distinction.

When I saw that the Professor was so trickled down my cheeks unconsciously. My friends who are spending the last days of the and read with me the "Bhagavad-gītā" and a books, they were all very much overpowered w night when we were all going to our temple suggested to me that we should have some performed by the temple priest for his comp- All my friends followed me to the temple, b the priest of our wish, he raised various object not, he said, offer prayers and chant hymns in who is not a Hindu by birth, and, if he did s dismissed from the service and excommunicate We discussed the subject with him at length, an Professor Max Müller, though a European I garb, was virtually more than a Hindu. My friends offered to pay him ample remuneration consented, and when the next day at eleven we came to the temple with *occasional* de-

In our note last week on the new French version of *Hamlet* we mentioned that the authors defended their translation of "Wormwood! wormwood!" Hamlet's exclamation in the play-scene, by "Absinthe! absinthe!" It is worth noting, however, that its incongruity struck an English audience at once. After a few performances of the play Madame Sarah Bernhardt altered the exclamation to "Amertume! amertume!" which was generally agreed to be a distinct improvement. It is merely an accident of modern usage that makes "Absinthe!" suggest the wrong kind of idea. But writers have to consider the modern value of words even more than their original significance. Take, for instance, the expression "What's the matter?" which occurs several times in Shakespeare. It has become such a colloquialism that no one would now use it in poetry any more than the expression "What's up?" It has a curious sound in Shakespeare to our ears, though in his day it was not used as it is now. Words are merely counters or coins. We can no more use words or phrases which would once have been appropriate but have altered their significance than we can pay our bills in 1900 with Elizabethan shillings or angels of Edward the Fourth.

Edgar Allan Poe's place in American literature is discussed in an admirable article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie. The chief point made is a good one. It is that Poe's work "battles all attempt to rebuke it historically to antecedent conditions," that it "detached itself almost completely from the time and place in which it made its appearance," and that Poe is the only American writer of whom this can, without qualification, be said.

Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, Irving, and, in certain aspects of his genius, Hawthorne might have been predicted; reading our early history in the light of our later development their coming seems to have been fore-ordained by the conditions of life on the new continent; and, later, Whittman and Lanier stand for and are bound up in the fortunes of the New World and its new order of political and social life. Poe alone among men of his eminence could not have been foreseen.

This, of course, is to say, in other words, that Poe was a man of genius, whereas all the other great American writers have only been men of talent. An exception might be made in favour of Hawthorne; Mr. Wright seems disposed to make it. With this possible exception, the judgment seems just. A further point which Mr. Wright might have urged in favour of Poe is that he is almost the only, if not the only, American writer who has exercised an influence in addition to arousing admiration outside his own country. It is rare for a Frenchman to acknowledge his indebtedness to fiction written in any language but his own (though Rousseau was certainly indebted to Richardson); but it would be hard to find a French short story writer of the first rank who would not cheerfully acknowledge that he owed much to Edgar Allan Poe. In this, too, if in little else, the German story writers are quite at one with the French.

In view of certain recent editorial resignations a particular interest attaches to an article on "The Ethics of Journalism," contributed by Mr. H. W. Massingham to the *Ethical World*. The principal question which he discusses is the right of the proprietor of a paper to walk into the office and insist upon a sudden change of policy. Mr. Massingham is undoubtedly right in his contention that a newspaper is something more than a commercial enterprise, being in fact "the intellectual companion and director of thousands of men and women," and that sudden changes of the wind of doctrine, even though apparently justified

survivor possibly the only survivor of the famous H. community of enthusiasts usually associated with the Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and described with satire by the latter writer in "The Hithersdale Roman community, it will be remembered, was a notable society of highly cultivated Bostonians, who were specialists of function, but held that it was the duty of man to do with his own hands all the work, of however character, that was required for his convenience. It is of history that the experiment was soon abandoned. To Hawthorne it failed because the cultivation of the ground found incompatible with the cultivation of the mind, the finding that their agricultural operations fatigued them to the degree that they could not even read the daily paper falling asleep over it. A further cause of failure was the fact that in many cases the male and female could love with each other much as the monks of Tholey wanted to get married and start upon their honeymoon. Blackwell was one of the few who succeeded in resistance. She always, however, looked back upon the work with pleasure, as, indeed, did most of the interesting people engaged in it.

A distinguished scholar is lost to the world by the death of the Rev. Henry Furneaux, sometime Fellow of Corpus College, Oxford, and incumbent of Heyford. It is as if of "Theocritus" that Mr. Furneaux will be long remembered. His editions of the "Annals," "Histories," "Germanic," "Agricola" hold the field at present as certainly as do Jobb's editions of "Sophocles" or Professor Robinson's edition of "Catullus," and are likely to do so for some time. He also enjoyed a great local celebrity as a corn special gift for telling stories in the Cornish dialect. He is to have learned them from the famous Mr. Hicks of Brixton, the best Cornish stories are not, of course, the property of any particular Cornishman.

Mr. Henry Doman, of Lymington, Hampshire, was a printer, bookseller, and poet. His volumes, "The and other Poems," and "Songs of Lymington," won the approval of such good judges as William Allingham and Patmore. It was a favourite boast of his, according to *News*, that he was the only writer who ever composed it up in type, printed, bound, and published it, and was his own counter; but a somewhat similar case is recorded in Gibbon's Autobiography. This is the case of R. Bretonne, a voluminous French novelist. "He writes Gibbon," and may still labour, in the humblest of employments, as a corrector to a printing-house; but this office enables him to transport an entire volume from his mind to the press, and the work was given to the public without ever having been written by the pen."

AT A BRIDAL.

I shall be loved to-night the waves shall woo
Strong arms around me, and I shall not know
Thou liest in my lord's arms folded so.
The kindly spray my yearning eyes shall blind
And so I shall not see Love's roses blow
In thy fair face what time my lord shall speak
His heart's dear vow. I shall on either cheek
Be kissed by laughing waves, the waters flow
With soft caress shall soothe and satisfy.

Scottish history and paleography, will be shortly instituted under the title of "The Sir William Fraser Professorship of Ancient History and Paleography," for the endowment of which a sum of £25,000 was bequeathed by the late Sir William Fraser.

We have received the first number of the *King*—a new sixpenny illustrated paper published by the house of George Newnes, Limited. It is to a certain extent modelled on the *Sketch*, though the influence of *M.A.P.* seems traceable in the letter-press. A pleasing feature is that there are plenty of original drawings, as well as plenty of photographs. The former (mostly snippets of the war) are extremely varied, though a little smudgily reproduced. The latter include a topical cartoon by Mr. Harry Furniss, and drawings by various Continental artists who have evidently made a study of the works of Caran d'Ache. These comic cuts are clearly meant to be an important feature of the paper, and their quality is certainly good.

We have already called attention to the forthcoming appearance of a second volume of Mr. E. J. Payne's Selections from Hakluyt. A correspondent wishes us to inquire whether in these days of naval enthusiasm no publisher will be sufficiently patriotic to give us a complete reprint of Hakluyt's collection of "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation." There are few books in the language more full of the raw material of adventure, along with a frequent and distinguished charm of style, or that ought to be more welcome to patriotic Englishmen, than this compendium of English sea travel in its adventurous spring-time. Yet it is very scarce and hard to come by, and has only once been reprinted since Hakluyt's own publication. The black-letter editions, which few of us can read with comfort, cost from twenty to thirty guineas, and the single reprint of 1830-11, in five large volumes, was limited to 325 copies on large and small paper, so that it is very rarely to be found in a catalogue, and then costs almost as much as the original. The Hakluyt Society, which celebrated its jubilee two or three years ago, has shown no inclination to make Hakluyt accessible to the general reader. It has produced many excellent and some inadequate editions of separate voyages chronicled by Hakluyt, but has done no more, and its volumes are, of course, out of the reach of the average book-buyer, being scarce and expensive.

Soon after the foundation of the Hakluyt Society Froude expressed the hope that Hakluyt was again to be brought within the reach of the book-buyer:—

We can conceive nothing [he wrote in 1852], not the songs of Homer himself, which would be read among us with more enthusiastic interest than these plain massive tales; and a people's edition of them in these days, when the writings of Ainsworth and Eugene Sue circulate in tens of thousands, would perhaps be the most blessed antidote which could be bestowed upon us. The heroes themselves were the men of the people—the Joneses, the Smiths, the Drakes, the Davises; and no courtly pen, with the one exception of Raleigh, lent its polish or its varnish to set them off. In most cases the captain himself, or his clerk or servant, or some unknown gentleman volunteer, sat down and chronicled the voyage which he had shared; and thus inorganically arose a collection of writings, which, with all their simplicity, are, for nothing more striking than for the high moral beauty, warmed with natural feeling, which displays itself through all their pages.

We are sure that Hakluyt's great work only needs to be accessible to be as popular as it was in the seventeenth century, when so many copies of it were thumbed out of existence.

An interesting early journal of travel and a fine example of the

exceptional difficulties to the printers of those days of this journey is written in the easy gossip style, the author being careful to give illustration of important things he had seen. Many of these are quaint, but some of them represent mere fabulous tricks of contemporary travellers.

PLAYS AND PLAYGOERS.—A

[SCENE.—A Club Smoking-Room.]

A Representative Playgoer.
An Eccentric Literary Person.

R. P.—"For intelligent persons the theatre does not exist?" My dear Sir! My dear Sir!

E. L. P. (urbane).—Of course, it depends on the standard of intelligence.

R. P.—But what do you want? Here, in London, plenty of theatres, all kinds of plays, full of excitement, night, always something to go and see. (Scornfully.) You want more Ibsen.

E. L. P. (with sudden anger).—This eternal Ibsen is enough to drive any one mad. To hawl "Hedda Gabler" or "The Little Eyolf" or "Borkman." I want plays written by authors for intelligent audiences—plays in which the characters are either real or fanciful, not parodies of social conditions, pictures of it, nor creations of the heated imagination. Plays that bear some relation to life as it is, solve the problems—

R. P.—Oh! Problems!

E. L. P.—Well? Every good play, every good book, is full of problems—problems of conduct, of expediency, of duty. I know what you think of the play just mentioned. But women with past problems in the world.

R. P.—Well, every one to his taste. For me, I'm satisfied with things as they are. What do I want from the theatre? Something to help me to get through life.

E. L. P.—Exactly. That's just what I want. You do if you didn't go to the theatre? When you go out or going to a party, you must have something to talk about.

R. P. (sulkily).—Well, what do you do with your problems? I should like to know?

E. L. P.—Good heavens! What do I do with my problems? Why, man, I commune with my own soul, I pray, I read the past, I meditate upon the present, I speculate on the future. What do I do with my evenings?

R. P.—H'm! You must be cheerful company. A sort of thing isn't much in my line. I work hard, you see. Work in the City isn't like staying at home. I do a bit of writing in your armchair.

E. L. P. (witheringly).—No, it isn't.

R. P.—Sitting down with a book is a dull business. I've done it sometimes—a thing like "King Solomon's Mines" or that chap—What's his name?—who writes "The Kettle and Dr. Nikola," and, you know, the "The Thing"—all by the same man, aren't they? Well, but the ordinary sort of book I simply can't stand. The people who write plays write books too, I would think.

E. L. P.—Because then they'd be found on

E. L. P.—Pinero—the man who wrote the play.

R. P.—Did he? I thought it was by that man Jones, same man who wrote *The Degenerates*. That was good, too—that blind art critic, eh? And the deaf musician? I roared at them; or was that in something else?

E. L. P.—Never mind. What did you think of *King John*, now?

R. P.—Oh! I didn't manage to see *King John*. Of course, I know one ought to go to anything of Shakespeare's. So I do generally. But I generally put it off until pretty near the end. I was going the other night. But, you see, *The Bill of New York* was just going to shut up too, and I really felt I must see that again while I had a chance. After that I hadn't another evening free. But I expect I shall go and see *A Midsummer Night's Dream* some time, especially as Louie Freese's in it.

E. L. P.—Shakespeare with Louie Freese ought to be attractive.

R. P.—Oh! Awfully. She was ripping in that thing *Oh! Sweeney*. Well, *Queer* was the best thing I've seen this last year. What fault can your "intelligent person" find with that, now?

E. L. P.—I imagine he would say it is the cleverest and the least satisfactory play Pinero has written. Do you think such society exists outside the pages of the *Family Herald*? That absurd duchess; that shrewd peer who drifts into the most ridiculous of positions for no reason at all! That "good-hearted" manicurist who is set against her foster-sister marrying Quex because he is an old scamp, and yet comes round entirely to Quex's side simply because for one brief moment he behaves to her like a gentleman! Leave out the fact that the piece suggests no new view of life or conduct—is altogether non-moral. Taking it simply on its acting and its literary qualities, I maintain that it falls to pieces when it is really examined.

R. P.—Well, you can't deny that it was interesting.

E. L. P.—Personally, it didn't interest me much.

R. P.—What, not that third act?

E. L. P.—The third act was wonderful, certainly a marvellous piece of stage-craft. But one scene in a play doesn't make the whole play interesting. There was no real interest in the story or in any of the characters—you didn't sympathise with any one—and you can't make a play without sympathy.

R. P.—Well, I don't know—the fun was kept going all right. There weren't any dull bits. I can't see what you want in a play.

E. L. P.—I want the drama "to stir you, to give you new sensations, to make you feel your life strongly." That's what Caroline Helston told Robert Moore drama ought to do, if you remember "Shirley."

R. P.—Can't say I do. Who's it by?

E. L. P.—Charlotte Brontë.

R. P.—Oh! I read "Jane Eyre" once—that's by her, isn't it? Run sort of book, I thought it.

E. L. P.—Does *Queer* do any of those things? Did *Who's within Who's*? Did any play produced last year? Yes, one or two did. *Garrison's Woy* was one. It certainly stirred me. It made one feel one's life more strongly—too strongly, almost, for the playwright was in earnest. So were the authors of *The Weather Hen* in earnest, and a really interesting play they wrote.

R. P.—Well, those, of course, I didn't see. They were done at *matinées*, and I can't waste time going to the theatre in the afternoon.

E. L. P.—Quite so, that's exactly—well, never mind. *The Weather Hen*, by the way, run for a few nights as well.

E. L. P.—In the poetry, my friend. In the acting illusion that the poetry and the acting together produce imaginative minds.

R. P.—Then that's the sort of thing you like welcome to it, I'm sure.

E. L. P.—It was one of the *partirécus* I had during the whole year. I saw it on—

R. P. (politely)—Really?

E. L. P.—Then the *ex* is *Y* or *X*—*Y* or *Ted*—there more forces that make intelligent fun of the suggest fresh ideas?

R. P.—Well, I never can see what Bernard Shaw at. Seems to me he's always poking for things does—or, at any rate, thinks.

E. L. P.—Surely that's been a habit with comic in all ages.

R. P.—Oh! I'd say it's all right. Of course, it to make fun of some things. Nowadays, when there's a about woman being man's superior, it's just as we women up a bit, like that woman who was always the governess who kissed Wyncham's photo. Come, do you say to *The Union of Tears*?

E. L. P.—Yes, it was capital, but did it have a cess? Is there any talk of putting it on again? No back to *David Grieve* instead.

R. P.—I could see that any number of times.

E. L. P. (polite in his turn)—No doubt.

R. P.—Still, for all you say against the *troupe* you go to them a good deal.

E. L. P.—So I have done in the vain hope my reward. I never spend more than a shilling though.

R. P.—Do you mean to say you go to "the go wonder you don't enjoy yourself.

E. L. P. (savagely). I can't afford to spend half a every time. I suppose if there were theatres for people, seats would be cheaper.

R. P.—Why?

E. L. P.—Because intelligent people are generally

R. P. (to himself). Oh, hang intelligence. I'm word.

E. L. P.—Even if they knew they would be intelligently they could not go often at present prices, most of them stay away altogether. You see they have resources.

R. P. (shortly). I see.

E. L. P.—I hope you are not annoyed.

R. P.—Annoyed? At your imagining yourself intelligent person in the world? Oh dear no.

E. L. P.—I fear your ill-humour has got beyond trial. Home truths are seldom palatable. Good-even

R. P.—Good-night.

The Eccentric Literary Person having departed, tentative Playgoer summons a club waiter. Having put a soothing beverage, he enquires casually:—Who was it man that just went out?

Waiter.—That, Sir? Name of Doggous, Sir, the newspapers, I believe, Sir.

R. P.—H'm. Thought so.

(Scene closes.)

panphlet-ering, much of it characterized by singular ability. Both in England and in Germany the Dreyfus case produced a certain number of books, as distinguished from newspaper and magazine articles, but in its native country it produced comparatively few, and those by people previously unknown in the literary world. To this statement one great exception must be made. The Comtesse de Martel ("Gyp"), to the regret of her numerous English admirers, placed her mordant wit and marvellous power of observation at the service of Anti-Semitic passion, even before the first trial of Dreyfus in 1894. Among the novels she published last year were "Les Cayennes de Rio" and "Les Femmes du Colonel." Her publishers were for long the great Jewish house of Calmann Lévy, but they naturally refused to circulate those of her works which were markedly anti-Jewish, and these have been for the most part given to the world by the firm of Flammarion.

The public are familiar with the keen interest which such writers as Anatole France, François Coppée, Jules Lemaitre, Ferdinand Brunetière, Marcel Prévost, and Henri Lavieulle took in the Dreyfus case—an interest so keen and so serious that they seem to have regarded the *Affaire* as outside the legitimate range of their literary art. Perhaps an even more conspicuous example of this feeling is furnished by Emile Zola, who, to the astonishment of many of his foreign friends, employed his temporary exile in this country last year not, as they had expected, in illuminating the more resonant depths of the *Affaire*, but in elaborating "Fécondité," a work planned years before the Dreyfus drama began to be unravelled. The effect of the Dreyfus case on the French literature of 1899 is like the action of the cuttle-fish which, for its own protection, discharges a quantity of inky fluid, concealing not only itself but all creatures within its radius. Similarly the solid achievements of French literature in 1899 require a good deal of disentangling. The question "What has been the book of the year in France?" cannot be answered simply and directly. From an international point of view undoubtedly the most conspicuous book is "Fécondité." But in France the critics have refused to accept it as on a level with Zola's great books, and with the generality of readers it has somehow "missed fire." This is partly due to the hostility which anti-Dreyfusards still entertain for the author of "J'accuse." Moreover, no fiction written "with a purpose" ever achieves a real success with French readers. The least successful of all Daudet's books was "Rose et Ninette," which was avowedly written to denounce the Naquet divorce law.

From the purely French standpoint, the literary laurels of 1899 must be divided among a group of six writers who had previously made their mark. The year brought with it no new star of conspicuous brilliance, nor did it greatly enhance any existing reputation. Of these six writers the finest work has been given to the world during 1899 by Anatole France, although not one of his three latest books—"L'Amour d'Améthyste," "Cléo," and "Pierre Nozière"—can compare with his earlier "L'Étui de Naere," "Thais," or "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard." The worship of pure form is carried to such lengths in France that the perfection of M. France's style would, however jejune his thought, place him upon a literary pedestal. As a matter of fact, however, it is wedded to an astonishing combination of real erudition and vivid imagination. His younger rival, Pierre Louÿs, abandoned last year his wonderful reconstitutions of the ancient world, and gave his readers "La Femme et Le Pantin," a story of modern Spanish life. This, though quite as gross as "Aphrodite" and "Bilitis," lacks something of the rare charm of his earlier work. The brothers who write under the single signature of "J. H. Rosny" have

volumes during 1899 which, though characterised by special importance.

The English passion for portly volumes of shared across the Channel, but the French in reading the correspondence of distinguished years after their death. The list of volumes published last year includes two of the extraordinary series of Balzac's letters to his future wife, the 1833-1842, and the letters written by Michelet wife, Mademoiselle Milière. A charming set of Georges Sand, written in her old age both to boy in whom she took an interest, has also *Nouvelle Revue*. The interest in military and is so remarkable in England of late years really where each month sees the publication of several works. Under this head must be mentioned unpublished diary of Baron Gourgaud at St. that period when he shared the exile of Napoleon most important of this class of books from a view was "La Défense Navale," by M. Loock Marine, which attracted much attention in course, not yet possible to estimate what effect have on the French Navy. It is curious that Napoleon literature has almost died out, though exhaustive study of Waterloo and works on La in Egypt.

Of late years Frenchmen have done much reproach that their ideas of sport are perhaps significant welcome has been accorded to Bar Sport en France et à l'Étranger," a sumptuous work. Among sporting books, too, may be class the meaning of the word a little, the course which has grown up round the modern craze for which resembles, at least in volume and variety literature of cycling.

In the world of pure literature one of the features of 1899 has been the tendency of French their attention more and more to the drama. *Cyran de Bergerac* undoubtedly revealed an interest poets in the stage, and probably Iavedan owed the Academy not so much to his studies of which rival, if they do not surpass, those of two great triumphs, *Le Prince d'Aurac* and *Le*

A word must be said in conclusion on the interest to our national pride, which French people are in our contemporary English literature. The eighteenth century and early nineteenth century of course, familiarly known to cultivated French is a new sign of the times to see translations "Jungle Book" and "The Light That Failed Machine," "Imaginary Portraits," and "Ship Night" welcomed across the Channel. The gratifying that the extremely miscellaneous selection may perhaps be pardoned.

CRABBE.

It is nearly 120 years since Crabbe's few last touches from Dr. Johnson—took the What is the verdict of the fifth generation? Like many greater poets Crabbe has not now nor has he the advantage possessed by many much quoted though they are not much read, improve the language by means of

sense and sober judgment " and " not to the fancy and imagination." But few poets have followed the working of men's minds with the same minute accuracy as Crabbe, and Mr. Holland's selections in *THE POEMS OF GEORGE CRABBE*, recently published by Arnold, are welcome as calling attention to a master of the narrative art who deserved well of posterity. Still more welcome is the news that a German student, Hermann Pestel, has published a Study of Crabbe.

Mr. Holland's book is very fairly representative. He could not have chosen a better example of the humorous dialogue which won the approval of Jane Austen herself than "The Frank Courtship." As another specimen of wit "Arabella" might have been included, and among the tragic tales we miss "Sir Eustace Grey," the old favourite of the *Edinburgh Review*. But "The Parting Hour" and "Phoebe Dawson," given in this selection, show Crabbe's overwhelming pathos at its best. The selections would in fact have been altogether satisfactory were it not for an indiscreet attack, on the part of Mr. Holland's blue pencil, upon "The Parish Clerk," one of the best examples of Crabbe's minute observation of his parishioners. The parish clerk, an apparently virtuous man, raises the indignation of the villagers by his importunate attempts to keep them in the right path. They seek their revenge by endeavouring to allure him into the wrong one. But the wine with which they ply him has no effect upon the conclusiveness of his arguments, and he is insensible to female blandishments. It never occurs to them that the temptation of the parish clerk lies naturally in the collection plate. But the devil knows more than they do, and in due time the clerk yields to his prompting, and exposes his own weakness. Mr. Holland, by excising, without any stars or warning to the reader, the passage which describes the unsuccessful attempts of the villagers to confound the clerk, spoils the point of the tale—that a man's neighbour is not his most dangerous enemy.

The same accurate observation, aided by a detailed study of natural history, serves Crabbe in his treatment of nature. The flower which adorns the falling tower of a church suggests to him at once its imperceptible seeds, "the invisible stain upon the wall" from which it grew. This minuteness, though sometimes ultra-scientific, often enables him to catch some detail which brings a whole scene before our eyes. Take, for example, his description of the sea at noon in summer:

. . . curling to the strand,
Faint lazy waves o'er-creep the ridgy sand,
Or tip the tarry boat with gentle blur,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.

So we have a little vignette at the open door of a widow's cottage:—

Her wheel is still and overturned her stool
While the lone widow seeks the neigh'ring pool.

These pictures in the Dutch style were as new to eighteenth century readers as Crabbe's detailed study of man. He was living in the transition period between Pope and Wordsworth, between the classic and the romantic. His early friends in London were Johnson, Reynolds, and Fox; his patrons, Burke and Lord Chancellor Thurlow. Later on, when he returns to town at the age of 54, he meets with Rogers, Campbell, Scott, and Wordsworth. The scene has shifted from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century. In the meantime Crabbe helped to forge the link between the two schools. His early work at once turned the attention of the town from Westminster and Grub-street to the county borough and the village homestead. A new note rings through "The Village," "The Borough," "The Parish Register," "Tales in Verse," and "Tales from the Hall." Above all things it sounds a warning

Orford" and "Peter Grimes" in "The Borough" almost farcical through the excessive repetition of incidents. The landscape of Crabbe's early poetry is affected by the same despondent outlook. He sees "almy mallow," the heathcote, the poppy, and the dew-shade. Like most reactionists he "o'erleaps himself on 'other."

But in many respects Crabbe is not such an unmovable contemporary, Cowper, or even as Thomson, who died when Crabbe was born. He has not the qualities which make so peculiarly the forerunner of Wordsworth, his more than his sense, inspired by Rousseau, of the brotherhood of the natural and informal sequence of his ideas. And Cowper and Thomson departed from the tradition of the eighteenth century in their choice of blank verse as Crabbe still hammered out his careful lines in the heroic. The antithesis used by Dryden and Pope as a brilliant vehicle for the satire of the town was not so servicable for the home of the country parson. Nothing illustrates the true character of Crabbe's work so well as the incongruous passages between the simplicity of his ideas and the traditionalism of his style. Even the pathetic figure of "Phoebe Dawson," the ingenious country maiden, is for a moment disguised as a princess by the politeness of the heroic couplet.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though a boy, an I gentle though retired.

This fault gained Crabbe the sobriquet of "Pope's stockings." But it is only partially deserved. He is a slave to the antithesis, and in "Tales from the Hall" almost entirely discards it. The simple narrative then charms, unimpeded by convention:—

I loved in summer on the heath to walk,
And seek the shepherd, shepherd's love to talk,
His superstition was of ranker kind,
And he with tales of wonder stored my mind—
Wonders that he on many a lonely eve
Had seen, himself, and, therefore, must believe
His boy, his dog, he said, from duty ran
Took to the sea, and grew a fearless man.
"On yonder knoll the sheep were in the fold
His spirit passed me, shivering-like and cold
I felt a fluttering, but I knew not how,
And heard him utter, like a whisper, 'Now!
Soon came a letter from a friend, to tell
That he had fallen, and the time he fell."

The last two lines would be a bathos were it not a sharp spunk. They might have been written by Wordsworth.

There is a ripeness as well as a superior ease in the "Tales from the Hall" which marks the climax of Crabbe's development. The sad vein of his earlier composition is still there, it is relieved by a hope for better things, and a sympathy for human nature. The humorous passages throughout his work are more frequent in these stories of brothers, who, after a long separation, exchanges seats by the fireside of the old hall "over the walouts and the

FICTION.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has given us in the *TALES OF AUNT MINERVA ANN* (Dent, 4s. 6d.), a gallery of sketches, in black and white, that will bear comparison with the best work. The scene—Georgia in the early days of emancipation—just after the war—affords a fine opportunity for the study of the poverty of the ruined Southern gentlemen and the

capital illustrations by Mr A. B. Frost, who has caught the spirit of the character admirably.

RINGAN GILHAIZE, by John Galt (Grosvenor, 5s.). Messrs. Blackwood some time ago took advantage of the appearance and popularity of a new school of Scottish fiction to attempt to revive the memory of one of the greatest masters of an older school by issuing new editions of some of the best of Galt's novels with introductions by Mr. Crockett. Messrs. Grosvenor have followed up this enterprise by re-issuing the same author's leading story of the times of the Covenanters with a well-written and scholarly preface by Sir George Douglas. The main proposition which Sir George sets himself to make good is that "Ringan Gilhaize" is *par excellence* the romance of the Covenantee period, such a performance as Scott's "Old Mortality" not deserving to be named in the same breath with it, inasmuch as its very excellences detract from its fidelity to truth. And we so far agree with Sir George Douglas as to concede that the hero of the story represents the best side of a movement which, as Burns said, "now brings a smile, now brings a tear," that he is "the pattern of a spirit at once upright, humble, and self-respecting, whose ruling passion is an earnest piety, and who asks no more of those set over him than freedom to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience." This is true, and it is well that it should have been said. As an honest study in fiction of Covenant-edom at its best "Ringan Gilhaize" is superior to any other book dealing with the same subject and period that has been published. But it is not a great and enjoyable story in itself. In point of reality it will not compare with Galt's own "Annals of the Parish" or "The Provost" or "Sir Andrew Wylie." His Graham of Claverhouse is not nearly so real a personage, for example, as Sir Walter Scott's or even Mr. Crockett's. As for Cardinal Benton and his rather irrelevant amorous adventures which appear in the beginning of the book, they have most decidedly the look of being "got up." As a story, too, and in spite of certain rather good battle pieces, "Ringan Gilhaize" hangs fire. On the other hand, the closing chapter, in which the hero, now converted into a vindictive fanatic by the persecution he and his family have endured for conscience' sake, fires the fatal shot which stretches Dundee dead at Killiecrankie, is melodramatically most effective and the members of the Gilhaize family are all admirably drawn. There is a great deal of power diffused—too much diffused—over this book.

THE NEW GHOST STORY.

We have long been waiting with pleasurable anticipation for the new ghost story. As we pointed out some time ago, the old spectre of our childhood with his clanking chains has faded into nothingness in this age of inquiry. If he appears again it is in a new character and he must at least be civil to the Society for Psychical Research. In **THE PROFESSIONAL AND OTHER PSYCHIC STORIES** (Hurst and Blackett), and in **GHOSTS, BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF FLAXMAN LOW** (C. Arthur Pearson), we have the first fruits of "Psychical" romance. The two books, however, are in other respects of an entirely different character. Miss Goodrich Fraser, the author of the first, is a diligent and scientific student of psychical phenomena, and though there is quite sufficient weirdness in her tales to satisfy a taste for sensation, she confines herself to what is—at any rate in the opinion of the S.P.R.—within the limits of credibility. Messrs. K. and Hesketh Pritchard (K. and H. Heron), the authors of "Ghosts," on the other hand, allow no considerations of credibility to fetter their imagination, and plunge us into a perfect orgie of ghoulsomeness. The connecting link of the stories is Mr. Flaxman Low—a special

But his knowledge—especially of vampires—peculiar, and it need hardly be said that in every heart of the mystery and lays the ghost. The adventures show extraordinary ingenuity and are on the part of the authors in making the real. Miss Goodrich Fraser's tales are strange rather. They deal with second sight, telepathy, cryp- projection of thoughts into visible appearance. That the stories "are even, if speciously fancy. Four are directly taken from life, and the remain-

darling to detain
From sober nature, are still to matur

Some little time ago, we are told, the Society some very startling experiences which were contradict known canons. It turned out that who communicated them had transcribed them stories—the old Christmas ghost, in fact, re- once exploded by scientific inquirers. Miss F of course strictly consistent with the laws of Ps "a branch of learning in which all are igno- unbelieving." They are somewhat unequal, but they go on. The best are "A Dead Man's Evid- Haunting of White Gates"—the latter espe- conceived and told with excellent effect. No Psychological Research should overlook this bo- distinct general interest as a foretaste of the future.

STUDIES IN VILLAINS.

Major Griffiths is an expert in villainy give the first place to the latest novel. We commented recently on the crop of fina- which this season has presented us. To the romancers of commerce Major Griffiths now ad- Font's Folly, Ltd. (Macqueen, 6s.). Nearly are too staid and smack overmuch of the Adelp- of shopkeepers" is bound to appreciate the el- the financial contests of the villain and hero. long since to rely on Major Griffiths for skilful sketches of criminals and their ways, and he de- us here. His studies in the Chronicles of M have caused him so far to forget his Peerage hero regret that if he married Lady Susan Mellis Mrs. Ford—surely an unnecessary lament.

Villains, of course, are made only to be the detective story. It must always stand or fall in a secondary sense, by the amount of analytic by the detective in unravelling the mystery. Hume, in his new story, **THE RED-HEADED M** 6s.), employs both a professional and an amateur perpetrators of a double murder in the public but it cannot be said that either of his detectability at the game. The Scotland Yard official his amateur assistant (a writer of detective s- apparently destitute even of common sense. T- vining throughout. It is not enough for the kind of story to fix the blame ultimately on the his characters; when this character happens to for whom the reader has any kindness the e- disastrous. The volume is full of misprints.

A highly interesting villain is given us Flowerdew's novel, **THE REALIST** (Lane, 6s.), picture of a young journalist on the *Gardenia* a- by Auguste Zant, the French novelist whom he view. Zant is a delightful figure for a moder- certainly a realist. To half-strangle a horse- intention of finding out how much it costs l- piece of work for this queer personage, but blacker stories of his experiments. Apart f- dark deeds, he attends by his manner, his s- self. "Thanks, not always illustrated by his

of the book, which contains an account of a triant expedition on the Thames in the very small hours of a summer morning, leads us to expect a gentle tale of love and humour. But it is not long before a very black villain of the Don Juan variety makes his entrance, and we soon come upon kidnapping, conspiracy, duelling, and bigamy. A good deal of inventive power is displayed, but the author fails to conceal his art. The duel, for instance, is introduced because a duel was wanted by the author, not by the combatants. The characters are rather wooden, but still Sybil is a pretty heroine, and she scarcely leaves the stage for a moment. The *format* of the book is good, and the little black and white headings and tail-pieces have something of the suggestiveness of recent French illustrations.

Mr. Cobban has done better and more artistic work than AN AFRICAN TREASURE (John Long, 6s.). He has contented himself with a tragedy of Jubilee Day, a conventional hunt after very conventional treasure, adventures among Jews, Moors, and certain alarming and, in the long run, disgusting scoundrels who are known as "veiled men." But the story is a stirring one; the Jews and the adventurous doctor who is the hero of the story are admirably drawn. The worst that can be said of "An African Treasure" is that it is neither quite a boys' story nor quite a novel. But considering Mr. Cobban's genuine faculty that is a good deal to say.

Mr. J. Blundell-Burton's new novel, A BITTER HERITAGE (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), has the more than ordinary merit of being written in good style, and of maintaining its interest to the end. With a heroic hero and a most villainous villain one feels sure of a satisfactory unravelling of the plot, but until the last chapter or two it is difficult to see how that is to be accomplished. The plot and the descriptions of scenes in British Honduras are the strong points of the book. In other respects it too nearly approaches melodrama, and a little more light and shade would have improved the drawing of the two principal characters.

TRESPASSERS WHO WERE PROSECUTED (Digby Long, 2s. 6d.) is a volume made up of two short stories by Sadi Grant. They illustrate successfully enough the dangers of meddling with other people's affairs, but they have hardly sufficient probability to act as a deterrent to the curious. Miss Grant writes pleasantly, and would seem to have some acquaintance with Oriental manners, but her two little tales were hardly worth publishing in book form.

The heroine of SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, by Katharine Tynan (Smith, Elder, 6s.), Pamela, is a very attractive young woman, and her story is as romantic as anything Mrs. Tynan has given us. The title, perhaps, gives rise to too much expectation, but the admirers of "The Dear Irish Girl" will find this new book quite as entertaining, and that is saying a good deal.

THE ENCHANTER, by V. L. Silberrad (Macmillan, 6s.), is not an altogether satisfactory novel, but if, as we fancy, it is a first attempt, it is remarkably full of promise. The author has overcrowded his—or should we say her?—canvas, with the result that the narrative is confusing and at times drags. But at other times it flows easily enough and discloses a happy gift of arranging a scene and of observing life, especially village life in the remoter parts of England. There is an admirable touch of comedy in the chapter "Concerning certain of the disadvantages of good fortune," in which the hero, a village genius, who has recently come into some money, is urged by his parents to rival the smartness of village bumpkins "in company."

Mrs. L. T. Meade describes her book, THE DESIRE OF MEN (Digby Long, 6s.), as "an impossibility," and so saves us the trouble of making the remark ourselves. She tells how a strange man-servant, named Jellybrand, opens a boarding-house in Bloomsbury, where, in return for a few shillings a week, he provides the fare of the most luxurious hotel, and contrives to make his old boarders young again through the exercise of his occult powers. It is hopeless fooling, and yet not unreadingable, although one is driven at the end to wonder how the writing of it could ever have seemed worth while.

In fact, several good things in the book and several neatly expressed, but we fear that not many novelists discover them. Under some such title as "Studies in Life," there might have been some chance for Mr. Coates.

A BROKEN PROMISE, by Violet Whyte (Pearson), is not brilliant, but it possesses that kind of frothy and merit which arises from volubility of style and ideas. The persons and the incidents are particularly interesting, the *dénouement* is wildly improbable. Yet the picture of a little coquette Det Vandeleur trains, go a long way, feminine craving for admiration and affection and her emotions, is not without a certain mild pathos and charm. And, of course, the inevitable soldier men of the west in the author of "Booth's Baby" has familiarized us earlier novels, and a good deal of rather common-sense to readers who like these predominating in realistic fiction Miss Violet Whyte's (or, shall we say John Winter's?) "Broken Promise" will not come amiss.

NICHOLAS AND MARY, AND OTHER MILTONS FOR MURRAY GILCHRIST (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), if not the most satisfactory performance of its author from the standpoint, is likely to be the most popular. The average of short stories, such as these purveyed to weekly papers, run, not an *honest*, and does not care for linked long drawn out. He frankly likes pleasant endings these. And then the book is agreeably "local" with aggressively so; "Milton" gives it a flavour dominating or even pervading it. The first story, "Nicholas and Mary," may be taken as a specimen of the book. It is sweethearts, the one of whom has gone to the tower her fortune, while the other has been true to his first country, meet in old age and marry. There is nothing in it, but it flows on simply and pleasantly. There is humour in some of the others, in particular "Mrs. B. the Butter-Huckster" and "Widow Keggelby."

THE HAWORTH BRONTE.

Some three or four years ago an anonymous "Haworth Edition" of the works of the sisters Brontë issued by a firm of publishers other than Messrs. Smith who are responsible for the present important and issue. In that announcement, if we mistake not, it was that the editorial duties were in the hands of Dr. F. Nicol and Mr. C. K. Shorter. From the fact that Mr. Nicol collaborates with Mrs. Humphry Ward we presume the first enterprise has been abandoned. With the edition before us, indeed, we fail to find any reason existence of another "Haworth Edition," or, indeed matter of that, for any other edition whatsoever.

If critical introductions to reprints of novels are necessary, those furnished here by Mrs. Ward amply satisfy demands. They are both impartial and sympathetic, evincing an intimate acquaintance with the author and her work.

The first three volumes, "Jane Eyre," "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," and "Villette" (6s. each), may be taken as representing Charlotte Brontë's contribution to English literature. It is ever to be beholden to Mrs. Ward for her attempt to restore the worth. But such an attempt would be barren of result, not, at the same time, seek to appreciate the spirit of the most valuable; and Mrs. Ward's insight, untrammelled by any indulgence in a surplussage of non-critical will help many a reader to a fuller understanding of the "whose griefs, rather, by the alchemy of poetry, have the joys of those who follow after, whose quick delights perceptions are not lost in the general store, but remain marked and preserved to us in forms that have the power, through long years, to reawaken similar de-

governess, that Mr. Rochester should have been a man of honour and generosity, a man with whom not only Jane Eyre, but clearly the writer herself, is in love, and yet capable of deliberately betraying and deceiving a girl of twenty in a singularly helpless position—these are the fundamental puzzles of the story. . . . The "arrangement" by which Jane Eyre is led to find a home in the Rivers household and becomes at once her uncle's heiress and the good angel of her newly-discovered cousins; the device of the phantom voice that recalls her to Rochester's side; the fire that destroys the mad wife, and delivers into Jane's hands a subdued and helpless Rochester; all these belong to that mere mechanical and external sort of plot-making which the modern novelist of feeling and passion, as distinguished from the novelist of adventure, prides himself on renouncing.

To say this of "Jane Eyre" is to condemn its facts, or what perhaps is better called its presentment of life. And yet the book continues to have a power, and this Mrs. Ward explains:—

The true subject of "Jane Eyre" is the courage with which a friendless and loving girl confronts her own passion, and, in the interest of some strange social instinct which she knows as "duty," which she cannot explain and can only obey, tramples her love under foot and goes out miserable into the world.

This is the secret of the book. It is Charlotte Brontë herself who has to be reckoned within its estimate. "The main secret of the charm that clings to Charlotte Brontë's books is, and always will be, the contact which they give us with her own fresh, indomitable, surprising personality—surprising above all."

"Shirley," the book that tore its way to completion over a sea of sorrows, fails in the same way to convince us of its grasp of life, and yet it becomes transfigured in the light of Charlotte's own life. It is, in many respects, immature as a literary effort. As with her other stories, it contains presentations of male characters which could have no existence in reality. They testify to the writer's inexperience, but, at the same time, they bear witness to her capacity for projecting herself into her creations. Yet "Shirley" also persists. "Thus again," says Mrs. Ward, "we return once more to the central claim, the redeeming spell of all Charlotte Brontë's work—which lies, not so much in the thing written, to speak in paradoxes, as in the temper and heart of the writer."

Perhaps the only male character successfully presented to us by Charlotte Brontë is M. Paul Emanuel. He is the one man among all the men of all her stories who is free of our questioning. He eludes our criticism in just the same way as does any reality. He is the offspring of Charlotte Brontë's loving appreciation at a time when a matured meditation and a wider experience of life had helped her to distinguish between what actually existed and what she thought was possible of existence. Jane Eyre, Caroline Helstone, Lucy Snowe—these lived with her always. All that was required to project them as creations was the artistic gift, and as she had this in an astonishing degree, her heroines are there for all time. With Edward Rochester, Robert Moore, Louis Moore, or Dr. John Bretton it is different. They are composed of unrelated material. They are bundles of qualities, temperaments, characteristics. They are not organic simply because Charlotte Brontë's experience was limited. The quiet provincial life of the household of a poor country parson offered few opportunities for providing the material which her genius demanded. Her troubles, also, and her religious outlook on life tended to accentuate her bias toward sentimentality. But Paul Emanuel is of another world. He, more than Lucy Snowe or Paulina de Bassompierre or Madame Beck, sends us to "Villette," and "Villette," in Mrs.

It the letter of one who hopes to find some further service. It was written to Mr. Go publisher, shortly after his marriage, and, com way of introduction to M. Paul Emanuel, we an as to Mrs. Ward's own views as to Charlott for M. Héger. We quote what she says about marriage:—

The step in contemplation is no hasty one man's side, at least, it has been meditated for I hope that in at last acceding to it I am w what I earnestly wish to do. My future husb man. He was for eight years my father's because the idea of this marriage was not wished. His departure was regarded by calamity, for he had devoted himself to h ordinary diligence. Various circumstances h to consent to his return, nor can I deny that have been much impressed and changed b strength of the qualities brought out in the attachment. I fear I must accuse myself of done him less than justice. However, he is to He has forgone many chances of preferment obscure village of Haworth. I believe I do him. I mean to try to make him a good wife, heavy anxiety, but I begin to hope all will My expectations, however, are very subdued I dare say, to what yours were before you w and Fear stand so close to Hope. I sometime her for the shadow they cast. And yet I am t the doubtful future must be left with Provide

On one feature in the marriage I can dw satisfaction, with a certainty of being right, from the attention I owe to my Father; I am—my future husband consents to come here— by the step a devoted and reliable assistant There can, of course, be no reason for intelligence from your Mother and sisters kindly to them whenever you write. . . .

In the course of the year that is gone Cor have receded very far from me; the links have waxed very frail and few. It must be. All things considered, I don't wish it otherwis

It has been a genuine pleasure to read Mrs. War This edition should compel a re-reading of C writings. The publishers also deserve that t given them for the handsome form in which been produced.

Library Notes.

The war has naturally turned the attent Librarians to the production of special lists of th Africa. There are those published by the li and St. Saviour's, Southwark, and the *Uth Chronicle* has issued a list in the form of a su other library journals contain similar speci books. The difficulty of keeping a printed fil to date enhances the value of these periodicals those that contain really valuable bibliographies the *Quarterly Record of the Manchester Free Lib Public Library Journal*, and *West Ham Library*

The *Folkstem* reports that the last book i Winston Churchill from the Pretoria Public Li escape was "Mill on Liberty." We hope t opportunity to return the volume before his b

the other day as probably is now an accomplished fact. "In recognition of his great services" the curators of the Bodleian have granted Mr. Neubauer a retiring pension of £250 per annum. His cataloguing of the MSS. has been a stupendous task, carried out in the most able manner, and his contributions to Jewish literature would make a lengthy list.

The successor to Mr. Robertson, whose resignation of the librarianship of the Aberdeen Public Library was recently noticed in this column, is Mr. G. M. Fraser, who has long been engaged in local journalism. Mr. Fraser is well known as a bibliophile, though he does not appear to have had any previous experience as a librarian. A proposition was seriously made by some of the Aberdeen Committee that the retiring librarian "should be asked to stay on for six months longer to instruct his successor."

The late Duke of Westminster did not overlook the public library movement. By far the greater part of the Grosvenor Estate is in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, and it was no doubt the generosity of the Duke in providing a site for a public library that induced his fellow ratepayers to try themselves to the limited extent of the half-penny rate enough to maintain the library. The voluntary free library at Bothnalgreen, if we remember rightly, had reason to be grateful to the Duke, and also the public library at Chester.

At the opening of the new Free Library at Acton the other day some interesting speeches were made by the United States Ambassador, the Bishop of London, and Lord George Hamilton. Mr. Choate referred to the great development of the public library movement in his own country. He himself made no invidious comparison, but some comments upon his speech seem to suppose a great inferiority in the English public libraries. Those who have visited America will, we think, hardly agree. Their system has, perhaps, one advantage over ours owing to its closer relationship with the schools.

The new series of the *Library* makes its appearance as a quarterly instead of a monthly journal. Mr. J. Y. W. MacAlister is still editor, and the first number is a good one and well printed. Mr. A. W. Pollard's illustrated description of "Woodcuts in English Plays Before 1600" and the "Catalogue of Danton's Library," by Mr. H. Belloe, deserve special mention. The papers dealing with the practical aspects of librarianship are not so effective, the writers finding little to tell us that is new, with the exception of Mr. J. R. Boose in the first instalment of a series of papers on the Colonial Libraries. An article on the working of open access in public lending libraries, in which the writer threatens that all librarians who resist or fail to encourage this system "will have to . . . go!" seems to us a little overstated. There is merit in the idea of open shelves, but it is an old, not a new, feature in libraries, and no one can lay it down as a drastic law to be immediately readopted.

Unwin's "Chap-Book," in its account of an interview with Mr. Faux, for forty-seven years head of the Library Department of W. H. Smith and Son, describes him as "a Prime Minister of circulating libraries." The interview does away with any idea that Mr. Faux finds most enjoyment in the compilation of the *index epigrammaticus*, which has led to his being called "Censor of the Strand." After all, the compilation of books is a

The Richmond Public Library, like many others, valuable collection of local books and views. A list has just been made to the series of prints. There is a portrait of Chaucer, who, as Clerk of the Works of the King's Palace, superintended alterations made by Richard II. in the old palace at Richmond, then called Sheen. Another one of Dean Colet, who built a house in the Deer Park, the Queen's cottage and grounds and near the site of the Priory. It was here that Cardinal Wolsey retired in disgrace. The prints also include portraits of his chaplain to Charles I, who founded almshouses at Colley Cibber, Keau, and other actors who appear in the old theatre, of Swift, who served Sir William Temple, secretary in his house at West Sheen, of John Galsworthy at Richmond with his patrons, the Queensberry family, for some time a resident, and George Eliot, whose house at Parkshot, where she wrote her "Scenes of Clerical Life," is about to be pulled down.

Correspondence.

"SOUVENIRS D'UN ALPINIST" TO THE EDITOR

Sir, Perhaps your critic and yourselves will pardon a few words from me on the subject of his review of my treatise, the "Souvenirs d'un Alpiniste" of Emile Javelle, in the "Valley," which will be of service should a second "Alpine Memories" be called for. I will gladly accept the abbreviation "Mons." for Monsieur if you will kindly let me of a legitimate abbreviation of the same word will be mistaken for the initial of a *prison* beginning, and it is true that to render continuously in English both the euphony of a French original is a very difficult, impossible, task. Yet I feel that French rhetoric is of translation into English rhetoric with very little "flavour." Several instances leap to my mind. In my author I would cite the pages of "Première Ascension: Tour-Noir," which are translated on pp. 378-385 "Memories." I fear to exhaust your patience, but I mention two other points. The first is that the "magazine articles," which is perfectly legitimate in such writings as "Ascension du Rothorn," hardly classical composition like the "Première Ascension: Tour-Noir," and a prose-poem like "Les Mazots de Plan" which had not been published in a magazine prior to its appearance in book form. The second point is that nothing further from my intention than to "patronize" Emile Javelle. To avoid, where possible, the dissemination of error and inaccuracy, to be poetical is a state of grace, and to correct him was proper. But he was not a patronizable man.

Your obedient servant, W. H. CHURCHILL,
10, Silver-crescent, Gimmershury, Jan. 7.

THE HISTORY OF NORTHUMBRIA TO THE EDITOR

Sir, Please to kindly correct the statement of yours on p. 13 in your issue of to-day that the history of Northumbria in this fifth volume was written by Mr. J. Crawford. Both in the preface and at the commencement of the volume it is clearly stated that the history was written by Mr. J. Crawford.

A LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, In all Macaulay's writings there is no more famous passage than that in which he contrasts the methods of the Church of England and the Church of Rome, and shows how well the latter is able to "canalize" fanaticism by means of the religious orders.

The ignorant enthusiast whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy, and, whatever the polite and learned may think, a most dangerous enemy, the Catholic Church makes a champion. She bids him "curse his beard," covers him with a hood and gown of coarse dark stuff, and sends him forth to teach in her name.

And so forth, with a variety of illustrations showing what would have happened if Wesley had been a Catholic and Ignatius Loyola an Anglican.

The idea is generally supposed to have been Macaulay's own. But it was anticipated by an earlier writer with whose works Macaulay was indubitably familiar. The subject under discussion was the outbreak of Pietism in Switzerland and Germany, and the idea is thus unfolded:—

The Roman Catholics, who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a Multitude of Religions, have certainly taken the most effective way in the World for the keeping their Flocks together; I don't mean the Punishments they inflict on Men's Persons, which are commonly look'd upon as the chief Methods by which they deter them from breaking through the Pale of the Church, though certainly these lay a great Restraint on those of the Roman Catholic Persuasion. But I take one great Cause why there are so few sects in the Church of Rome, to be the Multitude of Convents, with which they everywhere abound, that serve as Resceptacles for all those fiery Zealots who would set the Church in a Flame, were not they got together in these Houses of Devotion. All Men of dark Tempers, according to their degree of Melancholy or Enthusiasm, may find Convents fitted to their Humours, and meet with Companions glowing as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a Fanatick is in the Roman Church a Religious of such and such an Order.

Macaulay developed this idea; but the passage quoted certainly contains a good deal more than the germ of it. How many of your readers recognize the quotation or can give the source of it?

Yours truly, F. G.

Authors and Publishers.

The analytical table of books published in 1899, which appeared in the "Publishers' Circular" last week, proves that the war did not seriously affect the production of new books until the month of December. As we mentioned at the time, it was the bookseller who suffered first, and it was not until the series of disasters had taken place, which culminated with the check to Baller on the Tugela, that the publishers felt the full effects of the war. Though the total for 1899 exceeds by fifty that of 1898, it is nevertheless true that the increase would have been much larger but for the general anxiety caused by the campaign, for many new books were kept back during the closing weeks of the year. The table shows that in the most prominent department, which includes juvenile works, novels, tales, and other fiction, only seventy-one new books were issued in December last against a total of 178 in the same month of 1898. True, the publication of new editions increased by two, but the exceptional number of reprints was one of the features of 1899. It was an American (as the "Publishers' Circular" itself reminded us) who remarked that "authorship would be a good enough business if it was not for

is in preparation, and will probably be ready for the Clarendon Press before the end of this year; (including the posthumous writings first published now arranged in chronological order with additions since discovered, and with the dissertations, a carefully revised and to a great extent rewritten, be curtailed. Prof. Campbell Fraser will be glad to furnish fresh biographical or bibliographical information of errors in his first edition, and communications may be sent to him at the University Press, Oxford.

When the English abridgment of M. I. Bloch's book, published, the Hague Peace Conference had just finished its famous meetings, "Is War Now Impossible?" thought to be a title likely to appeal to the public, interested in bringing about the reign of peace, now come, and as M. Bloch's book, in the work of Campbell-Bannerman, "gives the key to the title of the abridgment is to be changed to "Modern and Modern War"—a title which far more truly contents.

Among the multifarious duties which from the beginning have been cast upon the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, that great Imperial appellate Court, on whose jurisdiction Mr. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., has lately been speaking, the Scots Law Society of the University of Edinburgh, which appeals specially to the student of literature, the Copyright Act, 1842, inserted on the Macaulay, this tribunal is given power to license the publication of books which, after the death of the author, the copyright refuses to allow to be republished. Copinger's interesting work on the Law of Copyright (3rd edition) it is stated in a note to page 115 that "the Act to have been put in force with regard to Sir (sic) R. B. Broadstone of Honour"; but a diligent search in the quarters has failed to discover any confirmation of this. It is believed that so far the authority of the Judicial Committee under the section has not been invoked, notwithstanding, no one will deny the wisdom of such a useful enactment in the Statute-book.

In connexion with the assumption by Colonel Robinson as Governor of Northern Nigeria, and the annexation of the land of the Hausas by the British, Canon C. H. Robinson has written a book, which is immediately published by Messrs. Horace Marshall and Co., "Nigeria: Our Latest Protectorate." Canon Robinson, Lecturer in Hausa to the University of Cambridge, the late John Alfred Robinson, in memory of whom the Hausa Association was founded, and his "Hausaland," 25 years ago, established his claim to be considered an authority on the subject. That book gave an account of an author's travels through country almost unknown in England. The new work presents a picture of the Hausa territories as a large corner of the British Empire, to which eyes must necessarily turn later in the year when the British tries conclusions with the slave-raiders on the borders. There is a full description of the market-places, which probably have been unchanged for a thousand years, and could better indicate the possibilities awaiting the development of trade there than this account of the antiquities and manufacture in vogue. Canon Robinson recognizes that the future will ere long be extinct in Nigeria, and that the conflict between Mohammedanism and Christianity; and

documents are not merely of local importance, but contain many interesting details as to the pioneering and privatising industries, and the operations of the Civil War of the seventeenth century. A good many of them (dating from 1250 to the present century) were published in the local newspapers about twenty years ago under the joint editorship of Mr. Wainwright and the late Mr. J. R. Chantler. They will now be introduced to a larger public.

SEMIAS.—Dr. H. A. Giles, Professor of Chinese at Cambridge, is writing for the series of "Histories of Literature," edited by Mr. Gosse, and published by Mr. W. Heinemann, a volume on "Chinese Literature." Another new volume in the same series will be "Sanskrit Literature," by the new Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, Mr. A. A. Macdonell.

The new volume in the "Story of the Nations" Series is the story of "Modern Italy," by Pietro Orsi, who is Professor of History in the R. Liceo Foscarini, Venice. The number of volumes of this series with this new one makes fifty-two, and it is not proposed to add many more.

The fourth volume of the "Heroes of the Reformation" Series, edited by Professor Samuel Macnair Jackson, and published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons, will be published in London shortly. It is strange that the only satisfactory biographies of Beza at present obtainable are in German, and in Latin. Mr. Henry Martyn Baird, the author of the forthcoming volume, has already had a good deal to say concerning the man and his mission in his "History of the Rise of the Huguenots of France" and his "Huguenots and Henry of Navarre," for, as he remarks in his preface, the history of Protestantism in France could not be written without mention of the part played by Beza, the friend of Calvin, the adviser of Henry IV., until within five years of that monarch's death, and the recognized leader of the Reformed Church in the French-speaking countries through many eventful years. Mr. Baird has obtained his facts from the original sources, especially from Beza's own letters and autobiographical notes.

The new volume in the "Questions of the Day" Series which Messrs. Putnam's Sons will shortly publish is "The Regeneration of the United States: a Forecast of its Industrial Evolution," by Mr. William Morton Grimell. The greatest danger of the time appears to the author to be the suppression of individualism. "By this," he says, "our country was founded; by this it has become the foremost nation in the world." Messrs. Putnam's are also about to publish a little volume of "Folk Songs from the Spanish" by Helen Huntington—songs of Southern Spain selected from the poets or picked up by the wayside in Andalusia.

Mr. Murray has a number of important new books in hand for the next few months. Before dealing with the novelties it is worth mentioning that the late Hon. Henry Cloete's "Story of the Great Boer Trek" (edited by his grandson, Mr. W. Brodrick-Cloete, who is devoting the profits of the book to the fund for the widows and orphans of the soldiers killed in South Africa) has already gone to an eighth edition. The postponed Memoir of the Duchess of Teck has also been largely taken up in London, and has been reprinted before publication. It is now announced to appear at the end of next week or the beginning of the following week.

Of new books perhaps the most interesting is another volume of naval biographies entitled "Our Naval Heroes," with a preface by Lord Charles Beresford. The feature of the work is that the memoirs, wherever possible, are written by the direct descendants of the heroes in question; sometimes by the present heads of the families. Thus, Admiral Lord Anson is dealt with by Lord Lichfield; Admiral Blake by Major E. J. Blake; Admiral Earl Howe by Viscount Curzon, the member for the Wycombe Division of Buckinghamshire; Admiral Lord Graves by the present Lord Graves and Colonel Frank Graves; Earl St. Vincent by the present Viscount St. Vincent (in collaboration with Mr. L. C. Carr Laughton); Admiral Viscount Hood by General Viscount Bridport and the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood; and Nelson by the present Earl Nelson (also in

of Jamaica. He died at sea on his way home to England and was buried in the Dean Cemetery at Edinburgh. The volume which was privately printed last year and brought out by Mr. Murray in the curious record of the late Viscount Ossington during his years of office at the House of Commons, 1857-1882. The book is cut from My Journal, and contains a preface by the late Miss L. E. Demson. Two new editions in the same series are also announced, one being a cheaper edition of "C. Trotter's" Life of John N. Hudson, making through and the other a revised edition of "Sir Robert Peel's Birth to 1827." The last named work is the first volume of Memoirs, edited by Mr. C. S. Parker, and was published. It has been out of print for six months, but the copy may now be obtained complete.

Others of Mr. Murray's books for the spring are a volume of "Sermons," by Dr. George Salmon, Professor of Theology in Trinity College, Dublin, and Mr. Frederick T. Elworthy's Honour; and Other Studies in the Byways of Archer. Elworthy's aim is to show that heroes have, so to speak, a life of honour and of triumph from remote antiquity to the Middle Ages, forming an important element both in the life of a Bishop and the crown of a King. Subsequent chapters deal with the devil, and how to get them in position; and deal, among other things, with a number of the known remains of Greek and Roman domestic life.

In the course of a week or two Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co. will publish an enlarged edition of "The Plays of the Most Famous Old English Plays," by Mr. Herbert Thayer. The book was originally issued a number of years ago by another firm. It is similar in treatment to the series "Key to the Waverley Novels," also published by Swan, Sonnenschein, and now in its eighth thousand. The new edition has been added to the forthcoming volume, and dramatists now included are: Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Otway, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Congreve, Lord Lytton, and James Sheridan Knowles.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier announce on missionary subjects; the third volume of "The Christian Missions and Social Progress" (the first two volumes have run into several editions), a translation of German of Dr. Wernicke's "History of Protestantism in Africa," "In Africa's Forest and Jungle" by R. H. Stone; and "In Eden" by Mrs. Crosby H. Whisler (an account of the American Missionary Society in the valley of the Euphrates).

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing shortly a new edition of the poet laureate's shilling volume of "The History of England." It will contain besides other additions "To Arms," which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on December 23rd.

"The Household of the Lafayettees" by Miss E. M. Lytton, which has been hitherto obtainable only in library form, is shortly to be published by Messrs. Constable and Co. in popular form, slightly revised. It will be brought out in America by Messrs. Macmillan. "The new dramatic poem by Mr. David Graham, who has similar volumes on "James I." and "Rizzio," will be published by Messrs. Constable about the end of this month.

The Rev. H. Thurston, S.J., has written a novel "The Sacred Year of Jubilee," which practically amounts to a history of the Papal Court. It is to be elaborately illustrated and published in the spring by Messrs. Sands. Another illustrated work which the same firm has in hand is "The Goddess" "Romantic Edinburgh," Mr. Gishels, who was staff of the *Satanstoe*, has long been a recognized authority on the subject, and is the author of two books of a somewhat similar nature, entitled "The Fringes of Fife" and "Water

A Life of Sir Walter Scott has been written

Mr. B. T. Batsford is publishing (in conjunction with Messrs. Newnes) a comprehensive work on "The Art and Craft of Garden Making," by Thomas H. Mawson, Garden Architect. It will be a quarto volume, and will be profusely illustrated.

"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen" will make its appearance next week. While writing his book Mr. F. P. Dunne was on a visit to this country, and his book includes the five sketches on the Dryfus case which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, illustrated by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould. Mr. Dunne dedicates his new book "to Sir George Newnes, Bart., Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Limited, and other publishers who, uninvited, presented Mr. Dooley to part of the British public."

Mr. Robert Barr has altered the title of his forthcoming volume on his eventful visit to the further edge of the Mediterranean from "The East While You Wait" to "The Unchanging East." Mr. Barr has just sailed for America, but completed the revision of his proofs before leaving. The book will be out in March or April.

Mr. Elliot Stock is preparing for early publication a book by Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of Glasgow, which, under the title of "Storyology," deals with various phases of folk-lore, sea-lore, plant-lore.

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan is finishing her new novel, which Mr. John Long hopes to have ready about March. The story is entitled provisionally "Evil Wrought by Want of Thought."

Just before Parliament meets Messrs. Vacher, of Westminster, will publish the second issue of "The Politician's Hand-Book," by Mr. H. Whates. A digest of the diplomatic correspondence relating to South Africa and of the Peace Conference discussions will be among the new features.

Chess players will be interested to know that Professor Hoffmann's long-promised edition of "The Games of Chess" will be issued by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons early in February. Mr. J. A. Lason, the well-known chess bibliophile, contributes a bibliography of Chess.

"The City of the Soul," a volume of poems which was well received by the critics last year, is about to reappear in a second edition. The first issue was published anonymously; but the new edition will bear the name of Alfred Douglas on the title-page.

Mr. Edward Spencer ("Nathaniel Gubbins" of the *Sporting Times*), author of "Ukes and Ale" and "The Flowing Bowl," has written what he calls "a treatise on the Turf." The title of the book is to be "The Great Game and How it is Played," and the work itself will include sidelights on the Turf, anecdotes of men and horses of all sorts, and a study of the conditions under which racing is carried on. Mr. Grant Richards is to be the publisher.

Two fully illustrated articles on the work of Sargent, R.A., will appear in the February number of "The Studio." They are the first that have appeared with the sanction of Mr. Sargent, and the illustrations specially selected by the painter.

EDUCATIONAL.—Mr. W. J. Woodhouse, writing a short history of Greece which he is publishing during the present year at the University Tutorial Press (Clive) under the title of "The Tutorial History of Greece," a portion of the long promised tutorial history of Greece, Mr. C. S. Fenwick, M.A. Oxon., will be published next few weeks. This portion extends to the requirements of the matriculation. It will be abundantly provided with plans, and will be entitled "Matriculation History of Greece." The needs of matriculants and intermediate students of the University of London are being provided for by the University Tutorial Press of the present year. (Metamorphosis Lines 1-160), and *Isocrates* (The Case of Isocrates, P. Bigis, the F.T.P. edition published with English notes. A third edition of "General Elementary Science" will be published next year.

FRANCE.—M. Calmann Lévy has under publication an illustrated volume of "Notes sur B. Karagorgevitch." His other announcements for the next part novels. Thus we are to have Mme. Bentzon, M. Max O'Rell, M. Sudermann-Rous, M. Lavedan, M. A. Filon, and from the "Amoureuse." But in the list of *ouvrages sous presse* items are of conspicuous interest. The second volume of letters to Mme. Hanska is nearly ready, as well as in the "Souvenirs" of Baron de Bismarck and "Works" of M. Pierre Loti. Comte d'Haussony this house a new look of social studies, "Sala Femmes"; and M. Lucien Perey has prepared "Souvenirs du XVIII. Siècle." A "Théâtre Méilhar and Halévy, and of Méilhar alone, com-

M. Maurice Barrès has finally decided to publish a sequel of his "Déracinés." This new work, the volume of the "Roman de l'Énergie Nationale" Boulangist Crisis of ten years ago, "The Revue" began its publication in the number for December.

M. Plouffe is to publish in February a new volume by M. Paul Bourget, to be entitled "Dramas," a second volume of M. Bourget's "Complete Works" on January 16th and contain his "Études" "English Notes." This new edition will form which will be sold separately.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
Raphael. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) By Henry Strachey. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 117 pp. London, 1900. 10s. 6d.
- CLASSICAL.**
Select Fragments of the Greek Comic Poets. By J. H. Pichard. Cambridge. 7 x 5 1/2 in., 26 pp. Oxford, 1900. Clarendon Press, 5s.
- Lucian, The Syrian Satirist.** By Lieut. Col. H. W. L. Home. 9 x 5 1/2 in., 96 pp. London, 1900. Longmans, 5s. 6d.
- DRAMA.**
Aurelia. A Lyrical Drama. By A. Miquar. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 21 pp. London, 1900. Arles, Andrews, 1s.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
Educational Reform. By Fabian Ware. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 130 pp. London, 1900. Methuen, 2s. 6d.
- Specimens of English Prose.** From Malory to Carlyle. Selected

- First Steps in Earth-Knowledge.** (An Introduction to General Science.) By J. J. Harrison. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 200 pp. London, 1900. Blackie, 2s. 6d.
- A Little History of Lancashire** (Our Own County Series.) 7 x 4 1/2 in., 144 pp. London, 1900. Nelson, 3s.
- My First French Book.** (Modern Language Series.) By Marguerite Muret. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 72 pp. London, 1900. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. n.
- FICTION.**
Parson Kelly. By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 117 pp. London, 1900. Longmans, 6s.
- The Lady from Nowhere.** By Fernand Hume. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 275 pp. London, 1900. Chatto & Windus, 5s. 6d.
- The White Dove.** By W. J. Locke. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 300 pp. London, 1900. Lane, 6s.
- LITERARY.**
The Age of Johnson. 1748-1798.

- Life and Happiness.** By A. Macrot. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 90 pp. London, 1900. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. n.
- True Stories of South Africa.** By A. Soldier. 7 x 5 1/2 in., 79 pp. London, 1900. Burleigh, 6d.
- Coal and Coal-Mining.** By the late Sir H. H. Smyth, F.R.S. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 79 pp. London, 1900. Crosby Lockwood, 3s. 6d.
- POETRY.**
The Last Hours of a Lion Heart. By H. C. J. Lingham. 6 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 103 pp. London, 1900. Melville.
- The Absent-Minded Mule,** and other Occasional Verses. By T. H. H. Crossland. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 33 pp. London, 1900. Unicorn Press, 6d. n.
- REPRINTS.**
Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa By David Livingstone. (The Minerva Library of Famous Books.) London, 1900.

- Lochs and I.** Hansish Stud. 1896. Scarborough Office, London.
- THE**
The Catholic Literature 1900. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 308 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1900.
- An Ethical Pulpit Poem** Literature 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 308 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1900.
- Thoughts of C. Struifeld** London, 1900.
- Hymns for Sorrowful** feld. 6 x 4 1/2 in., 1900.
- Zion's Work** New Light

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

No. 118. SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1900.

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THE FUTURE OF POETRY.

If we could imagine the lyric Muse to be a regular reader of the English periodicals, we should have to picture that august lady to ourselves as in a state of somewhat painful perplexity with regard to the future of the art over which she presides. So many nowadays are the ingenious writers indulging in confident speculations as to the prospective mission of poetry, and so hopelessly irreconcilable are the various conclusions at which they arrive. The anxious Muse might, of course, derive some reassurance from the fact that one of the most dispiriting of the many predictions of her destiny has, though already a generation old, shown up to the present no signs of fulfilment. If poetry is still regarded by some unduly didactic minds as a "criticism of life," even those who accept this cheerless definition of it can hardly allege that it seems any nearer than it did in Mr. Matthew Arnold's day to becoming a "substitute for religion." But, on the other

"wonderful century" of science is fast drawing to and the new poetry which is to celebrate its triumph and to discover fresh poetic material in the Röntgen or the ever-multiplying wonders of electricity has made its appearance. On the contrary, the dithyrambic materialist who seemed to regard the poet as a glorified variety of the "descriptive reporter," with in his hand instead of a notebook, and with an oedipus for every new scientific discovery, has even fewer than he had to start with. There has, in fact, been a "fall" in materialism, and mysticism is going up and bounds as the century expires.

Only last year, indeed, one of the most distinguished of our younger poets pointed, or was understood to point, the way to a new field for poetry in the region he confined to, and divided, not quite amicably, by Mr. Sludge the Medium and Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook. Mr. Stephen Phillips has bidden us note a "general picture of a world beyond the grave is getting to usurping the modern imagination," and has said that in dealing with this trans-sepulchral world "we may derive much assistance from 'communication through trance or by the governed hand.'" As we have Mr. W. B. Yeats prophesying that romance—meaning, as the whole context seems to show, the form of it—will practically resolve itself into an "old fairy tale." That indeed appears, in Mr. Yeats' opinion, to be its only chance of survival at all. At any rate, he is of its future as long as it abides in the world of actuality because the world of actuality is given over to the "good citizen," and his influence or the influence of his successors upon art is fatal. "The movement of thought are told," which has made the good citizen, or has made by him, has surrounded us with comfort and with vulgarity and insincerity. Churches which substituted a system of morals for spiritual ardour; which have substituted conventionally pretty faces for disquieting revelations of sincerity; poets who have the praises of those things good citizens think worthy above a dangerous delight in beauty for the sake of beauty, are a part of its energy and its weakness." The "good citizens," he complains, have taken possession of the world and "filled it with compact little thoughts," so that romance has "more and more remote fairy lands," whither we are to pursue it. And, because "the greater number of us are too busy with the work of the world to for

it is really not much more satisfactory. It is disheartening for the "good citizen," who after all is one of God's creatures and a fellow-human with Mr. Yeats, to be told in effect that his only chance of again experiencing the true poetic emotion is to lie out o' nights on an Irish hill-side by moonlight in company with an enthusiastic poet of the "Celtic Renaissance." That, to be sure, would be an effectual renunciation of "comfort and safety," as well as an impressive protest against "vulgarity and insincerity"; but is there no other hope for the unfortunate man? Is it really true that the poetry of the future is bound to bid a contemptuous adieu to common, everyday life, to "forget the light of the sun" and take up its abode exclusively in the dim world of legend and rune? If so, what has become of the other kinds of poetry between which and the romantic variety a memorable attempt was made to effect an alliance in 1798? If the young men of the new "movement" would do Coleridge the honour of reading the account given by him in the *Biographia Literaria* of the genesis of the "Lyrical Ballads," they would see that while their return to the supernatural has been anticipated by a little over a hundred years, the poet who advocated it fully recognized that the supernatural was but one province of the empire of poetry and not its sole domain. It is true that when Coleridge and Wordsworth had divided the kingdom between them, and had each entered into possession of his share, it was the former who was at the time a great deal the more successful of the two in developing his possession. The "Ancient Mariner," of course, was an infinitely finer performance in its own manner than were any of Wordsworth's contributions to the "naturalistic" half of that famous volume. But that was mainly because—as Wordsworth's collaborator affectionately but unsparingly explained to him many years afterwards—he had adopted and endeavoured to reduce to practice a hopelessly perverse theory of poetic expression.

No one, however, suggested in those days that the attempt to discover poetry in the daylight world, and among those sights and sounds of broad-awake life which constitute the sum total of the visible and audible for four-fifths of mankind, must be abandoned altogether, and that the Coleridgean half of the common enterprise must in future be alone pursued. Wordsworth, indeed, wherever and whenever he shook himself free of his aforesaid perverse theory, produced splendid and immortal proof of the possibilities inherent in his own share of the undertaking. And that share, we must assure our young dreamers of dreams, is still, and as long as the world stands will remain, a "going concern." We will even go so far as to say that it is the more important part of the business, and the one which of the two the human race could really afford to do without. The truth is that the

engage the elements of spiritual beauty in the world of reality and to purge among its denizens who have hitherto. But the poet who would contribute to this function must begin by abandoning disdainful and somewhat presumptuous. Mr. Yeats adopts towards his "good citizen" this same good citizen whose conceptions sense it is the highest triumph of the poet and ennobles; and this is to be done not altogether for a world of unearthly vision has no mind to enter, but by remaining unfolding to him the magic and mysterious things.

The death of another war correspondent, of the *Morning Post*—draws to the dangers of that dangerous profession, which can hardly fail to become more and more as time goes on. In the earlier wars of the eyes of the Press, it was a comparatively the reporter to see all that there was to getting unduly in the way of bullets, and savage foes, his character of non-combatant. In these days of long-range weapons, obliged to insinuate himself into the front form any adequate idea of what is going on, his risks increased, just as are those of stretcher-bearers, chaplains, and even chief. One notes with satisfaction, the popularity of the calling seems to increase with the risks. There certainly has never which there has been keener competition war correspondent among men who are spondents by profession. With Lord Winston Churchill, Mr. E. F. Knight, Mr. and Mr. Julian Ralph all at the front, so ture may both be said to be well represented.

There are two objections to the *Edinburgh Review*, that "on the whole right is in a sound state." In the calculated to discourage reformers, and place it is inaccurate. The existing law England, as well as in most other countries from satisfactory. It may give world interest all the protection they are even but it does not give the protection required works which win their way slowly in. Such works as the Waverley Novels, the "of the Roman Empire," and Carlyle's "tion" ought still to be valuable property of the authors' assignees. As it is, the property of the community at large property of those few members of the press to be publishers. *Pace* the *Edinburgh* "sound" state of things. It is a state of stand for reform, and even the reform

principal characters are Professor Rubeck, a middle-aged sculptor, and a girl named Irene, who used to sit to him as a model. Irene has secretly been in love with Rubeck, but he regarded her merely as a woman who helped him in his art. He has married for no particular reason a foolish person called Maia, and the play shows them staying at a Norwegian watering-place in an hotel, where Irene soon turns up. Here she explains to Rubeck that he spoilt her life, and as Maia is very much taken up with a bear-hunter, who is also staying at the hotel and making violent love to her, Rubeck finds fault with Fate. He realizes that he needed a companion like Irene, and that man cannot live by art alone. In the third act all the four go up a mountain; the professor and Irene are swept away by an avalanche; and Maia is left to the bear-slayer, of whom she is getting a little tired. What it all means is a "blessed mystery." Possibly the English translation may make it more clear.

Fêtes and demonstrations organized by the *patles félibres* are to figure among the literary festivities of France in the year of the Exposition. They will afford interesting evidence of the success of the Provençal poets in reviving the Langue d'Oc as a literary medium. It was a literary language as early as the tenth century, and it flourished as a literary language in the times of the Troubadours; but after the end of the Middle Ages we find scarcely any literary memorials of it except deeds, diplomas, and other legal documents. In the present century, however, it has sprung into renewed literary life in the works of such poets as Jasmin, Aubanel, Roumanille, and the better-known Mistral, who have composed many songs in the dialect, which, when they began to handle it, was merely a *patois*. A "Livre d'Or" which the Félibrige de Paris proposes to publish this year will include Provençal poems from the pens of many writers who made their reputation in the Langue d'Oïl—among them Paul Arène and Alphonse Daudet. The book is being edited by M. Raoul Gineste.

Reviews.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. I. N. Whichcord Williams. Edited by Sidney Lee. Pp. 610. 476 pp. London, 1900. Smith, Elder. 15 - n.

Although the present volume of this monumental work contains no names of the highest eminence, save those of two English Monarchs, it yet includes many biographies of varied interest. Amongst these may be cited Whiston, the controversialist; White, of Selborne; the two Wilberforces—the philanthropist and the Bishop—Whitehead, the Poet Laureate; George Whitefield, Bulstrode White Locke, the Keeper of the Great Seal; Archbishop Whitgift, Sir Richard Whittington, John Wilkes, William the Lyon, William III., Henry Kirke White, and Roger Williams.

One of the representatives of greatness of the first order

ment in England no doubt manifested qualities of and tyrannical character, but it is impossible also recognize in him a certain loftiness of spirit. A sketch of William III., excellently written by Kate Norgate, is necessarily based largely upon One of the most elaborate, as well as one of the monographs in this volume, however, is Professor biography of William III. Though not equal to a William in intensity and individuality of character, William III. possessed unquestionably the elements of greatness. He not only saved England as a Protestant Power, but he successfully resisted the the French monarchy to a universal prepotence of Europe. A military leader of a high order, he was a wise and skilled organizer and a wonderful builder and sustainer of mixed confederations.

The memoir of that clever, eccentric, and somewhat mathematical divine, William Whiston, is by Mr. Stephen, and shows how much information can be put into a little room. This Esau amongst the thistles receives ample justice, as regards both his large intellectual qualities and his eccentricities. He was honest, and simple minded, and he is believed to have been in Goldsmith's hand when he drew the portrait of Dr. Primrose in his immortal "Vivian Wakefield." Mr. William Carr is the writer of the memoir of that distinguished Whig politician, Whitbread. An incessant speaker in the House of Commons, towards the close of his life Whitbread took upon himself the task of putting down the bill which prevented Drury Lane Theatre from occupying a national position it ought to have secured. This strain of his Parliamentary labours, unhinged him, and he died by his own hand. But Romilly's and Whitbread must not be forgotten. He was "the pillar of every liberal scheme for improving the condition of mankind, the zealous advocate of the oppressed, an unflinching opposer of every species of corruption in administration." Professor Alfred Newton's sketch of Gilbert White is very entertaining. It is not curious that no portrait exists of the author of the celebrated English classic in the domain of natural history. Mr. Grant Allen has already well analysed the qualities which give its peculiar standing to White's "Sylvia" in English literature. The beauties of the work appear to a master mind like Darwin's and to the most unselfish lover of natural objects. Its accuracy, and the fact that it was the first work of its kind, may have something to do with its unique position.

Mr. Lee's sketch of Henry Kirke White and Stephen's article on Blanco White are well worth reading and the Rev. Alexander Gordon's memoir of Whitehead is one of the more notable contributions to this volume. This great orator was unrivalled as a preacher, but his printed discourses do not reveal much of his power or profundity of thought. His influence was due to his earnestness and ceaseless efforts to quicken a generation into renewed spirituality. Mr. Lee's life of Archdeacon Whitgift is valuable, and sympathetically written. Men like Stow, Camden, Wotton, and Fuller are

that if Wilkes' moral character had been equal to that of the King he might have taken the King's place—it yet remains the fact that Wilkes wielded a vast influence over his countrymen.

We cannot do more than mention a number of other interesting memoirs, including Benjamin Whichcote, by Mr. J. Bass Mullinger; Charles Whitehead, by Mr. Mackenzie Bell; Bulstrode Whitelocke, by Mr. C. H. Firth; "Dick" Whittington, by Mr. James Tait; Charles, Earl Whitworth, by Mr. Thomas Seccombe; Saint Wilfrid, by Mr. Hunt; Sir David Wilkie, by Mr. Austin Dobson; Tate Wilkinson, by Mr. Joseph Knight; William IV., by Professor Laughton; David Williams, founder of the Royal Literary Fund, by the Rev. A. Gordon.

A curious error occurs at the opening of Mr. Bass Mullinger's article on William Whitaker, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. He speaks of him as a leading divine in the University "in the latter half of the seventeenth century." As Whitaker died in 1595, it should read, of course, of the *sixteenth* century; and, as all the work of his life was practically done during his last twenty years, it would be still more correct to speak of him as a leading divine in the University in the *last quarter* of the sixteenth century. Three biographies are omitted from this volume which we think might have found a place there—namely, those of Matthew Wilks, Washington Wilks, and Mark Wilks, the educationist and Nonconformist minister, and one who was long a prominent member of the London School Board.

It is satisfactory to find that the Dictionary maintains down to its closing volumes the high literary standard which it has exhibited from the outset.

RECENT VERSE.

To read Canon Rawnsley's sonnets for the first time is to break fresh and delightful ground, and those who have already made acquaintance with former volumes will not be in any way disappointed with the newly-published SONNETS IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.). They are so equal in merit, and so many in number, that it is not easy to single out any one of them for quotation, but the following certainly has some claim:—

Above the vines the cherry-trees are growing,
The chestnuts o'er the cherries make cool shade,
And I up-wandering found a little maid
Whose hair was brown, whose eyes like jet were glowing.
She looked me through, as of my heart's wish knowing,
Then in her gentlest Latin tone she said:
"These are the flowers wherefrom our wreaths we braid
When to the church in May-time we are going."

I looked, and lo! ten thousand thousand stars,
With eyes like pheasant's, glittered in the grass,
And where the crickets made their gayest cheer
She plucked and sang and plucked, and I, alas!
Knew not the words, but still these liquid bars
Of song in soft narcissus-time I hear.

What, again, could be more delightful for colour and chime than this *restet* from the sonnet on "Daylight on Lago Maggiore."

Next, while the church-bell roars across the mere
From some far convent, blue steals from Heaven,
And when the swallow stirs, a roseate cloud
Casts down its words—blackbirds sing out loud

Word-pictures such as these are to be on every page, and we must leave our readers pleasant search for themselves.

We have little but praise for a small volume of imaginative poems from the pen of Mr. Charles Flower and Lear (Grant Richards, 2s.). Once in the sylvan way or in the garden path, we will, we think, find themselves under an enchantment they will be in no hurry to disentangle themselves from. They are endowed with an airy and delightful fancy, and a faculty for spontaneous lyrical expression. A joyous pagan world of which he tells; the fauns in the woods, the maids haunt the streams, and in some beautiful guardian dryad, glancing down amid parted leaves if you have eyes to see I might to dance about the moonlit fields. But the fads, perhaps, the freest play when in the woodland deities, or other fantastic fairy folk away to sing a song of his own making. Here is one written to an old Manx air which illustrates a trick of repetition (lately much of which he often makes effective use):—

Roses tap her window-pane—
Gwendolen, my dear!
Roses, tap it once again—
Gwendolen, Gwendolen!
Your true love is waiting here,
Gwendolen, my dear!

Roses round her window-pane
Softly, sweetly peep.
Sailor John, you wait in vain,
She's asleep, she's asleep;
Some one tells her every day
All that you would say.

Myrtles, tap her window-pane—
Gwendolen, my dear!
Myrtles, tap it once again—
Gwendolen, Gwendolen!
Your true love is waiting here,
Gwendolen, my dear!

Myrtles round her window-pane
Softly, sweetly peep.
Sailor John, you wait in vain,
She's asleep, she's asleep—
With a gold ring on her hand—
Now you understand.

The poem "To a silver birch-tree at sunrise" (*Literature*), and those of our readers who read it, think, gladly renew their acquaintance with it.

Mr. Aloister Crowley's *APPEAL TO THE ANGELS* (Kegan Paul, 6d.) fairly represents his in a laudatory manner. His stanzas march resoundingly with no lack of energy about them, but poetically they mean too little. France, retreat and Russia to step aside, and all silence, while England and America join hands wrathfully down the ages amid various plentifications of delight on the part of earth and sea and air. A fluently of windy imagery gives to the whole a benediction which is consistent neither with the "appeal" nor with the self-contained attitude of the present moment. There is too much kissing and trepid handshaking and delicious

We come to more original work on taking up Miss Kathleen Haydn Green's POEMS (Denn, 5s.). There is much that is crude and rough in her volume, and she is far too fond of ejaculation and the use of italicized parentheses, but the poem called "Dead Love" is strong and restrained both in feeling and expression, and after reading it we quite expect to meet with the real tenderness that lies at the heart of so many of her verses.

Many kindly thoughts are also to be found between the covers of Mr. Roland Hill's VOICES IN DREAMLAND (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.), but these, it must be confessed, ring rather faintly, and would be all the better for a little of the breezy vitality of the spirited lays in Mr. C. Fox Smith's THE FOREMOST TRAIN (Sampson, Low, 2s. 6d. n.), which should certainly find a place upon any shelf devoted to sporting and patriotic song.

Mr. W. Cuthbertson's BY SHORE AND WOOD (Thin, Edinburgh, 3s. 6d.) leads off with three pretty companion pieces of description pure and simple, entitled respectively "Dawn," "Noon," and "Even," at Inchcolm. In each of them the landscape, bathed in the light of the moment, is suggested with sympathy that cannot fail to give pleasure, and indicates at the outset the possession of one, at least, of the qualifications of a poet. Indeed, this quality of observant sympathy pervades everything in the book, and, combined with a natural skill in the handling of phrases and measures, has made Mr. Cuthbertson very successful in his renderings of Heine and one or two modern French poets. The sonnet on "The Charwoman" is a fine poem, and there are some stirring retrospective lines in "The North Bridge," which is more vigorous than anything else in the volume.

Jeanie Morison is already known in the North as the authoress of several works in prose and verse. Her recently published book of poems contains SABBATH SONGS AND SONNETS, AND BY-WAY BALLADS (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.). She has never quite mastered metrical difficulties, a defect which goes far to spoil the ballads, and somewhat neutralizes the complete appreciation of the earnest devotional spirit which will, in spite of all such shortcomings, make the Sabbath Songs favourites with a numerous class of readers.

To the same class Dr. Golding-Bird appends with his book of FRUGITIVE VERSES (Elliot Stock, 6s.). These are equally earnest, equally contemplative, and of a higher calibre as regards rhythm. In Mrs. Colin G. Campbell, however, we meet with another writer of religious verse who would do well to compose only in the simplest possible metres. At any rate, she should avoid alexandrines, and, above all, the blend of twelve-syllabled and eight-syllabled lines, which she has ventured upon in one part of her narrative poem of FATHER DAMIEN (Mowbray, 2s.). None the less is the theme itself worthy of all consideration.

Scotland contributes something to our shelf of verse. Much care has been expended on the equipment of Mr. Harold Rathbone's poem upon DUNVEGAN CASTLE (Quaritch, £1 15s. 6d.), which is beautifully printed, and illustrated by several autotype plates from originals by the author and Mr. Lockhart Bogle. There is also a fine reproduction of a portrait by Raeburn, besides a facsimile of a hitherto unpublished letter from the hand of Scott. The couplets in which Mr. Rathbone celebrates the romantic traditions of this oldest of inhabited Scottish castles are very unequal, and, to our mind, the plate illustrative of the lines

On thy firm rock, grey, gaunt, thy fortress stands,
And a far range o'er reaching loch commands,

shows more poetic feeling than any of the thirteen hundred

poems of Scotland. Mr. Galt's poems were written during his lifetime and, I am interested in Scottish poetry. He took Burns as his model; there are an "Infernal Satan," love songs, poems addressed to flowers, and a "Sprig" will be recalled to the mind. I am sure that I remembered that the author was not a real poet. The volume contains an interesting sketch of Galt by the Rev. J. Brown.

Mr. James Lumsden, Senior, Mucklebarrick, though to gain wide recognition among Scottish poets, wrote a few poems and songs (Samlson, Haddington, 6s.) and facile wit for stringing together verses in such a degree of "brilliance."

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN FRANCE

Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1875-1899.
Betham-Edwards. D. 6m., viii. 311 pp. London:
Chapman & H.

Miss Betham-Edwards is one of the most useful of those who interpret France to England. She has not only intuitive power of seeing everything at once, and interpreting everything that she sees in a picture, possessed by our brilliant young journalists, but she has even to a certain degree, and she knows a good deal more than our journalists, and is entitled to a respectful hearing on many subjects, and more particularly on the very acute of Anglo-French relations. It is sad to find that delicate opinion of a writer who sympathizes with France, who lived much in France, and has many friends in France, relations have, for more than twenty years, been gradually from bad to worse. And she is speaking, of course, not of political relations which can be adjusted, but of the antipathies which are apt to grow into real hatreds.

Within recent years Miss Edwards says, anti-politics overcome good manners. An insular point of view must now be prepared to hear England and English roundly abused. Not that the feeling is by any means universal, or that it interferes in the very least with friendly relations. But social intercourse generally is there, and a good understanding between the two nations is maintained.

It is, no doubt, open to question whether this estrangement is complete as appears upon the surface. It certainly is our own knowledge that there are considerable strata of society including even many readers of the *Abolitionist* in which the English as individuals, if not as a nation, are much better liked than either Germans or Italians, and it convenient to pretend to be Swiss in order to enjoy a quiet life in France. At the same time there are not a sufficient number of patent hats to justify Miss Edwards' general statement, and it would be interesting to know the cause of the condition of things she deplors. The excesses of the nationalist, by no doubt, a certain influence, but on the other hand these should be regarded as a symptom rather than the cause of the disease. Nor are the bad manners of the "ill-conducted" manners which move Miss Edwards to indignation, an explanation that can really count for more reasonable explanation seems to be that, at a time when France is a house divided against itself, England is violently taken a side in French internal politics. No the Dreyfus case, but in many other matters, we have

cordiale, already advocated by such French publicists as MM. Yves Guyot and de Lanessan.

It would be unjust to Miss Edwards to leave the impression that her whole book is devoted to discussions of this character. On the contrary, though it furnishes abundant material for such discussions it is in the main composed of chatty reminiscences. Her point of view is not impartial. She avows herself of the religion of Voltaire, gives us to understand that whatever is good in France is either Voltairian or Protestant, and has much that is scathing to say about the convents and the confessional. Those, however, who are out of sympathy with her on these points will find plenty to please them in her pathetic stories of the Commune, and the graphic reminiscences of Bombonnel the *Franc-Tireur*. This intrepid guerilla fighter had the distinction of having a price put upon his head in the Franco-Prussian war; but his enemies had more respect for him than for most of the French generals, as was clearly shown after the armistice was signed. The Prussians were then in Dijon, and Bombonnel made up his mind that he would walk through the city, from end to end, in broad daylight, and in full uniform. He did so, and reaching his lodgings, found a young Prussian lieutenant in possession:

I, therefore, and in somewhat abrupt terms, begged the impudent young whipper-snapper to take himself off, but he kept on nagging and nagging. At last I said to him, my patience being exhausted, "You see that it is impossible for me to house you. I have only bachelor accommodation, not so much as a spare bed to offer any one."

Even this did not settle the saucy young dog . . . ; then, in order to stand no more nonsense, I sent for the Prussian General. If I could only describe what followed!

"Leave the house, Sir," was all he said, but never did chastised slave at New Orleans quail before his master as did this Prussian lieutenant before his general.

With one arm holding his belongings, with the other making military salute, he crept, all but on all fours, out of the room. . . . No one could behave with greater courtesy than that general.

"Monsieur Bombonnel," he said, after a lengthy chat, "you did us much harm, but you only performed your duty as a Frenchman. Rest assured that your privacy will be respected."

There are plenty of stories as good as this in the book from which this story comes.

A MIGHTY HUNTER.

Sport and Life in Western America. By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. 10 6/11s., xiii. + 403 pp. London, 1892.

H. Cox. 15/-

Those will be hard to please who do not find much to interest them in Mr. Baillie-Grohman's "*Sport and Life in Western America and British Columbia.*" It is the work of a man who knows what he is writing about (by no means a common matter in books of travel), and if there are really two books rather than one in the volume it is difficult to blame the author when both are so good, so painstaking, and so actual. There is nothing of the globe-trotter about Mr. Baillie-Grohman; he went to America to stay, and during many years the spirit of the West soaked into him. He was a true hunter rather than a mere sportsman, a trader, an actual pioneer, and, if the curious desire to note the difference between the work of men like this and the work of the snapshot tourist, a thousand indifferent failures in book-making are aghast to supply comparisons. Such books are made; we venture to say that Mr. Baillie-Grohman's work has grown, and even, though the words "the birch-bark and antelope-scent are

controversial matter that will be of especial interest to Rowland Ward. A book of records to have any value must be absolutely above suspicion, but Mr. Baillie-Grohman is evidently of opinion that sufficient care has been taken in the verification of the dimensions given in his chapters of wigwag of historic times. And we certainly do not think the interests of sportsmen and of the owners of the land should be made to fix a rigid scale of measurement to obtain exact details. At present there are many "faked" trophies as false and faked coats-of-arms as the Baillie-Grohman's chapters dealing with the history of the Indians ignored by the naturalist or the sportsman.

But, though the portion of the book which deals with the scientific aspect of sport is without doubt the most interesting to the general reader, who cares little about the means by which the writer came to his facts, it is given to his taste. To know British Columbia to many, but it is given to few to describe it as when the old pioneer looked with disfavour upon the surveying of the great C.P.R. Mr. Baillie-Grohman only shot in the Rockies and the Selkirks, but he has had his struggles with the Indians of British Columbia and of the Dominion. He has had his fires and has waited in wife-rooms; he has had his game, missed Government officials at short range, and misfortune as a hunter should. The latter part of the book is very human, and in its pages one smells the hemlock and spruce, hears the hum of the saw, and feels anew the fascination of the mountains. The snows of the Selkirks or the barren uplands of the Coast Range are the snowy Selkirks or the barren uplands of the Coast Range. It is a good book, and, if any complain that it might be replied that many indeed can make dry bones live.

Mrs. Baillie-Grohman adds a chapter on the Chinese and other domestic service in Western America. It is not only bright and humorous but a "Celestial" life in the Far West.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Lucian.

It is a little difficult to divine the precise nature of LUCIAN THE SYRIAN SATIRIST (LONGUINUS, 58 A.D.), and published. His author, Lieutenant-Colonel Baillie-Grohman, the requisite familiarity with Greek; his judgments are mostly sound; and the narrative part of the book is lively and readable. But it seems to miss its mark. It is too long for a merely critical study after the manner of a biography; and too short for a mixed monograph. Again, it is not quite scholarly enough to scholars; yet too much so for a popular reader. The two or three translations which occur near the end of the volume are full of admirably in most cases in preserving the peculiar Lucianic humour; but this only makes one miss the rest. The author's views on these points seem somewhat in historic sense; he is too apt to demand from modern commentiveness upon the subject, and theological convictions, and to denounce him as a contemner of morality because of his silence

proposition. After all, he can hardly have been more unamiable than Swift, whom in one of the most salient of his qualities—for they were, perhaps, the two greatest masters of irony that the world has seen—he so much resembles, and whom Colonel Hume surely would consider it irrelevant to lecture on his savage cynicism at this time of day; while as to religion, or, rather, lack of it, there is really little to choose between the insensibility of Lucian and the eighteenth century opportunism of Swift. We could wish that the author had descended less copiously on Lucian's character, and discussed his intellectual faculties and the special qualities of his style with greater fulness than he has. His sparing treatment of this subject is the more to be regretted, because he shows a perfect appreciation—both of the humour and the wit of the Syrian rhetorician and discriminates with much justice between the merits of his various works. Many people, however, who would agree with him as to the high place which he assigns to the "Jupiter Tragedies" and the "Charon" will wonder that, side by side with this specimen of Lucian's "finest and sombrest manner," he did not also place another almost equally great example, the "Timon."

Natal.

The story of Natal, the youngest of our colonies, is likely to attract interest just now; and all the facts necessary for a student of its history are given in *NATAL, THE LAND AND ITS STORY*, by Robert Russell (Dent, 2s. 6d.). It is of the nature of an official publication, being written by the Superintendent of Education in Natal at the request of the Natal Government, and it was revised by Sir Theophilus Shepstone. The plan of treatment is rather that of a schoolbook, the story being told in short, headed sections with all the names in black print; but ordinary persons in England, who are ignorant enough on the subject, will find it complete enough for their purpose, and trustworthy. There is one map of the country in a pocket at the end of the book.

Dreyfus.

The *HISTORIC PARALLELS TO L'AFFAIRE DREYFUS*, brought together by Mr. Edgar Sanderson (Hutchinson, 6s.), comprise the cases of Jan Van Barneveldt, the Roman Catholic victims of Titus Oates, Jean Calas, and Lord Cochrane. It is not, of course, an exhaustive list of the leading cases in which religious bigotry has resulted in judicial crimes. The case of La Barre—to take one instance—though it has hardly been referred to by any learned critic of the "Affaire," had quite as many analogies with it as the case of Calas, which used to be compared with it nearly every day in some leading article or other. But no doubt, it was because the case of La Barre resembled the case of Calas in so many of its details that Mr. Sanderson omitted it. Moreover, most of the parallels break down when it comes to the question of reparation. Lord Cochrane, for example, after having been, as was alleged, unjustly convicted, lived to be commander-in-chief on the North American and West Indian station, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Will Captain Dreyfus live to command an army corps, and will his ashes be deposited in the Pantheon? One would like to think so, but there are reasons why it seems improbable. Let it be added, however, that this weakness in the analogies by no means interferes with the interest of Mr. Sanderson's book, which is a very good book of its kind, lucidly arranged, and graphically written.

Patriotic History.

HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE: VOL. II, THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SEA, by W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. (With Plans and Illustrations: Smith, Elder, 6s.), is a vivid presentation of the

part of which is no less excellent than the narrative story is. Indeed, a model of concise and forcible statement of essentials; it would be hard to describe with more vigour the scheme of the Battle of the Baltic, or to lay more clearly the futility of the plan of invading England the great camp at Boulogne—a plan so futile, indeed, that writers have regarded it as a mere blind, covering the notion of an attack on Austria—or to exhibit better the moves and counter-moves in the naval war game of which the culminating point was the culminating point. Though the chief interest of the period is maritime, Mr. Fitchett happily does not waste time on the landward expeditions which frater so much of England's military strength during these years, which the achievements of Nelson and of Wellington have thrown into the shade—the inglorious visit to Belleisle, the expedition in Calabria, when we blundered into an ineffective expedition, and the expedition into Buenos Ayres, when we blundered what seemed assured success. These failures, with the Duke of York in North Holland in 1799, bring out what call the underlying idea of the book, though we are not the author is fully conscious of its presence; that the success of the English arms were essentially successes of the nation, the race, planned and secured not infrequently in defiance of superior authority, and seldom due to any great extension of Home Government. When the generals muddled as national honour, the soldiers saved it; when a traitor signalled retreat, his daring subordinate ignored the signal and went on to victory. We are sometimes, indeed, inclined to credit Mr. Fitchett with the popular English belief that Englishman is a match for several foreigners of any sort—half-a-dozen, if they are Frenchmen. It is not a tenet that tends to smooth international relations in times of peace, but on the whole the book forces upon us anew the conviction that the British Empire is essentially the creation of the British people, and not of sovereigns or statesmen. A volume, all in an age of democracy, that is a practical as well as a sound conclusion.

The Sacred Art of the Renaissance.

The modern art of photographic reproduction, flooding the periodical press with pictures intended solely to gratify a momentary curiosity, is surely put to the highest use which it is capable of in the magnificent volume published by S.P.C.K., entitled *THE HOLY GOSPEL*, (£2 7s. 6d.) with illustrations from paintings by the Italian, Flemish, and French masters of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The large size of the book (11 in. by 11 in.) does justice to the photographs, which, though in a little unequal, are on the whole excellently reproduced. They are partly inset and partly full page. The pictures selected is exhaustive and representative; it is thought, that there is no Leonardo and are arranged in such a way as to follow the story in each Gospel. An alphabetical list of the painters represented is given at the end with their names and place of birth and date of death, but without particulars. In the middle of the book are "Notes on the Art," in six chapters, by the well-known author of the art of the Renaissance, M. Eugène Müntz, who have here not only a gallery of the Renaissance, but a welcome attempt to illustrate the Gospel in the true sense, by bringing before us once more the creations of the most sacred art when the life of Christ was the highest and most engrossing subject for the painter's brush, and an art of faith and devotion inspired both the artist and those

wide opportunities as Mr. Bartlett of observing captive creatures. His notes are those of the practical, not the literary, man; plainly not written for publication, they are scrappy and incomplete; and at times we can only guess at the meaning. But for any one who cares about animals the book is one to have, not to read through, perhaps, but to take up and put down and refer to. It is strongest on birds and fishes and reptiles. Presumably the same author's former book, "Wild Animals in Captivity," exhausted his information about beasts. Mr. Bartlett, however, tells any one who desires to know that you can feed a wild cat on beef tea and unripe apples, though it refuses boiled chicken. The walrus, for his part, cannot swallow anything larger than a walnut. It may be useful to learn that the best weapon with which to repel savage carnivora is a stiff birch broom thrust in the face. That they cannot stand; but we would rather not have to try it. The chapters on the salmon and the pheasant are particularly full. Here is a delightful quotation from Leguat's "Voyage to the East Indies," speaking of the dodo—"They [the dodos] walk with so much stateliness and grace that one cannot help admiring and loving them; by which means their fine mien often saves their lives." How pleasant to have been a dodo! There is a plausible explanation of the high flight of condors, and some interesting remarks on the domestic animals of the Chinese. That nation has tried for many thousand years to tame mandarin ducks without success; their wings still have to be clipped. On the other hand, by centuries of practice, they have produced an unnatural ferocity in some animals, as our gardeners do in plants. Their sows often bring forth twenty-two in a litter, and their ewes four or five lambs at one birth. Parrots, says Mr. Bartlett, can be kept for years without water, even on dry food. A parrot in the Zoo had lived there fifty-one years without ever drinking. The illustrations deserve to be mentioned. So does the index, but this not with praise. In a work of the kind it should be at least five times as full; and we hope it will be much enlarged if there are any future editions, for at present it is almost useless.

Telephotography.

TELEPHOTOGRAPHY: AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON THE CONSTRUCTION AND APPLICATION OF THE TELEPHOTOGRAPHIC LENS, by Thomas R. Dallmeyer, F.R.A.S. (Heinemann, Es. n.) is a well-written well-illustrated monograph on the ingenious and useful photographic lens with which the author's name is so closely connected. The lens in question is simply an optical combination, the focal length of which can be altered at will; in other words it is a mechanical imitation of the human eye, and something more. By means of this lenticular device many of the pitfalls with which the path of the portrait photographer is beset are avoided, whilst the architectural photographer who wishes to obtain a reasonably sized and detailed picture of some inaccessible carving, moulding, or the like, and the pictorial photographer who yearns to obtain a distant view of Mont Blanc on a somewhat larger scale than that of a threepenny bit, are alike enabled to do so. Then, again, the telephotographic lens is useful for many surgical and medical purposes and should prove of inestimable value in war for obtaining clear large-scale distant views of an enemy's position. The author has illustrated his monograph with a number of striking examples of the power of his lens and leads the reader up to a full comprehension of its *rationale* through a lengthy and lucid exposition of the optical laws underlying photography.

WHIP AND SADDLE.

The Sports Library.

author gives some shrewd advice to the poor perforce, save and "nurse" his horse, if I "nurse" his pocket.

A poor man must not make long (hunt). It is hard to turn your back on the hounds, the siren voices ring in your ears coat collar and jog doggedly on. Then if the mud hills be steep, get off and walk, boot than horseflesh.

With Mr. Dale's assertion that girls should before attaining the age of sixteen, we are I "Even then . . . the lessons, at first. But as regards the sterner sex, we are unequal whatever age one begins to ride it is advisable in a riding school. We are sure that such a as the author would readily admit that most country riders never saw the inside of a school. The case of a beginner, after, say, twenty years another thing, and here the school is, although, beyond doubt, a strong seat on desirable, yet to say that "no one who has not have even moderately good hands" is surely wrong. Perhaps Mr. Dale, writing in his breezy fashion, does not mean us to take this literally; there have been many men whose hands horse's mouth very nearly approached perfect on a saddle left much to be desired. In "Ladies on Horseback" the true note is words:

"Try to teach girls to recognize when enough. Pressing a tired horse is dangerous. When a horse falters, changes his legs, halts, changes his fences, it is time to take to the altogether.

Women, usually so instinct with mercy for an seem singularly dull at detecting those sign failing strength, which may be read, like an average horseman. Very instructive, ex- practitioner, are the hints on driving—im- ments of the art as steering a tandem and a fo- the personal adventures of the author whilst h- native ponies in India are highly amusing. P- a masterly manner, and as no man is bette- with authority on the subject, we must give- credence when he says, in his usual outspoken- can afford to keep two ponies, you can afford- just a little difficult to see the reason for in- on "Hog-Hunting" or, to use the more- sticking and "Jackal-Hunting" in a vol- though, in themselves, they are—as, indeed, excellent reading. The words on "Sport- thoughtful, and surely no more thoroughly p- ever penned than those so significantly head- Master." Horses, and especially hunters, re- of their owners' attention than, in this busy- they are ever likely to receive. "There is- as the master himself," says Mr. Dale, a- sentence dominates the whole. Invaluable t- this chapter, but the entire book, is the- "young hand," and particularly to the comp- who wishes to see sport. Many such, by e- pages, and a conscientious adoption of the ma- put forward therein, will be enabled to save- money, but time, vexation, and disappointment.

and "the arts of venery," as Gervase Markham calls it, never possessed a stronger devotee, or knew a greater master of its mysteries, than he. No mere fox-hunting squire, living but for horse and hound, the writer of these delightful letters was a "man of parts," of great erudition—especially considering the times in which he lived—and a linguist of no mean order. Sir Egerton Brydges, speaking of his friend's attainments and versatility, says, "never was a huntsman's dinner graced with such urbanity and wit. He would bag a fox in Greek, and a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of his stables in excellent French." Always smooth and scholarly, Beekford's writing was frequently adorned with flashes of graceful humour; whilst, although technical, these essays were never either redundant or dull. The good counsel contained in them is as valuable to-day as it was a hundred years ago, when the book first saw the light. Although from time to time invoking the muse of Virgil, Horace, and Pliny in support of his enthusiastic commendation of fox-hunting, it is chiefly Somerville, "the poet of the chase," for whom his admiration is reserved. And as surely as Somerville penned the finest poetry, so did Beekford write the best prose of the hunting field. To these letters Mr. Otho Paget has written an excellent and thoroughly sportsman-like preface, and some useful notes. But he has—very wisely, as it appears to us—left the text exactly the same as in the original edition." Any attempt at "Bowdlerizing" must, almost of necessity, have resulted in disappointment to the admirers of Peter Beekford's immortal book and their name is legion amongst hunting men. We must feebly confess that Mr. Jalland's illustrations are not quite convincing. Although good in their way, they fail to convey that idea of "respectable antiquity" which alone could bring them into harmony with the letterpress.

Coaching.

What Mr. Fairman Rogers, the author of a *MANUAL OF COACHING* (The Lippincott Co., 24s. n.), does not know of his subject is not worth knowing. He is even as good a whip as his friend, Mr. William Tiffany, to whom this book is dedicated, and he can describe how a coach should be built, horsed, and put upon the road. What he has to say about "driving in a crowd" should be taken to heart by many of the less experienced members of the Coaching Club, who are to be avoided in the West-end of London during the season:

The grooms should not get down and go to the horses' heads whenever there is a block or a slight stop. It indicates an habitual nervousness or a want of confidence in his skill on the part of his men. There are occasions when it is necessary, and then active men who can get to the spot quickly are invaluable, but the finished coachman rarely requires such aid. In driving away from a difficult place the men may linger a little near the horses' heads until they are fairly started, but out of the way and without interfering, merely so as to be at hand should their assistance be absolutely required; for instance, on leaving the racecourse where there is a crowd, and perhaps a narrow passage or gate, and when the horses are excited by waiting and by the people around them.

Most people use the words "drag" and "coach" as if the vehicles were identical, but, as Mr. Fairman Rogers points out, there is a marked distinction between the light drag built for private use and the heavier road coach intended to carry always a full load, and to be driven at a high rate of speed over long distances. In his interesting remarks on the speeds attained by coaches on different roads Mr. Fairman Rogers shows that the old stage coaches went rather faster than do the modern pleasure coaches. The author devotes a chapter to the New York Coaching Club, of

Monks. Macmillan a new series of reprints. "The English Classics," begins well with "The Plays of Shakespeare and Bacon's 'Essays and Advancement of Learning.'"

Coaching. The volumes are tall, well printed and well bound, and would cut a good figure in most bookcases. By way of introduction there are short bibliographical notes contributed by A. W. Pollard. Otherwise this series adopts the plan of there is, no doubt, much to be said of not introducing text in question to readers who want to get at the facts without unnecessary parley.

There are a few fresh features in the new (1900) edition of WHITAKER'S ALMANACK (Whitaker, 3s. 6d.)—a map showing Petersburg to Peking railway—an historical article on the canal question; and a review of the history of mercantile statistics from the discovery of steam-power to the present day, with statistical particulars of the principal trans-oceanic lines. There is also a list of Titled Octogenarians. As this page of small print, and as no fewer than twenty octogenarians have passed their 80th birthdays, it is clear to casual observer that titles, like annuities, are good for longevity. The father of the octogenarians is General Strassman. One curious omission in Whitaker's—omission from the Index, which is tantamount, in a work of reference, to omission from the volume—is a list of forms of E. Address. And are not the Coronet, Notting-hill, Metropole, Camberwell, as worthy of mention among theatres as the Britannia, Hoxton? We only make criticisms because we want our Whitaker to be perfect because it is always willing to add to the extraordinary information it comprises.

The most remarkable point about SCIENCE AND FAITH: MAN AS AN ANIMAL AND MAN AS A MEMBER OF SOCIETY, by Dr. Topinard, translated by T. J. McCrone (Kegan Paul, 6s.), is that the title "Science and Faith" gives no indication of the nature of the contents. It contains nothing but science in general and the relation of faith to science simply a study of social evolution. As such, the clear style and the author's extensive first-hand knowledge of anthropology and ethnology give it a certain value. Nevertheless the discussion is not carried on at a very high philosophical level. Dr. Topinard is in bondage to the hedonistic joint-stock view of society. There is no trace in him of that deeper view of society which we find in such a book as Mr. Bosanquet's "Philosophical Theory of the State."

We fear that we cannot speak highly of ORIGINS AND DEVELOPMENT OF CIVILIZATION (Chiswick Press, 3s. 6d.), by the author of "Times and Seasons." It consists of a number of desultory little essays on all manner of subjects, and thirty-five pages of doubtful aphorisms. Of public speaking, style, the sea, faith, honours, archæology, landscape, and quotation are only a few of the topics which the author handles, apparently with ease and confidence, but realizing how extremely difficult it is to say anything notable concerning them. Nor are the aphorisms more than the essays. "Life after the tomb is only death deferred." "Pen and ink have made memory a sinners' use." These specimens of the author's wit and wisdom.

One of the most charming trifles which even T. Gautier ever penned was his account of his various pets—horses, cats, and dogs, down to white rats and green lizards. This has been very ably translated from the French by William Chances, under the title of A DOMESTIC MENAGERIE (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.), and illustrated with the same delicate touch of feeling for animal nature which that lady dis-

TILL LOVE AWAKES.

Slow-sailed on seas of blue, cloud galleons seek the west
 Where, reared on banks of purple, the sun's pavilions are :
 A sentry at his doorway, the steadfast evening star
 Stands watchful while the monarch goes to rest.
 A night like this it was, so still, so shot with splendour,
 When last I heard the wind among the crimson maples
 stir,
 As now, the river reeds, with voices low and tender,
 Spoke softly, to the sliding tide, of her !

And as at length she came, so gentle-eyed and slim,
 Hope, like the blazing sundown, burned brightest ere it failed,
 Then, with the sundown's paling passage, passed and paled,
 And all love's sky grew ashen-hued and dim.
 Ah, love, not time himself, that potent necromancer,
 Refining men with patience, as silver is refined,
 Can ever wholly still the pain of that, your answer,
 Your words so cruel, yet, being cruel, kind !

The leaden-footed years their course appointed take,
 The days, like pilgrims pacing, pass on across the hill,
 The slow stars wake and wane to nothingness, and still
 I wait till love's gold sunrise shall awake.
 Long years ! Long years ! Dear love, of loves my first and
 dearest,
 Shall I yet see the east from greyness grow to fawn ?
 I know but this alone : that day is often nearest
 When darkest lie the clouds across the dawn.

And so to you, whom loving I lost to love the more,
 There yet may come the magic, the same enchanted dream
 That clings about me here, where white the ripples gleam
 Among the tangled reeds along the shore :
 You, too, may come to hear the song of wind and river
 And distant diapason of the anthem-singing sea,
 In some near autumn-time, when here the asters quiver,
 A red and azure glory on the lea.

A few more springs shall wake to sound the clarion call
 That spreads a brodered carpet on all the listening land,
 A few more summers greeting and speeding, I may stand
 More gladly on the threshold of the fall ;
 A few more years, sweetheart, and then an end to yearning,
 My east shall see the sunrise and the wonderment thereof,
 And so I wait content, till in your flower face burning
 I see the crimson oriflamme of love.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Personal Views.

HAS BROWNING A "VOGUE" ?

The strongest proof of the sincerity of Browning's optimism and of his whole-hearted devotion to his art lies in the dogged, indomitable spirit in which he persevered against every discouragement of neglect and misunderstanding. As most people are now aware, Browning had written poetry for thirty years before he met with any

"Juvenilia," and, what is more, he made a broken effort along lines that were afterwards abandoned. His work developed, of course, matured, but the spirit of it, and (to some extent) the philosophy, remained the same. Its philosophy, unchanged through fifty years of sustain-

And yet from 1833, when he published "Pauline," till 1855, when the work "Men and Women" was, so to speak, published, Browning had but a very small public, and that public, who were sincere appreciators of poetry, were few. His books aroused hopeful expectations among a few friends, but even these were disappointed. It seemed the turbid obscurity of "Some Reminiscences," a brilliant series of "Bells and Pomegranates" followed, was completely overwhelmed by the praise that was greeting Tennyson. "Men and Women" appealed to few but the elect. It was not till the publication of "The Ring and the Book," ten years later, that that complex entity, "the public," became aware of him. Then, and there, he sprang into fame ; his name grew a household word, and Board school children are now reading his papers upon his life and "message." It is commonly said, dates his "vogue" from 1850, but he had been in the public eye for thirty years, and he will be there as long as the English tongue is spoken.

All this is true enough, and has, perhaps, been said sufficiently often, and yet there may be a question. The sphere of literary interest in this country ; and its voice—now that it has a "literary supplement"—so loud, that it is hard to forget that a "vogue" implies some of the discussions of "essay-societies," and the suffrages of the lending library. There is a difference between a genuine "vogue" and a "fad," the difference, very often, between sincerity and affectation. Culture, or rather the affectation of culture, is cheap ; most people like to be thought to be cultured, and Browning's name was long a part of the "drawing rooms." But a "vogue" is a sincere, intimate, personal affection ; it is not for full-dress occasions, but for busy, everyday life. The poet who has a "vogue" is the poet who is read in the tent and in the sick-room—read, too, by the man whom you meet daily upon the suburban streets, in the provincial towns and drowsy villages. A word, whose work "stands upon every table." Byron enjoyed such a "vogue" ; it still ; but, despite all the energy of the "essay-societies," it can scarcely be maintained, yet the master of so wide a popularity.

poetry? I suspect that not more than half of them would be able to quote two consecutive lines from him! The remaining fifty per cent. might cite—not quite correctly—the names of some of his poems, but it is doubtful if one of them could give an intelligent account of any single poem, of its story and implication. Of the better-informed half-hundred, another moiety would be familiar with five or six poems—“Evelyn Hope,” “How we brought the Good News,” “The Pied Piper,” “The Lost Leader,” and perhaps “The Last Ride Together.” Fifteen out of the whole hundred might have some knowledge of “Men and Women” and the shorter pieces generally; another eight or nine might add to that “The Ring and the Book” and the dramas. But would more than one per cent. confess, under oath, to having read, or tried to read, the whole of Browning? Alas! for the rarity of poetic taste; the city would scarce be saved for one’s sake.

I have amused myself by working out these figures, not without some thought and comparison; but it is the very essence of such an inquiry that it should at once provoke challenge. In the causes which we have at heart we are all either pessimists or optimists; and, if my view of Browning’s “vogue” is too depressed, I should be the first to fling my cap for the man who might disprove it. But there can be little question that Browning’s “vogue” has been, and is, a “vogue” of culture rather than of fashion; and that those of us who try, however insufficiently, “to know the best that has been written and thought” in prose or poetry are generally apt, in moments of sympathetic enthusiasm, to over-rate our numbers and the carrying power of our voices! Byron had a vogue of fashion, and he has paid for it with a consequent neglect. The world of his day, as Arnold tellingly said, looked in his glass, and saw, or thought it saw, its own face there, and went its way, and straightway forgot what manner of man it saw. But for the world of contemporary fashion Browning’s glass had no reflection. In no sense of the word was he a “topical” poet; the course of his energy was impelled, but never diverted, by the events and tendencies of his time. At an exceptionally early age he seems to have seen his work clear before him, and he preserved his way with singular decision. He had even a kindly, good-natured contempt for the unintelligent man. How, then, could he become his intimate?

A few months ago certain of Tennyson’s poems passed out of copyright, and there was at once a vigorous “raid” upon them among editors and publishers. You can now buy a very tolerable selection for a penny. But the copyright of Browning’s “Men and Women” lapsed almost insensibly. The number of cheap editions of him is very small; and, in these days of keen trade-competition, it is to be presumed that the purveyors of literature know

—Browning would seem to have missed, once and for all, the suffrage of the market-place. Even the last few years there has been a marked diminution of interest. The Browning “evening”—a rather infelicitous infliction that was so popular a little while longer in the fashion. With those who “take care to impress their friends, he has been superseded by Ibsen and Omar Khayyám. “Another palm has been, and other palms are won.” Browning is the devotion of that little body to whom literature is a serious and abiding concern.

What is the reason of this popular and gradual desertion? The old argument of his will at once suggest itself; but that argument is fast losing its edge. For, when all has been said can be said about Browning’s difficulties, there is an immense amount of his work that is as simple and imaginative work can be. The ultimate philosophy of Browning’s poetry is absolutely simple, and its expression is not only lucid, but compelling. It would be possible to make a volume of selections from Browning which should give the heart of his work, and which is best in it, and should yet present no difficulties to ordinary educated intelligence. No; what has happened to the general reader from Browning is not so much a result of his obscurity as his strenuousness. As he himself never professed to provide the kind of poetry that would serve as a substitute for a cigar or a game of cards, if one could catch the “general reader” in a moment of frankness, he would confess that that is the sort of poetry that he prefers. Browning’s poetry is stimulating and invigorating; it makes upon the reader a demand for exalted, spiritual energy. It requires the whole of the undivided enthusiasm; and the “general reader” does not want to give his whole heart to anything that would want to be beguiled, not admonished. He would rather be told what a fine fellow he is; not to be set face to face with himself, and made to feel that the proper course of life is something for which he has neither the energy nor the inclination. In a word, Browning is at once too strong and the “general reader” wants realistic entertainment. In England, particularly, the ordinary man is devoid of idealism. He has very little imagination, and the world around him is quite sufficient to his needs. He wants no ideals beyond a comfortable home and a good position at the banker’s. This strenuous poetry, with its demands upon the distant hills and its heart set toward the distant journey, disturbs and disconcerts him. He may be made to admire it; but he will never come to love it.

And yet the things that are seen are temporary, and the things that are not seen are eternal. The characteristics which deprive Browning’s poetry

no particular season is it acclaimed by the crowd. The streets are never lighted in its honour; "the senate never rings with cheers" for it; it misses the joys of immediate popularity, but it holds the position it has gained, and adds something to it every year. That Browning's poetry is of this undying order no one, not even the passer-by upon the pavement, questions. He was not, indeed, deprived of the privileges of a high reputation during his lifetime, but he was never able to feel, as some of his contemporaries were, that the public was hanging upon his words. Still, his letters show that he cared very little for this; and it is entirely false sentiment to lament the fact on his behalf. Indeed, for those who hear Browning—not with the loud devotion of the fanatic, but with the quiet homage of the true disciple—it matters very little whether the crowd are deaf or not. Plato's philosopher took his seat under the shadow of the wall. The crowd passed by, howling, jostling, stumbling one over another in the pursuit of pleasure. But the philosopher was still there when the crowd had passed.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Notes.

The retirement of an editor and the announcement of two new papers constitute the journalistic news of the week. The retiring editor is Mr. W. H. Mudford, who has directed the policy of the *Standard* since 1876 to the satisfaction of those of his readers who were satisfied to see literature neglected provided that politics were adequately treated. Under Mr. Mudford the *Standard* has certainly been the least literary, though by no means the least ably conducted, of the morning journals. It remains to be seen whether his successor, Mr. G. B. Curtis, will decide to give literature more space in his columns. The new papers announced are the *Tribune*, to be edited by Mr. Lathbury, who lately left the *Guardian* on a point of conscience, and the *Spear*, a new sixpenny illustrated weekly to appear under the auspices of Sir William Ingram. The reason why the title the *Spear* was chosen at a time when it was known that Mr. Clement Shorter was to edit a similar paper with the similar designation the *Sphere* has not been communicated to the world.

It was an article in the *Prospective Review* that caused the separation between Dr. Martineau (of whose writings generally we speak in another column) and his brilliant sister Harriet. She had become strangely influenced by Mr. H. G. Atkinson that "atheistic mesmerist," and when "The Laws of Man's Nature and Development" appeared the book was unsparingly condemned in the *Review*. The following extract certainly shows strong feeling on the subject:

With grief we must say that we remember nothing in literary history more melancholy than that Harriet Martineau should be prostrated at the feet of such a master (Atkinson), and lay down at his bidding her early faith in moral obligation, in the living God, in the immortal sanctities, should glory in the infection of his blind arrogance and scorn, mistaking them for wisdom and piety, and meekly undertaking to touch him

material was concerned, were very inferior, for a fount had to be cast in 1481, and this was again. Each of the primary Milanese founts possess ed distinct that they are easily traced in the book and Mr. Proctor decides that the type used for edition of "Homer," printed at Florence in 1481. Chalccondylas, was cast from the original pinc first Milanese fount.

The earliest Greek type cast in Venice but it was not until 1491 that Aldus set up there. He restricted his efforts to the printing of book the Senate encouraged him by granting him a pi years for all books so printed in the State. Proctor expressed the opinion that the first based upon the ancient founts used in the Gre was by far the finest, and he strongly conden types. These Aldus founded on the cursive hand his friend Marcus Musurus which abounded combinations of accent and letter, and ligatures—sometimes four letters being tied together. T was most unsatisfactory, first of all to the prin "case" must have been complicated to an en and the words are so split up into syllables th an Aldine book to-day is a matter of diffen designing his type, had to choose between the c in inscriptions and contemporary book hands, latter, and being the leading printer of the fixed the forms of type for general printing. In forms of Greek type went abruptly out of us Aldine books began to circulate, and it was not un time that the use of contractions became gradual less than a dozen remained. The Venetian t disfigured by the endless variety of the le unrestrained freedom of the cursive hand sacrific of the older forms. In Mr. Proctor's opinion, action of Aldus inflicted upon Greek type, on it a blow from which it has never recovered.

Messrs. Macmillan's *International Monthly*, p York and London, is a good conception, and its p shape are attractive features. It is described as of Contemporary Thought," and with the view not being quite so exhaustively comprehensive periodicals, it contains only five articles, impari between science, art, literature, and the dram articles, we notice, are by Americans, one b is the latter who takes literature under his wing on "Later Evolutions of French Criticism." M. Edouard Rod. He is a little long and laborio says is of the highest interest to all who follow literature.

His subject is literary criticism, and the critic he nowhere seems to touch what seems to us the criticism. Does it not exist in France at presen that country fall, in his view, into three classes, "soul" writers, who record the impressions ma minds only, and even assert that no other kin possible. There is great value in the method, no value consists not in the criticism itself, but the it is clothed. And the art of writing such critic to be carried much higher than it is by M. Anat

standards by which such quality can be judged—standards capable of explanation and defence. When a critic has thoroughly mastered these standards and made them by study a part, as it were, of his mind, and knows how to apply them and how to state intelligibly the result of their application—then he is well fitted for his work. And that work is, in the first instance, simply to decide on the quality of a work, to say whether it is good or bad. The possibility of such a simple and old-fashioned procedure does not seem to occur to M. Rod, nor does it seem at all to satisfy the French critics in these "later evolutions."

A contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose identity is thinly disguised under a style of some preciosity and the initials "A. M.," has just made a ferocious attack upon Gibbon's English. She has, of course, the precedent of Mr. Ruskin, who declared Gibbon's to be "the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman," adding that "his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight, and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid." Mrs. Meynell, however, has a still more sweeping indictment to make; she assures us that Gibbon not only wrote badly himself, but was the cause of much bad writing in others. Perhaps there is even more truth in this than she intended, for her article opens with the following sentence:

During the whole of the century our language has undergone a certain derogation, notorious, different in kind from the corruptions of all other ages, and as familiar as brick and slate, gas, and the architecture of stations equally English, and, apparently, of yesterday and to-day and of a morrow seen in rather dull and discouraging prospect.

This is not precisely a model of style; one almost imagines that it would be possible to search through the whole of the "Decline and Fall" without finding a sentence whose exact meaning was equally hard to make out on a first reading. The foolish old notion that the first duty of a good style was to be lucid, however, has been abandoned by many of our best authorities, and it must be confessed that Mrs. Meynell has filled her column with some sadly slipshod Gibbonisms. But we can hardly think that she has proved, because bad writers still make the same errors, that Gibbon single-handed "changed a hundred years of English prose" for the worse.

In connexion with the pension scheme for authors which has been put forward by Sir Walter Besant, it does not seem to have been recalled that something very similar was planned in the middle of the century by Charles Dickens and the first Lord Lytton. It was in aid of the "Guild of Literature and Art," whose chief function was to provide homes and pensions for decayed authors and painters, that the famous amateur theatricals were organized in which Dickens took a leading part as the host Captain Bobadil that the modern stage has seen. The author of "Pickwick," at least, had a very exalted conception of the good that might be done by a scheme of self-help which should encourage literary men in general to provide for the neediest members of their own profession. He wrote to Lytton in 1851:

I do devoutly believe that this plan carried will entirely change the status of the literary man in England, and make a revolution in his position, which no Government, no power on earth but his own, could effect. I have implicit confidence in the scheme so splendidly begun if we carry it out with a steadfast energy. I have a strong conviction that we hold in our hands the peace and honour of men of letters for centuries to come, and that you are destined to be their best and most enduring benefactor.

accommodation of distressed authors, in which "no one could be induced to live, even rent free. They pointed to train bills, and showed that it was impossible to re-possessed homes after the performances at the theatre. The difficulty had not been taken into account by the pension scheme, and there were others also. 'What are you paying us for being buried alive at Stevenage?' for a fact was that the Guild went to work on lines far too narrow was the time fully ripe for it. Every one will beg Walter Besant's more businesslike proposal for a provident fund will steer clear of the shallows of predecessor grounded.

The Haymarket company would get plenty of *She Stoops to Conquer* if they confined themselves to their speeches as Goldsmith wrote them. But this content them. What are called "time-honoured" introductions with unnecessary faithfulness to the original years. Now, in a classic no interpolation can be by time or by anything else. "Gags" merely dish author, by suggesting that his piece is not sufficient without them. Therefore, we could wish the Haymarket manager had been a little more severe in keeping his one and all, to the text. Having given vent to this one, we are free to say that for the rest it is a delightful play. Miss Winifred Emery is a fascinating Miss Hardcastle—almost too consciously fascinating for a young woman up in the heart of the country. But this is one of that must not be too closely looked at. It is inherent to the play—just as Young Marlow's two are a difficulty, and one that has never been quite satisfied over. It is incredible that if Marlow could with his inferiors be so lively and so completely at his ease, he be so awkward and so nervous in Miss Hardcastle's. Many men are more at home with their inferiors than equals, but the difference is not so marked as this. Marlow has yet to come who can reconcile the two sides of character and show that his boisterous manner was cloak for constitutional shyness—a cloak, however, without the courage to assume in the society of modest women.

Mr. Paul Arthur is dashing and handsome enough a clever comedian, so he gets all the fun out of Marlow. He has a pretty touch for sentiment, too, and the scene the supposed barmaid pretends to sob at the idea of her so mistaken is raised to pathos by Marlow's emotion of the fact that the audience is laughing all the while Emery's comical feigned tearfulness. For once, Marlow really takes her proper place in the play. Miss Beatrice makes her a wild and a very engaging madcap, and plot which concerns the jewels and the elopement is interesting as the rest. Mr. Cyril Maude's Hardcastle the full-bodied ebriosity that we associate with the play, it is an amusing study of old age with a little variety in composition. Mr. Giddens is capital as Tony, and wonderfully well acted by Mr. Valentine.

Report of Hartan. Mr. Anthony Hope's own stage of the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," is due James's Theatre on February 1. Reports from the theatre where Mr. Alexander has been playing it for some foretell for its popularity equal to that of the previous play, *Zenda*, by the way, will also be revived, and played on certain afternoons, so that any one who likes

An incident which occurred the other night during the performance of David Garrick at Mr. Wyndham's new theatre affords an amusing example of the sudden removal of the thin veil of dramatic illusion. During the scene where Simon Jugot, played by Mr. William Farrer, treats Garrick to a denunciation of playactors and dramatists in general, and Shakespeare in particular, Mr. Farrer inadvertently addressed Mr. Garrick as Mr. Wyndham. The mistake was greeted by the audience with a burst of merriment, in which the actors joined heartily. Mr. Farrer immediately afterwards resumed his rôle with his wonted composure.

The title of Gerhart Hauptmann's new play is not *Helios*, as was stated some time ago, but *Schluck und Jan*, a fairy-tale comedy, highly original and humorous in conception. It is to be produced on the stage of the Deutsches Theater, Berlin. Probably no theatre, in Europe, at any rate, attains the high intellectual level reached by the performances at the Deutsches Theater, the scene of so many of Hauptmann's and Sudermann's triumphs, where all applause is rigorously suppressed.

A vivid picture of Berlin dramatic life in the fifties is given in the first volume of Dr. Julius Rodenberg's recently published "Reminiscences" (Berlin, Verlag von Gebrüder Paetel) a book full of interest for all who are acquainted with German social life. In the second volume there is an account of the Orientalist, Emanuel Deutsch, who created such a sensation by his essays on the "Talmud." He is supposed to have suggested the character of Daniel Deronda to George Eliot, whom Dr. Rodenberg met at Berlin, and of whose personal appearance he gives an admirable description. About two-thirds of the second volume is devoted to Ferdinand Freiligrath, who has been called the "Poet Laureate of the German People." Rodenberg first made his acquaintance in England, which he was induced to visit by the perusal of Macaulay's history. There is none of his countrymen's dislike to England about Dr. Rodenberg, and his writings contribute perhaps more to a better understanding between England and Germany than any political agreements or treaties could do. We can cordially recommend his book to all English readers of German.

Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* is now being played at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. M. Paul Meurice is responsible for the staging of the piece, which, with Coquelin in the principal rôle, could not fail to draw the theatre-going public. M. Paul Meurice's admiration for and friendship with Victor Hugo dates back to his college days. Soon after the 1830 revolution Auguste Vacquerie sent an ode to Victor Hugo and received a letter in return from the young poet. Vacquerie's next project was that *Hernani* should be played by himself and his fellow-students. Paul Meurice and Vacquerie called on Victor Hugo to ask permission, and a life-long friendship between these three men was the result. In after years, when the poet was exiled, Vacquerie accompanied him, and Paul Meurice was entrusted with the editing of Victor Hugo's posthumous works. Some of these volumes are already published, and it is probable that by the end of this year the last one will be finished. Auguste Vacquerie died a few years ago, so that of the trio Paul Meurice alone remains, and, in spite of his advanced age, he is an enthusiastic worker. Only a short time ago his own play *Struensee* was produced at the Théâtre Français, and since then he has worked energetically at *Les Misérables*.

measurable Musiecke, against the common Praet of these Times. Examples whereof are express of 4 Voyces concerning the Pleasures of 5 usu (1) Hunting (2) Hawking (3) Darning (4) Drunking. London, 1611."

A SOUTH AFRICAN BIBLIOGRAPHY

For the convenience of our readers we selected list of those works which will be of use to who wish to make themselves acquainted with the history of South Africa, and especially of the Republic. It does not profess to be complete, purposely excluded books the chief interest of which was the Transvaal.

First in importance, of course, comes Dr. Theal's "The History of South Africa," by G. Sonnenschein, 1888, &c.), in five volumes. The result of a careful study of the records of the Cape Colony, and is the result of long and patient research, and is the best work which the writers of all the smaller and more popular histories have drawn. The work is confined to the year 1800, and deals with the Dutch Republics. Dr. Theal has the qualities of a great historian—patience, accuracy, and a thorough knowledge of the subject. He is, however, deficient in the power of arrangement, and has not the faculty of making his narrative attractive to a general reader. This is the more to be regretted, as he professes to understand South African history, and has thoroughly studied these volumes. There is no doubt that Dr. Theal has wished and endeavoured to write in a simple and Scotch-Canadian he was enabled to approach the land in which he has made his home with the results of his research have been adverse. His work is generally popular in England (this is at least all that can be said) why his book should be carefully studied. A great advantage of Dr. Theal's books is that he has devoted much of his time to the study of the native languages and customs of the native races.

He has also written a shorter history of South Africa in the "Story of the Nations" Series (Fisher Unwin, 1897); this is much the best of the shorter histories, and its narrative is carried down to 1897.

Another work of his which is of great value is "The History of the Boers in South Africa" (1887). Most of this is, of course, incorporated in his other work, but many may prefer to use it in the original form. It includes an account of Moshesh, the founder of the Basuto Republic.

Besides Dr. Theal's book the other great source of information on South African history is the Blue-book series, numerous, and for later history very valuable. They contain not only diplomatic despatches, but also information on the customs of the natives and the country.

Of other more general narratives we may mention "The Complete Story of the Transvaal," (Sampson Low and Co., 1885). It was written by a Boer, and though not of great value as a history, is pleasantly written.

"The Transvaal and the Boers," by W. E. Chapman and Hall, 1890, is a good compilation of the narrative down to the present time.

Another useful guide to recent history is "Our Own Times in South Africa," by

sketch of South African history. Dr. Noble has also written a short History of South Africa.

Turning now to works dealing with special epochs, we have first the period of the great trek and the foundation of the Dutch Republics.

On this there has lately appeared a most useful little work, "The History of the Great Trek," by Henry Cloete (Murray, 1899). This is the reprint of five lectures first published in 1856 at Cape Town, and gives the fullest discussion which we have come across of the reasons which induced the Boers to leave the Colony.

For the controversy between the colonists and the missionaries and the general question of the treatment of the natives we have first a voluminous Blue-book, "Report of the Select Committee on the Aborigines," 1836-7. It must, however, be remembered that much of the evidence is unreliable. Those who wish to go into the question in detail must consult the works of the missionaries. Dr. Moffat's well-known book "Missionary Labours in South Africa," "The Life of Dr. Moffat," by his son, Mr. John Moffat, who has done such good service in Bechuanaland and Matabeleland; "Travels in South Africa," by John Campbell; Dr. Livingstone's works, and "Ten Years North of the Orange River," by Mr. Mackenzie. These give also a good picture of South African life as it was in the old days, and some account of the struggle between the Boer emigrants and Mosilikatze. The list might be greatly extended, but we are now more immediately interested in the later history of the Republics.

The history of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State from the time of their first settlement has not attracted the special attention of historians, and for the period from the Sand River Convention to 1877 the reader must be content with the general works we have enumerated. For the very important period which begins with Lord Carnarvon's appointment as Secretary of State for the Colonies and ends with the Convention of London there is a great mass of literature.

First in importance come the Blue-books c-2,783, which describes the annexation of the Transvaal; c-2,538 and c-2,891, which contain descriptions of the state of the country after the annexation; c-2,837, c-2,950, and c-2,891 are the most important of those dealing with the Transvaal War; c-3,114 deals with the negotiations leading up to the Convention of Pretoria, and c-3,394 and c-3,947 with the Convention of London.

Of other books we will place first the "Life of Sir Bartle Frere," by Mr. John Martineau (Murray), which is very clearly written. A useful reprint of the chapters dealing with South Africa has been issued under the title "The Transvaal Trouble: How It Arose," and ought to be read by every one.

For the Transvaal War we have first two good general narratives—"The Transvaal War," by Lady Bellairs (Edinburgh, 1885), which is very full with events in the interior of the country, and the "Narrative of the Boer War," by Thomas Carter (1st edition, 1882, 3rd edition, 1896; McQueen). These must be supplemented by Sir William Butler's "Life of Sir George Colley," which appeared recently, and contains the most authentic record of the campaign in Natal. Then there is Mr. Rider Haggard's "Cetywayo and His White Neighbours." A reprint of a portion of this has recently been issued under the title of "The First Boer War." The chief value of the book is the record it gives of the feelings of the English residents in South Africa. Mr. Alfred Lytward in "The Transvaal of To-Day" (Edinburgh, 1884) gives an account of the events from the point of view of the Boers, and the book should be read

between the British Government and the Transvaal—that is satisfactory, and the Blue-books from 1884-1894 (moreover, the most important of those dealing with 8 are c-6,240, c-6,247, c-6,242, c-7,611, c-7,780).

For the history of the Jameson Raid the best narrative is that published immediately after the raid by F. E. Garrett, the well-known editor of the *Cape Times*, "Story of a South African Crisis." This is chiefly to the evidence given before the Commission of Enquiry at Cape Town. The official report is difficult to procure, but of importance. The other principal authorities are the ones published by the Government of the South African Republic, are partly in English and partly in Dutch, but also seem to have found their way to England. Then there is the Report of the Special Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the raid.

The works which have been published more recently contain valuable fresh information from the point of view of those in Johannesburg, and deal at length with the internal history of the Transvaal. Of these the most important is "Transvaal From Within," by Mr. Fitzpatrick (Hutchinson) is being very widely read. "A Woman's Part in a Revolt," by Mrs. Hays Hammond, "Revolutions and Reform," by D. (Macmillan, 1898).

All these are the work of Uitlanders. There is a great deal of books setting forth clearly the Dutch view and the point of view of the Government of Pretoria. "Twaalf Herinneringen" (Amsterdam and Pretoria, 1889), by J. J. Jorissen, a Hollander who took a prominent part in the negotiations of 1881 and 1884, stands almost alone. There is also a translation of a Dutch narrative of the raid by Mr. F. I. but in want of anything better we have to fall back on Statham, the author of "South Africa as It Is," and "Kruger and His Times." Both these works are, however, wholly to be relied upon.

Of the innumerable books put together by hasty voyagers in South Africa the greater number may be absolutely ignored. Much the most valuable is Mr. Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," chiefly because of the unpartial political judgment he brings to bear on South African problems. The book dealing with South Africa in Sir Charles Dilke's "Foreign Relations of Great Britain" will still repay reading.

MR. PEPYS ON "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

Jan. 14, 1900. To Mr. Tese his playhouse in the market, where did see *Midsommer Night's Dream* a pretty entertainment and which doth cause me to hold my former opinion that it is an insipid, ridiculous play. Although indeed the plot very tedious, yet all done with much fancy that in truth I did seem to be in the land of the whole time. And first the wood near Athens in the parts did seem to counterfeit nature the most that a painted scene did. And all the little pretty elves and dancing therein, some of them that can scarce be kept their horses, did fill me with great content of their gambols when the Queen, acted by Madam Tese, and the first Mistress Neilson did appear so lovely and noble as the first parts, with dresses exceeding fine, and Mistress Neilson singer also.

purpose of Shakespeare when he seemed to ape the manners of players of this present time, as in seeking to take all the clippings of the spectators for himself, and making as if he should speak to the spectators after the play of *Pyramus and Thisbe* was concluded. Yet all, as I do say, vastly diverting, and the lion and Thisbe did especially cause me to laugh, Thisbe being performed by a stout fellow (one Calvert by name) who doth seem to me to be an exceeding good actor even in so foolish a part. And each actor in this interlude of the clowns doth come in wearing upon his breast a placard to tell who he is, as thus: "This is a Lion," and upon Thisbe her breast, "This is a maiden," which when you do consider the lusty, awkward knave upon whom it hangs hath such a contrariety in it as is truly full of proper matter for mirth. Strange, too, to see Bottom wearing the ass's head that mischievous Puck hath set upon him, and a most marvellous piece of work is this head that ever I did see in my life, with ears that do twitch and eyes that roll so that one might think it in truth a very ass that is upon the stage.

Mr. Waller, which did act the part of Lysander, I think verily of mighty good stature and pretty understanding, and so did a great part of the spectators, for when he do come on, even though his voice be weakened by a sorry rhum, there is much clapping of hands and crying of "Bravo," which did do my heart good to hear. For his sweetheart he do have Mistress Brooke, a little, pretty actress that do speak bravely her speeches, and when she doth think Helena to have cozened away her love, doth put on a very shrewish and fierce disposition which did make me fear for Helena her cheeks. And Mistress Baird, which acted Helena, did pleasingly counterfeit fear of her nails, and is a most lovely, tender damsel that ever I saw in my life. The rest of the actors not very extraordinary.

But Lord! the prettiness of the scenes do make me mightily to admire. And next to the wood near Athens I do put the Duke his palace, wherein a curious, strange revel of fairies after the interlude. Which, the most proper feigning of fairy-land that ever one could think, is all lighted bravely, without that the spectators can see the agency of it, by the touching of magical wands, and so extinguished again and all left dark, the fairies being gone, and suddenly the lights among the spectators do appear, and they, gazing at the stage, see the curtain drawn and the play finished. Strange it is, and mightily like the awaking from a dream, which indeed is the purpose of the play to seem, and so verily it doth, and like a lovely, pleasant dream that a man might truly desire to dream again. And all the company of citizens and prentices and the fine ladies and gentlemen in the boxes did seem by their satisfaction to say there never hath been any such pretty piece come upon the stage.

H. H. F.

FICTION.

THE LATEST BOOKS OF M. ANATOLE FRANCE.

Chlo. Par Anatole France, de l'Académie Française. Illustrations de Mucha. 8 x 5 (in.), 188 pp., Paris, 1899. Calmann Lévy. Fr.6

Pierre Nozière. Par Anatole France, de l'Académie Française. 7 1/2 (in.), 322 pp., Paris, 1899. Lemerre. Fr.3.50

Since the death of Reman those of the Muses who have had messages for mortal men in French have entrusted them to M. Anatole France. To-day the first of the nine, the Muse of History, has just been her father's child, in a book that Walter

It is the very simplicity of M. France's prose and magic and seduction to his erudition. Read this which describes Homer:—

He went by the path which follows the hill-sides. His brow was bare, hucked with a band of red wool. About his curls of his hair were tossed by the sea breeze a snow-white beard were tangled about his and his bare feet were the colour of the red wandering along so many years. By his side He was called the Ancient, he was also many called him the Blind Man, pupils, dimmed by age, dropped eyelids swo by the smoke of the hearths he was accustom sing. Having walked all night with the ardour of the heavens should surprise him by the beam of dawn, white Kymé, his count

The Eastern landscape is brought vividly new exquisite and polished familiarity. The tall mournful and delicate quietude, and the whole in the incomparable charm of M. France. "Kymé is a singular *tour de force*, but without the charm Kymé. It is a sombre evocation of barbaric rule. The dialogue between *Farinata degli Amobrogio* is an excellent example of M. France's fantastic excursions into remote history in which is the charming sketch of the turbulent little flatly refused to drink the Regent's health, a the amiable cannon, joined *La Hiro* and captured captain on the field of *Patay*. This sketch is unctuous irony and grace which characterize whenever he touches an ecclesiastical theme. This series of remarkable profiles. It is the *Bona days*, dreaming of his star, and ruminating ambition. Is it fact or fancy? It is a lumino with the unanalysable strength of suggestiveness delicate pages we feel the mystery of that "so heart inaccessible to human weakness."

The little *Pierre Nozière* of the second volume of this article is M. Anatole France himself, and will find these memories of his old life on the instructive for the comprehension of the persensibility which he possesses. It is instructive proof of the impeccable *gout* of M. Anatole France in his horror of the pretentiousness of Alexandrian liking for the perfect little things of *μεγα λακόν*. M. Anatole France is a master of Greek sense of the word. He has the Greek joy of the Roman measure and precision. The charm of marvellous, and the pleasure they afford is that men only his poets can offer.

Obituary.

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Except on the theory that the greatest which take place in the intellect, the long Dr. Martineau was singularly uneventful; and his career can easily be packed into a few sentences. French origin, descended from a fugitive of the Revolution of the *Edict of Nantes*. It may be himself a Huguenot in the same sense in which *Calvinist*; he had shed the dogmas, but not the

of Philosophy and Political Economy at Manchester New College, and afterwards Principal of that college. He contributed to the more serious of the weekly reviews and monthly magazines; he published philosophical and devotional works—"Endeavours after the Christian Life," "Types of Ethical Theory," "A Study of Spinoza," &c.; and he received honorary degrees from the Universities of Oxford, Edinburgh, Harvard, and Leyden.

It is somewhat difficult to distinguish between Dr. Martineau's contributions to religious and to philosophical speculation. He himself would probably not have admitted that the two required to be distinguished, and they certainly are more closely linked in his writings than in those of religious philosophers of the type of Berkeley. Looking at his work in its religious aspect one might claim for him that he took a particular religion—Unitarianism—and laboured at it until, in spite of the opposition of the comparatively orthodox, he was able to leave it more philosophical than he found it. That, at all events, was, broadly speaking, the claim made for him by his admirers in his later years. His great achievement, according to them, was that he based religion not on authority, but on "the inner heart of human life and faith." Philosophically, of course, the weak point of this foundation lies in the fact that so many different, and even eccentric, religions have been built upon it. There are the Pietists, for example, and the Catholic Mystics—both theopathic and theurgic—to say nothing of the Shakers and the Mormons. All these arrived at their several religious conclusions by treating mere textual arguments as subsidiary, and resting upon the revelations of the "inner heart." Only in Dr. Martineau's case the "inner heart" was that of a man who was eloquent and cultivated as well as devout; whence it naturally and properly resulted that, in Little Portland-street, he preached to a more educated congregation than any Nonconformist minister ever did before him.

It will be the business of posterity to determine Dr. Martineau's place among philosophers. Amid the chorons of his eulogists we find no eulogist who ventures to assign him a definite place in the philosophical temple of fame, and we ourselves have an equal difficulty in doing so. Stress need not be laid upon the fact that he was, so to say, a self-made philosopher, with no proper academic training in the subject. If he had had anything particular to say, that would have mattered no more in his case than it has mattered in the cases of John Stuart Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the difficulty is to lay one's finger on any one point in which Dr. Martineau advanced human thought a stage further. He certainly did not do so in his attack upon philosophers who "spend a curious ingenuity in substituting neuter abstracts for the ancient personal names of 'The Living God'"; for this is not philosophy at all, but something like an appeal to the gallery; it proved nothing, while giving the first impression of proving a great deal. Perhaps one may say that he was a philosopher among preachers and a preacher among philosophers. The knowledge of the philosopher was a most valuable reinforcement to the rhetoric of the preacher, but the habit of preaching was none the less disturbing to the just mental balance of the philosopher.

To say only this, however, would be to give a very incomplete and partial view of Dr. Martineau. If he had been a more daring and original thinker his influence would almost certainly have been less immediate and, so far as the ethical side of life is concerned, less wide; and his influence was, on the whole, so good and sane that one would not willingly sacrifice it for any merely intellectual achievement, however brilliant. He had a

linguished from his philosophical influence was at Oxford, where, on his 83rd birthday, he was presented with an address drawn up by the Master of Balliol and his signatures, among others, of Tompkinson, Browning, Dr. Professor Max Müller, W. E. H. Lecky, and Sir Edw.

The end of the year in Russia has seen the death of one of the writers of the great "epoch of the forties"—and of the veteran author Dmitri Vassilievitch Grigorovitch. In 1822, the son of a landowner, his early years were spent in the country amidst purely Russian surroundings. The father's estate was situated on the fertile banks of the river Oka, on the fertile banks of father's estate was situated, were the types most familiar to the childish eyes. He studied art when young, but he went to the Chancery of the Direction of Theatres, was there discovering his literary bent. He began by translating foreign theatrical pieces and French novels, and then passed on to original work. His first productions were stories. Then in the spring of 1846 he returned to the village where he was born. He spent there twelve years, during which his best works were written—"The Village" (1846), "Gorennyia" (1847), "The Landless Peasant" (1848), "Unsuccessful Life" (1850), "Four Seasons of the Year" (1851), "The Glorious Resurrection of Christ" (1851), "The Roads" (1852), "The Fishermen" (1853), "The Peasants" (1854), "The Emigrants" (1855), "Town Relations." These were a series of works, chiefly on peasant life, almost the first literary attempt to give a history of a village in Russia (*Dorfgeschichte*). In 1857 Grigorovitch went from his fruitful solitude and made tutor to the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, and a year later he started for Spain, Italy, Greece, Athens, and Jerusalem, and his notes of travel were published later in the celebrated work "The Ship Retzivan a Year in Europe and Europe." Afterwards he became secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, and laboured zealously for the development of Russian art. From that time his work was almost exclusively devoted to art matters, for instance—"A Few Words on the Encouragement of Art in Russia" (1863), "Works of the Hermitage" (the galleries of which place contain a collection of pictures), "Artistic Education as a Commercial Enterprise" (1866). It was only in the eighties that Grigorovitch resumed his novelistic work, which at that time represented types of Petersburg life. These latter productions, together with the author's previous works, were issued in an edition of a popular magazine in twelve volumes. But of the later period do not bear comparison with those of the earlier period and do not add in any way to the writer's reputation. Grigorovitch continued writing almost to the end of his life, his two latest tales, the last sparks of his dying lamp, were published in 1897 and 1898.

Mr. C. P. Mayson, who has just died at the advanced age of 79, held a high place in the educational world. His position as headmaster of a private school at Denmark Hill gave him a hand knowledge of the difficulties which confront the student in grammar, and besides his well-known "English Grammar" which has now nearly reached its 150th thousand, he prepared a more elementary book called "First Notions of Grammar for Young Learners." He was previously Professor of Classical Literature at the Manchester Independent College, and published several "Analytical Latin Exercises," as well as his "English Language." He was educated at University College School and at University College, of which he afterwards became a Fellow.

Authors and Publishers

The Christmas lull in the book world is nearly over, and some of the publishers still feel their way very cautiously.

We hope that the collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems which is shortly to be produced in the United States may herald the appearance of some similar undertaking in this country. If the younger generation does not read Mr. Swinburne, one reason is the difficulty and expense of getting together anything like a complete set of his writings. Fiction or history you can get from a circulating library with almost complete satisfaction; not so poetry. If this is worth reading, it is also worth buying and keeping beside one. The wish to take a volume of favourite verse from the shelf is usually the outcome of a transitory mood, and no one who really cares for the poets could endure the thought of having to borrow them in cold blood, perhaps a week before the mood for reading them occurs. It is a case of buying or doing without. Mr. Swinburne has always done himself injustice, we think, by not seeing to the publication of his works in a cheaper and handier form than they assume in his publisher's lists at present.

It is worth asking how long a poet who owed his fame so very largely to form and expression will last. No poet of any age has made a better use of words than Mr. Swinburne in his finest poems, but few poets have had less of "a message" or have added less to the thought of their age. The famous chorus in "Atalanta," "Before the Beginning of Years," has often been quoted as an instance of a passage that seems to be full of meaning and yet turns out to have little or no "criticism of life" in it at all. Still, it gives any one who cares for poetry rare pleasure to read it over aloud, and some hold this to be of the essence of poetry. The same is true of nearly all Mr. Swinburne's most beautiful pieces. They appeal to the senses more than the mind. Keats' poetry is sensuous, but in a different way. Keats took delight in the forms of external things which he described. Mr. Swinburne takes delight in the very words he uses even more than in the subjects upon which he employs them. The mass of the British race distrust beautiful things unless they clearly serve some useful purpose. They have never quite got over their mistrust of Mr. Swinburne's poetry. This, even more than his youthful indiscretions and the revolutionary tendencies of his middle period, has prevented it from winning either the ear or the respect of the large public which looked upon Tennyson with a kind of reverential awe. They only came round to admiring Morris, with his passion for beauty, because he turned it to practical account by telling stories and printing wall-papers. Mr. Swinburne scarcely ever has a story to tell, and he never has a sermon to preach. He has never, therefore, become a great popular poet. But he is an unmistakably genuine poet, perhaps the greatest now living.

The quarterly list of announcements just issued by Messrs. Longmans contains many interesting items. Of the four new novels included two have already appeared; the third is Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's "Savrola: A Tale of the Revolution in Laurania," which ran serially in one of the magazines and which we have already announced. The fourth is Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's "Sophia." On Monday will be published the new book by Miss Gertrude Jekyll the author of "Wood and Garden," a successful book entitled "Home and Garden; Notes and Thoughts, Practical and Critical, of a Worker in Both," with fifty-one illustrations from photographs by the author. Several other works are nearly ready, including "The Hexateuch, according to the Revised Version, arranged in its Constituent Documents by Members of the Society of Historical Theology, Oxford," in two volumes, edited, with introduction, notes,

Among the remaining books which Messrs. in the press are Dr. William A. Shaw's "History of the Church During the Civil Wars and Under the C. Two additions to the Oxford Library of Printing "Confirmation," by Dr. A. C. A. History of the Book of Common Prayer," by U. Pullan; a new book by Denn Luckock of Characteristics of Each of the Four Gospels of Suicide," by the Rev. J. Gurnhill, who is inviting subject from the standpoint of a Christian translation of Professor Angelo Celli's "Malar the New Researches," by Dr. John Joseph E. Story of the Life of Dr. Pusey," by the author. The new life of Dr. Pusey is not a Dr. Liddon's work, but an independent memoir request of Dr. Pusey's daughter, who desired it should be published, chiefly for readers who wish to study the four-volume life or means to become

Dr. Nansen's complete account of the scientific Norwegian Polar Expedition, 1833-1896, will Messrs. Longmans. It is entitled "The Norwegian Expedition (1833-1896) Scientific Results," edited by Nansen. Thanks to the assistance of the Council Nansen Fund for the Advancement of Science means for publishing this report as a special placed at Dr. Nansen's disposal. In the first volume he issued very shortly, the authors and subjects I. Colin Archer, "The Fram"; H. J. F. Jurassic Fauna of Cape Flora"; with a General Cape Flora and its Neighbourhood by Fridtjof A. G. Nathorst, "Fossil Plants from Franz Josef R. Collett and F. Nansen, "An Account of G. O. Sars, "Crustacea." The charts will appear volume, which will follow not very long after whole work is estimated to form five or six quarters it is hoped will be finished in the course of about the end of the work Dr. Nansen hopes to give a complete of the scientific results of the expedition.

Among the publications Messrs. Dent are in spring will be:—The completion of "The Large spare," of which some six volumes are already volumes of the "International Cyclopaedia," which will be written by Dr. Hill, Master of Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and Professor "Medieval Town Series," a book on Moses Gerrare, also a book on Florence, by Edmund G. author of "Dante's Heaven." In the "Temple some of the earlier volumes produced this year "Princess" and "Maud," edited by Israel "Purgatorio" and "Inferno" will complete "Divine Comedy," following Mr. Wicksteed's "Paradiso." The "Purgatorio" will be translated by T. Okey, while the Italian text will be revised by Dr. Oelsner, Mr. Wicksteed supplying the notes, as he has done in the "Paradiso." For the "Inferno" text is used, but Dr. Oelsner is revising this text, so the three volumes will present a complete Italian and English. In "The Golden Legend," F. S. Ellis—who edited the book for William Temple, the text for the "Temple Classics" will be revised, so that it will be easily read

The same house promise a "French Historical Grammar," by Professor A. T. Baker, and also a volume explaining the difficulties of the symbolism in religious and particularly Italian art. They will also publish a small volume of translations of "Greek Poems," by W. H. D. Rouse.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing a work on "Malay Religion," by Mr. W. W. Skent. This is a very minute and detailed study of folk-lore, ceremonial observances, and magic in the Malay Peninsula—a country where Mahomedanism only superficially overlays a mass of aboriginal beliefs and customs.

They also will shortly publish "The Life and Letters of Augustine Phillips de Lisle," the biography of a leading English Roman Catholic who founded a Cistercian Monastery—the first established in England since the Reformation—written for the most part by Mr. E. S. Purcell, author of the "Life of Cardinal Manning." Owing to Mr. Purcell's death the work has been completed and edited by Mr. Edwin de Lisle, son of the subject of the memoir.

Mr. J. W. Clark, University Registrar at Cambridge, has added another volume to his works on his own University, "Old Friends at Cambridge and Elsewhere," published by Messrs. Macmillan, in a collection of biographical sketches, including reminiscences of Whewell and Thompson, of Trinity; Thirlwall; Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), who was Thirlwall's pupil; Palmer, the linguist; and Owen, the naturalist. With them are others who were notable figures in their own colleges and Universities, such as Henry Bradshaw.

The work which Sir Henry Jenkyns had almost completed before his death on "British Jurisdiction outside the United Kingdom" will be an important addition to the list of law books published by the Clarendon Press. This list includes many works on international law:—Hall's "International Law" now in its fourth edition; the same author's "Treatise on the Foreign Powers and Jurisdiction of the British Crown"; Holland's "Studies in International Law"; and "The European Concert in the Eastern Question: A Collection of Treaties and other Public Acts," edited by the same author, with introductions and notes. Sir Henry Jenkyns' volume is being published under the supervision of Sir Courtenay Inbert, whose successful work on "The Government of India: Being a Digest of the Statute Law Relating Thereto," is also issued by the Clarendon Press.

Next month Mr. Murray will publish the second and concluding volume of Canon Gore's "Exposition of the Epistles to the Romans." The first volume was issued last Lent and is now being reprinted, 5,000 having already been sold. The next addition to Canon Gore's series of simple expositions of portions of the New Testament will be "The Epistles of St. John." In February Mr. Murray will also bring out a "new impression" of the sixth edition of "The Italian Schools of Painting," which is at present out of print. The new work by Professor E. B. Tylor, "The Natural History of Religion" (based on the Gifford Lectures delivered in Aberdeen in 1889-90 and 1890-91), will probably be published by Mr. Murray shortly before Easter.

In the spring Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will publish a work which aims at combining the features of a practical guide-book to the north-western regions of Europe and the farther north of the Polar Sea, with a complete storehouse of information respecting the archaeology, the history, and geography of the inhabited portions, and the scientific features of the North Polar Circle. The book is entitled "The Cruise of the Ophir in

in book form by the Cambridge University Press, and is very successful. We understand that "The Topography in Switzerland and North Italy" (Miss report on the method of teaching geography in published a few months ago) is in demand at the University Press's stall at the Imperial Institute, while Miss Brebner's report on "The Method of Teaching Languages in Germany," published towards the end of already been reprinted twice. Sir Joshua Fitch's volume on "Educational Aims and Methods" will go ready before Easter. It consists of lectures and addresses by the author in England and America.

Among the books that Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson to publish this spring are "Siberia and Central Asia," Bookwaller, which is the account of the author's travels in Siberia and Central Asia last year, giving an account of Trans-Siberian and Trans-Caspian railways; "Kendats," by T. Edgar Pemberton, a record of the life of the most interesting personalities of the English stage; "Memoir of Edward FitzGerald," by John Glyde; and history of British South Africa, by Arthur Goswami. English and American sales of "David Harum," published by this house, now exceed 100,000 copies.

"Fort St. George: A Short History of Our First in India," is the title of a forthcoming volume which to every student of Indian history. To some extent George, famous as the first territorial possession acquired by English settlers in India, is to the history of India what is to the history of England. It was the legendary English town of Madras. It still contains the remains of a number of Government offices, and barracks for the troops. The writer of the present book is Mrs. Frazer, already known as the authoress of two Anglo-Indian romances, "The Romance of a Nautch Girl" and "Caste and the wife of the Rev. Frank Penny, garrison chaplain at Fort St. George. Free access has been had to the records of St. Mary's Church as well as to the records of Fort St. George. One chapter is devoted to "Elihu Yale (who had been of the fort and who gave his name to Yale University Mayor's Court, and Other Matters"; another to "Job's Visit to Fort St. George and the Baptism of His Child"; a third to "Clive, Duplex, the Capitulation of Fort St. George to the French in 1746, and Its Siege by Lally in 1757. Illustrations are many of them original etchings.

A good many guides to the law on the liability of for accidents to their servants were called into existence by the Workmen's Compensation Act of 1897. But on the question of the relation of master and servant—the responsibility for his servant's acts and so forth—not been written of late. Two new editions of standard books on the subject are being prepared: a second edition of the "Master and Servant," by Mr. John Macdonell, of the Masters of the Supreme Court, of which the first edition was published in 1883; and a fourth edition of Messrs. Roberts and slightly smaller work on the "Duty and Liability of Employers," first published in 1885.

Recent events must make even the layman curious to know what "Law Relating to the Carriage of Goods by Sea," edition of Mr. Carver's excellent book with this title announced. Mr. Carver, by the way, discusses, in a recent number of the *Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation*, where he reviews the light thrown on the question of the International Law Association last autumn.

"A Memoir of Professor Charles Tomlinson," by Mary Tomlinson, is nearly ready for publication, and issued by Mr. Elliot Stock during the present month.

Messrs. Sands and Co. will shortly publish a new edition of George Mivart, F.R.S., entitled "Castle and Manor."

"Shakespeare, the Man," is the title of a study by Goldwin Smith which will be published in the last week

Messrs. Balfour and Company, 11, Road Lane, E.C., have in the press a book called "How to tell the Nationality of Old Violins." Over forty drawings will show the characteristics of the various schools.

"The Welsh People: their Origin, Language, and History; being Extracts from the Report of the Royal Commission on Land in Wales and Monmouthshire," will be published in the spring by Mr. Unwin. It will be edited by Principal Rhys, with additions, notes, and appendices. Professor Rhys will also have the assistance of Mr. H. B. Jones, A.C., M.P.

Professor Smart, of Glasgow, whose "Distribution of Income" we reviewed a few weeks ago, will shortly publish with Messrs. MacLehose a volume entitled "Taxation, Land Values, and the Single Tax," a comment on a Bill brought into Parliament in the spring of last year, on the initiative of the Corporation of Glasgow, for the taxation of ground values in all burghs of Scotland. Professor Smart has written several papers on the subject, which will be brought together in his book.

EDUCATIONAL.

"The Principles of Mechanics," the last work of the lamented Heinrich Hertz, Professor of Physics in the University of Bonn, will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan in the authorized English translation by Mr. D. E. Jones, District Inspector under the Department of Science and Art, and Mr. J. T. Wadley, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Lecturer in Mathematics in the University College of Wales. "The Principles of Mechanics" forms the third and concluding volume of Hertz's collected works as edited by Dr. Philipp Lenard. The first two volumes, "Electric Waves" and "Miscellaneous Papers," have already been translated by Mr. D. E. Jones—in collaboration, in the second essay, with Mr. G. A. Schott. H. von Helmholtz, in his introduction, explains that Hertz, in the present treatise, again shows how strong was his inclination to take a wide view of scientific principles and to deduce all the separate special laws of the science from a single fundamental law.

Another noteworthy translation from the Messrs. Macmillan are about to publish is Professor von Zittel's "Text-book of Paleontology" translated and edited by Charles R. Easton, Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, which has been revised and enlarged by the author and edition. The "Grundzüge der Paläontologie," the basis of the present book, appeared in the spring after the completion of the fifth and last volume celebrated "Handbuch der Paläontologie," an excellent translation exists in French by Harrois, intended to issue a strictly literal translation of it, with the author's consent, most of the enlarged and brought, as far as possible, a selected body of 12 experts. Consequently the work is a composite production, the idea of which has been to adapt the text more especially to the American students. No fewer than 1,170 woodcuts.

Among the other educational works which I will shortly produce is the second and complete "Eight Philippic Orations" of Demosthenes, with critical and explanatory notes by Dr. J. G. D. first part was published in 1897 and comprised "Philippic" and the "Three Olynthines." In the four remaining speeches are included.

The German Emperor has conferred the Eagle (Third Class) upon Professor Buchheim, of London.

The introduction to the new edition published by Bell of "Gulliver's Travels," which we reviewed Mr. G. R. Dent's, not by Mr. Lecky, as we stated.

With reference to our announcement in the Sacred Year of Jubilee," by the Rev. H. Thurston, we described as a novel "which practically amounts to the Papal Court." Messrs. Sands, the publishers, write to say that it is entirely historical.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ARCHÆOLOGY.
The Mirage of Two Buried Cities. By J. F. Horn, M.D., F.R.S.E. 10s. 6d., 301 pp., London, 1900. Hazell, 10s. 6d.

The Yorkshire Archæological Society. Record series, Vols. XXV. & XXVII. Ed. by H. Holmes, 2s. 6d., 1vl. + 315 + 1xxiv. + 259 pp., Printed for the Society, 1900.

BIOGRAPHY.
Louis Napoleon and Mademoiselle de Montijo. By *Robert de Saint-Amant*. Translated by Elizabeth G. Martin. 2s. 5d., 512 pp., London, 1900. Hutchinson, 6s.

DRAMA.
Dramatic Criticism. By J. T. Orrin. 7s. 5d., 291 pp., London, 1900. J. Long, 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.
Chambers' Higher English Reader. 7s. 5d., 273 pp., London, 1900. Chambers, 2s.

Virgil: Georgics, Book IV. By J. Sargent. (Blackwood's Classical Texts.) 7s. 4d., 90 pp., London, 1900. Blackwood, 1s. 6d.

A Compendious German Reader. By G. B. Beck. 7s. 4d., 217 pp., London, 1900. Blackwood, 2s. 6d.

Modern French Authors. Junior Course. By L. E. Keeler. 7s. 4d., 219 pp., London, 1900. Blackwood, 2s. 6d.

Modern French Authors. Advanced Course. By L. E. Keeler. 7s. 4d., 209 pp., London, 1900. Blackwood, 2s. 6d.

FICTION.
The World's Old Story. By Frances Scott. 7s. 5d., 333 pp., London, 1900. Long, 10s. 6d.

Through Fire to Fortune. By Mrs. Alexander. 7s. 5d., 309 pp., London, 1900. Unwin, 6s.

Yeoman Fleetwood. By M. E. Francis. 7s. 5d., 403 pp., London, 1900. Longmans, 6s.

Out of the Hurly-Burly. By Max Adler. (Cheap Ed.) 7s. 4d., 308 pp., London, 1900.

The Jew, and other Stories. By Jean Turgener. Translated by Constance Garnett. 7s. 4d., 322 pp., London, 1900. Heinemann, 3s. 6d.

Abbé Mouret's Transgressions. By Emile Zola. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. 7s. 5d., 395 pp., London, 1900. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.
Historic Parallels to l'Affaire Dreyfus. By E. Sanderson. 7s. 5d., 248 pp., London, 1900. Hutchinson, 6s.

Babylonians and Assyrians. Life and Customs. (The Semitic Series.) By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. 7s. 5d., 273 pp., London, 1900. Newnes, 3s. 6d.

Natal: The Land and its Story. By Robert Russell. 7s. 5d., 290 pp., London, 1900. Dent, 2s. 6d. n.

LITERARY.
Richard Wagner's Prose Works. Vol. VIII. Translated by H. J. Ellis. 9s. 5d., xxi. + 423 pp., London, 1900. Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d. n.

MILITARY.
How to Read War News. With a Glossary of Military Technical Terms. 5s. 4d., 140 pp., London, 1900. Unwin, 4s.

Lambkin's Remains. By H. B. 6s. 11n., 137 pp., Oxford, 1900.

A Century of Science, and other Essays. By J. Fiske, 8s. 5d., 177 pp., London, 1900.

The Human Face as Expressive of Character and Disposition. 2nd Ed. Rev. By R. D. Stocker. 6s. 11n., 76 pp., London, 1900. Glahser, 1s. n.

NAVAL.
The Downfall of Spain. A Naval History of the Spanish-American War. By H. W. Wilson. 9s. 6d., xv. + 451 pp., London, 1900. Sampson Low, 14s. n.

Drake and His Yeomen. By J. Harris. 8s. 5d., 115 pp., London, 1900. Macmillan, 8s. 6d.

POETRY.
Thought Sketches. By H. Earle. 7s. 5d., 290 pp., London, 1900. Allen, 10s. 6d. n.

Nature Pictures by American Poets. Ed. by Annie R. Marble. 7s. 5d., xliii. + 295 pp., London, 1900. Macmillan, 5s.

Lyrics from Lazyland. By E. Thorpe. 7s. 4d., 83 pp., London, 1900. Glahser, 2s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.
The Problem of South African Unity. By C. Basil Woreld. 6s. 4d., 61 pp., London, 1900. Allen, 6d. n.

REPRINTS.
On the Old Road. By John Ruskin. 11s. 3d., &c. 2 vols. 7s. 5d., 148 + 422 pp., London, 1900. Allen, 5s. n. each vol.

The Spenser Anthology. 1589-1900. Ed. by Prof. J. G. Leach. 1900. n. n. n.

THE CHISWICK.
The Winter's. Ed. by John G. Leach. 13s. + 114 pp., 1900.

THE LIFE AND LOTTE BRON. Vol. IV. W. Mrs. Humphrey. 500 pp., London, 1900.

SC EXPERIMENT.
Stephen Paget. London, 1900.

A MANUAL OF INTO T. J. P. and W. J. P. 7s. 5d., xv. + 451 pp., London, 1900.

SOC A HISTORY OF
Ed. Rev. H. 7s. 5d., 391 pp., London, 1900.

S Amongst the
By "H." 6s. 1900.

THE A Short Hist.
In Great B. Hutton, B.D. London, 1900.

The Holy Spl Service.
11s. 8s. 5d. 1900. Hodin

The Teachin In His Ow.
Earl of North London, 1900.

TOPO

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

No. 116. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1900.

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LOSSES TO LITERATURE.

An English winter, bearing its recurrent germs of disease, swells, as does a military campaign, the death roll of those whom the nation can ill afford to spare. Both disease and war have lately done their work, and no part of the nation's life has suffered more during the last few days than its literature. A career completed or a career begun are alike to the inexorable messenger of death. In the centre of the seat of war a keen and vivid writer has succumbed at his post to the perils of a beleaguered town. Mr. G. W. Stevens had, we are sure, his greatest work still before him. That cannot be said of Mr. Blackmore: nor, vigorous as he was to the last, of Dr. Martineau. Mr. Ruskin, the greatest of them all, was a figure rather of the past than of the present. But in each of these cases we have lost something, a type,

journalist but an Oxford classical scholar of high distinction. In this we do not say, of course, the type is unique, but the type is one we would gladly see common. Mr. R. D. Blackmore had one supreme quality as a literary man for which he deserves our especial notice. He wished the public to judge him solely by his work. He would not consent to stimulate their interest by appearances at literary dinners, by interviews, by supplying paragraphs about himself, his habits, his earnings to the Press.

The deaths of Dr. Martineau and Mr. Ruskin are a loss of a far graver kind. For both of them literature was no mere art to be cultivated for its own sake, still less a profession the successful pursuit of which might lead to fortune. It was for them the vehicle of a message—a message of no special or limited value but concerned with the highest and most spiritual interests of the human mind. We are inclined to distrust the didactic style, and to distrust without justice. Teachers often have a personal aim in view, and their arrogance leads them to attack, and error, but other rival teachers. Or we affect to die against preaching outside the pulpit, again to die against preaching with a purpose, against the ethical view of life. Mr. Ruskin, who refused honours and deliberately renounced himself of a large inherited fortune, obvious to all, no personal end to serve, and things not personally his, abuses not private rivals, were the objects of our invective. Behind the fascinating stylist, the lover of artistic truth, the ardent social reformer, lay a man greater than all: the earnest, single-minded, earnest man—an idealist in practical life no less than in the worship of the beautiful in art and nature. They remain, but the man passes away; and literature loses by his death a loss which is not measured by the place in the kingdom of letters which may be seen in his books. Still, it must be remembered that his influence, though no longer present, is stamped upon our works; that the man himself speaks through his books directly and clearly than almost any other Englishman. To this his influence was partly due: partly it may be traced also to his incomparable style. But his hold upon the public attention, from the time when he began the publication of "Modern Painters" at the age of thirty-four, was mainly accounted for by the fact that he had something absolutely new to say.

That beauty is one whether it be found in

the existence of one or two societies which carry on a difficult struggle for popular recognition. The walls of our picture galleries show, indeed, proofs of a careful observation unmatched even by the great painter who was for Ruskin the standard of excellence. But they, too, often outrage the higher principles which he inculcated, and his teaching is neglected, if it is not derided, by the critics. Morris, whose views of life and art ran so closely parallel to Ruskin's, has wielded a far more practical influence. The Ruskinian social economy is still scouted as grotesque and fanciful. Ruskin, one is half inclined to say, has fought and lost. But he was in too real a sense a martyr to the truth, and truth so vindicated will some day reassert itself.

That rivers flow into the sea
Is loss and waste, the foolish say,
Nor know that back they find their way
Unseen to where they want to be.

Nothing is more impalpable than influence, and through many an unseen channel the stream of Ruskin's idealism may even now be flowing to swell the current of enlightened progress.

The passing of Mr. Ruskin suggests rather pessimistic reflections. Whatever the value of his writings, they, like those of so many of his contemporaries, aroused controversy; they stimulated inquiry. Scarcely a decade of the past century lacked its note of stir, its distinct place in the history of thought—either in religion, philosophy, science, art, literature, politics, or social movement. What will the historian find specially to interest him to-day under any one of these heads? Compare 1800 and 1900. At the former date the air was full of movement: there was "the sound of abundance of rain." In 1900, so far as the things of the mind are concerned, the heavens are as brass—not even a little cloud like a man's hand breaks their arid brilliance. Apart from the war, and from the march of mechanical invention, are we thinking about anything, or creating anything new?

The death of Mr. Firebuck, a capable novelist, though not in the first flight, reminds us that Liverpool—where he lived and worked—is one of the few provincial centres in which, in recent years, literature has been actively and successfully cultivated. Two of the most useful members of the Liverpool School, as it was sometimes called, died, in the prime of life, a few years ago. One of these was Mr. John Lovell, who was not so much a writer himself as a cause of writing in others, printing their contributions freely in the *Liverpool Mercury*, and claiming to be the "discoverer" of another Liverpool luminary, Mr. Hall Guine. The other was Mr. John Ashcroft Noble, the critic, who showed indefatigable energy in drawing the attention of the world to the literary achievements of his Liverpoolian friends. The principal surviving members of the school are Mr. Hall Guine, already mentioned, and

M. Huysmans knows as well as the inventor that it is not the "habit" which makes conscience is clear because he makes becoming a monk. He settles down a gate of the monastery; and as for the responsible. M. Brunetière moves to stages no less easy. He has actually Vatican, where within a few days he is to Pontifical Palace on Bossuet, the philosophy and the union of the Churches. At a Brunetière *est jactu sors*. The suggestion pontificating critic will eventually retire and, having obtained the cardinal's candidacy to the Papal Chair, is not Englishmen may fancy. The evolution will be a logical one.

There is something characteristically announced that the French Minister of Education has commissioned M. Catulle Mendès to make an official report on the progress of French literature in the nineteenth century. The result, as M. Mendès is a clever and brilliant writer, will no doubt be a valuable contribution to criticism. It would be still more interesting if the task had not been given to a single critic, but to a select committee who would have cross-examined witnesses, publishers, readers, and reviewers—just as if we were conducting an inquiry into the ravages of the decline of the French shipping industry might have looked forward to the production of minority reports, leading up to a verdict on the bards. As it is, we shall only get a collection of the decadents, and a biographical and critical dictionary. However complete the dictionary may be, it is a great opportunity that has been missed.

Reviews.

A NOTABLE FAMILY.

Notes on Sport and Travel. By George Kingsley. With a Memoir by Mary H. Kingsley. London, 1900. M.

It is doubtful whether any family is endowed with all that is best and most of the qualities we esteem especially English in the Kingsleys. Perhaps Henry stands out most rest in literature pure and simple, for the fervent piety and humanity of Charles sometimes played him false. And if "West" remains one of the books that all boys of style is in no sense equal to that of Henry, he was at his best. Now Miss Kingsley's memoir in this memoir and collection of her father's George Kingsley was the equal of his in some ways the finest and most representative three, even if not known to the public.

same fervour that tied Canon Kingsley to the labours of the Church. Thus he stood between the two brothers, and satisfied both sides of his nature; while the wandering spirit of the Churchman was but half fed, and while Henry Kingsley no doubt felt that in many ways his life had been wasted on the long grey plains of far-off Australia. How often George Kingsley reproached himself for giving way to the appeal of far mountain and stream and ocean will be guessed only by those who, like him, have heard the call of nature and yielded, or have been strong enough to stay where obvious duty put them—not without repining. But even if George Kingsley knew that he was straining the moral side of his nature when he hunted in the west or sailed the wild southern seas, he was a fine man, with that touch of the primitive creature in him which appeals to all the world.

It is difficult, and here happily impossible, to speak of George Kingsley and his brothers without referring to Miss Kingsley, who is in some ways the most fascinating of the whole family group. This volume, so far as it contains what her father wrote, is pleasing and profitable enough to read; but his better work was done elsewhere. To Miss Kingsley we owe the bright and sparkling human story of the man, which is written with knowledge, lighted by affection, and strengthened by rare and peculiar sympathy. She—who is his daughter in this respect, too—says that George Kingsley was a *Tunmhäuser*:—

The spirit that held his mind in thrall was no one goddess of one mountain, but the Erdgeist Goethe knew of. . . . To-day it is not the Erdgeist that charms men's mind; it is the human being that entralls. Let the human being be never so feeble, flabby, hideous, or poor in spirit, it stands higher in popular esteem—more interesting than a rushing river or a noble mountain, or even than the great and deep sea itself. Most people nowadays see in the human being, however poor, the specimen may, even in the very unperfectness of that specimen—something greater than the tremendous beauty and majesty of non-human nature, and hold the human being a thing ever nearer to God and dearer to Him. George Kingsley did not see things thus, and very humbly I think his view was the right one; but I despair of ever making those who are under the thrall of the human being understand and sympathize with one who was under the thrall of the Erdgeist.

This passage of Miss Kingsley's, though not written with the entire clearness one would desire for the thought contained in it, is one that should strike much sickly sentimental dualistic philosophy hard enough. George Kingsley was essentially sane and healthy, and such monistic philosophy as his will never do aught than clear the world of cant and false religion. For his philosophy was lived not written—perhaps not even thought out; it was an impulse of sweet action, not the dividing thought of the man who merely dreams. He loved the healthy, for he saw they were the good and happy; he loved the ways of health, because they led to sane wholesomeness; he loved nature and the world-spirit because they pointed out the path of health. And perhaps his only conflict with things as they are lay in the fact that the circle was not complete from health to duty.

delight. A bear in the Rockies, even if he may silvertip for the true grizzly, as we suspect, in blood tangle; the world was a fine place indeed, saw its tracks, or when he heard his half-brother invite the amorous mouse into the open with a half-cry. But he did not give his soul to sport only; mankind, and the finer the specimen the greater pleasure. Some celestial naturalist from a planet might indeed quote his descriptions of Bull or Texas Jack as pictures of supreme types of the grand and wonderful creature, man. And among such a fancy that George Kingsley himself might well have a place.

Perhaps her father's writing may have been riddled for one or two slips in the printing of the book, surely Miss Kingsley, who is herself an ardent scientific hunter of fish, must know that "grains" be written "grains." It is a five-pronged fish-spine is usually described by the sailor as a five-pronged trident." For the strong point of the seafaring not etymology.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

The Franco-German War, 1870-71. By General Officer Officers who took part in the Campaign. Translated and Edited by Major-General J. F. Maurice, Commanding Woodwich District; Wilfred J. Long, King's Royal Rifles; and A. Sonnenschein, Editor "British Fleet." 41, St. Martin's Lane, London, 1900.

Sonnenschein

Though it is now nearly thirty years since the Franco-German War, and though the progress of inventive science has in many respects altered the conditions of warfare, yet the historical interest of the conflict will at this moment attract many readers who hope to read the future by the light of the past. Memorabilia of the campaign have been either too technical or too voluminous for general reading, or else have concentrated their attention upon episodes, with a mere sketch in the principal events. It has been left to Major-General C.B., to act as sponsor to the volume before us. "The Franco-German War" is a book which presents a consecutive and intelligible and graphically described by actual great drama. It is enriched with very numerous illustrations and translated from the German by General Maurice, Captain Wilfred Long, and Mr. A. Sonnenschein, who, as a whole, have done their work very creditably.

A deeply-interesting historical retrospect of the events leading to the war, by Doctor Julius v. Pfluck-Harttung of the Royal Archives, prepares us for the opening of the tragedy. After Prussia's brief but triumphant campaign which first proved the temper of the weapon fashioned by skill and patience by Von Moltke, Napoleon III., saw the moment was fast approaching when France, so far the first Power in Europe, would have to try conclusions with the King of Prussia. We learn accurately from the history how little his foresight availed him and how badly France to account the few short years yet left to her for preparing for the inevitable war. In the inflated condition of feeling the nations, Prussia conscious of her strength and ambitious statesmen; France jealous, greedy of conquest, anxious to quiet the dissatisfaction by dreams of foreign

for some months, is here well described, though naturally with some bias to the Prussian view.

The contrast between French and German methods of mobilization is especially interesting at this moment. In Germany we see the quiet, orderly, but extraordinarily rapid progress of the mobilization. All concerned had been specially trained for the task; every detail, even to the railway timetables, had been carefully worked out beforehand. Careful and precise calculations had determined the exact position and the exact duties of every officer and man; and within eight days the armies of Germany were on their way to the front, and eight days later were in the positions allotted to them on the frontier.

In France the state of things was very different. Instead of each unit, be it infantry battalion, cavalry regiment, or battery of artillery, receiving at its station the men, horses, and stores required to transfer it from a peace to a war footing—the process which is termed “mobilization”—and instead of the arms and clothing for the reserve men being stored with their units, the troops were hurried to the front just as they were, while the reservists, who had first to go to the depot, possibly at some distance from their home, to get their arms and equipment, had then to search for their corps the best way they could. To add to the confusion, the railways—not, as in Germany, prepared for such a crisis—speedily became blocked. Troops and stores on their way to the front got mixed up at the junctions in inextricable confusion, with the result that the end of July, which saw the German armies complete in every detail at their allotted stations, found the French troops quite unready. Many corps had not received their reservists, many were without their stores and wagons, many were insufficiently supplied with ammunition, while behind them the railways roared with a seething turmoil of confusion, and the populace, frenzied with excitement, howled for a speedy march to Berlin. Such a possibility as a repulse, much less a serious catastrophe, never entered their heads.

Of the two armies the French was in some respects the better armed; the chassepot was undoubtedly a far superior weapon to the needle-gun, and in the mitrailleuse, the precursor of the deadly Maxim, they had a weapon from which great results were expected. But their artillery was inferior both in *matériel*, in *personnel*, and in tactics to that of Germany, and this war was to prove incontestably the omnipotence on the battlefield of well-served and well-handled artillery. The Germans may be regarded as the originators of the present system of an artillery preparation of the attack by the massed batteries of the assailants, coupled with a persistent advance of the guns from position to position as the infantry won its way forward. The first Napoleon, indeed, had handled guns in masses, but no one had seen artillery handled with such boldness and with such disregard of infantry fire as the German artillery showed at Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour. Till then guns had been regarded as something sacred; to lose guns in action was as disgraceful as to lose a colour. Such notions were inconsistent with the taking of the necessary risks, and the Germans taught us that it is better to risk, and if necessary to lose, your guns than to keep them out of harm's way at a distance from the enemy. The war also saw a revolution in the tactics of infantry. In 1806 the Germans had to face the Austrian muzzle-loader. The tactics which suited such a weapon only invited disaster when opposed to troops armed with a rifle like the chassepot, and the terrible losses which the German troops endured without flinching in the early stages of the war soon taught them that a modification in their

This book is well worth reading, and the teaches are still of value, chief amongst them that bravery can avert defeat if the officers are brave in peace or if the bonds of discipline are relaxed by popular clamour. The course of the campaign followed by the aid of excellent maps provided.

A PICTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE

Beatrice D'Este, Duchess of Milan. Renaissance. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. L. xx. + 387 pp. London, 1890.

Those who admire Julia Cartwright's delight—and their name ought to be Legion—will be regret that she has transferred her researches to Louis Quinze to the most brilliant period of the French Renaissance. For freshness of style and mastery of the subject she deserves to be compared with many of those historians which have adorned French literature in the last century. The author might have given her book a wider title, such as much a life of Lodovico, “Il Moro,” the able Duke of Milan, as it is of his youthful and fascinating

Beatrice D'Este was the younger daughter of a scholar-duke of Ferrara and of the accomplished Countess of Aragon. Part of her childhood was spent at the court of her grandfather, Ferdinand, King of Naples; and at home, she had opportunities of acquiring the history of the Renaissance. At the age of sixteen she married the Duke of Milan, the virtual, though not the nominal, ruler of the Lombard capital. Mrs. Ady, who has raised the history of Milan, Mantua, and Ferrara, has drawn from the picture—more complete, we think, than has been attempted in English—of the social life, the brilliant pageantry, the keen intellectual and political life of these cities at this splendid epoch. In describing the masterpieces of painting in the churches and monasteries, or the country seats of the Milanese, her work is no mere compilation from the best original authorities; she is speaking of things personally seen. Beatrice, the heroine of the book, is a distinguished figure. Castiglione, in his famous book, says that none who had known her would ever find in a woman the highest mental gifts; and the two volumes, which describe her Court life and her relations with Venice, emphatically confirm his words. It is perhaps, to ascribe to her early death the substance of her husband, for that was due to far deeper causes; but her was so intense that her loss seems to have been his most dangerous political intrigues.

The portrait drawn by Mrs. Ady of “Il Moro” is naturally enough, rather too favourable. She has drawn him almost entirely as the munificent patron of the arts, the restorer of the University of Pavia, the “sumptuous,” embellisher of his capital. The history of this side of his character is too often told; there is another side, with which his biographers have not concerned herself very deeply. His conduct towards his wife may have been simply what she represents in the substitution in such times of a strong personality for a weak one, and incapable. But nothing so profoundly immoral, or, in the result, more dis-

is the chief fault of her book that, in her admiration of Lesbovic's strength of character and her compassion for his fate, she scarcely sees his faults in their true proportion. We sincerely hope, in conclusion, that Mrs. Auly will fulfil the half promise of her preface and give us, as a companion picture to this portrait of Beatrice, a "study" of her accomplished sister, Isabella, Marchioness of Mantua.

THE PATRONS OF OUR PARISHES.

Studies in Dedications; or, England's Patron Saints. By Frances Arnold-Forster. Three Vols. 9" 5/4in. xxv. 1522 (500) 157 pp. London, 1899. Skeffington. 36 s. n.

The subject of church dedications is so interesting that it is strange we should have had to wait till now for a complete work thereon. Of lives of the saints there are plenty, but they have to be sought in many volumes, while their relation to the parishes of England is known only to the antiquary. Miss Arnold-Forster has thus done us a double service. She has collected the many curious side-lights upon history which dedications afford, and she has given us most readable lives of saints—not to mention the other dedications which about two thousand of our churches bear. The task must have involved an enormous amount of careful labour. The third volume is devoted entirely to a statistical summary, a tabulated index of 11,000 churches with the dedication, county, diocese, and period of each, and an index of saints. Such thorough workmanship is as admirable as it is rare.

"A great deal of hidden history, a great deal of theology, and many small personal experiences," she reminds us, "underlie the thirteen centuries of our English church dedications." This is not only the case where a surname obviously forms part of some quaint old title, as St. Margaret Moses, or St. Benet Sherehog, but even in some modern instances where the association is less apparent. Few people, for example, know that Holy Cross, in St. Pancras, was so dedicated (1876) in memory of Commodore Goodenough, who was murdered by the savages of Santa Cruz, praying, like another Stephen, that "some good Christian man" might be sent out to "those poor natives" who had wounded him to the death. Perhaps not many Americans are aware that Boston owes its name to the obscure hermit-abbot St. Botolph. Some dedications of early date are memorials of our connexion with France; the inhabitants of Bixley, in Norfolk, for instance, bear witness by their ill-sounding patron, St. Wandregisilius (which even our author has misspelt once) to their relations with the abbey of St. Wandrille, familiar to travellers in Normandy. There are, again, other saints which disappear on closer investigation, to give place to the lauded proprietor; in Bratton St. Maur we have to see the dual house of Seymour, and the Earls of Clare gave its name to the Suffolk parish of Bradfield St. Clare. In the eighteenth century the varied dedications of ancient times had become severely limited to scriptural saints, with some exceptions that are attributable to more mundane reasons, such as the numerous St. Georges and St. Annes in honour of the reigning Sovereigns. St. Martin's, Fenny Stratford, was so named because Browne Willis, the antiquary, who rebuilt the church in 1724, had a grandfather who had died on St. Martin's Day in St. Martin's-lane! We believe Miss Arnold-Forster will find that the church of St. Anne, South Lambeth, is a similar instance, and that the title is not unconnected with a lady of the Beaufoy family, which has long been connected with the district. We can find something of the same kind in connexion with so ancient a personage as King Harold,

going to SS. Mary, Michael, Samson, and Henswaleker the King." After this one is not surprised at such titles as "SS. Welyola and Satrixla" (they may be shortened into and Sudwell); or "SS. Mary the Virgin and Crucif. Elyon Thousand Virgins" which is familiar to all of the area of abbreviation of St. Mary at the Ave (corrupt Summary Ave by busy City men, who probably do not recollect the Ave here commemorated was one of the identical titles which the eleven thousand Virgins of Cologne were devoted to. One of the most extraordinary dedications was that of Amphibalus, who was the look of St. Alban. The story of the soldiers came to Alban's house seeking a priest who sheltered them, and that he dressed himself in the habit of Amphibalus belonging to the priest, and thus died in the name of Amphibalus. The ancient writers of the Middle Ages seized upon this euphonious name of the garment, and mixed up the priest with the canonised clerk, whose subsequent adventures they narrated at much length.

We have of late years emerged from the monotony of the eighteenth century, and the bulk of our new church spreading an interest in Christian history without falling upon medieval legend. There are still, however, curiosities, the Bishop of North Dakota, in America, cathedral in a railway car, which he takes all over his diocese, and it is called "The Church of the Advent." It is a striking appropriateness to so fine a point as that, the of new churches can easily find fresh dedications, for names as that of St. Justin Martyr, St. Leo the Great, Gregory Nazanzus, Theodora, and Monica, and Scholastica as yet, unconnected with any English church. Still that remains is a goodly one, and the parishes of England to supply the astonishing omissions of the Prayer-book. Not the least of the good points of Miss Arnold-Forster's book, that, in dealing with the lives of the saints in this list, grouped them according to their characteristics—Apostles, saints, English bishops and French bishops, kings, and Celts, and even child-saints and medical saints have place among her fifty-two most careful and interesting chapters.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

An Oxford Humourist.

Perhaps, since the days of the *Oxford Spectator*, more amusing has come from Oxford, at any rate in prose. LAMBKIN'S REMAINS, by H. H. Vincent, Oxford, 2s. 6d. The book is more easily read than described, but it may be said to be a satirical biography of an imaginary Fellow of an Oxford College. We are tempted to say seriously that Mr. Vincent has been fortunate in a biographer who has been able to appreciate his character and his lectures, essays, and H. H. Vincent, the author of the "Bad Child's Book of Beasts," is known as a humourist. Certainly his new book is humorous beginning to end, and not least in the footnotes, which are gravely inserted quite in the manner of more ponderous works. There is, for instance, a charming circumstance also noted as "This passage was set for the Latin Prose in the Scholarship of 1870. It was won by Mr. Hart, now of the Wainmakers' Company." But *ob uero tunc* we cannot quote the whole book, but we must quote some of it from Mr. Lambkin's "Essay on Sleep," is delightful.

Perhaps the nearest guess as to the nature of the book is to be discovered in the lectures of a brilliant but somewhat

The book also contains some brilliant verse—among other things a "Newdigate," on the subject "The Benefits conferred by Science, especially in connexion with the Electric Light." For concentrated bathos the following quatrain, designed to prove that "The Only Hope of Humanity is in Science," would be hard to beat :—

Life is a vale, its paths are dark and rough
Only because we do not know enough.
When Science has discovered something more
We shall be happier than we were before.

So would this final "Warning to Britain" :—

Thou art a Christian Commonwealth. And yet
Be thou not all unthankful—nor forget
As thou exultest in Imperial might
The benefits of the Electric Light.

The book is a brilliant and inoffensive piece of frivolity—the best thing of its kind that we have seen for a long time.

Medical.

HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ, by John G. McKendrick (Masters of Medicine Series, Unwin, 3s. 6d.), differs widely in character from its predecessors in the same series. They have all been biographical and have possessed the interest—greater or less, as the case may be—belonging to personal characterization. In Professor McKendrick's study of Helmholtz the personal element shrinks to the scantiest proportions. We are just told the bare outlines of his life, the dates of his birth and death, the appointments he held, and a few other facts, but only once or twice are we allowed to catch any glimpse of the great physicist's personality. Perhaps the fault does not altogether lie with the writer. Helmholtz only died in 1894 and no proper biography of him has yet appeared. But to judge from the preface it has been Professor McKendrick's deliberate choice to make the book rather a record of scientific discovery than a biography. He says that Helmholtz "would have instinctively recoiled from biographical revelations of a purely personal character." Very likely; but if that is a reason for suppressing them it is a reason for suppressing a good deal else. Certainly Helmholtz would have "instinctively recoiled" from the extravagant eulogies contained in this book. To say that he was "the greatest master of medicine the world has ever seen" is to do him a poor service. Championships should be left to prize-fighters and bicyclists; they are out of place in the sphere of intellectual achievement. Placing men of genius in an absolute order of merit is a barren amusement at all times, and peculiarly incongruous in regard to science. What the writer means is that Helmholtz's work appeals to him personally with exceptional force; and the careful, clear, and full accounts of it that he gives show him to be a thorough master of the very difficult subjects concerned. Any one wishing to know what Helmholtz accomplished could not have a better guide. But we warn the unscientific reader that he will find it no holiday task. These expositions which form the bulk of the book are nothing but a series of uncommonly stiff lectures. They are necessarily so from the nature of the matter. Helmholtz was a physiologist by training, but a physicist and mathematician by nature, and the problems to which he devoted his immense intellectual power with such brilliant success—notably optics and acoustics—involved the applications of the most abstruse mathematical principles to physiological ends. In truth it requires more than an elementary knowledge of both to follow him at all, which is the more reason why a book intended to inform the general public about him should be lightened by some human interest.

to man and animals; (2) those special to certain races; and (3) those peculiar to man alone; treating each on a uniform plan. Mr. St. Clair Symmers has done the work of preparing this little book for the English Press. It may be called a translation, for although its elements have been maintained, it contains far more valuable material than the original. Preserving the outlines and the French work, he has really built up a new work. The book is daintily got up, profusely illustrated, and the matter arranged in short paragraphs for easy reading.

THE PATHOLOGY OF EMOTIONS: PHYSIOLOGICAL STUDIES, by Ch. Féréz, rendered into English by E. C. St. Clair Symmers (University Press, Watford, 15s.). Dr. Féréz's "Emotions" is a well-known book, written by a specialist. After some chapters on the general principles of emotion he deals at length with hysteria, neurasthenia, epilepsy, hallucinations, mania, degeneracy, and genius, so far as they are connected with emotional states. The writer's views are supported by clinical records which are instructive but not very numerous. There are also chapters on the medical treatment of morbid emotion. The utility of the work in its present form is marred by the extraordinary length of the translation, which shows a perfect contempt for brevity combined with an imperfect mastery over the English language.

There was a time when it was the usual practice for authors to get their works printed elsewhere than their own country. Many of Rousseau's books, for example, were printed in Holland. But that was in the days when the progress of human thought was slow, and men of letters, nowdays French books were printed in England with explanatory notes for the use of colleges. From the Clarendon Press, however, comes THE OXFORD MONK, without notes, in its ordinary edition is offered for 5s.; an edition on paper for 9s. 6d.; and a miniature edition, on a paper, in four volumes, fitted in a case, for 10s. 6d. taken from the editions of M. Eugène Mesnard, published in the "Collection des Œuvres de la France."

HOW TO READ WAR NEWS (Unwin, 1s. 6d.) is a book of military technical terms and local African names. It will be useful to those military critics who have lately denounced the War Office because it has outraged by the enemy's guns of position. It is, though, among Dutch phrases, we miss *rooi-baai* in a breezy style unusual in glossaries. *shrapnel*, for instance, we read that "a small quantity of explosive put in to provide a little excitement when the And under the heading of Naval Brigade we find "Rule Britannia" writing. Thus :—

The secret of the bluejacket is simple. If a hill cannot be got round, it is got over; if it cannot be got over, it is got under; if a hill cannot be got under, it is got through. Prodigious labour, spendthrift of resource, a man of the Naval Brigade is to be shot down only—he must be shot down.

The book has a coloured map of the seat of war, and a preliminary chapter on the political situation taking up the volume in the "Story of the Nations" Series.

BRANTWOOD. JANUARY 20th, 1900.

This is the treasure house he made,
 Superb, to hoard his treasure stores,
 The music-haunted corridors
 Are mute: the shadow of a shade
 Unhindered sweeps from room to room
 And turns the palace to a tomb.

O, still, the clarion-voice of scorn
 That rung to splendid hopes and aims!
 Yet see! the gradual window flames
 Assume the coloured hues of morn,
 The walls grow tremulous and bright,
 Responsive to the outer light;

To iridescence, such as shone
 On Rydal Water, sunset filled,
 To silver of an evening, stilled
 Upon the pearl of Coniston:
 Art, nature, God, show great and whole
 Through the transparency of this soul.

ETHEL WHEELER.

Personal Views.

IS IT THE VOICE OF THE SCHOOLMASTER?

"The most melancholy chapter in the History of Literature is that which relates to the attacks made upon authors by their contemporaries." This is the first sentence of a violent attack made by Sir Walter Besant, who is certainly no author, upon his contemporary, Mr. Robert Buchanan. It is, no doubt, a reply to Mr. Buchanan's attack upon Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and appears in the same organ, the *Contemporary Review*. But two wrongs do not make a right. If the fact that Mr. Buchanan writes books should have prevented him from assailing Mr. Kipling, the fact that Sir Walter Besant writes books should have prevented him from assailing Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Kipling is quite capable of defending himself, though, of course, he was in no way bound to do so. But Sir Walter Besant's cardinal doctrine cannot be seriously maintained, and neither his illustrations nor his arguments give it any solid support. He is not scrupulous in his own controversial methods. He imputes to Mr. Buchanan the basest of all motives for hostile criticism—namely, personal jealousy. He attributes to him "abuse and rancour worthy of a fishwife."

I am not concerned in this place with the question whether Sir Walter Besant or Mr. Buchanan is right in his estimate of Mr. Kipling, or whether the truth lies between them, as it is apt to lie between extremes. I desire to protest against the radically false principle that literature is a close corporation whose members are

Andrews," which was not intended by Fielding as a tribute of respect to Richardson, and over "Nor Abbey," which destroyed the popularity of Mr. Elfric. "Imagine, if you can," says Sir Walter, "the late Lord Coleridge contributing articles to magazines in abuse of the late Sir George Jessel, at his law, deriding his judgments, depreciating his ledge." Lord Coleridge was far too clever not to see that Jessel was a much greater lawyer than himself, and as for imagination, it is not needed in this case. A little effort of memory will recall several instances of what Sir Walter Besant knows to be impossible. Chief Justice Cockburn engaged in successive and lively disputes with Lord Blackburn, with Lord Chancellor Hatherly, with Lord Penzance. He attacked Lord Penzance, he derided his judgments, and he depreciated his ledge. I do not say that his conduct added to the credit of the Bench, or that the late Mr. Justice Stephen was wise when he attacked, as he did attack, Lord Coleridge in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*.

"Can we, again," asks Sir Walter, "imagine Wilberforce attacking Archbishop Sumner on account of alleged heresy, atheism, and immorality?" No; it would have been absurd. To inquire into the "heresy" of an atheist would be foolish, and Dr. Colenso was a pious evangelical. Nevertheless, Bishop Wilberforce did not conceal his contempt for him while he lived. Dr. Colenso, who was as much a Bishop as himself, did something which, in a layman, would certainly have been called rancour. The present Archbishop of Canterbury when he was made Bishop of Exeter met with hostility from some of his colleagues, who would have prevented his consecration if they could. Such a thing may be unseemly, though they are not uncommon. They are unseemly because Judges and Bishops are colleagues and public servants, who ought to conceal their consciousness of one another's infirmities, like members of the same Cabinet, or guests in the same house. Letters are very numerous, for the most part unkind, and each other, often dividing their time between correspondence and production. "Can we imagine Sir Frederic Madden asking for a dozen pages in which to call Mr. Millais a humbug in art, an impostor, a bungler, a corrupter of popular taste?" Lord Leighton was not wont so to speak of himself either in a dozen pages or in a dozen words. But Leighton and Millais were really members of the same corporation, over which Leighton for many years presided. If there were an Academy of Letters, as there is an Academy of Arts, it is possible that the Forty would be a society of mutual admiration, though it is not quite so in France. Sir Walter Besant may, like Swift, des-

is an imaginative writer, and I cannot help thinking that his imagination has misled him. He produces no evidence for this supposed contempt of the literary calling, and I do not believe that it exists. His reasons for the prevalence of the feeling which he assumes are "the poverty of literary men, their dependence, their lack of dignity." I do not recognize the picture, and poverty is only despised by the vulgarest of the vulgar. But surely these are qualities of the individual and not of a class. Tennyson was not poor, Macaulay was only dependent upon his own exertions. A lack of dignity is the last thing which would be imputed to Sir Walter Scott.

"There has been no cause more injurious to the reputation of the life of letters than the derision, the satire, the unrestrained savagery of the attacks made by the followers of that life one upon the other." Sir Walter Besant gives no examples of this sweeping, and as I believe unfounded, proposition except the single instance with which he is dealing. "Unrestrained savagery" is everywhere and in all circumstances to be condemned. But literature will not be improved, nor will men of letters gain dignity, by a self-conscious affectation of abstaining from mutual criticism. Sir Walter Besant draws a distinction between criticism and attack; it is a distinction without a difference. Criticism, worthy to be so called, cannot be all praise, any more than it can be all blame, and as the praise may be high, so the blame may be severe. If Mr. Buchanan conscientiously holds that Mr. Kipling's poems and stories deprave and brutalize the public taste, he has a perfect right to say so, just as Sir Walter Besant has a right to say that Mr. Kipling has "come to conquer the world." Mr. Kipling's disciples will be telling us before long that he has come to redeem the world, so perhaps we should be grateful to Sir Walter for his moderation and self-restraint. Of course, if under the guise of literary criticism aspersions are made upon an author's private life, the critic abuses his functions and disgraces himself. But he does so equally whether he is an "author" or not, and with him the law of libel is strong enough to deal. And what after all is an author? Are only poets and novelists authors? Is not a critic necessarily an author? Sir Walter Besant thinks that there are no critics now. I do not agree with him. His own novels have been appreciated at their true value, which is a very high one indeed. It would be an odd way of reforming criticism to put it in the hands of the illiterate, who would not be jealous of writers because they could not write. Sir Walter Besant has strange ideas about the merits and defects of a critic. He thinks that a critic should have no imagination, because "the man of imagination is never able to discern things

Nathaniel Hawthorne on his favourite A. Of Sir Walter Besant himself one may say of sincere compliment that he is happiest

HERI

Notes.

There is an unusually large allowance in the *Quarterly*: papers on "The Genius reference to Mr. Marion Crawford's "Ave R on "Goethe and the Nineteenth Century," on of Thackeray," on "The Personality of R. I on "Lord de Tabley." The last is a partic paper with much interesting biographical det anything well can be from the article wh Keats."

The appearance of one of a popular novelis Law Courts is less common in this country than the "roman à clef" is not considered to successful unless it brings its author a cr The presence of "M'Turk" at the Cambridge afforded amusement to readers of "Stalky at that Mr. Beresford, who has been publicly original M'Turk—though the "Kipling Prim out, says, on the other hand, that he w altogether pleased with his counterfeit present ve seem to gather from the account of the libe Cambridge papers in which Mr. Beresford witness. On the good old law of retaliation also turned author, and has described Mr. Ki from another point of view than that of "Beet regret that there seems to be no preced interesting plan. What would not the world on Dickens' schooldays, by the original of S Harry East's opinion of Tom Brown? An Willoughby Patterne might easily make things Mr. George Meredith. Mr. Meredith dist Willoughby of having jilted Letitia for Clara. action, the more so that Sir Willoughby, by d sitting and other strenuous measures, came af understanding with Letitia. Speaking of "St eritic seems to have noticed the absence from first story given in the serial publication, rel got his nickname, signifying, in the school vo well-considered, and wily, as applied to a pla this an oversight or a deliberate omission author?

The reviewing of books by Press agenc ment that was, perhaps, bound to come. Th politico-economic fatalism about it, decreed "small man" in business has to make way for the large provider, so must the agency machinery displace the less highly organized g So that now a newspaper may order a column o review, and, without troubling whether or n given book, make certain of publishing an ade book on the day of issue. The system, howe

"cotton-king," and the public will lose the benefit of finding the average opinion of a multitude of reviewers.

During the Women's Congress at The Hague a committee of ladies organized an exhibition of literary works due to feminine authors. Books, magazines, and even newspapers were collected and carefully catalogued. The organizers of this exhibition sent an appeal for help in their work to all countries, with the result that the catalogue mentions 107 feminist reviews and papers. Germany, France, Austria, Holland, and England are the countries where this kind of literature appears to flourish. Japan, however, contributes four—*Nyo gaku Riji* (Science for Women); *Fujin eisei sutzu shi* (Protection of Women); *Nyo gaku satsū shi* (Sentimental Review for Women); and *Nyo shi no tomo* (The Girl's Friend). In Egypt Madame Aycerino edits a monthly review, *Anis-ul-taliah*. It has now been decided to forward the collection of papers and magazines which were to be seen at The Hague to the Paris Exhibition, together with a library of more than three thousand works on the social, moral, and legal condition of woman. It is proposed to give up a room in the Palais de la Femme at the Paris Exhibition to a library of books written by women of every nationality. A catalogue is to be printed and distributed gratis, and authoresses are asked to send in as many of their various works as they like. The admission fee is five francs for each volume, as the library must be a self-supporting institution and must cover the expense of the distribution of the catalogue, which, of course, serves as an advertisement for the books. Should the scheme prove a success it is proposed to use the volumes as a nucleus for a permanent "Women's Library" containing books written in every language. Any authoresses wishing to take part in the exhibition should write for particulars to the Siège Social, Palais de la Femme, 21, Rue Drouot, Paris.

The ingenuity of the penny-a-liner has passed long since into history. In days of news agencies and specialists he has rather an uncertain time of it, and his devices are often curious. Quite recently one of the fraternity, who sadly wanted to "raise the wind," speculated in a penny bunch of violets and placed it on the memorial of a departed genius in Westminster Abbey on the anniversary of the great one's death. The next day most of the morning papers contained a touching little paragraph relating how a poorly-dressed nun (which was literally true) was seen on the previous day to perform the reverent little act we have mentioned. The investment of one penny brought in perhaps twenty shillings, and all will perhaps admit that the profit on the transaction was good.

The *Spear* (S-p-e-a-r) has succeeded in getting out ahead of the *Sphere* (S-p-h-e-r-e). It was apparently somewhat of an effort to do so, for there are many marks of haste. Many of the pictures have appeared before—presumably in the *Illustrated London News*; and the general get-up of the paper is too much like that of the *Sketch* for its exact *raison d'être* to be visible to the naked eye of the casual observer. A flamboyant review by Mr. T. P. O'Connor is the principal literary contribution; and there is also a short *causerie* by Mr. L. F. Austin. Editors, however, seldom exhaust their ingenuity in first numbers, and no doubt the *Spear* will improve.

A correspondent writes:—The writer of the article on Sir

Horace Walpole narrates that her father had intended her to Edmund Keene, then rector of Stanhope (II., 318).

This assumption of Mr. Leaden that the daughter intended to marry to Keene was his illegitimate daughter is a mistake, as is proved by a passage (hitherto unprinted from the papers of William Cole, the antiquary, now in the British Museum). From this it appears that the Robert Walpole intended to marry to Keene was not a daughter (by Miss Skerrett), but by another mistress. In fact information explains the identity of the lady referred to by Horace Walpole as "my sister, Mrs. Day" in his letter to Lady Ossory of August 3, 1775, and October 21, 1775 account, which is very entertaining, is dated "London, November 7, 1771," and occurs in the course of some conversation on a visit to Strawberry-hill.

After dinner, when the lady Mrs. Day was with me, Mr. Walpole asked me whether I recollected any person whom that lady was like. I said she resembled his father's elder brother. He then told me a long history of her as well as I can recollect, is as follows:—She is the daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, she might not be left destitute when her father was he bought a living for £600, and proposed marrying her to Keene, brother to Benjamin Keene, then, or after, Ambassador at the Court of Spain; to both of whom it was proposed to be gladly accepted of. Accordingly Mr. Keene was in possession of this living and enjoyed it as his first property for some time. In the interim Lord Orford dies, and the lady was marriageable, it was proposed to Mr. Keene his engagement; but as he had by this time many connections, and the lady, I suppose, not over tempting of this Mr. Walpole said not a word; and I only judge her squall, short, gummy appearance, though by a deformed or misshaped, but rather undersized and small which probably might have been better when she was young. When this was determined on the lady had nothing to do but to retire and live as well as she could with her mother in a starving condition, as no further provision was made and the family knew nothing about her. Nor did Mr. Keene ever hear anything of her till, within this year or thereabouts, Trevigar, Canon of Chichester, and formerly Fellow of Balliol, where he was my tutor jointly with Mr. Niel whom I have not seen since he left college, came one morning upon him and told him "that he had a very interesting relation in the utmost distress and necessity, and of whose name he presumed, he was an entire stranger." Upon this Mr. Walpole immediately sent for her up to town, and she, as a sister, into his own house, where she lived half the year, and chuses to spend the other half the year with her mother. What country this is I am curious to inquire; but I guess it to be Sussex or Chichester, where Mr. Trevigar was beneficed, and seemed to be acquainted with the Guilford road which was going, about which she gave me instructions, as she was unacquainted with the way. He called her by the name Mrs. Day, which was, probably, her mother's name, coming to town and being informed of the story, he instructed to apply to the Bishop, who was not disposed to lend a favourable ear to it, upon which he wrote Mr. Walpole a letter for her, and omitted no circumstance to a Bishop, who was well aware, as Mr. Walpole said to me, that the Bishop in his hands would meet with but little quarter; therefore, she was directed to add, by way of postscript, direct his answer to her to Mr. Horace Walpole's, in A. street, it had its effect; and the Bishop proposed to give the £600 or interest for that sum; and accordingly he tricked meanly, as Mr. Walpole expressed it, to send interest the very day before quarter-day, and by this means defrauded her of about £5 as well as I remember.

knows what occasions of coolness or shyness there may be between them. The Bishop, I allow, is as much puffed up with his dignities and fortune as any on the bench; and I believe Mr. Walpole to be as likely to throw out contemptuous behaviour occasionally on those whom he supposes not to acknowledge his merit or deserves his disregard as any person living. They are both my friends, and I can see the blemishes in each. The Bishop was ever esteemed a most cheerful, generous, and good-tempered man. Great fortune with a wife and great dignity in the Church often make the wisest men forget themselves. Mr. Walpole is one of the best writers, an admirable poet, one of the most lively, ingenious, and witty persons of the age; but a great share of vanity, eagerness of adulation, as Mr. Gray observed to me, a violence and warmth in party matters, and lately even to enthusiasm, abates and takes off from many of his shining qualities. I have given the story as it was related to me, without reserve or caution.—(Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 5,817).

M. Paul Adam shares with the late Emile de Girardin the reputation of having a new and original idea for each day of the year. In a recent number of *Le Journal* he proposes that the fronts of houses and their inner walls should be decorated with literary quotations. "Up to the present," he says, "commerce alone has utilized the rhetoric of the façade. They tell us what to eat, to drink, to use for clothing, for firing or lighting purposes—even occasionally what to read; but never do they invite us to think. In the East the walls are covered with inscriptions from Confucius or from the Koran." M. Adam suggests that the cafés should be ornamented with sonnets of Baudelaire and Heredia; the houses in the Cité with quotations from St. Simon, Auguste Comte, de Tracy, &c. "Inside our houses," he continues, "instead of the ugly and inane flowers which we see repeated diagonally across our walls, monologues from Hamlet, *Œdipus*—dialogues from the Sphinx, would refresh and recreate us, and suggest subjects of conversation otherwise than the weather and the climate. A 'Baudelaire' drawing-room, a 'Victor Hugo' dining-room, a Villiers de l'Isle Adam bedroom—would they not surround our existence with an harmonious atmosphere?"

A Brussels paper, commenting on this article of M. Adam, tells a good story which in itself shows the impracticability of carrying out the writer's ideas. A committee was formed some few weeks ago in Brussels for the purpose of perpetuating, in the shape of a installation, the memory of the Belgian poet André van Hasselt. The work was executed by the sculptor Crao. It was resolved to place it on the façade of a house in the Rue Van Hasselt. The ceremony was fixed for the 30th November. There was to be an official reception and appropriate speeches. But the committee had reckoned without their host—that is to say, without the permission of the proprietor of the house in the Rue Van Hasselt. When this worthy was approached on the subject, "Never," said he, "will I tolerate such a means of depreciating the value of my property. It would not fail to attract poets to my house as would-be tenants. *Aller au diable!*"

The French papers state that the Grand Duke Constantin, having translated *Hamlet*, is now engaged in preparing a representation of this play, in which he will himself support the title rôle. Mme. Komakovsky is to play the queen, Mme. Lopukin, Ophelia, and M. Sopow Polonius. More than 120 persons are to take part in the play.

literary autographs with characteristic energy. Some record figures were attained at the recent Posonyi collection, where the following notable bids. We have, for the sake of similitude, marks to pounds and shillings sterling.

Goethe
Schiller
Lessing
Korner
Klopstock
Wieland

If we may judge from a catalogue sent us of Church-street, Paddington-green, English letters are much cheaper. Five guineas for a letter is the highest price asked. Letters by Dickens are priced from £2 2s. to £2 15s.; a letter from George Eliot had for 24s., one by George Eliot for 36s., £3 18s., and one by Martin Farquhar Tupper for 40s. Cheaper autographs are offered by Messrs. Jaggard, who are prepared to supply, at a modest price, such diverse celebrities as Sir Robert Ball, M. Dr. George MacDonald, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Chevalier. On the other hand, a mere postcard costs half-a-crown.

LITERATURE OF THE V

We referred the other day to the letters such profusion from soldiers at the front. The they have to tell is quite sufficient to make of their style, and it is quite natural that little said about their significance from this point of view often quaint, no doubt, but they show some most part, unexpected results. This is the have been engaged in since the passing of time and, as thirty years have elapsed since it reasonable to suppose that the majority of the ranks can not only read and write, but instructed in other respects. As a proof of this number of letters which are being received from under the different commands in South Africa, finding their way into the newspapers, which course, are reserved for the writers' families and

About the published letters from men in the thing that strikes one is their good idiomatic no attempt at what used to be called "literary" it is rare to see grammatical inaccuracies or used. The thought is told for the most part in fashion, and in the fewest possible words. No letters are telling and picturesque, as in the cartman reservist:—

We marched to engage the Boers in night, in a storm that you or I have never seen. The hailstones were larger than walnuts. We had no overcoats, only those thin khaki in, and the rain drenched us and ran into our hats to stay in the hills all night, waiting for and when it did we had a Royal salute from the Boers' big guns, which came whizzing over very pleasant music, I can tell you.

Of course, now and again we come across letters of complaints. They are written by what

clear I was making for it, to try and get in, but got shot through the throat. I know enough of first aid to know that there is a big artery there, and from the way the blood gushed out I thought it was all over with me, but to my intense relief I found that after lying still for some time the bleeding was stopped. The engine was passing at the time. I got hold of the slide, and hung on it for sixty yards. I was just on the point of falling off when the engine stopped. I got on the tender side, and stood on the fin, ledge, with my foot dangling. All we got to Emundale, where I got on the cab. It was pouring with rain all the way back, and I was chilled through. My foot seemed to weigh 200 lb. And as I was, I could not help thinking how fortunate I was as compared to the poor fellows left behind, many of them wounded, and all of them certain of Pretoria.

The above, it will be observed, is a good specimen of clear and even limpid English. It could not easily be improved, except by deleting a few of the "gots." And the admirable thing about it is that it is good thorough Saxon speech—not an "outland" word in it except the necessary "Pretoria," and very few derived from a foreign source. This is a characteristic that runs through most of the letters, which, in this respect (and, in some cases, in others) might with advantage be copied by not a few of the newspaper correspondents. Indeed, from reading these admirable letters from soldiers one is led to question whether, in the future, newspaper proprietors would not be wise to reduce expenditure on so many correspondents at the seat of war and rely on the letters of soldiers, which they could afford to pay well for.

Here and there in these letters one meets with some pleasant touches of feeling, showing that the soldier is far from being absent-minded. A Grenadier, writing of his experiences at Belmont, says :

Then Major Kinloch gave the order to advance and addressed the men, "Now, my boys, all together, and as hard as you can go," and, with a silent prayer to Heaven and a thought of all at home, I dashed across. . . . The scene was awful to behold, and red, red, red was the prevailing colour around us.

Another man, writing to "Mafer and all" from Pretoria, says :

I, together with all the other prisoners, am exceedingly well treated, and have nothing to complain of. So you and all have nothing to worry about so far as I am concerned. . . . I do not expect to be able to write often, as there are so many here of various regiments, and it is quite a favour, so don't fidget if you don't hear, and don't wait Christmas dinner for me.

One might quote from many others, showing not only the manly spirit which animates the men at the front, but how education has leavened their understandings and given here and there a touch of culture without detracting from their soldierly qualities.

TENNYSON AND THE OLD ANNUALS.

Sitting beneath an apple tree at the bottom of an old English garden on a certain sunny August afternoon, with nothing to disturb the quiet flow of thought save the sway of branches, the rustling of leaves, and now and then with curiously pleasant effect the dull thud upon the grass of a golden windfall, it was hard not to regret that the age of sentiment had passed. The days of Jane Austen—the days of "sense and sensibility"—the days when confession books were on every drawing-room table, seemed preferable in many ways to our own. Turning over the pages of a number of old *Annals* which had been carried out

"Gems" of the days of our grandmothers were the anæsthetic which, however lacking in "go" it may be, at least did most things thoroughly. The beautiful steel-fronted pictures by Turner, Landseer, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Stothard which embellished the pages of the *Annals* were not meant to be ephemeral productions, works of art to be thrown away with their accompanying text as soon as glanced at a few times, other manners. The ideal of the editors of the *Annals* was to give their readers, as one of them said in a preface, something which would not be "a mere fleeting pleasure with the season of its birth," but live, a repeated work in every well-selected library. Such was the liberality of former years that no less a sum than eleven guineas was spent on the production of the "Keepsake

The measure of success with which these publications have come into the hands of a cultured and tasteful generation was in proportion to the efforts of their editors. Many of the volumes, it is true, have fallen into neglect, but there are a large number which, if not actually "reputed and standard works," have found their way into the libraries of students of literature and philosophy. Besides containing the work of Sir Walter Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Cornwallis, and others who had already made their reputations, they often contained the poetry and prose of writers whose reputations still to make. Indeed, it is greatly on account of the early work of these unknown ones—afterwards famous—that the old *Annals* possess such an interest now. A booklover and student. And this interest is increased by the fact that much of this early literary work has afterwards been republished in the collected works of the authors, if so, republished in a somewhat altered form. Ten years ago, in point. Quite a number of the old *Annals* are now in the hands of Tennysoniana to the searcher after this kind of treasure.

The rare "Death's Doings" of 1826 was of the number. Its full title is "Death's Doings: or, numerous original Compositions in Prose and Verse, the contribution of various writers; principally intended for the use of Twenty-four Plates, designed and etched by the author of 'Select Gems from the Antique,' and it contains a number of poems, signed "Alfred," entitled "The Poet Captive To Death." These poems were never reprinted in Tennyson's earliest compositions. The first, which is a poem to Byron. The plate by Dagley accordingly represents Byron seated at a table, writing an ode to Napoleon. Upon the table at his side is a lighted candle, a book, and a pen; to the left of the picture is an open chest, containing a number of rolls of MS., and upon the floor, leaning against the wall, is a large vase containing a laurel wreath. The poet, crowned with laurels, is appearing from behind a curtained background, holding in his hand an extinguisher which he is going to place over the poet's candle. The poem is one which may be excused quoting in its entirety:

Thou art vanish'd! Like the East
Bursting from the midnight cloud,
Like the lightning thou art past,
Earth has seen no nobler shroud!

Now is quench'd the flashing eye,
Now is chill'd the burning brow,
All the poet that can die,
Homer's self is but as thou.
Thou hast drunk life's richest draught,

Few will doubt that these lines were written by Tennyson. There is an unmistakable ring about them, and, as Dagley was an undergraduate at Cambridge and in all likelihood a member of the same college at the same time as the poet, what more probable than that he should have invited him to be one of the contributors to his collection? Moreover, there is another indication that he wrote for "Death's Doings" an indication which, slight in itself, may help us to arrive at a decision if it is considered in conjunction with other evidence. In the same annual was published a poem called "Spleen," bearing the signature "Edward." Now, in 1832 the "Yorkshire Literary Annual" (published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, and edited by C. F. Edgar) contained two sonnets signed, one Alfred Tennyson and the other Edward Tennyson. Is it not likely that the Edward Tennyson of the "Yorkshire Literary Annual" was the "Edward" of the "Spleen" poem in "Death's Doings"; also that the "Alfred" of Dagley's book was the same person who wrote the sonnet signed in full, Alfred Tennyson? Hy-the-hy, who was this Edward Tennyson? Careful search has failed to discover his identity. The sonnet by the late Poet Laureate, which was written in London on September 20, 1831, judging from the date affixed to it, is one of those sentimental outbursts which their author refrained from republishing in later years. The poet confesses that his heart is filled with sighs and his soul is "steeped in laughter" by three things "dimples, roselips, and eyes of any hue."

There are three things beneath the blessed skies
For which I live, black eyes and brown and blue ;
I hold them all most dear, but oh ! black eyes,
I live and die, and only die for you.

Numerous other uncollected poems by the same writer may be found by the industrious searcher in annuals and gift-books of the same period. Two short poems, "No More" and "Anacreontics," and a fragment were in the "Gem" for 1831, all three appearing in Harper's 1872 edition of the poet's works, but not in any English edition; in "Friendship's Offering" for 1833 were two sonnets, one of which, commencing with the extraordinary line—

Me my own fate to lasting sorrow doometh,
was republished in Routledge's "Birth-day Gift: a Christmas and New Year's Present" for 1819; and in the "Keepsake" for 1851 were a few stray stanzas from the same pen. But there still remains to be mentioned some early work of still greater interest to students of his poetry viz., those stanzas in the "Tribute" of 1827 containing the germ of the idea afterwards used in "Maud." This annual, or, as its editor, Lord Northampton, called it, "Collection of miscellaneous unpublished poems," is also valuable for the poetical work of Wordsworth, Aubrey de Vere, George Darley, Southey, Charles Tennyson Turner, and Walter Savage Landor. It was when writing the fourth section of the second part of "Maud" that Tennyson used certain lines of these stanzas word for word, whilst other lines he slightly altered and improved. For instance, the lines—

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
became in "Maud"—

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth.

Six stanzas in the "Tribute" were not incorporated in the longer poem. The following are the best:—

I can shadow forth my bride

Other writers there are whose early work in verse make these old Annuals vastly entertaining. At the moment we may note, with a regretful interest, that one was one of them. But the work of "J. R.," unless it has been rescued from these pages, the whole of the contributions to these and similar periodicals being so far from not greatly mistaken, in the collected poem of two volumes a few years ago. Nevertheless, much of the work done in his undergraduate days are much preserved.

Dear old Annuals! Could one help loving you, you which saw your birth as we sit in this old-world full of memories, looking at the literary tree between your covers, and reading your quaint, pat, pat. Even at this distance of time we are almost inclined to shed a tear for the writers whose decease you record from "those gifted beings," as you phrase it, "who graced our pages, but who will adorn them no more, was an age of sentiment; but it was not wholly all that. We are reminded that it was an edition of the "Offering" who was one of the first to be called Miller, the "inspired basket-maker," when he came from crooked Gainsborough on the Trent, in search of fame and fortune. That was a deed well done, a genius from obscurity and at the same time enriched the Annuals with some of their sweetest verac.

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American Letter

AN OBSOLESCENT AMERICAN T

At another time I spoke in this place of the accurate touch of Mr. George Ade in portraying American averages as they invited his study and he be called the lower middle classes of Chicago. To one had called them so one must have the discretion that the term was loosely suggestive rather than that it was, in fact, rather misleading. In the Chicago we still have no classes. We have people who are up and who are down; people whom we know for uncommon and whom we know for common; but we have no relation; with us the rocks, volcanic and aqueous together, and superimposed, or subterposed, by classless geological than meteorological. Our society is the work of a cyclone than of a telluric agency; is rather than architectural.

There was, to be sure, something more of the per- life that Mr. Ade showed us in "Artie" than in his latest contribution to sociological knowledge sketches were largely of women, who in all of permanence and classification; and the present "Streets and Town" is almost altogether about me in "Artie" had fixed habitations in the rows of wooden houses in humble streets, where the Americans most abound, in cities not yet built up in cheap "Home," however, they sojourn in one of these hotels which call themselves "European" because then would be called so in Europe. "The Affair" set before the reader with a delicately humorous and repulsive modernity, is really a *hôtel garni*, in which not the least of the charms—the "Belgian

book agent is a stream of poetry ayphoned from the volume of poetical quotations which he is selling; the hustler, who brings the Doe' to shame by involving him in a rascally patent medicine scheme, is a light-hearted business miserant of unconscious turpitude. The Doe' himself is simply a placid liar, with no aim but to give an agreeable moment to the friends who listen to his stories of the times before, during, and after the great Civil War.

He derives from a period of our amusing civilization, when there was so much "play" in the working of conditions that they must have looked to an outside witness altogether like a joke. In the process of his easy-going sins, he might very well have been the unassuming centre of the great interests, the diffident hero of the great events, which he rather depreciates than boasts himself to have been. He could, not improbably, have known all the presidents, generals, Supreme Court Judges, Senators, and Governors with some degree of the familiarity which he suffers to appear in his account of them; and he could have lived in Cincinnati, Harrisburg, Washington, New Orleans, New York, and other political and commercial capitals without at all transcending the order of our things. He is of a past so diversified as to be almost dissipated; he comes so much from everywhere as to have really no local background. He is of no ascertained business or calling; his cropped title of Doe' records the popular appreciation of the success with which he empirically treated an epidemic in the army when all the surgeons had failed.

Throughout he has kept a good conscience and apparently a good character. He respects himself and he respects women, so that he is wounded in a tender part when the loose-mouthed, loud-mouthed freckled boy brags of an ignoble triumph in repartee with a girl, and openly rebukes him. He has the respect of the whole Alfalfa group, who all believe his modest lies, and trust him implicitly; the freckled boy and the lush are as indignant as the book agent or the lightning dentist himself when the hustler lets the Doe' in for the legal penalty of his nefarious enterprise. The lightning dentist has so much reverence for the Doe's character, and such faith in his wisdom, that he takes him to call upon the young woman who embodies his ideal of love and marriage, and for a while breaks with her in the misgiving imparted by the Doe's suggestion that she will one day be as stout as her mother.

This curious and delightful survival of an epoch apparently far more transitional than the present has the charm of the provisional, the impermanent, in high degree, and the fleeting and pathetic grace of a day that is dead, which Mr. Ade has known how to seize and to fix in a figure singularly unencumbered. There is not a strident or extravagant note in a picture painted with such temperate skill; and as it stands it may well pass for the type of an American growing fainter and rarer. He was a kind of American that had many simple virtues and mostly simple and harmless faults. He grew to prominence with the political ascendancy of the Middle West, and was characteristic of a time and place when and where, in the yet unexhausted youth of the Republic, grown men liked to think and speak of one another as "the boys," but addressed one another as "Sir," and were, while profoundly humorous, as grave superficially as so many Castilians or Kickapoos. Outside of those States he is not easily explicable; but in Mr. Ade's "Doe' Horn" he is realized.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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the reaping-time suggested by the title. The little many merits—chief among them the excellent portrait of a woman, the humble, faithful mother of the boy—who genuine pathos in her story.

The select band of Sanskrit scholars will turn wit to *A DIGIT OF THE MOON—A HINDOO LOVE STORY*, been translated from the original MS. by Mr. F. W. D. Parker, Esq. Mr. Bain stimulates interest at the by the romantic account he gives in his preface. The original was given to him by an old Maratha Brahmin the plague, in token of gratitude for a service the had done him. "A Digit of the Moon" is poetical Sanskrit peculiarly beautiful woman, and the story, which Oriental characteristics, circles round the story of a misogynist king was brought to his senses at his difficulties which beset the pursuit of his character and useful notes Mr. Bain calls attention to occasional passages in the European classics and gives a list of them, although this love story is complete as here told. He may presently produce a version of other parts of his. He claims for the tale an unique position, and few can fail to be attracted by the simple fairy-tale-like character rendered in Mr. Bain's excellent English version.

In *THE FORSAKEN WAY* (Hurst and Blackett, Esq.) the physician who writes as "Philip Lafargue" has been fortunate in an unconventional and ingenious plot. In romance he avoids the prolixity which he showed in his wise very able book "Stephen Brent." There is thought in all that "Philip Lafargue" writes, and in this than in any other of his writings we are conscious of the preoccupation which Flaubert called "the irritation of As in "Stephen Brent," he is still dealing with the heredity; but in his new book he has welded his the fascinating romance at the close of the twentieth century, says, though it must be admitted the colloquialisms too loosely used, are too much those of to-day. A vagrant bicyclist masquerading as a boy, is a new contemporary fiction. The story of her mischievous of the Sir Galahad of a hero, Felix, affords the author only for his very strenuous views, but also for much of and romantic writing.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Philip Davenant, the author of his *GENERATIONS* (John Long, Esq.), should have in Sylvia Erle—no doubt unwittingly—on so well-known as the heroine of "The Golden Butterfly" by Mrs. and Rice. It is impossible to avoid comparing his with their adorable goddess, and the test is rather a Apart from this, his novel is quite up to the average of the more unpleasant characters, the prigs, and p touched in with a good deal of caustic satire. But it was while to introduce such worn-out types as the cleric the match-making mamma. The book is good on main; it is brightly written and quite readable.

Mr. G. A. Henty's latest book, *THE LAST H Bowden, Esq.*, carries the reader through India and Seas. The principal actor resembles the "Tichborne although he prefers poisoning himself in Court to pleasures of penal servitude. Mr. Henty again brings

Library Notes.

What were the late Mr. Ruskin's real views on the recent spread of the public library movement? His medievalism led him to assail the present-day omnivorous reader. He was, perhaps, the solitary instance of an author annoyed at his own popularity. His works were for a long time published by himself, and he strenuously opposed the demand for cheap editions, declaring that he did not want any one to read his books who could not afford to buy them. "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice" were for a long time allowed to go out of print. But the public triumphed over Mr. Ruskin's scruples, and in every library worthy of the name the great art teacher's writings must always occupy a prominent place.

The annual report by Mr. J. T. Clark, the keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, states that the accessions to the library last year numbered 10,804, 1,850 less than in 1898, but 13,138 more than in 1799. The most valuable was the original manuscript of "Marmion," bequeathed by the late Sir William Augustus Fraser. This is the second Scott manuscript the library has received, the other being the manuscript of "Waverley," presented by Mr. James Hall, in 1850. The report reminds us that it was the popularity of "Marmion" which led Constable to ask Ballantyne to preserve all the Scott manuscripts. On the fly-leaf of the MS. of "Rokeby" there is a note by Constable that the original MS. of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" had not been preserved, "such things not having been thought important till the publication of 'Marmion,' when I desired Mr. Ballantyne to preserve the manuscript for me." The manuscript of "Waverley" was secured by Mr. Hall for forty guineas. For that of "Marmion" (purchased at the Cadell sale in 1867) Sir William Augustus Fraser paid 191 guineas. He, however, refused an offer of £1,500 for it in 1897.

Liverpool has almost as much reason to be grateful to Mr. Hugh Frederick Hornby, a Liverpool merchant who died recently, as Manchester to Mrs. Rylands. Mr. Hornby has not only left his art library and gallery of engravings to the city of Liverpool, but also £10,000 towards a building for the exhibition of those treasures. The large collection of books, pictures, and engravings is of equal value from an artistic and a pecuniary point of view. Literature is not so well represented as art, but there are many important county histories, a complete set of the Kohnscott Press publications, and a folio edition of *La Fontaine*. The binding of the *La Fontaine*, by Derome, is of great value.

The hon. secretary of the Library Association suggests a general library movement on behalf of the wives and families of soldiers and sailors in South Africa. The public libraries certainly afford a means for bringing appeals of the kind before the public.

There is a probability of the library of the late Sir John T. Gilbert being acquired by the Corporation of Dublin. The collection is rich in historical and antiquarian works, relating to Ireland and its capital city. Many of the books contain copious annotations by their late owner. It would be a pity if a library of such value should be scattered.

Obituary.

JOHN RUSKIN.

When a great man dies, his death is often indiscriminate eulogy, and a few years later the epitaph has to be reconsidered. In the case, however, we feel that it is possible even now without exaggeration. For a cold and stigmatized criticism of one to whom the world must wait, perhaps, for fifty years, perhaps for a Mr. Ruskin virtually closed his career some books are classics, and there can seldom be there is a better chance of a true estimate being work at the moment of his death.

His life was the uneventful one of a writer. His father was a wine merchant—an entirely honest man—Ruskin calls him—but, at the same time, a man of love of art. John Ruskin himself was born on Feb. 8, 1818, at 51, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, but his home was afterwards settled at Horns-hill. He was educated privately, but with the usual tastes of a clever boy, writing verses, and taking pleasure in such subjects as architecture and mineralogy. His education was much assisted by his accompanying his father on business tours, during which, in private picture gallery and in the open air, the son learnt much from the cultured eye of the father. He entered Christ Church as a gentleman-commoner in 1837, won the Newdigate in 1839 with a poem on "Elephanta," and obtained in 1842, being the first of the Honours Schools, an honorary fourth class in Literature and in mathematics, a distinction at that time conferred on passmen of more than common merit. His health had been broken; partly by a devotion to painting, and partly by lessons from Copley Fielding and James Hardin, and a foreign tour in 1840, when he went to Florence, and wintered at Rome. This was the first time he met Turner, whose work profoundly affected him throughout his life. Turner was 65; his work seemed to be gradually declining, though he was now perceived a revival of them; and his pictures had been the subject of a strong attack in the *Magazine*. "As to Venice, nothing can be said of its character—that was the opinion expressed and generally shared by a public. Ruskin's first work was a pamphlet in defence of Turner, in which, with great eloquence, he opposed Blackwood's "Yes, Mr. Turner, we are in Venice now." This was followed by a great book, the famous "Modern Painters," the first volume of which was published in 1843, and the second in 1846. Concurrently with "Modern Painters" he produced the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," the first volume of which is a sequel, and, as far as Venice is concerned, an amplification, of the "Seven Lamps." The second volume represents the "seven lamps which are the God" in the Apocalypse. The second and the third volumes of "The Stones of Venice" and the last of the "Modern Painters" were illustrated by Mr. Ruskin's own drawings. His most important books; altogether his published works amount to seventy. They consist chiefly of reprinted editions of the fanciful titles which Mr. Ruskin loved; the last of these being the "The Stones of Venice," which he published in 1853.

A complete Ruskin bibliography would occupy too much of our space. We give below a chronology of his chief writings, as given in the *St. James's Gazette* of Monday last.

1837—Poetry of Architecture in <i>Architectural Magazine</i> .	1862— <i>Unto this Last</i> .
1830—Sublette and Elephant (Newdigate Prize Poem).	1865— <i>Sesame and Lilies</i> .
1843— <i>Modern Painters</i> , vol. I.	1866— <i>Crown of Wild Olives</i> , <i>Ethics of the Dust</i> .
1846— <i>Modern Painters</i> , vol. II.	1867— <i>Time and Tide by Waave and Tyme</i> .
1849— <i>Seven Lamps of Architecture</i> .	1868— <i>Queen of the Air</i> .
1851— <i>King of the Golden River</i> .	1870— <i>Oxford Lectures</i> .
Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds.	1871-81— <i>Fors Clavigera</i> .
Pre-Haphaeidism.	1872— <i>The Eagle's Nest</i> .
Stones of Venice, vol. I.	Aratra Pentelici.
1853— <i>Stones of Venice</i> , vols. II, and III.	1873— <i>Ariadne Florentina</i> .
1854— <i>Glinton and his Works at Padua</i> .	Love's Melnie.
Lectures on Architecture and Painting.	1874— <i>Val d'Arno</i> .
Opening of the Crystal Palace Considered in Some of its Relations to the Prospects of Art.	1875— <i>Proserpina</i> .
1855-59 and 1875—Notes on the Royal Academy.	Deucalion.
1850— <i>Modern Painters</i> , vols. III, and IV.	1877-78— <i>St. Mark's Rest</i> . <i>The Laws of Flesole</i> .
Notes on Turner Gallery at Marlborough House.	1880— <i>Elements of English Prose</i> .
Notes on Turner's Harbours of England.	Arrows of the Chace by collection of miscellaneous letters.
1857— <i>Political Economy of Art and a Treatise on Drawing</i> .	1880-81— <i>Fleiton, Fair and Foul</i> , in "Nineteenth Century."
1858— <i>The Two Paths</i> .	1881— <i>Our Fathers have Told Us</i> (Hobbs of Andenst).
1860— <i>Modern Painters</i> , vol. V.	1882— <i>Art of England</i> .
	1884— <i>Pleasures of England</i> .
	1885— <i>A Knight's Faith</i> .
	Præterita, vol. I.
	1886— <i>Præterita</i> , vol. II.
	1887— <i>Præterita</i> , vol. III. (two chapters).

The third volume of Mr. G. Allen's reprint of PRÆTERITA (5s.) has just been published simultaneously with "The Old Road," referred to below. This third volume contains also the two chapters called "Dilecta" published in 1886-87, with a further part of "Dilecta" hitherto unpublished, and a full index to all the three volumes.

Ruskin's influence as an art teacher has, to a great extent, exhausted itself. A spirit of scepticism is abroad as to the ethical side of art which was the centre of his teaching. And one might almost say that his social doctrines are regarded with as much respect—for here he is still the master of a school—as his artistic. But as a writer of English prose he will always be pre-eminent. His style is sometimes self-conscious; he is responsible for some of the affectation and phraseology which we associate with art; he is often prolix and sometimes redundant. But he did not found himself for nothing on Hooker, George Herbert, and the Bible. With Newman, whose method was far simpler and more direct, he ranks as one of the great prose writers of English literature, for his wealth of imagery, his fine ear for rhythm, his ready use of the artifices which makes for beauty and lucidity, and his magnificent command of words. Let us quote, more or less at random, from the three volumes just published, containing miscellaneous essays on art and literature and other subjects, under the title *ON THE OPEN ROAD* (G. Allen, 5s. each vol.) a passage on the reminiscences of Mr. W. H. Harrison, his "first editor":

What will the public, so vigorously sustained by these, care to hear of the lovely writers of old days, quaint creatures that they were? Merry Miss Mitford, actually living in the country, actually walking in it, loving it, and finding history enough in the life of the butcher's boy, and romance enough in the story of the miller's daughter, to occupy all her mind with innocent of troubles concerning the Turkish question; stately-going old Barham, confessing nobody but the Jackdaw of Rheims, and fearless alike of Ritualism, Darwinism, or dis-

This is the way to write, and yet it is not from masterpieces, only from some notes preliminary to a reminiscence published in a magazine.

Ruskin was never so convincing as a writer, subjects not definitely connected with art. "Unto this Last," the reference being to the parable of the labourers in a yard, was the title of an unfortunate series of papers *Cornhill Magazine* in 1890. They repudiated Social advanced views resembling the Socialist theories of a competition. Ruskin, however, belonged to no school; many of his works expressed original and erratic opinions on the whole wide subject of progress, work, keeping the dignity of labour. These were the topics which least qualified to handle. His temperament was not grapple with them; he had not studied them thorough; their principles cannot be discerned by a flash of genius; the welfare of our workmen was a matter always near him. In the early days of the Working Men's College he reported its founder, Frederick Denison Maurice, and he was one of its drawing classes. His special subject was told writes:—

I loved Frederick Maurice, as every one did who knew him, and have no doubt he did all that was to be done in his day. . . . I have very clearly seen that the only proper school for workmen is of the workmen bred them to, under masters able to do for them as any of their men, and under common principles of both the fear of God to guide the firm.

Of a public meeting held at the college in 1858 he says: "Ruskin was as eloquent as ever, and as wildly with the men." In later life Mr. Ruskin became what called an unacademic professor. He was Rede Lecturer at Cambridge in 1867, and received the degree of LL.D. from his own University, and especially with Christ Church and his connexion was naturally longer and closer. He was Slade Professor of Fine Arts in 1869, published six lectures on Sculpture, entitled "Aratra Pentelici," and endowed with a "Ruskin Teacher of Drawing" at the University Gall was during these years that his views on the comparison of manual labour with intellectual life were somewhat tested by a devoted band of undergraduates who after work of roadmaking under his directions. The Guild of George was founded at Sheffield in 1871 to help to put his ideal of life into practice. In 1873 he was re-elected to the Slade Professorship, and again in 1881, when crowds of enthusiastic listeners were so great that each had to be delivered a second time. In the following year his professorship was resigned in consequence of ill-health, and the remainder of his life has been spent in retirement, not occasional literary work, at Coniston. It was as late as 1891 that he published a volume of poems written in his youth and early life. But poetry was not his true medium of expression.

For some years past he has lived in the quietude of the lakes and mountains that he loved. His life was over; the battles of his prime wrought their own ruin on the activity and balance of his mind. He had been obliged to forgo the labours that he loved. In June, 1889, that he wrote the last chapter in his autobiography "Præterita." "Poor finger," he wrote to an old friend, "it will never hold pen again. Well, it is not into much trouble; perhaps it is better so." The last few weeks Mr. Ruskin's weakness had become more and more threatening in fact, and he was attended by the

instance, to which further reference need not be made, he had no acquaintance with "the gentle art of making enemies."

He held, as general truths, that art should enter into everyday life and labour; that it was the expression of man's pleasure in his handiwork; that the art of a country was the exponent of its social and political virtues. In one form or another, it was to be the controlling agent of civilized life. It was to enforce the religious sentiments of men, to perfect their ethical state, to do them material service. Its entire vitality depended upon its being either full of truth or full of use; it could not exist alone or for itself, but only when it "stated a true thing, or adorned a serviceable one." He did a great deal to popularize art. Many people who could not endure the jargon of ordinary art criticism read Ruskin, and found in his writings a new faith, or new reasons for the faith that was in them. One wonders how many English travellers have inspected Italy by the light of his "Seven Lamps," or have taken the "Stones of Venice" with them to that city. They were not books for the professional architect, but for the intelligent lay reader, who feels that, in discoursing of arches, roofs, windows, and the like, Ruskin brings him sensibly nearer to a comprehension of art in architecture. We do not mean that Ruskin's whole intention was to popularize art among the ignorant; but his books often had the effect of doing so, or, at least, of stimulating the public to an interest in art, and, what was more important, of leading them to regard it as a matter of national and patriotic concern.

His literary power, his aesthetic sensibility, and his keen perception made Ruskin one of the greatest art critics of the century. Modern art criticism may be said to have begun with him. So easily did he penetrate below the surface of things that it was said of him that "by a marvellous inspiration of genius he attained at one leap to a true conception of mediæval art which years of minute study had not gained for others." He was an interpreter, and not always exempt from the dangers of intuitive interpretation. His artistic sympathies had their limits. He did not appreciate Constable, and his devotion to the early painters of Italy did not extend to those of the Dutch School. Rossetti, indeed, said that his work was not criticism, but brilliant poetical rhapsody. But his panegyrics, as in the case of Turner, were not much beyond those which are always characteristic of an enthusiast teaching new truths. It was admiration for Turner that originally prompted him to write. Turner was not wholly pleased with Ruskin's panegyrics. The laudation is assuredly overdone. No painter in the world, or any other human being, ever reached the stupendous eminence attributed to Turner in such a sentence as this:—"He is above all criticism, beyond all misadversion, beyond all praise. His works are not to be received as in any way subjects or matters of opinion, but of faith." But we must make allowance for a young genius who imagined that he was protesting, and almost introducing, an old one. It was in much the same spirit of generosity that Ruskin defended the Pre-Raphaelites with his pen; and with his purse, as is well known, rendered their leader, Rossetti, "comfortable in his professional position." He said that Rossetti and his friends composed a thousand times better than the men who pretended to look down upon them, and that England insulted the strength of her noblest children. That was said when he and they were young. Later, and more deliberately, Ruskin spoke of "the vigorous and most interesting realistic school of our own, in modern times, mainly known to the public by Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World'; though, I believe, deriving its first origin from

not always of the most practical kind, nor did he declare that he had "nothing to do with its pose with its indispensability." We do not know parallel for so much enthusiasm, so earnest a sense so complete a sense of beauty in things, in action. He may fail at times to command attention moment can we wish any of his words unspoken as a man was well worthy of a writer, inspired ideals. Few men have made such a disinterested in donations, endowments, foundations, and in Among his private benefactions may be men which he gave to Miss Octavia Hill for her work With the fortune left him by his father and C might have made out of his books, Ruskin could died in luxury. He chose rather to devote h works. It was as a tribute to the man n writer that in celebration of his eightieth birth was presented to him last year by a distin signatories, headed by the Prince of Wales, deepest respect and sincerest affection." uttered nothing base. All that he wrote, tho often to the heart as to the head, is an appeal of our nature, an exhortation to discern between

MR. R. D. BLACKMORE.

The death of Mr. R. D. Blackmore was ha He had been in poor health for some considerable seventy-five years of age. While he was one of and retiring of our novelists, he was also one of critics, especially those of West Country origin was the best of his generation. He shrunk fr as from the accursed thing. Attempts were ofte him as "the guest of the evening" at great l but almost invariably without success. Mr. I the Booksellers' Dinner on May 2, 1896, said t more, among other reasons for being unable to that he had only one dress coat, and that had father, and was still two sizes too small for him, interviewer was spread for him in vain. His one publicly lay in doing the best work he could on in middle life before the great mass of n familiar with his name. Wide fame only came publication of "Lorna Doone" in his forty the success of "Lorna Doone" was by no mea The multitude began to read it because th their heads that it had something to do wit Lorne and the Princess Louise. It was a stupi served a useful purpose. The new novelist was covered"; and the popularity of "Lorna Doo lished on a firm basis, never ceased. It is record of one of the editions that one of the autho wrote to him to say that the book was almost a cream. Mr. Blackmore himself resented this ground that it did an injustice to the most d Country comestibles; but "Lorna Doone" an have at least this quality in common, that both adopt a familiar simile, to bring the scent of th over the foot-lights. There are no novels, w exception of some of Scott's, so completely imbued with everything that goes to make up "local colour." Charles Kingsley knew some

however, in "The Maid of Sker" — the story which, next to "Lorna Doone" itself, is the dearest of all his stories to the hearts of his West Country readers. His other novels were "Clara Vaughan," "Crabcock Nowell," "Alice Lorraine," "Clippis the Carrier," "Erema," "Mary Ankerley," "Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Epmore," "Kit and Kitty," "Perlycross," &c. He also published some poems and a translation of the Georgics "by a market-gardener." He was at Blindell's School, Tiverton, with the present Archbishop of Canterbury, a scholar of Exeter College, Oxford (2nd class in "Greats") and had practised for some time at the Bar. His fame will outlast that of many novelists who have been better advertised and enjoyed larger sales.

MR. G. W. STEEVENS.

Towards the end of last week the Ladysmith holograph spell out the sad news of the death by enteric fever, in the blockaded town, of Mr. G. W. Steevens, in the opinion of many the most brilliant descriptive journalist of his time; certainly the most brilliant of the younger men. It is marvellous to think that he did so much while he was still so young. He was only thirty when he died, and his name was already familiar to every newspaper reader in the English-speaking world. And his best newspaper work may rank not as journalism, but as literature.

His career was an object-lesson in the usefulness of those educational endowments which link the humblest with the highest seats of learning in the country. If he had not been able to win scholarships he would have had to begin life as a clerk in a bank or a house of business. But he won them, and a good education with them, wherever they were to be won at the City of London School, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He was a first-class man (both in "Mods" and "Greats"), *proxime accessit* for the Hertford, and a Fellow of Pembroke. He learnt German, and specialized in metaphysics. A review which he wrote of Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Religious Belief" showed how much more deeply than the average journalist he had studied the subjects about which philosophers doubt; and his first book—"Monologues of the Dead"—established his claim to scholarship. Some critics called them vulgar; and they certainly were frivolous. But they proved two things—that Mr. Steevens had a lively sense of humour, and that he had read the classics to some purpose. The monologue of Xantippe—in which she gave her candid opinion of Socrates—was, in its way, and within its limits, a masterpiece.

But it was not by this sort of work that Mr. Steevens was to win his wide popularity; few writers, when one comes to think of it, do win wide popularity by means of classical *jeu d'esprit*. At the time when he was throwing them off, he was also throwing off "Occ. Notes" for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He was reckoned the humorist *par excellence* of that journal in the years when, under the editorship of Mr. Cust, it was almost entirely written by humorists. He was one of the seeders on the occasion of Mr. Cust's retirement, and occupied the leisure that then presented itself in writing his book on "Naval Policy." His real chance in life came when he was sent to America for the *Daily Mail*. It was a better chance than it might have been, because that newspaper did not publish his letters at irregular intervals, as usually happens, but in an unbroken daily sequence. They instantly arrested attention; and they were well received when they were republished in book form under the title of "The Land of the Dollar." Other excursions followed—to Egypt, to India, to Turkey, to Germany, to Remos, to the Sudan—and the letters, in almost every case,

also was one of the few writers who have brought to the talents, and sympathies, and touch hitherto belonging more properly to the writer of fiction. It dream of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, when he started the *Spectator* the happenings of the passing day described in the city—short story writer. This experiment failed, because it on an evening paper, with printers clamouring for copy, beginning of the story generally had to be written by end of the story was in sight, or the place of the *evening* be determined. Mr. Steevens tried the same experiment more favourable conditions, and succeeded. There were newspaper articles that read more like short stories than and, at the same time, there never were newspaper articles gave a more convincing impression that the thing happened the writer described it.

The death is also announced of CAYOY DIXON, Warkworth. He was at Pembroke College, Oxford, at when Burne Jones and William Morris were at Exeter, the Arnold, and the prize for a sacred poem. He had some interesting reminiscences of his Oxford life to Mr. M. "Life of William Morris." His poetical works were "Company and other Poems," "Historical Odes," "O Eclogues," "Mama," "Lyrical Poems," and "The S. Endocia and Her Brothers." There were those Mr. Sw among them who thought that he might well have been able to succeed Tennyson as Laureate. He also wrote a "H. the Church of England from the Time of the Abolition Roman Jurisdiction."

Correspondence.

"HAS BROWNING A VOGUE?" TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, In his interesting discussion of the question Browning's vogue in last week's *Literature* Mr. Arthur has, I think, not taken into sufficient account one fact of late years helped to increase largely the number of its readers. Browning has been for some time a favourite for University Extension lectures and there is no literature to which hearers are more attracted. Whatever part country be chosen, whether London and its suburbs, cathedral cities and county towns, or northern manufacturing centres, or fashionable health resorts, there is always an audience forthcoming for a "course" upon Browning—an audience whose interest in the subject almost invariably increases more fully and deeply his works are handled. Poets "Paracelsus," "Christmas Eve," and "Fifine at the are as secure of a genuine and often enthusiastic appreciation the shorter and better known pieces. And in many cases interest is not confined to reading the poems but to admirably written essays. Many of the papers on which Browning's poetry which it has been my lot to read remarkable witness to what Mr. Waugh calls its "stimulating and invigorating" quality. It is noteworthy, too, that examinations are held on Tennyson and Browning together nearly always on the latter that the better answers are Browning's verse, when once appreciated, seems by its characteristics to fix itself more firmly in the mind Tennyson's, and to have more inspiring force. The reason Browning from the first line of "Pauline" to the "Asolando" will, doubtless, always be few; but I

your readers a short summary of a criticism on the play which has attracted a great deal of notice on this side of the Channel.

The writer, Mr. W. P. Coyne, one of the Professors of the Catholic University College, pays a generous tribute to the literary beauty of the poem; but, coming to examine it as a drama shortly to appear before the public, he finds himself compelled, on artistic and ethical grounds, to pronounce it an impossibility. The basis on which he rests his criticism is Aristotle's famous definition that "a tragedy, through inspiring fear or pity, effects the proper Katharsis, or purgation, of these emotions." Now *Paolo and Francesca* is essentially the glorification of a guilty passion, triumphant in its fruition upon earth, and defying punishment even beyond the grave. A play of which this is the central conception must be so incapable of inspiring either of these emotions in an audience that it is rather a companion volume to the fatal book, the reading of which proved Francesca's ruin. The story is thus, at all points, immoral. The lovers are from the first represented as brought together by a fatalism beyond their own wills:—

. creatures bound
Together by that law which holds the stars
In pulsating cosmic passion bright.

Their passion crowds out every thought but that of its own gratification; let come what come, if they be but together.

What ecstasy
Together to be blown about the globe!
What rapture in perpetual fire to burn
Together!

They die in one another's arms, and Malatesta's dagger only makes their union eternal; even he who slays them absolves them: unwillingly
They loved: unwillingly I slew them.

So the general result of the drama would be to leave the spectator, not, like Dante when he heard Francesca's tale, dead with terror and pity, but satisfied that the world is well lost for love; that love has conquered not merely Death, but judgment. There is no hint of rebuke, no lesson of warning that guilty love brings its own whips to scourge us. Nor can the author plead that he found love triumphant in Dante; there is no note of "joy in the midst of grief" in Francesca's wail. Thus, with all its beauties, the play cannot truly be ranked as a tragedy; it has taken up the tangled web of life, but it has not unravelled any of it for us. The poet has placed before us a problem dealing with issues that concern the inmost fabric of life and society; but he has left it unsolved, or, rather, given us a solution at once unreal and untrue.

Dublin, Jan., 1900.

Yours faithfully,
R. CASSAN GREER.

Authors and Publishers.

Some astounding statements have found their way into the newspaper memoirs of Mr. Ruskin. One biographer has gravely asserted that Ruskin, in his life-long effort to practise what he preached, "deliberately reduced his income," in 1877, "to £1 a day, on which he has since lived at Brantwood." As a matter of fact the sales of his books during the past eleven years at least have brought him an average profit of £4,000 a year. It would surprise the ordinary reader, indeed, to know how the circulation of Mr. Ruskin's books is steadily increasing. Next week Mr. George Allen will publish "Giotto and his Works in Padua," with fifty-four illustrations from the frescoes in the Chapel of

The illustrations, numbering between eighty and one hundred, will all be photogravures, reproduced not on famous subjects, but from little-known examples of art, including many from Mr. Ruskin's collection of Turner's career will be represented, and the given, as far as possible, in chronological order.

"John Ruskin: A Sketch of His Life, His Opinions, with Personal Reminiscences" is the work by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, which will be published by Messrs. Cassell. It will include a paper by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, "The Black Acts," not yet to be found in his collection. Mr. Spielmann has had special opportunities from personal acquaintance and from knowledges of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn.

Thirty years have passed since Mr. Geo. Cassell published for Mr. Ruskin with "Fors Claviger" by giving no discount even to the booksellers was not long kept.

The value of the famous new edition of "Masters of the Past" at its retail price was nearly £20,000, and the special hand-made copies was over six tons. Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney at Aylesbury the special edition was subscribed by the tradition—450 copies in all.

Mr. Blackmore worked on bravely to "amuse myself," he told a visitor last week, "in translating the blind." Mr. Blackmore was and published his translation of "The Geographical Dictionary" in 1871. Curiously enough very well of "Lorna Doone"; it annoyed him mentioned only in connexion with that book—never written anything else. After "Lorna Doone" was probably his greatest success his other stories have sold well, and continue to circulate. "Lorna Doone," it is estimated exceeded a million copies in this country and a million in the United States. Sampson Low, Marston published the novel in three-volume form; then it appeared in the standard form and was subsequently brought out in the half-crown edition wonderfully well throughout. Not long ago a sixpenny edition, and 150,000 copies were bought soon as they could be printed; but it was to continue its publication in that form and a share in all probability take its place. A verbal agreement made only about a week ago, was the last arrangement between Mr. Blackmore and his publishers. Sampson Low, Marston publish all Mr. Blackmore's books with the exception of "The Maid of Sker" (at present published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons) and "Darius," through *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low shortly.

A long list has been issued of the books published by the Clarendon Press. We understand that a translation into modern English of King Alfred's version of Boethius is in the press. Last year, remembered, the Clarendon Press issued a scholarly edition of the Cotton Text in view of the anniversary of King Alfred's death. Asser's life of King Alfred, edited by Mr. W. H. Stevenson, is also included. The second and third volumes (the English version of the "Moral Gower" and the

Oxford Poets. Four volumes remain to be published in Professor Arber's *Anthologies*: the *Dunbar*, the *Surrey* and *Wyatt*, the *Goldsmith*, and the *Chapman Anthologies*.

In the "Sacred Books of the East," the fifth part is announced of Mr. J. Eggeling's translation of "The Satapatha Brāhmana," completing that work. "Kānya Satapatha Brāhmana" is also being edited by Mr. Eggeling in the series of *Anecdota Oxoniensia*. The second series of "The Sacred Books of the East" will be completed by Thibaut's translation of "Rāmāṅga's Śrībhāṣya." A fresh announcement is that of the "Græco-Egyptian Stories of the High Priests of Memphis," edited, with translations, facsimiles, &c., by Mr. Francis Griffith, who edits the archaeological reports issued by the Egypt Exploration Fund. A notable item in the theological section of the new list is the second part of Mr. C. H. Turner's "Latin Versions of the Canons of the Greek Councils of the Fourth and Fifth Centuries." This part will comprise the remainder of the Latin material bearing on the Nicene Council, principally the versions, some ten or twelve in number, of the Creed and Canons. Among the other theological works in preparation are "Legenda Anglica," edited by C. Horstman, Ph.D.; "Samaritan Liturgies," edited by Mr. A. E. Cowley, one of the librarians at the Bodleian; and Mr. C. F. Burney's "Notes on the Hebrew Text of the Books of Kings." Notes by Mr. G. J. Spurrell on the Hebrew Text of the Book of Genesis, and by Professor Dimier on the Hebrew Text of the Books of Samuel have already been issued by Mr. Frowde.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's spring season's list, like those of many other publishers, includes many books held over from last autumn. Mr. Unwin has begun the year with Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's new tale of the Yorkshire Moorlands, "Shameless Wayne," and Mr. Alexander's "Through Fire to Fortune," "Robert Orange," the long anticipated sequel to "The School for Saints," is being pushed on with, "John Oliver Hobbes" having completed some sixteen chapters. Mrs. Craigie also supplies one of the most promising items in the list in the announcement of her new comedy in three acts, entitled "The Wisdom of the Wise"; but this will probably be a midsummer book. The next volume of Mr. Unwin's "Story of the Nations" Series—a series which now numbers over fifty volumes—is ready for publication. This is Professor Pietro Orsi's story of "Modern Italy, 1718—1898," recently announced in *Literature*. It will be followed by a volume on "Modern Egypt" by Sir John Scott. One of the first of the novels will be "The Waters of Edera," by Onida, a story of Italian life and also, though secondarily, as a lurid exposure of Italian politics. Another book in which the scene is almost wholly laid in Italy is a new novel by Father Barry entitled "Arden Massiter," dealing with the last days of a great Italian house, as affected by the influences of the closing nineteenth century. It is a romance of real life, with a religious and historic background. All the reports for the seven volumes of "The Transactions of the International Congress of Women, 1899," edited by the Countess of Aberdeen, are in type, and Mr. Unwin hopes to have them ready for publication next month. Another item in the list is the volume of extracts from the report of the Royal Commission on Land in Wales and Monmouthshire, entitled "The Welsh People: Their Origin, Language, and History," and edited by Professor John Rhys and Mr. David Brynmor Jones, Q.C., M.P.

From the pen of the author of "How to be Happy Though Married" is to come a study of the "Absent-Minded Beggar." The title will be "Mr. Thomas Atkins." As an Army chaplain Mr. Hardy has known Atkins at home and abroad for twenty-two years. Mr. Fisher Unwin will be the publisher, and it is understood that Mr. Hardy will devote his profits to the war fund.

"The Science of Civilization, or the Principles of Agricultural, Industrial, and Commercial Prosperity," is the title of a book by Mr. C. B. Phipson (author of "The Redemption of Labour") to be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein. The work claims to restate the principles of Political Economy, the hindrances which prevent their development in Great Britain, and their remedying, and seeks to establish intimate relations

work on *Athletic Training* by Mr. Eustace H. Miles of King's College, Cambridge, the *Amateur Tennis and Racquet Champion for 1899*, and Dr. F. A. Schmidt's book, published last year at Leipzig under the title of *Körper*, it is to a large extent based.

The first reprint for more than a hundred years "Characteristics" of the third Earl of Shaftesbury is also issued by Mr. Grant Richards. About thirty years re-issue was begun by the Rev. Mr. Hatch, but, owing to the editor's death, was stopped after the first volume. It will be edited, with notes and a critical introduction by John M. Robertson.

The same publisher is about to publish a work, by M. Munro, dealing with the growth of the Slavonic organism, from the earliest records to the establishment of the Romanov dynasty in Russia.

For next week Mr. Grant Richards promises a new volume "Miss Arabella Shore, First and Last Poems." A few re-issues were begun by the Rev. Mr. Hatch, but, owing to the editor's death, was stopped after the first volume. It will be edited, with notes and a critical introduction by John M. Robertson.

A number of more or less important works from will be published in London by Messrs. Putnam's Son in the course of the next few weeks. Among them is a volume to appear in a new series of "International History of the New Testament," edited by Dr. Orville Cook Synoptic Gospels," by George L. Curey, L.H.D., is the first in the list, but as it is not yet ready for publication it is preceded by the commentary on "The Epistle of the Apostle to the Thessalonians," by Principal James Dr. of Manchester College, Oxford. The handbooks, four in all, are to constitute an exegetical series covering the entire New Testament and constructed on a plan which admits of freedom than is usual in commentaries proper. More prominence has been given to the statement of the results of the study than to the presentation of its details by means of discussions of questions of grammar, philology, and the like. The text used is that of the Revised Version. The volumes will be by Dr. Cone and Dr. Henry P. Forbes.

Another book to be published by Messrs. Putnam Horatio W. Dresser's "Voices of Freedom and Study of Philosophy of Individuality." Some idea of the content gathered from the titles of several of the chapters: "Freedom of the Will," "Is there an Absolute?" "The Interpretation of the Vedānta," "Individualism and Idealism." A third volume to appear immediately "Student's Reverie" in verse on the ultimate triumph of good over evil, entitled "Christus Victor." The author is Mr. Nehemiah Dodge.

A new volume in the "Tales of the Heroic Ages" series will be published by Messrs. Putnam's, and will probably appear immediately. This will be "Frithjof, the Viking of Norway, and the Paladin of France," by Zenaida A. Ragozin. Miss Ragozin presents the Saga of Frithjof adapted from the epic of Esaius Tegner, the Swedish national poet who lived in the latter part of the present century. The second division is of the French national epic of the eleventh century describing the retreat of Charlemagne and the heroic struggle of the reformed Roland and his friend Oliver, who were trapped in the gorges of the Pyrenees.

The series "Heroes of the Reformation" is to be continued by the addition of a volume containing the biographies of men who played very prominent parts in Reformation but who were not in the front rank. The first of these is Balthasar Hubmaier, the theologian of the Baptist movement in Germany and Switzerland, by the Rev. Henry C. Vedde, Professor of Church History in Crozer Theological Seminary. The same volume will be a biography of Faustus Socinus, theologian of the Unitarian party in Reformation times. The author of this will be the Rev. Alexander Gordon, Unitarian Home Missionary College, Manchester.

glad if any person will forward to him at East Northfield, Mass., U.S.A., correspondence which they may have had with the late evangelist. The letters will be carefully returned.

Mr. Arthur Waugh, who discussed the present state of Browning's popularity in last week's *Literature*, is the author of a volume on the poet for the first volume of Messrs. Kegan Paul's new series, the Westminster Biographies.

Lord Mombodo, whose life has been undertaken by Professor Knight of St. Andrews and which will be published by Mr. Murray, touches English literature at two points at least. He met Dr. Johnson under Boswell's chaperonage, and his pre-Darwinian theory of the tailed man supplied Peacock with an idea for the "high-toned" nobleman monkey of his eccentric satirical romances. In his own country Mombodo was a highly esteemed member of a brilliant and philosophical society.

An article in the American *Independent* gives the following statistics of the number of books published in the United States each year from 1800-18 :

Year	American Authors.
1800	4,550
1801	4,665
1802	4,862
1803	5,134
1804	4,484
1805	5,460
1806	5,703
1807	4,028
1808	4,886

Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, has just published through Messrs. Ginn and Co. a Literary Map of England. The object of the map, which is printed on card-board and sold at a nominal price, is to familiarize students of English literature with the towns and places that have definite literary

associations. The counties are printed in w town that has any important literary interest

Sir John Bourinot, the author of "The Sto the " Stories of the Nations Series," has almost large work entitled, "Canada Under British

Messrs. Skeffington are issuing a volume James Green, Dean of Muritzburg, Natal, en Glory as Seen by St. John the Divine."

We are informed that Edna Lyall's new play recently performed at Eastbourne, will be produced February 15, at the Comedy Theatre by Mr. B. to be first played for a week at *matinees*, and to be played every evening.

Offers to produce *Paolo and Francesca* in Pa have, we believe, been made to the author, also been commissioned by Mr. Richard M. another play, which is to be produced in Am autumn.

Mr. A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson, the popular balladist, is now in South Africa with the contingent, and is acting as war correspondent *Morning Herald*.

Mrs. Marcus Clarke, the widow of the well-known novelist, who has been staying at Highgate months, has returned to Australia.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have prepared for Government Publications and Parliamentary to the Transvaal, which they are prepared to is

In our South African Bibliography last week to "The Historical Geography of the British C. P. Jones" should have read "by Mr. C. P.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
A Manual of Church Decoration and Symbolism. By the Rev. F. Giddart. 10 1/2 in., 296 pp. London, 1900. Mowbray, 10s. 6d. n.
The Year's Art. By A. C. R. Carter. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 101 pp. London, 1900. Virtue, 3s. 6d.
Pottery and Porcelain. By F. Litchfield. 10 1/2 in., 362 pp. London, 1900. Trustlove, Hanson, 15s. n.
BIOGRAPHY.
Charlotte Brontë at Home. By Marion Harland. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 308 pp. London, 1900. Putnam, 6s.
Francis Lieber. His Life and Political Philosophy. By Lewis H. Hurley. 17 1/2 x 10 1/2 in., 213 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. Reminiscences and Recollections of the Rt. Rev. H. H. W. Whipple, D.D., LL.D. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 576 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 17s. n.
EDUCATIONAL.
Oxford Classical Texts. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in.
Thucydides. By H. S. Jones. (Os. 6d.)
Plato. By J. Burnet. (Os. 1s.)
Lucretius. By C. Bailey. (Os.) Oxford, 1900. Clarendon Press.
FICTION.
Shameless Wayne. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 262 pp. London, 1900. Cowley, 6s.
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 319 pp. London, 1900. Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.

A Secret of the North Sea. By *Alfredson* (Ginsburg). 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 311 pp. London, 1900. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
On Both Sides of the Line. By Phil Mord. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 411 pp. London, 1900. Redway, 3s. 6d. n.
In the New Promised Land. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by S. C. de Solbosons. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 139 pp. London, 1900. Jarrold, 2s. 6d.
Les Chansons de Bilitis. By Pierre Louÿs. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 330 pp. Paris, 1900. Fasquelle, Fr. 3.50.
La Béatrice. By Leon Donnay. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 311 pp. Paris, 1900. Librairie Internationale, Fr. 3.50.
HISTORICAL.
Mémoires de M. de Bourrievue sur Napoléon, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire et la Restauration. Vol. IV. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 565 pp. Paris, 1900. Garnier Frères, Fr. 3.50.
La Mère du Duc d'Enghien. 1750-1822. With a Portrait. By Comte Ducau. 9 x 6 1/2 in., 442 pp. Paris, 1900. Plon, Fr. 5.50.
LITERARY.
A Kipling Primer. By F. L. Knowles. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 219 pp. London, 1900. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.
MILITARY.
The 95th (The Derbyshire) Regiment in the Crimea. Derbyshire Campaign Series, No. 11. By Major H. C. Wylly. 8 x 6 1/2 in., 187 pp. London, 1900. Bonsonsheim, 1s. 6d.
MISCELLANEOUS.
An Index to Deering's Nat-

NATURAL HISTORY.
Our Native Birds. By D. Lange. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 156 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.
PHILOSOPHY.
Idéologie. Discours sur la Philosophie Première. By M. Douchérol. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 80 pp. Paris, 1900. Alcan, Fr. 1.25.
POETRY.
Northland Lyrics. By H. C. Roberts. 7 x 6 1/2 in., 305 pp. Boston, 1899. Small Maynard.
Apis Matina. Translated by S. M. Young. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 201 pp. Cambridge, 1900. Macmillan & Bowes.
Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. The Seatonian Prize Poem for 1899. By the Rev. J. Hudson. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 48 pp. Cambridge, 1900. Macmillan & Bowes, 2s. n.
Songs of the Hour. By J. J. Bell. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 21 pp. Glasgow, 1900. The Scots Pictorial Pub. Co. 6d.
POLITICAL.
Britain and the Boers: Who is Responsible for the War in South Africa? By L. Appleton, F.R.H.S. 6 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 119 pp. London, 1900. Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d.
REPRINTS.
Præterita. Vol. III. By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 328 pp. London, 1900. Allen, 6s. n.
On the Old Road. Vol. III. By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 452 pp. London, 1900. Allen, 6s. n.
Bleak House. (Temple Ed.) 3 vols. 6 x 4 in., 109+418+417 pp. London,

SCIENCE.
Irrigation and Fertilization. By F. H. King. London, 1900.
SOCIETY.
The Onelida. *Atton Estlake* London, 1900.
D'Où Vient l'Economique? By Baron Ch. 4 1/2 in., 400 pp. 1.
La Réforme ment Sécondaire. *André Ribot.* Paris, 1900.
Le Congrès Socialiste F. *bro 3-8, 1890.* By 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 72 pp. 1.
Essai Historique sur la S. *Auguste C. Atengry.* 9 x 5 1900.
THE
St. Peter in on the Vatican *Barnes.* 10 1/2 x 1900.
The Triumph *A. C. Knowle* London, 1900.
Faith and Dil By the late E. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 213 pp.
Notes of Len *Children's* *Rec B. 1900.*

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

No. 120. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

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WHAT IS A CRITIC?

One of the revelations made by the Oxford Dictionary has been that of the reckless facility with which we overuse words. But even that comprehensive work has wisely shown some moderation in assigning a definition to the word "criticism," and it selects as the main function of a critic a task to which he certainly has the strongest etymological claim, and upon which we believe more stress ought to be laid at the present day. This observation is suggested by M. Edouard Rod's article in the *International Monthly* on French criticism, to which we adverted last week. The French are much more concerned about criticism in all its aspects than we are. They produce an immense amount of it, and are much occupied in discussing what it is. Its meaning seems to have

propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," or again "to see the object as in itself it is." Other writers inform us that it is "comparison of the objects compared being selected from the whole of human knowledge. A different use of it is in the rather inept expression, "higher criticism." It took a still greater liberty with the word. Now the word has suffered a kind of specialization, only to meet once more with the same failure with it a distinctive meaning. A critic, in parlance, has come to denote any one who writes about a book or a work of art in the periodical Press. "I have just read about" we say advisedly, for such a definition is far away from the true meaning of the term. As the same word is considered to be properly used to describe both the "Critique of Pure Reason" and the account of the plot of a new novel told in a do in an evening paper. This is surely using language without conceal distinctions of thought.

Perhaps it may occur to the reader that through these significations there does run one distinct definite enough to justify its use—viz., the notation as opposed to imagination. Criticism and the objective view of a thing, and the subject often spoken of as exhausting human mental power. But no; even this halting place is denied to the critic who seeks after a definition. Many of our most respected authorities tell us that criticism, judicial criticism—if the tautology is to be allowed—belongs essentially to the creative side of literature; it did so in the time of Mr. Ruskin. But at any rate we may surely say that criticism of poetry lies outside the vast territory appropriate to criticism? On the contrary the most familiar rôle of poetry enunciated by a famous writer whose rôle it was to instruct an ignorant public is that of a criticism of life."

Such an indefinite extension of a generic term, and the out new words coined to express the various special meanings rank under it, is a singular instance of the poverty and conservatism, of our language. It leads to a confusion of the true functions proper to the different departments which are thus lumped together under one title. The later developments it may also be responsible for the obloquy which still attaches to "the critics" and which occasionally recognizes in the phrase a veiled suggestion of a band of ignorant hirelings conspiring to

contemptuous authors forget. "Notices" of books have frequently no ostensible object whatever but the production of an entertaining article about the subject of the book noticed, or a readable statement of its contents. And there is no reason whatever to condemn such notices as long as they are not called criticisms.

In the higher walks of literature we meet with another and quite different confusion when we contemplate the two processes which M. Rod describes and which pretty well monopolize French criticism. The French have carried much further than we have the scientific or, as some have called it, the botanical side of criticism. The School of Taine and Sainte-Beuve devotes an infinity of labour, with highly useful and instructive results, to investigating, just as the "Higher Critics" do in England, the race, habit, and environment of an author, so as to place him in his exact position in the development of thought. Anatole France and his friends take an entirely opposite view of the critic's task. For them there is no objective criticism: it is only autobiography. "To be frank," says M. France, "the critic ought to say, 'Gentlemen, I am going to speak of myself, while I discuss Shakespeare, or Racine, or Pascal, or Goethe, as the case may be. I shall never, perhaps, have a more distinguished opportunity.'" And most delightfully he does it. But this is not criticism in the proper sense, any more than an individual's like or dislike of a particular action proves it to be in accordance with the Ten Commandments. We are perfectly aware that some writers of authority have refused the task of judging to the critic. They tear away the last remnant of meaning from the word "criticism" by asserting that "the object of criticism is not to criticize but to understand." So thought Lowell, and the same view (which suggests the botanical theory) is held by many at the present day. The autobiographical attitude appears in another modern definition—that criticism is "that which narrates the adventures of an ingenious and educated mind in contact with masterpieces." But neither of these views is in accordance with the English tradition. The practical requirement which the course of English criticism has endeavoured to fulfil is to determine whether a work of art is good, poor, or bad, and to give reasons for the determination. It is not, of course, a matter of rule of thumb: there are no inflexible canons which can be mechanically applied. Authority must play its part; so must sensibility. But there are tests capable of explanation and analysis to which, for instance, a poem can be subjected. Thanks to the growth of taste and knowledge, these are now far less circumscribed than were the standards of the eighteenth century, and are also, so we are surely justified in thinking, far more intelligent and true. Some recent works, such as Mr. Gosse's "Donne," Mr. Frederic Harrison's essays, and the exhaustive criticism

term—of estimating merit on principles defined and analysed.

While on the subject of criticism we give a warm welcome to the two volumes by Mr. Elliot Stock containing the "Collected Works of Mr. Augustine Birrell. Every one ought to read 'Dieta,' 'Res Judicatæ,' and 'Essays about Books,' if it be only for an individual reason which we should find it difficult to name. The publication of "Essays of Elia." But a better reason for reading them is that they will purge the mind of fallacies and affectations which often pass for wisdom, and give a wholesome dose of lucid, sane, and cultured criticism of great books and great men.

Sir Edward Clarke's attitude towards Mr. Kipling is the natural corollary of his attitude towards the deeds of Mr. Kruger. He would have done the same to them severely alone. "Stalky & Co.," belongs to the literature of the gutter, and is unread. This advice comes rather late in the day, like recommending a man to go without his hat in the hour when he is sitting in his armchair digging. There is a grain of truth contained in the entire temerarious criticism. One has only to picture Mr. Kipling in the witness-box, and Sir Edward Clarke examining him, in order to perceive what sort of a case would be made out against "Stalky & Co." by a clever

"What is your ideal boy?" That is the question which all the other questions of the learned critic probably be subservient. And it would be established that Mr. Kipling's ideal boy was a boy with no brains worth speaking of, with a common education learning not required to help him into the world, and all games requiring submission to discipline and to the duly constituted authority. For such was the dictum that "your uncle Stalky is a good boy," implicitly accepted by the "Co." This is the ideal of a boy that it is well to hold up to the admiration of the young. "Stalky," in fact, is very much like "Jack Harkaway," writ large; and "Jack Harkaway" has never been popular with parents and schoolmasters. "Stalky" is a live book; and though it is full of falsehood of extremes—a failing which is not to be excused—"Eric" and "St. Winifred's" (and with the exception of its hostile critics)—it is not gutter literature, it is the voice of the Hooligan.

Reviews.

"KNICKERBOCKER."

The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in North America. By John Fiske. Two Vols. 8vo. xvi. + 290 pp. London, 1899. Ma

In American history it is especially di

due to its Dutch origin, or that Penn gave a liberal constitution to Pennsylvania because his father married a Dutch woman. But Mr. Fiske is so conscientious and so interesting a writer that we could pardon him for worse things than these, and his independence of thought and frankness of speech are beyond praise. His comment on the contemporary boast that in Pennsylvania the vesting of all power in the people had secured for all time "that they (the people) may not be brought into bondage but by their own consent" is worth quoting:—

Our worthy Quakers did not foresee the day when the people, lured by the bait of high tariffs and the spoils of office, would consent to be brought into bondage under petty tyrants as cheap and vile as ever enumbered the earth. They would have been sorely astonished if told that nowhere could be seen a more flagrant spectacle of such humiliating bondage than in the great commonwealth which bears Penn's name.

To some extent the lively character of Mr. Fiske's pages is probably due to his ability and long practice as a lecturer; for he who addresses popular audiences dares not be dull, and must know how to play with the fringe of his subject without losing grasp of the substance. Mr. Fiske's discussion of the grotesque ideas which in some mysterious way are suggested by the words "Dutch" and "Dutchman" is a good specimen. "Why is it implied," he asks, "though ever so slightly, that there is something funny in being a Dutchman?" It cannot be due to Washington Irving, for the association is of earlier date, and in fact gave Irving the cue for Knickerbocker and his immortal chronicle. As it is unknown to Shakespeare and other Elizabethans, but was fully developed in the reign of Charles II., Mr. Fiske suggests that it may have originated during the period of English and Dutch maritime rivalry. If so, it should have disappeared, though it did not, at the Revolution. It might easily be illustrated from Georgian literature; and its vitality is proved by the deep resentment which Irving's innocent use of it provoked at the time.

When "Knickerbocker" was published, in 1809, many people of Dutch descent in New York and Albany read it with fierce indignation. In certain quarters there was an attempt to frown the youthful author out of society. Nine years afterward, Mr. Gullian (sic) Verplanck, in an address before the New York Historical Society, called it a "coarse caricature." Irving might have replied that it was meant for caricature, and is not coarse. One sometimes wonders what there can be in the climate of North America that makes its inhabitants so morbidly sensitive to banter.

The fact is that this practice of treating the Dutch and all their ways as a natural subject of merriment originated in France, and came to England at the Restoration. Irving, though of British birth, saw no harm in making a butt of John Bull himself, and in truth let the thick-witted Mynheers off rather easily.

The history of the Dutch in New York has a farcical aspect from beginning to end. To send an expedition up the Hudson River with the ostensible object of discovering a passage by sea round the North American continent was an excellent joke to begin with. To buy Manhattan Island of the Indians, as Peter Minuit claimed to have done in 1626, for five pounds' worth of ribbons and blue

keen sense of humour, does it ample justice. Knickerbocker's episode is a well-known instance. Knickerbocker was an Amsterdam tradesman who obtained a land-grant from the Company and then repudiated the authority. This absurd creature not only carried on an illicit trade in furs, and hurled defiance at the legged governor, Peter Stuyvesant, but occupied and fortified an island in the river, named his castle "Knickerbockerstein," in imitation of the robber knight of the Rhine, and exacted homage and tribute from the Dutch on the water-way. Knickerbocker's humorous treatment of all this, says Mr. Fiske, "comes near to the truth of history, and is entirely true to its spirit." The character of events is well maintained down to the time when Nicolls appeared in the river with his friends, and Dutch rule came peacefully to an end. The Dutch themselves seem scarcely to have regretted it, though the New York "Knickerbocker descent," according to tradition, is now regarded as "a sort of patent of nobility."

Mr. Fiske's treatment of his subject seems to us somewhat arbitrary; but we must protest against his dismissal of certain well-known charges against Penn, in common with most American writers, as a sort of blameless hero, incapable of any fault which could possibly sully his reputation. Lord's reflections on the discreditable part played by Penn at a critical juncture in English history have not been so completely disowned by Penn's apologists as Mr. Fiske would have his readers believe; and to describe the trivial incident of the "maids of Tamton" as the only countenance worth noticing is scarcely ingenious. In granting that the "Mr. Penn" of the Tamton was another than William Penn—which involves a preponderating effect to a mere presumption—remains that, after posing for years as the champion of conscience and Protestant liberty, Penn opened his eyes in his thinly-veiled plot for restoring the dominance of Romanism, and stooped to be his own antagonist in an outrageous scheme for rooting out Protestantism from the University of Oxford. The greatest men—and the highest estimate of him, was less than a great man—have their weak points. Penn's foible was vanities, the sort of vanity which besets the courtier, whom a voluble tongue and a ready pen have put in the position of authority. Such men, like the hero of the novel, too often a law unto themselves. We may say that Penn was no Jesuit, and not even a simpleton; but the accusations freely launched against him at the time, and long afterwards; nor do we believe him to be innocent of guilty of treasonable practices after the Revolution. He evidently won him over by flattering his self-interest, and the odium which he brought on himself was deserved. Burnet's character of him, "a tall man," who "had such an opinion of his own opinion, that he thought none could stand against it," is probably not far from the truth; and the same description of his "tedious luscious way of talking," which is apt to overcome a man's reason, though it might be said to be a fault, is not far from the truth.

his interest to the British Government for a sum considerably less than the amount of the claim in satisfaction of which the grant was accepted by him.

ITALIAN UNITY.

A History of Italian Unity, 1814-1871. By Bolton King, M.A. Two vols. 8vo. 6in., xviii. + 416 + 451 pp. London, 1880. Nisbet. 24/- n.

The author of these two volumes has succeeded in rendering with a great fulness of detail what may be to the English public, unacquainted with Italian politics, the acceptable version of the development of Italian nationality. He does not enter into the results of the general policy he praises; and his work would have been better called a History of the Construction of the Italian Kingdom, for of the actual unity he has given us no history. He has made a very careful study of the authorities, without always comprehending the comparative value which should be assigned to them. He estimates them, as most foreigners are likely to do, according to their agreement with his preconceived idea of Italian affairs. This idea evidently is that Mazzini was the prime mover of Italian regeneration, although to Cavour must be assigned the honour of having done the work.

The historical fact is that Mazzini did more harm than good, and though he loomed large in the English atmosphere and was more *en évidence* here than Cavour, his influence was more disastrous to the political progress of Italy than his eloquence and influence abroad were of use to it. He strengthened that sentimental illusion in the English public which made of Italy a land of martyrs and heroes, always under the tyrant's foot and always struggling with the purest patriotism for their ideal. In sober truth the unity of Italy is the forced result of diplomatic and dynastic influences, and Italian public opinion is hardly yet decided as to the advantage of the Procrustean bed on which the former independent States were laid. The two great motives which hold Italy united are the detestation of any foreign admixture in the affairs of Italians, and the enormous amount of interests vested in the united Italian kingdom. The masses in the different ex-States hate each other, but they hated the *forestiero* more; and the fact that eleven-twelfths of the public debt of Italy is held in the country renders separation impossible, but is no remedy for the growing discontent and is a stimulant for the growing corruption. The *malaise* of Italy arises chiefly from the total absence of political discipline, the irreconcilable feuds between the partisan leaders, and the fact that Italy has been since 1860 governed mainly by corruption. The Arcadian picture which Mr. King draws, and the analysis of political history he gives us must, in fact, be largely corrected. In the earlier period—i.e., down to 1846-49—he is misled by his Mazzinian sympathies; and he misconceives the true origin of the feeling in favour of unity and its importance, which was, except among the doctrinaires, trivial.

The remarkable rising of Palermo in 1848 is dealt with in less than a page. The five days of Milan, perhaps the most splendid episode of modern Italian history, is most inadequately described. The noble defence of Vicenza by the volunteers under Durando is allowed eight lines, not a word being said of the nature of this battle (described as "an ineffectual attempt on Vicenza"), which, as the first between Austrian veterans and mixed Italian volunteers, was of great importance, political and military. The

been had some other course been followed. The before, during, and after, the campaign of Custozza in apparent ignorance of the fact that the French from Louis XIV. to Lamartine, had absolutely dominated the policy of Piedmont throughout (Vol. I., p. 262-3) compels the reader to ask the value of a "political history" which ignores the of the situation. This insistence of France was *Italia farà da sé* of the King. The Milan insurrection which fortunately, if disastrously, put an end to the reign of Mazzini, is misstated in seven lines so to change its character altogether. It was a grand effort of Mazzini to revive his influence, then waning of being, as the author says, a response of the artisans of Milan, it was discountenanced by the Government, and only showed Mazzini's unscrupulousness in dealing with the lives of his disciples, and his as an insurgent.

Still worse is Mr. King's treatment of the incident. No conception of it can be derived from the account though it was the turning point of the Parliamentary history of Italy and determined the relation of the Crown to the Chamber and almost anarchical Parliament. It is described

A decree dated from the royal castle of Milan dissolved the Chamber, and ordered fresh elections in the ensuing month. So far it was strictly constitutional language in which it vehemently attacked the Chamber and threatened stronger measures unless a compliance returned was a breach, if not of the letter, but of the spirit of the Statute.

The proclamation was in reality a resolute and determined step to stem the anarchy which had entered into the Chamber in the succeeding reign has Moncalieri been involved in the same reckless obstruction offered by the succeeding turbulent demagogues who threatened to make the reign of Victor Emmanuel a failure. In fact, it was the step the King ever took, and determined permanent sovereignty. But the author seems to have antipathy to Victor Emmanuel, mainly on account of his "unhindered licentiousness"—though it would be difficult to distinguish him on this account amongst the great public men.

The inability to read between the lines of the account comes to a climax in the chapters on "The Annexation of Sicily," and "The Annexation of Rome." Many details are incorrect, and the account is as a rule the leading articles which attacked Garibaldi in the Press. There is no evidence of Mr. King's having read the history of this most unfortunate struggle between Garibaldi, of which the sequel has shown that if Garibaldi's right Cavour was certainly wrong. No man in Italy was faithful to unity and the King than Garibaldi at the official pressure by which Cavour used to exercise his influence produced the bitterest animosity, and the most lamentable results of evil. We read of the final dictation of Cavour:—

The Neapolitans demonstrated angrily for Garibaldi, finding that he had an unanimous vote, suddenly decided for Pallavicino (not a plebiscite). The plebiscite took place on Oct. 21, 1860, and there was no open attempt at resistance.

the Mafia, which carried on blackmailing, murders, smuggling, and piracy, and a band of *stabbato* blooded the surroundings"; and La Parita (partisan as he was) said, "The Government exhausted employments, pensions, and dowries"; and Marc Monnier "For the vote there was an urn with two baskets, one full of Noces and the other of Ayas. The elector chose his ballot before the National Guard and the crowd. The negative vote was difficult and even dangerous."

There can be no question that the plebiscite of Naples was a pure imposition by superior force. In Naples, as in Sicily, Garibaldi gave way to the wishes of the King, but the conduct of Cavour leaves an ineffaceable blemish on his reputation.

Inaccuracies of a minor nature run through the book. Why does the author always write "Maremma" for *Maremma*, and talk of the *Camorra* as a "secret society of the criminal poor"? The chapter on "Plombières" is confused and verbose; "Aspromonte" is not up to date in its information; but "The September Convention" is just; "The Syllabus" excellent. "Mentana" is inaccurate in its strategy and its facts, and it makes Garibaldi from *Passo Correse* meditate an attack on "the outpost of Monte Mario." "To Rome" in the main is correct, though not in the account of the negotiations for the alliance between France, Austria, and Italy against Prussia. It seems strange to accuse the financial condition and praise the railway system which is responsible for the deficit. The chapter "The Country and the Chamber" contains much sound information, but when it tells of the working of the income-tax it implies that what is understood as such in England exists in Italy, which is not the case. There is no proper income-tax, and when Crispi took office in 1893 Sonnino tried to introduce the thin edge of it to take off the taxes that weigh on the poor especially, but he found the opposition of the wealthy classes invincible. It is a pity that some publisher does not give us a well-edited translation of the history of Tivaroni, the least partisan and most complete that exists, written with a thorough understanding of the author's compatriots and of all the evidence available for a history of Italian unity.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Byzantine Constantinople, The Walls of the City and adjoining Historical Sites. By Alexander van Millingen, M.A., Professor of History, Robert College. 94 x 6 1/2 in., 361 pp. London, 1899. Murray. 21/-

The first detailed expression of Professor van Millingen's long study of the ancient remains of Constantinople has been expected for some years, and will be eagerly welcomed by students. Since the death of Mr. G. C. Curtis no one so thoroughly qualified by historical, archaeological, and artistic knowledge has remained in Constantinople and engaged in the examination of its antiquities. We are glad to see that what is now published is only a first instalment of what Professor van Millingen hopes to give us. Some of the questions which he has discussed cannot be finally settled until excavations are allowed. His main work has been to identify the historic sites of Roman and Byzantine Constantinople.

The attention [he says] I have devoted for many years to the subject has been sustained by the conviction that the Empire of which New Rome was the capital defended the higher life of mankind against formidable antagonists, and rendered eminent service to the cause of human welfare. This is what gives to the archaeological study of the city its dignity and importance.

The first point in the book to strike the scholar is the value

which have already perished or suffered severely, a service was rendered to historical archaeology, and we hope that the use of some of the drawings by Prof. Millingen may cause the release of the whole of the originals brought out, which have been, we believe, printed and are very rarely to be met with.

"Byzantine Constantinople" seems to us to be a more complete study of the original authorities than before been attempted. It is unquestionably the most investigation of the walls which has yet appeared. An introduction sketches the circumstances in which the walls were built and restored, in the course of which many forgotten facts (such as the share of the factions of the construction of the walls) are recorded. The investigation of walls, gates, harbours, and of some of the palaces which once adorned the city, is the main theme of the book; and we cannot imagine a more thorough study of the subject. Even if future excavations show facts at present unknown, Professor van Millingen's book will not be superseded, because it preserves an exact picture of the walls as they now exist and an exact record of all that is known about them. To the general reader for the book means only one for those who have time and zest for investigation the most interesting parts will doubtless be very full accounts of the Golden Gate, the so-called "Belisarius," conclusively identified by Professor van Millingen with the Palace of the Porphyrogenitus, the Towers of Isaac Angelus, and the Palace of Blachernae, with careful and final identification of the site of the Hebdomon, Makrikeui, and the well-reasoned conclusion as to the route by the Turkish ships on their famous over-land voyage. The book is admirably produced by private publishers.

A GUIDE TO CONSTANTINOPLE, by Demetrius Coussios (A. and C. Black, 1899, 2s. 6d.), is the second edition originally published in 1895. Its only advantage over Murray's guide is its cheapness, but it is doubtful if this is one which is purchased by the absence of much information that an traveller needs. The map of the city, though clear, is in every way inferior to the two maps given by Murray, and it means all the sites which should be visited, and all those that are difficult to find. Historically, the book is not always accurate (it is strange, by the way, to find "Willardouin"). The description of the Sultan will be accepted by those who know the facts:—"He is of a friendly and kindly disposition . . . and is extremely popular with his subjects of all races and creeds." In the account of the antiquities of the city the long exploded view of Dr. Murray that the Tekfour Serai is the Palace of the Hebdomon is without demerit. Practically the very unwise advice that foreigners if they "are afraid of catching cold" to wear a fez in the mosques. The book, though fairly done, is not to be recommended in preference to Murray.

MILITARY GEOGRAPHY.

Outlines of Military Geography. By T. Maguire, LL.D. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 350 pp. Cambridge, 1899. Cambridge University Press.

This would have been an admirable book if the author had corresponded to the excellent general idea

or to follow the trend of the events of his own day ought to have read his Hamley and his Mahan. "No historian for some generations to come will venture to assert, as did the late Rev. R. Green, that war plays a small part in the real story of the European nations." Our author has failed to get Green's correct initials, but the rest of his dictum is true enough. In the unhappy weeks through which we have just passed, many of us have begun to furbish up our elementary strategy, and to work out for the first time problems of space and time, and the relative advantages of different types of terrain for attack and defence. It would have been well if such things had been more generally studied beforehand—notably in certain quarters where such information should have been forthcoming before the need arose.

For this reason Dr. Maguire's little book has its uses, and certain chapters, the first three more particularly, are well worth reading. These are the more general and theoretical ones; it is a pity that when we get down to details there should be so much to criticise. An author illustrating geographical and strategical points by definite examples must take care that his facts are accurate. We do not allude to mere misspellings such as "Five Forts" for "Five Forks" (p. 208), or Oceano for Oeafia (p. 8), St. Paul for St. Pol (p. 73), or Tarif for Turik (p. 321). There are also considerable misconceptions of history which vitiate the argument of whole paragraphs. Genseric was not a "merciless and astute Goth," nor did Visigoths ever "gain the command of the sea in the Dark Ages"—a vague phrase, but in any sense an inaccurate one. Cæsar never campaigned in Mauretania, but only in Numidia and Proconsular Africa. Professor Freeman, had he been spared to us, would have found much to say on the statement that "The Franks, a confederation of German tribes located between the Rhine and Weser, crossed the former river about 420, and established the Empire of France, which has practically lasted to this day." Thermopylæ is not situated on what Dr. Maguire calls the "Olympian Chain," but is a part of the Oeta range, a wholly distinct system, separated from Olympus by the whole breadth of Thessaly. But the most curious and detailed error that we have found in this book is that the celebrated Fort Fisher was one of the defences of Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, and that it was vainly bombarded and assaulted by Admiral Porter at the head of the thirty-three vessels which formed the Federal flotilla on the Great River. As a matter of fact, Fort Fisher is situated on the Atlantic seaboard of North Carolina, and was the chief sea-defence of Wilmington. It was attacked by the Federal Atlantic fleet, and has nothing to do with the story of Vicksburg, from which it is some 600 miles distant. Moreover the date is given wrongly, as December 24, 1862, instead of December 24, 1864.

Another weak point consists of the dry lists of passes and routes to which no explanatory paragraphs are devoted. What use, for example, is a sentence such as this:—"The Little St. Bernard, Cenis, Genève, Tenda, and Corniche passes lead from France into Italy, and have been traversed by armies from the days of Charles VIII. to those of Napoleon III. The Radstädter Tauern connects the Drave with the Salza. The Rottenmanner Tanern is between the Ems and Drave." The young geographer will be puzzled by the last words, where the substitution of Ems for Enns makes the whole sentence unintelligible, but it is not so much to such a slip as to the uselessly arid nature of such lists that we must call attention. The pages 280 and 290 give even worse examples.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Pious Verse.

It is only by a somewhat liberal interpretation of the title that Mr. Laurie Magnus and Mr. C. Watts-Dunton have been able to collect so ample and delightful a volume of pious verse as they have given us in *THE PRAYERS OF POETS* (Blackwood, 5s.). The prayers, though many of them when they are genuine petitions, are not always prayers, either for himself or others, but some are the case of Mr. Watts-Dunton's impressive sonnet offering up of a supplication by some one else. The "prayer from a poet" is hardly to be accounted a prayer, but is rather an invocation, an apostrophe, a pious meditation; or even, as in the closing lines of "Ulysses," simply the expression of heroic sentiment. It is rather difficult to see by what process Henley's well-known little poem of stoical defiance has been winding up as it does with the stanza—

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul,

can be classed among prayers to any Power, or to any god, too, surely there is some slight strain upon the name of a prayer to the famous Lucretian embrace of Mars and Venus, for all that invocation to the goddess and ends with the prayer that she will persuade her divine lover to govern the world. Nevertheless, it would be, perhaps, unwise to a latitude of construction which has enabled the editors to include so much of the finest poetry of the world. They have thrown their net as widely as possible, and include specimens of devout verse from poets of every age and from each other in point of time as Homer and Kipling, and as widely different in character as Milton and Jean Baptiste Rousseau. It is unnecessary to say that the saintly English divine is more largely represented than the scandalous French epigrammatist, but the inclusion of the tribulation, though like the fly in amber it is rare, interests us by its presence in the volume for the reason so pointedly expressed by Pope in the preface, also, as being one of the few instances, in the history of literature, in which the editors have failed us. The version of this poem is neither so metrically nor so verbally happy as their other renderings, which are excellent and add not inconsiderably to the interest of the volume.

The Spanish-American War.

There have been many books about the Spanish-American War, most of them, as is natural, of merely ephemeral interest, but there was plenty of room left for Mr. J. H. Dowling's *THE DOWNFALL OF SPAIN* (Sampson Low, 14s.). Mr. Dowling deals with the naval history of the war, but not with the subject exhaustively and instructively as Mr. Wilson does with the blowing up of the Maine, and a case of evidence given before the Court of Inquiry into the cause of that disastrous explosion. Mr. Wilson inclines to the view that the Spanish authorities probably moored the vessel in a place where a mine under the vessel, in order to prevent the event of war being declared, but that the vessel was fired without orders. He proceeds to discuss the details of the war in detail, treating even the

commander-in-chief mere puppets, of which the strings are pulled from Whitehall. A twentieth-century Nelson might find himself so harassed with orders and counter-orders that all his combinations would be spoilt, and no scope given for his originality. The telegraph is an enemy as well as a friend. If in this war it was not quite the case that, as Admiral Colomb has said, "everything was done from Washington," yet very much was done from Washington. Orders to the scouts, for instance, were sent by the Navy Department as well as by Admiral Sampson, the Commander-in-Chief. Sometimes he gave different orders, not knowing of the other set of instructions, and the result, as we should expect, was confusion. The American system of intelligence was excellent, but the American organization of command was faulty and might have resulted in much mischief had the navy been opposed by a stronger foe.

The book is well written, well arranged, and well illustrated, and is likely to be of permanent value.

Kipling.

It seems early days for books to be published for the purpose of preparing students to pass examinations in the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Yet, if Mr. Frederic Lawrence Knowles' *A KIPLING PRIMER* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) was not written for this purpose, it is, at any rate, difficult to suggest any alternative justification for its existence. There are three chapters. The first is a biographical sketch containing the usual facts, together with some statements which it might be difficult to verify—as that, at the time of Mr. Kipling's unfortunate illness in New York, "the London papers issued extras for every bulletin." The second is a critical estimate of Mr. Kipling's literary position of the sort that we look for in the Clarendon and Pitt Press editions of the Latin, Greek, French, and German classics; we note that it omits to mention "Badalia Herodsfoot," or such short stories as "The Man Who Would be King," "The Man that Was," and "The Strange Ride of Marmabey Jakes"; but most of the critical remarks are proof against objection, being as just as they are obvious. The third chapter is an index to Mr. Kipling's writings, in which the curious may look out "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "First Chantey," "Gentlemen Bankers," "Loot," "Oonts," "Route Marchin'," "Tomlinson," "Venus Annodomini," &c., and be regaled with appropriate letterpress. Finally, there are bibliographies of first editions and reference articles. The former does not mention the contributions to the United Service College magazine, and the latter does not mention Mr. E. Kay Robinson's article in *Literature*.

The English Stage through Foreign Spectacles.

Among the advantages to art accruing from the cosmopolitanism of London is the domestication of the foreign critic. Mr. Grein is an admirable example of the exotic, sympathetic mentor, kindly but severe, who sits at our poor artistic feasts, analyses the dishes on the board, and helps us to see the faults of our theatrical cookery, or, at least, to understand how others view them. In his volume of collected articles, *DRAMATIC CRITICISM* (Long, 3s. 6d.), Mr. Grein, who writes in French as well as English, comes to this conclusion as to the English stage—"C'est l'apothéose hontense et dégradante du système commercial." All the principal plays produced in London during 1897, 1898, and the early months of 1899 are mentioned. Dealing with the drama of '97, he writes, "The record is one of which we have no reason to be proud"; of '98 he says, "Like a torrent last year's events in our theatrical world rush through my memory, and most of them deserve no better fate than to swell the ocean of oblivion." But if Mr.

critiques upon his already well-abused brother "Dramatic criticism in this country," he says, "with few laudably exceptions, is dry, stale, and unprofitable; entirely devoid of intellectual force; is neither educating, but simply dull." This may be true, but Mr. Grein who holds a brief for the Continental critics, produces a list from Vienna, Paris, and Berlin. Mr. Grein's book is an expression of an earnest and candid mind, but he is seen a reformer *avant-garde*, and because his ideals have not been he desponds, where the less exacting may see promise in things.

Mr. Dooley.

Mr. F. P. Dunne has followed up the success of *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War* by publishing *Mr. Dooley and the Heards of His Countrymen* (Grant Richards). Some of the sections are more amusing than others, hardly being going too far to say that some of them are dull. It is by his best work, however, that a man is judged; and Mr. Dooley at his best is very good, particularly grateful to him for his burlesque account of the Dreyfus case. The trial itself was so packed with that farcical exaggeration must have been difficult; Dooley overcomes the difficulty. His own proposed solution of the problems raised by the case, though in extravagant language, must have seemed reasonable to people at the time:

I'd gather all iv Paris together, an' I'd say, "men," I'd say, "th' press is th' palajem liberties," I'd say; "but our liberties no longer r' pangeem," I'd say. "This wan, whatever it means, an' th' risbands, an' th' buttonholes is broke, an' I'd say. "I've bought all iv ye tickets to Jonanimes say, "an' ye'll be supped there to-night," I'd say. "confreer iv that gr-eat city is worn out with their e an' ye'll find plenty iv wurruk to do. In fact, th' that're anti-seemates 'll never lack employment," "Hincetorta r-r-rancee 'll be freee fr'm th' l'kes iv say. "An' th' nex' mornin' Paris 'd awake on'm an' with no newspaper, an' there'd be more room in papers f'r the base-ball news," says I.

"But, mong liquor dealer, what ye propose 'd de France," says th' President.

"I that's th' case," says I, "Fr-rancee ong depopulated," I says.

Among other subjects on which Mr. Dooley philosophizes are the poems of Mr. Kipling and the performances of La Hobson; but these things are further on in the book.

Mr. Fiske's Essays.

Mr. John Fiske, whose recent most important review in another column, is also the author of *A CENTURY OF SCIENCE, AND OTHER ESSAYS* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.). This is a rather misleading title—only four out of the fourteen essays deal with science at all. The others are chiefly political and literary. They are worth reading. Mr. Fiske, as an American, presents a pleasing contrast to the self-conscious, laborious, sometimes obscure utterances of some of his fellow-countrymen. He always has something definite and original to say, and says it in lucid, forcible English. These essays, though not so strong and slighter than Froend's "Short Studies," remind us in their masculine quality and their wide culture. To the class of persons described by Mr. Fiske as Della Bacon, which, despite the contempt of Shakespearean authorship, is certainly increasing in this country, we commend his paper on the "Bacon Shakespeare Folly."

agency," says Mr. Livingstone, of the negro "which has been continuously and directly at work in his interest has been the missionary Church," and "the Church must continue to be regarded as the main influence engaged in the work of elevating the negroes."

The Revised Spencer.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY, by Herbert Spencer, Vol. II., revised and enlarged edition (Williams and Norgate, 1881). Mr. Spencer's great work on biology has become a classic in his lifetime, and it is matter for congratulation that he has been spared to revise it and bring it into accordance with recent advances in the science. The plan of the revision in this second volume differs from that adopted in the former one. There the additions and corrections were incorporated with the body of the work; here they have been for the most part relegated to notes and appendices. There is no doubt that the latter plan is preferable. An epoch-making book like "The Principles of Biology" should be left as far as possible in the same state in which it first left the author's hand. Many interesting points are treated in the appendices, but the additional matter, as a whole, is smaller in bulk and importance to that in the first volume.

CLASSICAL.

Propertius.

It is a rare thing to see an English translation of Latin verse which, while preserving the thought of the original, vies with it in compression, but in Mr. Seymour Grieg Tremenhoe's *CYRINA* (Macmillan, 4s.) will be found a scholarly rendering of the first book of the Elegies of Propertius, which may fairly be said to have attained this distinction. Propertius is by no means easy to translate adequately. He is often obscure, he is audacious in expression, and the turn of his thought is sometimes so quick as to baffle all search for an equivalent. Moreover the varied cadences of his Elegiacs do not readily lend themselves to reproduction through the medium of any English metre. Nevertheless Mr. Tremenhoe has succeeded wonderfully well with his octosyllabic couplets. The two movements are, of course, dissimilar, the one flowing like a billowy sea, the other running more smoothly and crisply, but the spirit animating each ancient love-poem has been, in nearly every instance, caught and imprisoned unhurt in the new letters. The original poems are printed opposite the English versions of them, which, it should be said, occupy an exactly equal number of lines. The text followed wherever possible is that of the Naples MS. and the few notes added in explanation of readings and renderings are very well worth reading. Mr. Tremenhoe is no friend to unnecessary emendations, but the one conjecture upon which he has ventured in reading "per se ardent" (in place of Scaliger's "per se dent") for "persuadent" in Eleg. 2, 13, seems to have considerable likelihood. We hope he will not think us ill-natured for pointing out that, in Eleg. 20, 13-14, after deciding (doubtless quite rightly) in favour of all three adjectives "duros montes," "frigida saxa," and "expertos lacus" on the ground that it is unlikely "that Propertius would here name three physical features and endow only one of them with an epithet," he has only found room for one epithet himself in the rendering "fell and tarn and freezing tor."

Greek Comedy.

Mr. A. W. Pickard-Cambridge has undertaken a useful work in editing his *GREEK COMIC FRAGMENTS* (Clarendon Press, 5s.). As he rightly says in his preface, these have not hitherto been

to be all that is required, and besides a text, mostly, of course, to Athenians and Stobaeus in which the subjects of the fragments are classed.

Modern Science on Olympus.

It makes one melancholy to see all the material of *THE GODS OF OLD AND THE STORY THAT TELL* (J. A. Fitz Simon and V. A. Fitz Simon, M.D. 10s. 6d.). Years must have been spent in collecting this volume, and we fear it has no value at all. It shows that the ancient poets and philosophers used an allegory the latest discoveries of modern science. The authors had been content with generalities, if they had compared the course of evolution with the course in Genesis, and with Hesiod's growth of the world, it might have been interesting. There is in the volume the thesis, that many Greek deities or legends are originally personifications of natural forces. This is not true, at least up to the present time. The stories that grow up around them are generally nothing to do with their origin. Part fairy tales, part explanations of ritual, part legends refined by imagination. This book, however, shows the poets to be poets at all. The authors read and see in it nothing but "Chemical Forces." (so they call Polyphemus) has no real wheat, but these names, *κρυοί*, *κρηταί*, and *αμπελοι*, are allusions to the attractive energy (*πίρρ*), dissociation (*επιθην*), and combination (*άνα-κλάω*) of heat in the production of lava, or of rock in a molten state. When each "Cyclop" gives law to his wife means that "the respective atoms are governed by their affinities." As an illustration, the formula for the reaction when $H_2 NCl_3$ is heated with CaO . So the story of Polyphemus, "instead of being a silly story with a preposterous transformation, is a story of a volcanic outburst and its after effects." The volume is crammed with the most "preposterous transformations." Thus, *Tiray* is derived from *τι τανύω*, "a molecular matter." A "Titan" is a molecule of $φέρω$, and is the same word as *τίταν* "by a simple addition." *Uranus* is derived from *άρα*, *άρος* from *άββός*, *χρη*. But enough; if the gods of old talked like this, they would be all mad.

Mr. H. Whites' *POLITICIANS' HANDBOOK* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) is known as a highly useful book of reference. The chapters of the 1900 issue treat many controversial subjects impartially, but not too impartially. The rest of the volume consists of Government documents and subjects arranged with explanatory comments. The only suggestion is that the subjects on each page should be placed at the top of it, and that with the title of each page given the date of report or event in question.

That excellent specimen of its class, *THE VIRTUE* (Virtue, 3s. 6d.), by A. C. R. Carter, has appeared in the first annual issue. An improvement this year is the attention paid to applied Art, with an article on the Strange specially devoted to the subject, and a list of representative workers in the field of decorative Art.

Vol. V. of *THE RELIQUARY* (Bemrose, 7s. 6d.) is a fine collection, with many admirable pictures and designs, in a manner worthy of the highest praise. It is

THE GRAVES OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

- The grey-haired mother of the mist
Looks forth across her wintry sea,
" My lads have gone to keep their tryst,
O, when will they come back to me?
- " With skirling pipes and ringing cheers
They left the land of loch and burn,
To-night the sound is in my ears,
But when, ah when, will they return?
- " I know the southern land is fair,
A brighter sun, a bluer sky,
I know that fame is waiting there,
But not for those who drop and die.
- " The one may rise, the many fall,
The shallow grave must hide their bones,
The grass shall be their funeral pall,
Their monument the gathered stones."
- O grey-haired mother of the mist,
O dark-eyed daughter of the sun,
Your lips the same dead lips have kissed,
Though tongues apart, ye yet are one.
- 'Tis Britain by the northern sea,
'Tis Britain by the southern foam,
And thy brave sons, who far from thee
Must close their eyes, still sleep at home.

B. PAUL NEUMAN.

Personal Views.

MEMORIES OF JOHN RUSKIN.

The passing away from us of a great literary force is usually the occasion of more elaborate estimates and of more copious eulogies than were ever offered to the living man. It is so with John Ruskin, who has been as silent as if he were in the grave for some fourteen years, during all which time the busy world has, for the most part, been as silent about his life and work as he has been himself. I have no thought of adding to the essays in which he is now being judged. But as one who has known him now for forty years, I will jot down some personal reminiscences of him in his London and Coniston homes. I have said elsewhere all that I could say of his genius. I will try to give some rough sketch of what he was in the flesh.

It was in 1860 that I first came to know Ruskin. He was teaching a class in drawing at the Working Men's College, where I then took a class in history. He invited me to spend the Sunday at his house in Denmark-hill. It was in the lifetime of his father and mother. And on several other Sundays I was graciously welcomed in that

Economy." "John! John!" I have heard him "what nonsense you're talking!"—when John was one of his magnificent parables, unintelligible as to the sober Scotch merchant, John Ruskin inherited from his father some of his noblest qualities, much of his delicate sense of art. But intellectual father was the very antithesis of the son. He was the strongest, where his brilliant son was weakest, were moments when the father seemed the stronger sense, breadth, and hold on realities. And when he was turned of forty, the father still seemed some his tutor, his guide, his support.

The relations between John Ruskin and his parents among the most beautiful things that dwell in my mind. Towering as he did by genius above his parents, who understood nor sympathized with so much in his career (dating from "Unto this Last"), he invariably towards them with the most affectionate deference submitted without a murmur to the rule of the which, on the Sabbath day, covered his beloved with dark screens. This man, well past middle life, the renown of his principal works, who, for a years, had been one of the chief forces in the literature of our century, continued to show an almost docility towards his father and his mother, respecting complaints and remonstrances, and gracefully submitted to be corrected by their worldly wisdom and experience. The consciousness of his own public duty and the boundless love and duty that he owed his parents could not be expressed in a way more beautiful. One could almost imagine it was in the spirit of the youthful Christ when he said to his mother, "not that I must be about my Father's business?"

In personal manner Ruskin was always, in experience, the very mirror of courtesy, with an indefinable charm of spontaneous lovingness. It was neither the world graciousness of Mr. Gladstone, nor the simplicity of Tourgénéiev—to name some eminent of courteous demeanour—it was simply the irrepressible bubbling up of a bright nature full to the brim with enthusiasm, chivalry, and affection. No boy could out all that he enjoyed and wanted with more freedom: no girl could be more humble, more unassuming. His ideas, his admiration, or his passion seemed to flash out of his spirit and escape his control. But it was always what he loved, not what he hated, that roused his interest. Now all this was extraordinary in a man who, in writing, treated what he hated and scorned with really savage violence, who had such bitter words in his letters to his best friends, who is usually charged with inordinate arrogance and conceit. The world mu

asked me to tell him what Plato had written about the order of society, and in which of his works.

Not only was he in social intercourse one of the most courteous and sweetest of friends, but he was in manner one of the most fascinating and impressive beings whom I ever met. I have talked with Carlyle and Tennyson, with Victor Hugo and Mazzini, with Garibaldi and with Gambetta, but no one of these ever impressed me more vividly with a sense of intense personality, with the inexplicable light of genius which seemed to well up spontaneously from heart and brain. It remains a psychological puzzle how one who could write with passion and scorn such as Carlyle or Byron never reached, who in print was so often *Athanasius contra mundum*, and opened every assertion with "I know," was in private life one of the gentlest, gayest, humblest of men.

I incline to think that the violence and arrogance which were imputed to him came of a kind of literary *æstrus* which he never attempted to control. He let himself go, as perhaps no writer since Rabelais ever has done. And this vehemence, as of some Delphic priestess on the tripod, seemed to sting him into strong words even in his private letters to friends in the midst of the most affectionate terms. I have before me twenty or thirty of his letters full of—"You don't understand that a bit—ever affectionately yours,"—and so forth. In one letter he described an eminent English philosopher, for whom I had a deep regard and high admiration, as "a mere loathsome crétin." This, I think, was at a time of much brain excitement, and was followed on my remonstrances by a hearty apology. Vehement language with Ruskin was a literary weakness, rather than a moral fault. He has paid a bitter penalty for failing to overcome the tendency. There was an absurd epigram about Goldsmith that begins, "he wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." Of Ruskin it might be said that he talked like an angel, and wrote as if he were one of the Major Prophets.

His private letters were wonderfully characteristic, full of the passion, the banter, the incoherence, and the affection which pours forth in *Fors*. Nothing can be imagined more spontaneous, more sympathetic, more fanciful, more tender, along with spasms of rage and indignation. He goaded me into the reply I have published in the "Choice of Books," and in his letters flung about his epithets and similes like a man in a passion. He once asked me to tell him what I meant by a passage in a published piece of mine. I fell into the trap, and stated my meaning in a private letter. "What!" he wrote back, "do you suppose I care what you mean, or don't mean! But I love you.—John Ruskin." He was then I long pursuing a bad illness. No one can imagine

Magazine and then *Fraser's Magazine* "Last" will probably survive them both.

I saw him last in the October of 1880, some days in his house at Coniston. He had changed from the man I knew in 1860, but it was the calm sunset of a long life, a life of peace, of business, of combat, or denunciation at rest for a

Nothing but well and f

And what may quiet us in a death s

With his long snow-white beard, peaceful manner, he might have been the model of a prophet. All his surroundings were of the most contentment—exquisite nature, rare art, a family—roses, the Coniston Old Man and the drawings of his friends, illuminated manuscripts, and precious books. I read there some of the most precious romances in the original manuscript, and the choicest gems that he spared for himself, and gave as gifts to the public. And then we talked of whereon we were always heartily at one with Scott, the Alps, and the English Lakes.

FREDERIC

Notes.

The recent heavy losses among our veterans make one look round for the survivors. It is pleasant that there are still among us a dozen at least of high distinction who have passed their three score years and ten. Dr. Samuel Smiles is the reverend elder of the eighty-eighth year. Next to him comes Mr. P. known to our fathers as "Festus" Bailey, just over by less than four years. Then four years comes Mr. Herbert Spencer, and near about W. H. Russell, a famous war correspondent. In the war correspondents were fewer than they are now. Dr. Alfred Wallace and Mr. Goldwin Smith has recently reminded us, in his seventy-sixth year, Professor Max Müller only a few months younger. Maedonald is in his seventy-sixth year, and I. Westcott, the learned Bishops of Oxford are in his seventy-fifth. Mr. George Meredith will be next Monday week, and Dr. S. R. Gardiner will be a few weeks later. Ruskin would have been celebrating his eightieth birthday next Thursday.

Miss May Bateman sends us the following showing one special and less known side of his nature:—

The gulf of seventeen years is bridged by the child again when I remember Ruskin. The "I counted him amongst their friends will be impressive memories, will see in him as a teacher, as the case may be. His name is in the book of the nation's life, but in the life of the children, had the privilege of knowing

Judgment. The phrases he used were perhaps less strange to us than to many children, accustomed as we were to the wise ways of a father who brought us up on Mallory and Shakespeare, and let us loose in a big library of classical literature when we were eight years old. But even so, we felt that Ruskin's words were of unusual distinctness, that they had light and colour. From earliest childhood he made us sensitive to sound, alert in valuing minute grades of expression, while "Make us see things!" was our constant cry.

In spite of his literary work and lectures, the all-engrossing calls upon his time, the claims of friends and acquaintances, and a vast correspondence, he found time to answer all our letters by return of post. "Everybody else next time," he wrote me in a letter dated the fourth of January, 1884. Elder persons might be kept waiting, altogether disappointed even—but never a child. On one occasion, so obviously hurried that the date is omitted, he remembers to add the friendly warning to "get out in the air," of which a book-loving child, thirsty for knowledge and keenly alive to her deficiencies, needed reminder. And again, in an urgent postscript, "We must both have something to keep us off our books."

To such a man one told one's hopes and dreams quite naturally. Who knows that it is not owing to his influence that so many of those last have stayed? His own dreams were at once so vital and so near that he could summon them at will when with a child. When people speak of Ruskin as he appeared to them, a brilliant, assertive figure, a pioneer of new thoughts, with hand upraised pointing the way in which a number of disciples followed, I try—but vainly—to reconcile it with my portrait. To-day and to the end of life he will appear to me as simple "friend"—the kindest and most "understanding," except my father, whom I ever met—a man for whom one felt all a child's sympathy because he was "so very old," mixed with a love and trust which, from a child, only the greater souls command.

* * * *

If the function of the title is to serve as a guide to the contents of the volume to which it is prefixed, not a few, certainly, of Ruskin's book-titles fail to conform to this requirement. "Sesame and Lilies," "Fors Clavigera," "Unto this Last," and some others are so familiar that we overlook the fact that none of them affords the would-be purchaser the slightest clue as to the subject of the book. The worst is the famous "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds." Of this treatise Burton tells us in his "Book Hunter" that it had a considerable run among midland farmers whose reception of it was not flattering, and that a librarian, making the same mistake as to the character of the book, had it bound up between "Suggestions as to Eating off Turnips with Stock" and "An Enquiry concerning the best materials for Smearing."

* * * *

Most of the literary interest of the magazines that we are able to notice this week centres in the *causeries*. In *Longinus*, Mr. Andrew Lang deplores the economic results of the changes in the public taste in literature:—

The "softness" of the penman's "job" attracts people; it is amusing, too, and offers a promise of notoriety if not of fame. But it becomes less and less of a stable and permanent job; the recruit of to-day is a veteran the day after to-morrow. Lawyers, doctors, dentists are not superannuated so rapidly.

It is true enough, no doubt, in a way, and truer than it was fifty, or even thirty, years ago. A modern novelist of Harrison Ainsworth's calibre would not be likely nowadays to keep his

rising young men of letters, and too little fuss a young man in other professions, and that "the idea that is stupid is persistent and needs dispelling." He has lately been writing to the papers to point out the persistence of the idea is due to the fact that clever men go into the Army, because they have better chances of and distinguishing themselves in other careers. I think Mr. Street is wrong in his belief that the public is more interested in men of letters than in soldiers, at any present time. Anecdotes about the private life of Baden-Powell would command a better market than about the private life of the most brilliant of our novelists. If they do not appear in such large quantities because they are not so easy to get.

Other literary articles to which attention should be drawn are: "Isaac Walton's Life of Donne," by the Rev. H. B. Eschsching, in *Cornhill*, and "The Joint Authorship of *Comedies* of Marlowe and William Shakespeare," by Mr. James T. Spedden, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Eschsching concludes:

"That 'Loerino,' 'Titus Andronicus,' 'Edmund Spenser,' 'Edward III.' 'The Taming of the Shrew' are all originally Marlowe's. That Shakespeare, after his death, adopted in part and almost wholly re-wrote 'Andronicus,' certainly contributed some scenes to 'III.,' but absolutely appropriated 'The Taming of the Shrew,' making it by adoption and reconstruction as claimed his own.

Last, but not least, comes *Blackwood's*, which is full of flavour with a delightful article by Sir Herbert Max Müller, "Odd Volume," viz., "Lays of the Dear Forest," by Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, including an account of the Sobieski Stuarts; a review of the two volumes of "Maria Joseph"; and some criticisms, some by no means undeserved, on recent volumes of *Reviews* under the heading, "Musings without Method."

Blackmore's grievance about the predominant position of "Lorna Doone" was an instance of an experience not so ununiversal among authors. Flaubert, for example, had some trouble about "Madame Bovary." As Maupassant's this famous novel was made a kind of glorious obstacle in the course of its successors, till Flaubert had drunk the bitterness of a past and unrepeatable success, necessarily an example of the parent's fondness for favoured offspring. Sometimes the judgment of the public is right; more often, perhaps, the instinct of the public.

One of the most curious examples of metre in prose found in the late Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." His metre for prose is not the common one of blank verse, but a four-foot trochaic line of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." For example, the following passage, which to be appreciated extended in poetical form:—

But, confound it, while I ponder,
with delicious dreams suspended,
with my right arm hanging frustrated,
and my giant sickle drooped,
with my left arm bowed for clasping
something more germane than wheat,
and my eyes not minding business
but intent on distant woods . . .

Note that wherever there is a syllable too few at the end of the line the last syllable, "drooped," "wheat," "woods" is followed by a sustained pause on it, as was the rule with G.

Few people know how commonly "that terrible taint—Poetry," as Ben Jonson calls it, is to be found in English prose, or recognize what a pitfall it is in the path of the unwary writer. Stevenson laid down the rule that prose must be rhythmical, but not metrical.

A single heroic line may very well pass and not disturb the somewhat larger stride of the prose style; but one line following another will produce an instant impression of poverty, flatness, and disenchantment. . . . But such is the inherently rhythmical strain of the English language that the bad writer—and must I take for example that admired friend of my boyhood, Captain Reid?—the inexperienced writer, as Dickens in his earlier attempts to be impressive, and the jaded writer, as any one may see for himself, all tend to fall at once into the production of bad blank verse.

Stevenson does not appear to have noticed that a whole anthology might be compiled from English prose, containing examples of hexameters, lyrical, and even rhymed metre. On the use of rhyme we might quote the opinion of an author who certainly has a style of his own, none other than Artemus Ward. In his "Visit to Brigham Young" he writes:—

The wimmin was of all sizes and ages. Sun was pretty and sun was plaine—sun was healthy and sun was on the wayne—which is verses, tho' sich was not my intention, as I dont 'prove of puttin' verses in Proze rittens, tho' if ocasshun requires I can jerk a Poem ekal to any of them *Atlantic Monthly* fellers.

The unconscious attraction of rhyme seems to affect not only the humorist, but even the driest mathematical minds. Dr. Smith in his "System of Optics" is evidently so overcome by the poetry of his subject that he bursts into verse:—"Where parallel rays come contrary ways and fall upon opposite sides." Mechanics also seems to inspire its devotees. Dr. Whewell in his treatise on that subject writes:—"Hence no force however great can stretch a cord however fine into an horizontal line which is absolutely straight." But the most prolific producer of these hybrid lyrics is Disraeli. The following passage from his "Alroy" must really be written as poetry:—

It is the tender twilight hour,
when maidens, in their lonely bower,
sigh softer than the eve.
The languid rose her head upraises,
and listens to the nightingale,
while his wild and thrilling praises
from his trembling bosom gush;
the languid rose her head upraises
and listens with a blush.
In the clear and rosy air,
sparkling with a single star,
the sharp and spiry cypress tree
rises like a gloomy thought
amid the flow of revelry.
A singing bird, an odorous flower,
are dangerous in the tender hour,
when maidens, in their twilight bower,
sigh softer than the eve.

In Maginn's "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters, with Portraits by Daniel Maclise, R.A.," originally published in *Frazer's Magazine*, 1830-38, and re-published in volume form in 1873, there is an excellent parody of Disraeli's poetical style attached to his portrait:—

O reader dear! do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair, and forehead fair, and nose so high, and gleaming eye, of Benjamin D'Le-ras-eli, the wondrous boy who wrote "Alroy" in rhyme, and some only to show how long you

be drawn as an example from its obscurity in *Frazer's* recently published "Pausanias":—

The windows of my study look on the tree-ancient college, where the sundial marks the hours and in the long summer days the drowsily mild flowers and grass; where, as the deepen, the lights come out in the blazon Elizabethan hall, and from the chapel the symphony choir blend with the pealing music of the peaceful air, telling of man's eternal aspiration and goodness and immortality. Here, if from the tumult and bustle of the world we vanities and ambitions, the student may hope to hear the voice of truth, to penetrate through the questions of the hour to the realities which which we fondly hope must abide, as the generations go.

It is in passages such as this, rich, rhythmical, but without a trace of metre, that we find the art of conceding the art.

Last Friday saw the first number of the *Sphere* of which the world was prepared some time before. The former is certainly more impressive in externals. Its size, its print, its paper, are all sumptuous, and have an individuality about them which we are told in the "Forewords":—"The curves kiss their asymptotes and grow real on the infinite sphere. The very *Sphere* in the starry space of journalism should im-

like a watcher of the
When some new planet swims into his
The artists of the *Sphere* do not illustrate carresses on the part of curves and asymptotes. Pictures are varied and good, especially those that are not ousted by the photographer. The cover, too, may be commended. There is a welcome about it, and it does not follow the prevailing fashion of *personalia*. We note one little sign of the time: a man is beginning to assert himself once more in a column headed "The Well-dressed Woman" on "The Well-dressed Man." One omission worth mentioning in the comprehensive contents—there is no corner for that will come.

The following, from a letter addressed to Wirt Gerrard, demands attention. The subject is the British Museum Library:—

There are many books which should be in the library, but have been missed, owing to the negligence of the officials or the failure of the publishers to comply with the provisions of the Copyright Act. When I commenced to compile a special bibliography I discovered the omissions of books published long ago, and mentioned in the lists of the publishers' ordinary periodicals as the *Bookseller's* or *Circular*. More recently I have discovered widely different subjects "are neither entered in the library: consequently I am convinced that the publishers to send books is more common than that the official method of checking the records is inadequate.

This is a charge which, if Mr. Wirt Gerrard can furnish particulars, obviously calls for a reply.

It is just as well that a play like *Money*

conversation, to be "a clever, shrewd fellow." So, no doubt, he was. His name was Kenney. Crabbs Robinson, when he met him at Samuel Rogers', called him "the dramatic poet." He was the author of innumerable pieces, most of them deserving Maenulay's severe judgment, but he was thought none the worse of for making a living in this way. His friends recognized that it was necessary to hit the public's "very bad taste" if a playwright wanted to succeed. So it was with Lytton also, especially in *Moury*. *The Lady of Lyons* seems to us absurdly stilted and unreal, but it is by far the better play of the two, although *Money* is based on a stronger idea. If he had had an intelligent audience to appeal to, Lytton might have penned a really fine comedy of manners. As Mr. Henry Arthur Jones told the Playgoers' Club last Sunday evening, the quality of work the dramatist produces must depend upon the audience before whom he produces it and by whom it is judged.

Mr. H. A. Jones was, as usual, rather serious in his remarks on the theatre. For twenty years, he said, we had been talking and writing about the English drama. Its "renaissance" has always been imminent, but it has never "reincarnated." What is the reason? Simply that the British public does not take the drama seriously, or, as Mr. Jones put it, that they do not realize "the distinction between dramatic art and popular amusement." "Amusement" is not quite the word. Surely the public cannot find much amusement in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Sign of the Cross*. It would be more correct to say that they demand entertainment or light recreation and do not care by what means they get it. It is as if a restaurant keeper, prepared to supply elaborate meals, should find his customers asking only for pastry and American drinks. The remedy is to create gradually a public for an artistic, intelligent drama, dealing, as the novel deals, with every side of life, based upon the study of life and manners; appealing, as the novel appeals, to educated, refined, and intellectual tastes.

But there is one thing that playwrights of the new school must avoid as carefully as playwrights of the old school, and that is dulness. No audiences in the world will tolerate plays like *Mrs. Maxwell's Marriage*, Mr. Sydney Ollivier's piece, which the Stage Society produced for the first (and last) time the other day. There is no reason at all why an author should not treat of serious subjects, and yet be witty. Dumas *filis* showed how it can be done; so did Emile Augier; so did Octave Feuillet; so did Mr. Pinero in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and in *The Benefit of the Doubt*. But the authors who nowadays offer us serious plays, unconventional plays, plays in which (they proudly boast) "there is no money," and which are meant only for the cultured few, seem to confuse seriousness with tediousness. Ibsen is partly to blame. When the master so clearly lacks humour, it is not for the pupils to parade unseasonable wit. But we do not want an Ibsen school of playwrights. We want playwrights with ideas of their own.

It is a hopeful sign when clever writers like "George Fleming" turn their attention to the stage. *The Canary* improves upon acquaintance. "George Fleming," if she would take the trouble to study the art of play-writing, might some day turn out a really good comedy. Study would show her, for instance, that a play should not be opened by three people who have a five minutes' dialogue of no interest, and then disappear and are no more seen; that a three-act piece must have movement; and that each act should not be based on exactly the

same old story. *The Canary* is a kind of story, but it does not seem to lend itself to such treatment. The drawing of slips to decide which of the two men—the lover shall commit suicide—is dramatic in the best sense, but it would be difficult to make it really effective on the stage. Its consequences can hardly be represented by stage action, for they are principally mental. However, it is quite worth hearing as little of this project six months hence as we hear now of the various dramatic versions of "The Sign of the Cross," which much was said at the time when Mr. Seton's book was in its full tide of popularity.

Mrs. P. F. Fitzgerald, who died the other day, was a writer on philosophy. Her last book, "The Rational Ideal of Morality," was published nearly three years ago. Previously she published a "Protest against Agnosticism" in 1878 and in 1882 an "Essay on the Philosophy of Self-Consciousness."

The German poet and playwright, Hermann von Schlegel, just begun the eighty-second year of his strange career, he came out as a poet he was a physician in the service of Maximilian II. of Bavaria. His exertions in this capacity led to a mental collapse which landed him in an asylum at Winnethal. His departure from it was, by his own desire, conditional upon his winning a game of chess. After undergoing this test with success he retired to his home to devote himself to literature. In 1851 his first volume, with a laudatory introduction by Goethe, was published. His tragedy *Catiline* still holds the stage, but he is best known for the powerful epic called "Die Volkerwanderung," which produced a number of fine lyrics; and not the least of his writings are his dramas of *Die Halkyden*, *Voland*, and *Chytra*, his "Byzantinischen Novellen," and his biography, published a few weeks ago, entitled "Lebensreise."

BOOKSELLERS' ROW.

The London County Council's schemes of improvement in the neighbourhood of the Strand have long sealed the fate of "Bookellers' Row," properly known as Holywell Street, by the Strand front of the offending block of buildings is to be immediately destroyed. According to the County Council minutes this portion of the Strand improvements will be completed by the end of March—which means that the shops on the Strand from Newcastle Street to St. Clement Dane's Church will be demolished, and paving set down. The most famous shop in the neighbourhood, Mr. Nutt, of 270-271, Strand, will be the first to go, and the scholars and specialists who have haunted his shop for so many years will shortly be established in Long Acre.

Mr. Nutt's business was founded at No. 158, Fleet Street, in 1829, by the late Mr. David Nutt, who started as a clerk in the firm of Messrs. Moberly, the great house of the day. Mr. Asher, the Quaritch of the middle of the century, had relations with Messrs. Moberly, and appointed Mr. Nutt to take charge of his London agency on the recommendation. Subsequently he established himself as a general importer of foreign literature, and his connection with the house of Moberly led to his starting a branch shop in the Strand in the early thirties. He then

were almost exclusively educational; now it is specially distinguished by the manner in which it deals with the literature relating to folk-lore, Mr. Alfred Nutt being one of the earliest and most enthusiastic members of the Folk-lore Society. Such publications as the *Tudor Translations*, edited by Mr. Henley, are also undertaken by the firm. The business, however, has always been essentially the importation and distribution of foreign literature of a scholarly character, and there has probably not been an important book of the kind published within the last sixty years or so that the firm has not taken up or been connected with.

The recent decision of the London County Council to spend a further sum of £2,472,500 in completing the purchases of property needed for the proposed street from the Strand to Holborn will probably hasten the end of Holywell Street. Inquiries made among the booksellers there, however, disclose the fact that they expect the buildings themselves to see the present year out at least. In any case, the old-world thoroughfare is sure to be widely missed, notwithstanding the unenviable reputation which seems, almost from its earliest days, to have clung to this "narrow and inconvenient avenue of ill-famed houses," as one historian has described it. Chroniclers of London Life have apparently deemed it prudent not to enlarge upon the spot. But Addison, Boswell, Dr. Johnson, Pepys, Izaak Walton and Dickens—to mention only a few of the names which instantly occur to us—were all closely connected with the history of the district, and their forms were once familiar enough in the thoroughfare now doomed to destruction. Cowper also must often have passed through when returning to his chambers in Lyon's Inn. It is interesting to note that the old sign of the Half Moon—evidently a relic of the silk-mercers' days, when their shop signs hung conspicuously in Holywell Street—is still in its position opposite to the entrance to Lyon's Inn. The name of Holywell is derived from the Holy Well of St. Clement, which, according to Stow, "is always full and never wanteth water." The actual site of the well has caused endless controversy, into which it is beside our purpose to enter. In the early days the tenantry of Holywell Street were vaguely described as "divers salesmen and piece-brokers," while later we are told that silk-mercers became the leaseholders and held a mart there. As the silk industry waned the second-hand booksellers crept in and gradually took possession of the street. Disreputable dealers began to crowd upon the legitimate traders as early as the eighteenth century, and although Lord Campbell's Act improved matters in this respect, it did not entirely purge the street of its evil taint. But it will best be remembered as the happy hunting ground of many generations of book-lovers and students, whose successors appear likely to find a new quarter established near the Charing Cross Road, whither many of the evicted dealers are going. Messrs. Denny, however, have secured premises nearer at hand in the Strand.

A FOREIGN VISITOR TO ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND.*

German travellers in Elizabethan England do not begin and end with Hentzner. There are at least five or six others, less generally known, perhaps, who have left interesting records of what they saw in England between 1584 and 1598. And now Professor Binz, of Basle, has discovered yet another traveller to our shores at the end of the sixteenth century, whose diary is especially interesting from its

dealing with England or the Low Countries. However, Professor Binz printed in a small pamphlet passages describing the London playhouses in 1599. These prove to be of the highest interest with the stage of Shakespeare's time. Platter in England (September 18 to October 20, 1599) influential introductions, seems to have gone and seen everything. Here are some of his experiences of amusement:—

On September 21 [1599] at about two of the busy meal, I went across the water with the House with a thatched roof saw the Theatre Emperor Julius Cæsar very well played by At the end of the play they danced after the prettily with each other, two in men's, and costume.

It is quite possible that Platter is here referring to the Theatre, which was built in 1599 out of the dismantled playhouse known as the Theatre, probably a tragedy on the same subject as *Julius Cæsar*, a Roman history play. Such a composition would have existed as early as 1589, and to have been Shakespeare's company. It is most unlikely to be Shakespeare's tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*.

Another time [records Platter] not far from stopping in the suburbs close to the Bishopsgate, I saw a comedy. It presented men of all an Englishman fought to gain possession of the match and more for them all, except for the therefore, successful in getting the girl. I her, and drank so deeply with his servant became tipsy; the servant threw his shoe at and then they fell asleep. Meanwhile the English the tent, took the German's prize from him him. At the end they danced prettily, both and the Irish fashion. Every day at two o'clock afternoon there are performed in London three plays at different places, of which the Theatre has the largest number of spectators are so built that the players perform on a raised thus the audience can easily see what is going on the ground, is the place where people who wish to be more comfortable and to more. Those who prefer to stand, pay only [penny] but those who want a seat enter and pay one denarius. If any one desires to sit in the best places where he may not only sit must pay at another door yet another English And it is usual for people to eat and drink if you can refresh yourself at your pleasure.

The players wear the most costly and for it is the custom in England, that when no die, they leave their finest clothes to the since it would not be fitting for them to wear garments, sell them soon afterwards to the sum.

How pleasant a time may be spent even is known to all who have been present at the We are unable at the moment to identify the evidently, as Professor Binz remarks, a very guiltless of all pretensions to literature. The manners and customs of the audience, on the

The conclusion of the extracts we have been fortunate enough to see is somewhat curious at a time when Englishmen were founding their reputation as great travellers.

The English [Platter declares] find their recreation in these and other pastimes; they learn from plays what is going on in other lands, and they go to them frequently, men and women together, for the greater number of Englishmen do not much care to travel, but prefer to gain new experience and to take their amusement at home.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Professor Binz may quickly print the whole of the diary recording the journey to England. The manuscript is in the library of Basle University.

Foreign Letter.

FRANCE.

In one of the early numbers of *Littérature* mention was made of the curious collection of notes which M. de Mitty, of the *Belle Blanche*, had found among the manuscripts of Henri Beyle (Stendhal) at the Grenoble Library. The assertion of M. de Mitty, in his edition of these notes, that the store of riches at Grenoble had now been exhausted by him piqued my curiosity to see for myself, among Stendhal's manuscripts, if in reality no discoveries were yet to be made for the better comprehension of an author to whom Balzac, M. Bourget, and M. Barrès have given perhaps more than his due among French writers of the present century. The "discoveries" to be made there are numerous. The historian of French thought cannot afford to neglect those immense folio sheets to which Beyle consigned his impressions of travel over a Europe not as yet covered by a network of railways. Here are to be found the most precious documents on the influence of English literature upon French literature, and whole notebooks of extracts from Hobbes, with discussions of the most important passages in the tract on "Human Nature." After careful examination of these papers I venture to say that with *Cabanis* Hobbes is almost entirely responsible for the method of Stendhal. The latter revels in analysing the Englishman's mechanical system of the passions. Stendhal finished reading Hobbes on the 3rd Messidor, Year XII. He had already pored over a copy of "Shakespeare's Beauties," and an eight-volume edition of the "Plays." He had read Milton and Pope's "Odyssey." All his life he loved English and studied English writers. In his "Mémoires d'un Touriste"—which, by the way, is, with *Cæsar's* "Commentaries," the best book with which to travel in France—he constantly quotes English words and phrases. He is an Anglophile before M. Bourget. The author of the "Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature" would find in facts of this sort matter for an entire chapter. It has been said that before Voltaire went to England he was not Voltaire. No less may would it be to show that before Beyle had read Hobbes he was not Stendhal.

With these documents before us it is not so difficult to unravel the texture of Stendhal's mind. There is rich and humorous suggestion in the following words inscribed on the fly-leaf of a journal of his trip of 1838 to Bordeaux, the South of France, and Geneva. He had had sad experiences with odious gendarmes in Italy; more than once his papers were seized, for he was a man whose appearance not infrequently exposed him to suspicion as a spy. On one of the Journals he takes the precaution to put the police in good humour, and here is his device:

Messieurs de la Police
Ici rien de la politique.

Instead of dwelling on the literary product of the last it is opportune, too, just now when almost every man fresh proof of the progress of English, and notably *Spenser*, studies in France, to note Beyle's attention to *Hamlet* to his own youthful experiences, and his failure to complete the version of that play of which he left us his curious rough sketches.

He was always passionately enamoured of the form. His idea was "to work in society as it exists to quote throughout from unpublished manuscripts" which still remain to be combated, and to arrange them to the greater or less degree of harm they can produce as he says. In going up and down the Paris streets, over a subterranean Paris, some portions of which, sufficient *financé*, "he will be able to get at and to steal not in this cold-blooded and mechanical way that gratification is produced. To be the great writer of plays which Hobbes and *Cabanis* and to give his days and nights to the study of Molière, or even to read Regnard instead of Molière, soon found out, the only form in which he was co-ordinating his observations of men and women, somewhat shapeless one to which he has attached his name, the *Christine de France*. But, meanwhile, he fell under the spell of *Hamlet*, and an incident in his own life, the flight, well known to Beyle, from Grenoble to Marseilles, to follow an actress with whom he was in love, came off later on to assimilate in his imagination his own past with the experience of the northern prince, who, like him, was ironical by temper, and who, like himself, loved not the sublime philosophy but a charming and helpless girl. It was the curious mixture of these youthful occupations, and the habit of mind induced by perusal of Hobbes and Molière, which resulted in.

The personages in the new *Hamlet* which he meant to write were as follows:—Alfred, King of Denmark; Hamlet, son of Alfred, nephew of Claudius; Regan, the mother of Alfred, the widow of Alfred, the wife of Claudius; Ophelia, the daughter of Claudius; and Casimir, the general of the army of Denmark. If there had ever been a playbill of this new *Hamlet*, it would have borne:

Alfred, a great prince and a great law-giver, reigned in Denmark. He conceived the idea of endowing Denmark with some of the beneficial institutions of more southern countries. He began some of his reforms, and let the people understand that he contemplated introducing others. He thus drew upon himself the hatred of the *haute noblesse* and of the *bourgeois*. Now Alfred had a brother, Claudius by name, a hard, cold man, who had distinguished himself in the wars of the reign of his father Christian. He could not brook by the prudent Alfred without anything to do. The discontent of the nobles gave him the idea of deposing King, his brother, and of taking his place. He raised a standard of revolt, and formed an army. Alfred fought against him and beat him in battle, but afterwards pardoned him. Claudius perfidiously accepted the pardon, and wisely abandoned his scheme. During his time he spent his days at his brother's Court.

Meanwhile Alfred won over many of the nobles and Claudius beheld the party of the discontented diminishing. He finally recognized that a rising would be impossible, and decided to wreak his vengeance by subjugation of the kingdom by the poisoning of the King, by getting himself appointed guardian of the young Hamlet, by compassing Hamlet's death, and by then ascending the throne himself. He was a brave man, in the flower of his age. He resumed his former

With these data the young Beyle begins his play. His intentions he states several times in detached papers, but more explicitly on a folio catalogued as number 28 in Tome XXIV. of the Beyle manuscripts, which bears on the first page the words, " Begun the 27th Brumaire, year 11, and abandoned the 15th Frimaire, year 11." On the reverse of the cover is the following: " Crimes, however hidden they may be, are sooner or later discovered and punished," and this:—" Everything should yield to duty, yes, even love." On page 1 we have the title:—" *Hamlet*: Tragedy in 5 Acts, and in verse." A mysterious annotation in the upper left-hand corner reads:—" Abandoned the 15th Frimaire until I shall have acquired strength enough to bury *Hypermeestre*." This, Beyle evidently thought, would remain unintelligible to his future biographer, so he has added, in a later hand than that of the text, but in the same as that of the first annotation, " I found the situation of the fifth act on the 10th and 11th Frimaire in the evening. I read in *La Harpe* that it was in *Hypermeestre*." And he goes on:—" I mean to depict in the tragedy of *Hamlet* the opposition between filial love and love." Now in September 1802, at the age of nineteen, according to Colomb—in his famous biographical notice of his friend—Beyle returned to Grenoble after his military service in Italy:—

Voici [says Colomb, speaking of this period], lui dont les idées et les sentiments avient éprouvé de si notables modifications dans sa vie aventureuse à Paris et en Italie, au sein d'une famille qui est restée absolument ce qu'elle était au moment où il a quitté le toit paternel. C'est un jeune étourdi, soldat par les formes, libertin par la pensée, qui veut reformer radicalement des gens vieux, respectant, à peu de chose près, tout ce qu'il méprise, et ayant en horreur tout ce qui fait l'objet de ses prédilections.

But we must not forget the episode of the Grenoble actress, which, if we may believe Colomb, took place in 1805, three years later. Beyle's own description of his *Hamlet* is most suggestive:—*Hamlet, jeune, du plus grand courage et de la plus noble franchise. Il a fait la guerre sous son père; il a 22 ans. Éperduement amoureux d'Ophélie, pourvu par le spectre de son père.* Here we have Beyle painted by himself, and I cannot but recall somewhat ironically, in presence of this discrepancy of dates, Stendhal's remark, in the "Mémoires," where, referring to the people of Dauphiny, he speaks of their "complete inaptitude for hypocrisy," adding, *il est absolument contre la nature des Dauphinois d'être dupes.*

But Beyle does not want the persons into whose hands his manuscripts may fall "to be duped," so he takes no end of trouble to clear up this whole business of the *Hamlet* manuscript, fearing perhaps also that his admirers may discover one day that he is wanting in perseverance, that he is brimming over with ideas, but that he never finishes things. So we find him explaining once more—on another sheet of paper, inserted in this manuscript of the play which, in his youthful ardour, he thought destined to bring him fame—why the manuscript was never completed. His explanations, as will be seen, serve only to carry him further and further into the tangle of embarrassing admissions. He says—

I give up this subject, which is capable of furnishing one of the finest tragedies of the French stage. But it is not for ever that I quit thee, oh, my dear *Hamlet*, at least so I hope. I abandon it because the situation of the fifth act is in *Hypermeestre*, and I do not wish to start my career with a copy. I found in this play the character of Bodeslas [the name he first chose for Claudius], an ambitious *parfait*, to be developed . . . a superb exposition and one altogether natural, the whole system of *chivalry* to be worked out: duty in the breasts

was a Bodeslas II., King of Poland and tyrant attach this tragedy. It was my plan to render ing, and to bring her out, but very little. . . her at the fifth act. I am reading Alfieri, with pleasure. I have read Clement's "Lettres" have appeared to me full of sense.

Really, self-consciousness is the mother of deception, as well as of vanity. Stendhal passes in which most of us spend some of our best years; futile and, as I think, uncritical, to ridier attitudes which these notes reveal. For the craft the individual confessions as to the way are worth as much as the finished product. As says, "the thing about which men talk and selves."

FICTION.

Mr. William Locke writes so well that regretting while we read his new novel *The V* (6s.) that he does not write better still. It above the average work, but it just misses seems to us, being first rate. He has the seeing he has the capacity for emotion, but he is the plot, being a mechanically planned-out thing, thing, inevitably lands the writer in melodramatic time-dishonoured untruths. Frank Leroux, the woman already dead when the story begins, the accident; and the long arm of coincidence dep fever, beneath the roof of the injured widowe ignorant of his injury. Sylvester Lanyon, the v the dying man, and the dying man begins to bal sin; "Constance, Constance!" he cries, "Con but to make assurance sure, and because the Constances, he adds impressively in italics "know." We submit that this is not well-realized; it is simply lifted from that gre worn devices, and it is doubtful whether however well done, should be admissible in a masters have admitted it; Flaubert has dra struggles of Madame Bovary, Tolstôï has giv protracted dying of Ivan Ilyitch. But say the situation is one strenuously to avoid, Mr. L forces us to assist at not one, but two death-l is as unconvincing as the first. On the nothing but praise to give to his able chara the attitude of the Lanyons, father and son singularly beautiful and touching. The read at least, the emotion has been genuinely felt

Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald's engross and the *Cherub*, and the pleasant comedy *The Moonlight Blossom*, have aroused curios tales of which examples are given in C (Heinemann, 6s.). The admirers of Mr. Fern be disappointed in his tales of Chinese, modified by its environment in an Ameri amusing and arresting. The keenly observed and customs, the vices and the virtues, th of this exotic people, who, with traditions b from the immemorial past, pitch their c corner of the new world, make a delight Fernald writes the rather annoying Chinese One is inclined to say with a character

It is well worth reading for the characters of the two sisters and its admirable pictures of life in Italy.

A CRAZY MOMENT, by Sarah Tytler (Digby, Long, 6s.), is a pleasant, readable story enough, in spite of sundry glaring improbabilities. It involves child-stealing by a childless young woman, and a sudden exposure of the fraud at a particularly awkward moment for the child. Miss Tytler does not believe over much in maternal instinct or filial instinct either. When the real mother and the child are thrown together, in ignorance of their relationship, she makes them rather dislike one another—an original, and probably correct, variation from the usual thing.

Correspondence.

AGAIN ON "THE HOOLIGAN."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed to point out certain errors in Mr. Herbert Paul's article of last week which a more leisurely reading of my paper would have enabled him to avoid?

(1) He accuses me of saying that there are now no critics. What I say is, while considering the highest kind of criticism—that of the scholar who possesses the true critical faculty—that there is "comparatively little" at the present day. "Little" is not quite, I submit, the same thing as "none."

(2) He says that I would put criticism into the hands of "the illiterate." But my words are "He"—the critic—"must be a scholar."

(3) I do not think, nor have I said, that "it is impossible for a writer of imagination to be a critic." I say that the imaginative and the critical faculty are distinct; I admit that they are sometimes found in the same person, and I quote from a distinguished novelist who is also a critic. And there is nothing whatever in my view to exclude Goethe or any other man who possesses both the imaginative and the critical faculty.

(4) I do not say that criticism should be "all praise." What I do say, speaking of the true critic, is this:—"He applies his canons of criticism without merey, but without bias." Is this to want nothing but praise?

(5) I did not accuse Mr. Buchanan of jealousy. My remarks on jealousy were general and spoken of all the professions.

(6) As regards Mr. Buchanan's view, I have done just what Mr. Herbert Paul wants. That is, I have acknowledged his right to hold his own views and to state them. My words are:—"He has his views and has stated them. Very well. I have mine and I propose to state them."

That Mr. Buchanan should stoop to call Mr. Rudyard Kipling a "Hooligan" is, to me, at least, deplorable and worthy of being compared with the abuse of a fish-wife. The language is strong. Is it too strong? A Hooligan is a rowdy, a bully, a ruffian, a thief, and the enemy of all law and order. If Mr. Paul thinks my language too strong, he will, at least, allow me to hold my own view.

Mr. Paul adduces instances in which lawyers have criticized each other. Why not? They do not, however, call each other "Hooligan," or any other offensive names. And this makes all the difference.

He cannot find any of the contempt for letters of which I speak. This is very surprising. I am sure that Mr. Paul has read as much of the eighteenth-century literature as I have myself, and that if he will think a little he will acknowledge the existence of this contempt and of the "savagery of attack."

My own point, next from the statement of what I perceive

on "so-and-so." "Oh!" replied the other, doubtfully, "but is he do you think quite quite sound? He writes *you know*." There is, I believe, a large school of thinkers hold, with that philosopher, the view that novelists "sound."

WALTER HESA.

Hampstead, January 29.

"THE MOORISH EMPIRE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Your reviewer has rendered me such service pointing out some of the many errors unavoidable in the edition of so detailed a composition as my "Moorish Empire," especially when produced single-handed, that I would exonerate myself in one or two particulars. My publisher not ventured to "prophesy authorship" with respect to my works on Morocco, for all were complete when the last was pressed to be published first, and the others are now in the press. For the absence of a table of contents they take responsibility as I prepared one for them.

A more important point is my use of native authorities. I should have thought that all possible misconception would have been precluded by the expression of indebtedness to my translators (p. xlv.), and the enumeration of the actual sources referred to (p. 449, n. *et seq.*), from which it will be seen to precisely which authors I referred in Arabic, and to what translation. My use of translations where they existed had two reasons: because it would have been impossible for the time to read them all in the original (though I always up the Arabic when in doubt), and because it would have been in vain to refer to the latter the general reader, for whom, than for the Oriental scholar (see p. xiv.), my work is intended. Borrowed quotations are marked *apud so-and-so* (e.g., 32, 68, &c.), and the names of Dozy and Gayangos are used when facts are taken from them at second-hand. I had not claim that Morocco Arabic is "very pure," but the purer than is generally supposed. I have endeavoured to reproduce the Moroccan pronunciation, but in sacrificing to the public where I could not hope for the public to follow me, gone against my own inclination no less than against your reviewer.

Yours faithfully,

BUDGETT MEAKIN.

El Manâr, Hampstead.

"TENNYSON AND THE OLD ANNUAL"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Surely there is some confusion in Mr. Frederic's pleasant paper in last week's *Literature*. Mr. Lees assigns Tennyson two poems in "Death's Doings" of 1826, adding as Dagley, the editor, was most probably at Cambridge, Tennyson, "what more probable than that he should have invited him to be one of the contributors?"

But in 1826 Tennyson was only seventeen, and did not matriculate at Trinity till February 20, 1828. Moreover Tennyson's life of his father, which is very full of detail up to early poems, makes no mention of any publication earlier than "Poems by Two Brothers"; and had the young Tennyson still at home, contrived to get printed in an Annual, there almost certainly have been some record among the letters. As to the internal evidence of style, that is, in a but trifling. "Poems by Two Brothers" are in a dozen all imitative, with echoes of Scott, Moore, Byron, and

AUTHORS THEIR OWN PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In *Literature* of January 13, page 45, you refer to the *Daily News* respecting a Mr. Henry Doman, of Lynton, Hampshire, who boasted that he was the only writer of verse who ever set it up in type, printed, bound, and published the book himself.

It is somewhat singular that the same county should also have produced a writer who could also make the same boast regarding *prose*. In 1843—twenty-three years previous to Mr. Doman's effort—a Mr. L. C. Lordan, of Romsey, printed and published a work by himself, which he entitled as follows:—“The Unwritten Book; Colloquies desultory, but chiefly upon poetry and poets, etc.”

In his dedication to Professor Wilson (Christopher North), the author states, “I have been unaided by a line of manuscript or other copy;” also, “The composing stick has been my sole mechanical guide to composition.”

In reviewing this book the *Athenæum* says, “A book printed that was never written—a miracle, if the reader will thus accept it.” The book also received very favourable notice from Wordsworth, Carlyle, Dickens, Tennyson, and many other literary celebrities. I am, Sir, yours faithfully

Canton-street, Southampton.

ALBERT H. DAVIS.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In a newly-published book which aims at being oracular, I find the remark, “The sword unfit for the pen.” This is so utterly against the teaching of history that it is not worth while discussing as a thesis, but it is interesting to notice how especially does the history of Spanish literature contradict so rash an assertion. By going to the very highest names we find that Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon were all three soldiers of many fights, hardened campaigners who knew how to deal wounds. Quevedo, whose short sight was a bar to his following the profession of arms, was, notwithstanding, one of the most expert fencers of his time, and seemed to be happiest when fighting. In the case of Ereilla he tells us himself that his *Araucana* was composed at times with his sword in hand, at times with his pen (*tomando ora la espada, ora la pluma*), and that parts were written in circumstances of the greatest danger and difficulty. Whatever the absolute worth of *Araucana* may be, it is at least Spain's greatest epic. Coming to our own century we find that Espronceda is banished for turbulence, and fills in his time by fighting in the cause of what he considered Liberty in the struggles of 1830, making himself a noted figure on the Paris barricades. But other names suggest themselves in such abundance that it would be too long a task to write them. The flood of so-called patriotic verse with which English papers are at present filled can have no bearing on the subject, being written for the most part by those to whose hands sword and pen are equal strangers. I have, &c.,

ARTHUR MAQUARIE.

Authors and Publishers.

The beginning of February brings no break in the cloud which has overshadowed the book trade during the past few

besieged correspondents has declared that to get messages through, as his runners captured, and his messages, he supposes, at Pretoria press. It seems possible that some may share a similar fate.

Last week we announced a forthcoming Mr. John M. Robertson, of the third Ed. “Characteristics.” We now hear that Sonnenschein, and Co. have in active preparation hitherto unpublished work by the great collection of his Letters. The treatise is “sophical Regimen.” It deals mainly with e is of considerable length. Its inspiration is almost exclusively from Greek and Latin writers, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, both of whom The Letters, which are chiefly philosophical and have been collected with much labour in a volume, Professor Rand, of Harvard University, in a lengthy period, and treat considerably of Professor Rand is adding a life to the book, make a volume of about five hundred pages.

Besides Mr. Spielmann's book which we there is another forthcoming book on Ruskin's Meynell's volume in Messrs. Blackwood's “English Writers.” Ruskin, as well as Rossetti and Patmore, was among the enthusiastic admirers of Mrs. Meynell, or rather of Miss Alice Meynell was when she published her volume of “The length of describing one of the heavenly.” Mrs. Meynell's promised book to be mainly critical. It might be supposed much in the abundant rhetoric of one of our writers to offend her somewhat too fastidious sincerity and purity and elevation of all but appeal strongly to her taste. Ruskin was that has since grown up to be that dreadful “Meynell's creed—a suburb; but never surely was than his, or more wholly devoted to this good report.

What are the prospects of a cheap edition of his own views about cheap editions of his books generally and the proportion of a circulation ought to be devoted to book buying are particularly emphasized in that one of his books by the published tables to have been by circulation of them all. Still, it is not to be expected that Mr. Allen will feel the inhibition these views impose on him to perpetuity, or even until the expiration of Mr. Allen, it must be gratefully remembered giving us a cheaper, if not yet quite a cheap edition of the works, in a very pleasant and satisfactory manner.

The 51st anniversary of Ruskin's birth will be a meeting next Thursday at St. Martin's Church, Frislerie Harrison will preside, and the Rev. Mr. give an address on Ruskin's life and work. It is to be suggested the formation of a “Ruskin Society” he is to suggest the formation of a “Ruskin Society” may be had from Mr. Mark H. Judge, 7, Pall Mall.

Perhaps the most interesting item in the new list of announcements are the additions to the “Ruskin Society” may be had from Mr. Mark H. Judge, 7, Pall Mall.

tions in two volumes in the cheap uniform edition of Mr. Kipling's prose works.

Macmillan's new "Library of English Classics" has made a good start with its two first volumes. They will be followed next week by Malory's "Morte D'Arthur," in two volumes. The twenty-five volumes to be issued in the course of the year at the rate of about two a month will include a Boswell in three volumes, Lockhart's Scott in five volumes, and Shelton's version of "Don Quixote" in three. Messrs. Macmillan are also about to issue the now well-known Eversley Shakespeares in a new form, producing each play in a separate shilling volume. The text will be the same as in the Eversley edition—based upon the Cambridge and Globe Shakespeares, though without following either implicitly. Professor Herford's introductions and footnotes will be included, and the same order followed. Another Dickens novel is to be added to the three-and-sixpenny library in "Little Dorrit," with forty illustrations by "Phiz," and an introduction by Charles Dickens the younger. Of new novels there will be "The Babes in the Bush," by "Rolf Boldrewood," and "The Cambrian Mask," by Mr. R. W. Chambers, who, by the way, is issuing another new story with Messrs. Harper.

Among other books to be published by Messrs. Macmillan are Dr. Harald Höfding's "History of Modern Philosophy: A Sketch of the History of Philosophy from the Close of the Renaissance to Our Own Day," translated from the German by B. E. Meyer (in two volumes); Mr. J. R. Tuffin's concordance to FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyâm"; Mr. J. W. Clark's "Old Friends at Cambridge and Elsewhere" some particulars of which we gave a fortnight ago; an abridged edition of Mr. Parkin's "Life of Edward Thring"; a student's book by the late Archbishop Benson on "The Apocalypse," described as an introductory study of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and edited by Miss Margaret Benson; and a collected edition of the verse of T. E. Brown, the Manx poet, with a preface by Mr. W. E. Henley.

"Innermost Asia," which Mr. Heinemann is to publish shortly, is by Mr. R. P. Cobbold who, in search of sport, has travelled through Kasgharia and the Pamirs, the hitherto unknown Khanates of the Upper Oxus, and been arrested by the Russian commander at Shighuan. His book "Innermost Asia" describes the country and its mineral wealth, and the political situation on the Upper Oxus.

A similar book comes from Messrs. Pearson, "Siberia and Central Asia," by Mr. John W. Bookwalter, being a record of his travels in these regions last year, and containing a full account of Russian enterprise in the Trans-Siberian and Trans-Caspian Railways.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have just published their first books of the season in "Their Silver Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells—a story of Europe revisited after a married life of twenty-five years—and "With Sword and Crucifix," by Mr. E. S. Van Zile, a story of De La Salle's last voyage on the Mississippi. They are following these with Mr. Stephen Crane's new book, "The Monster, and Other Stories," a new departure on the part of its author, as is also Mr. H. G. Wells' "Love and Mr. Lewisham," which is to appear at the end of the month, a love story with the scientific element entirely absent. Somewhat later in the year Messrs. Harpers will publish Mr. Archibald Colquhoun's two books on the Far East, "Overland to China" and "The Russian Borderlands," particulars of which were given in *Literature* some time ago. There will also

Mrs. Lovett Cameron's "A Difficult Matter"; and Mrs. Erine S. Macquoid's "The Story of Lois." Mr. Long's new books include the autobiography of George Elson, "Last of the Climbing Boys." The author, as the title implies, is one of the boys who were employed to climb up a twenty or thirty years ago, and the Dean of Hereford, in preface, recommends the book as coming from one who "in to free himself from the trammels which threatened to be down among the submerged tenth." Another of Mr. Long's coming works is entitled "The Girl with Feet of Clay," a volume of stories and sketches by Mr. Edgar Turner, the author of numerous skits in some of the leading weeklies and the prominent novelists of the day. Among Mr. Long's collection will be "The Shadow of Allah," by Morley Keegan; "Logan's Loyalty," by Sarah Tytler; "The Experiment of Novill," by Emeric Hulme-Bennan; "Quits," by Mrs. G. Kernahan; "The Harvesters," a tale of country life, by S. Fletcher; "Ada Vernham, Actress," by Richard D. Webb; "The Bishop's Secret," by Fergus Hume, and a new work by Mr. T. W. Speight.

M. Félix Alean announces an interesting list of books of philosophy and history for February. M. Duprat, whose "Ins Mentalis" we reviewed the other day, is writing a volume on "Causes Sociales de la Folie." M. Tanon, president of the C. C. C. (Comité de l'Évolution du Droit), has written an essay on "L'Évolution du Droit de Conscience Sociale." The well-known psychologist, M. F. A. is correcting the proof sheets of "La France au Point de Moralité." The Prime Minister of France, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, has written a preface to a book by M. Bouconr, "Le Fédéralisme Économique." M. Alean also promises a study of "T. Signor Barjelotti," a professor at Naples, in his "Contemporary History Series," a monograph on Rumania for immediate publication, and in March "Le Suicide et le Crime Passé" by M. Proul, the president of the French Court of Appeals, a continuation of his famous volumes "Le Crime et la Peine" and "Le Crime Politique." M. Ossip-Lourié, whose analysis of Tolstói's philosophical system we reviewed the other day, will publish with the same house a companion study of "Philosophie Sociale dans le Théâtre d'Isen."

Two important works are being prepared by the d'Éditions Artistiques, M. Pierre de Nolhac's "Histoire du Château de Versailles" and "Le Musée du Louvre."

In M. de Hérédia's new edition of André Chénier's works, the volume will contain the "Idylles." The name of the publisher is not yet announced.

We announced last summer that the writings of Dr. Wallace, who died suddenly in the House of Commons last year, would be edited by his brother, a statement which was so unnecessarily contradicted in a widely read weekly. Messrs. Sands now promise a work entitled "Robert Wallace, M.P.: Life, Reminiscences, and Remains," which has been undertaken by Mr. William Wallace and Sheriff Campbell. Dr. Wallace had been preacher and journalist before becoming a politician, and in each sphere made no inconsiderable mark with his incisive tongue and pen. For a brief period he held the editorship of the *Scotsman* in succession to Alexander Russell.

Br. Lt.-Colonel Alderson, now commanding the 5th Cavalry Infantry attached to the 1st Cavalry Brigade in South Africa, has written a book entitled "Pink and Scarlet, or Hunt and School for Soldiering," which Mr. Heinemann will publish next month.

Mr. W. W. Greener, the well-known author of various works on fire-arms, will publish immediately a work on fire-arms entitled "Sharp Shooting for Sport and Service." Several other works on the same subject are in preparation, including one by Mr. Baillie-Grohman.

The "instalment system" seems to have taken a strong hold on the imaginations of publishers and their readers.

"Alexander the Great," by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell University, and "Charlemagne (Charles the Great)," by Mr. H. W. Carless Davis, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

Mr. J. A. Holson, who recently represented the *Manchester Guardian* in South Africa, will publish early in February a volume entitled "The War in South Africa: Its Causes and Effects." The book will be issued by Messrs. J. Nisbet.

"The Church, Past and Present" is the title of a volume which Messrs. J. Nisbet will issue early in February. It is a statement of the historical position of the Church of England in a series of essays by the Bishop of London, Bishop Barry, and others, and is edited by Professor Gwatkin, of Cambridge.

"Memories and Impressions" is the title of a new volume of autobiography by Mr. George Brodriek, the Warden of Merton College, Oxford, which will be issued in February.

Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing this month an elaborately illustrated volume on Burma, by Max and Bertha Ferrars. The life and scenery of the country are depicted in 450 photographs. The value of such a record lies mainly in the fact that Burma, like many other countries, is losing her outward individuality, and in less than a generation, say the authors of this present work, its indigenous character will have passed.

Mr. Nimmo announces a new book on Sicily by Mr. Douglas Sladen, who is already well known as a traveller and writer, and as the author of successful books on Australia and Japan. The new book is the fruit of a recent visit to Sicily and

will not neglect its historical record, one of the most important in the history of the world as the late Professor Fisher would insist.

We understand that Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing a new play by Mr. George Moore, entitled "The Bough," to be produced at the Irish Literary Theatre.

Professor Tyler, besides his "Century of Men," has in preparation, we understand, a volume with the "Literary History of the American First Half Century of Their Independence."

Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's work, "The British Army," has been translated into Italian by direct order of the General Staff for the use of its army and of the Italian Army.

The first part of Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Stories," translated into the German language, and which is ready for publication by a Leipzig firm, is entitled "Das neue Dschungelbuch."

The late Mr. J. F. Nisbet's interesting and pathetic side of genius called "The Insanity of Genius," published in 1891 by Messrs. Ward and Downey, is in a fourth edition by Mr. Grant Richards.

On the 15th inst. Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish "Dora Myrl, the Irish Detective," by Mr. J. H. Q. C., and on March 1st will appear Mr. Robert Lynd's novel, "Audromeda: An Idyll of the Great North Sea."

A new book shortly to be out, by the author of "The Invisible," Mr. James Lane Allen, is to be called "The Law: a Story of the Kentucky Hemp Field."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillips de Lisle.** By E. S. Purcell. 2 vols. 9x6in., 422+382 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
- Henry Hart Milman, D.D.** Dean of St. Paul's. By His Son, A. Milman, LL.D. 9x5in., 312 pp. London, 1900. Murray. 1s. 6d.
- Bismarck (Heroes of the Nations).** By J. W. Headlam. 7x5in., 67 pp. London, 1900. Putnam. 5s.
- Five Great Oxford Leaders.** By Rev. A. B. Donaldson. 7x5in., 300 pp. London, 1900. Hutchinson. 6s.
- Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois.** Translated from the French. By Ernest Dowson. 2 vols. 9x6in., 282+295 pp. London, 1900. Smithers. 21s. n.
- Fellow Wayfarers. A Record** by Louis Tylor. 7x4in., 153 pp. London, 1900. Grant Richards & Co. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Tales of Ancient Thessaly.** By J. W. Pearce. 7x4in., 118 pp. London, 1900. Blackwood. 1s.
- A Short Course of Elementary Plane Trigonometry.** By C. Penderbury. 7x5in., 169 pp. London, 1900. Bell. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.

- Onora.** By Rosa Mutholland. 7x5in., 351 pp. London, 1900. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
- Transformed.** By Florence Montgomery. 7x5in., 297 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan. 6s.
- The Hungarian Exiles.** By H. Cowell. 7x5in., 299 pp. London, 1900. Sampson Low. 1s. 6d.
- A Court Tragedy.** By R. D. Fandom. 7x5in., 210 pp. London, 1900. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.
- Pharaoh's Broker.** By E. Brugsma. 7x5in., 316 pp. London, 1900. Pearson. 6s.
- Thou Shalt Not.** By Stanton

- Jacquou le Croquant.** By Eugene Le Roy. 7x4in., 451 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Levy. Fr. 3.50.
- Venus Ennemie.** By Jacques de Nittis. 7x4in., 281 pp. Paris, 1900. Editions de la Revue Blanche. Fr. 3.50.
- Femmes d'Amérique.** By Th. Bentzon. 7x4in., 311 pp. Paris, 1900. Armand Collin. Fr. 3.50.
- Similla.** (Avec les Jeunes Filles.) By Jean Rivier. 7x4in., 261 pp. Paris, 1900. Armand Collin. Fr. 3.50.
- Luce Querlin, Marquise de Ponts.** By Jean Herthouy. 7x4in., 272 pp. Paris, 1900. Société d'Éditions Littéraires et Artistiques. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.
- Living or Dead.** (W. T. Novels.) By Hugh Conway. 8x6in., 96 pp. London, 1900. "Weekly Telegraph." 8s.

HISTORY.

- The Great Company, 1667-1671.** By Heckler Willson. 2 vols. 8x5in., xxxi+331+309 pp. London, 1900. Smith Elder. 18s.
- Robespierre.** By J. Michelet. (Nouvelle Édition, avec gravures d'après des documents historiques.) 7x4in., 469 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Levy. Fr. 3.50.
- Alfred in the Chronicles.** By K. Comyns. 9x5in., 235 pp. London, 1900. Stock. 7s. 6d.

LITERARY.

- The Story of English Literature.** By Emma S. Mellow. 7x5in., 292 pp. London, 1900. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
- Collected Essays.** By Augustine Birrell. 2 vols. (Library Ed.) 7x5in., 325+343 pp. London, 1900. Stock. 12s.
- The Anglo-Saxon Revival.** Vol. III. Dec. 1900. Lane. 21s. n.

- According to My Lights.** By J. Holdingshead. 7x5in., 297 pp. London, 1900. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
- The Antiquary.** Vol. XXXV. 10x7in., 388 pp. London, 1900. Stock. 7s. 6d.
- Speaking.** By William Mair. D.D. 7x4in., 174 pp. London, 1900. Blackwood. 3s.
- Contre la Justice.** By Georges Clemenceau. 7x4in., 450 pp. Paris, 1900. P. V. Stock. Fr. 3.50.

NAVAL.

- The Imperial Russian Navy.** By F. T. Janc. 10x6in., 755 pp. London, 1900. Thacker. 38s. n.

PHILOSOPHY.

- The World and the Individual.** (Gilford Lectures, 1st Series.) By J. Royce, Ph.D. 8x5in., xvi+588 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. n.

POETRY.

- An Echo of a Greek Song.** Englished by W. H. D. House. 7x5in., 83 pp. London, 1900. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.
- The Man With the Hoe, and other Poems.** By E. Markham. 7x5in., 134 pp. London, 1900. Gay & Bird. 4s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.

- The Politician's Handbook.** Revised 1900. By H. W. Hales. 10x6in., 249 pp. London, 1900. Vacher. 6s.

REPRINTS.

- A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.** Vol. XII. Mach. Ado About Nothing. Ed. by H. Furness. 10x6in., 421 pp. London, 1900. Appleton. 18s.
- Shakespeare's Works.** (Strat-

- The Prince.** By H. Hart Jones. 11s. 6d. n.

- Dynamo Cerebral.** English Translated by M. C. E. 1s. n.

- The Story of the City.** By H. H. 1s. n.

- 50 Black Jan.** Evolution. 7x5in., 298 pp.

- Temps F.** Anarchic. 7x4in., 316 pp.

- L'Unique o.** Énergie et Production. 7x4in., 316 pp.

- TH The Interpr.** Prayers. By Rev. C. 17x5in., 325 pp.

- Tennyson's Teacher.** 7x5in., 253 pp.

- The Hebrew.** C. R. Cond. 11in., 296 pp.

- Studies In** By J. M. A. 227 pp. London, 1900. Who Come Thankgiv. mon. 1900.

Literature

SPECIAL EDUCATIONAL NUMBER.

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

No. 121. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1900.

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EDUCATION AND WAR.

According to Napoleon, war is in the main a bookish business; according to some headmasters who have lately been writing letters to the papers, the boys who go into the Army are, with rare exceptions, boys who are bad at their books; according to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the ideal British officer is of the stamp of "Stalky," who, when you look at him closely, is neither more nor less than the average fifth-form rowdy. It is tempting to put these three expressions of opinion together and offer them as an explanation of certain recent military reverses. We shall not go quite so far as that, for we regard Stalky as a libellous portrait, and are pretty sure that the Stalkies of this world are estimated at their true value by general officers of the calibre of Lord Kitchener. But it is worth while to suggest that something should be done to induce able men to enter the Army in greater numbers than

get up early and be drilled, or to be ordered to ridiculous places where he cannot have the run of. On the other hand there are numbers of young combine the intellectual aptitudes of the book-w the physical vigour and athletic tastes that are de soldiers; and there is hardly any profession which show more of these men than the Army. We find on the judicial and also on the episcopal benches Inns of Court and in Harley Street, among English Indian civilians, war-correspondents, and the heads of our great public schools. The intellectual standard of all these callings is higher than in the Army; and the men who follow them there are many who would make admirable soldiers. The question is: How can the Army get its fair share of the men who are, intellectually as well as physically, the pick of their generation?

As the headmaster of the Bromsgrove School put in a letter to a contemporary, it is, in the matter of money. Neither the pay nor the conditions are such as to command the market. The pay of our Bishops is better paid than the greatest of our generals. Similarly with Judges. A general is hardly better off than a County Court Judge or a diary magistrate. Clever young men, entering a profession, observe these things. They decide that though the world is their oyster, the sword is not the weapon to open it with. The consequence is that the intellectual element in the country is inadequate for the Army, to the Army's obvious detriment. It is a thousand pities that this should be so, but it will continue to be so until the prospects of office are so improved that the Army, as a career, can compete on equal terms, if not with law, physics, and divinity, with the other public services. The fault does not lie with the schools, where the lads of brain can get the intellectual training they need, but with the Army, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Edmund Gosse in another column throws fresh light on one characteristic of the late Archbishop Benson—viz., his literary style and ambitions. Bishops and Archbishops are seldom able to give the ambitions they may have in this direction. He was somewhat of an exception in the former class, who may almost be called a prolific author, did he but find time for some literary work; but I doubt if the Headmastership of Wellington has

omicular gift in Benson's case to another cause; but it may have had its uses at Wellington.

Under the title "The Ethics of Criticism," Mr. Robert Buchanan, in the *Contemporary*, enlarges on the war—the war which begins and ends "in the lust for gold, and the ardour of freebooters to grab the solid Earth." Mr. Buchanan is under the impression that he is replying to the article "Is it the voice of the Hooligan?" by Sir Walter Besant. On the question whether Mr. Kipling's voice is or is not "the voice of the Hooligan," Mr. Clive Holland has sent us a long and interesting letter which the demands of this special Educational number compel us to hold over until next week. Meanwhile, as to the criticism of authors by their brother authors, we should ourselves incline to agree with the views of Mr. Herbert Paul expressed in these columns two weeks ago rather than with Sir Walter Besant; but Mr. Buchanan, who seems to think it an amusing "score" off his opponent to call him "Sir Walter Besant Knight," has very little of value to say in ten pages of rhetoric on this question of literary ethics.

The ideas and aspirations of the "public elementary" child must provide a pretty good test of the ideas—and of the aspirations, if such exist—which prevail in the homes they come from. How can they be got at? Miss Catherine Dodd has found a way, and she gives a very full account of the results of her inquiry in the *National Review*. The plan was to propound the two following questions to 302 boys and 289 girls in public elementary schools:—

1. Which would you rather be when you grow up, a man or a woman, and why?
2. What man or woman of whom you have ever heard or read would you most wish to be, and why?

The answers reveal the state of mind of the 600 children in the first half of December, 1899.

Generally speaking, the girls show the finer feelings, the more unselfish ideals: the boys show a keen sense of the desirability of getting enjoyment out of life, but their selfishness is leavened by patriotism. To this, however, there are exceptions. "In times of peace," says one cautious youth, "I would like to be a king, but in war I would like to be a commercial traveller." The children show some appreciation of poetry, but their knowledge of the heroes of fiction, or indeed of real life, seems very limited. It is sometimes said that Gladstone is forgotten: he seems to be the only statesman these elementary children have ever heard of. The two chief poets are Shakespeare and Kipling. Military heroes are the most popular: Sir Redvers Buller *omne tulit punctum*. But Sir Thomas Lipton is a favourite and Dan Leno does not want for a vote. Among the girls are some "strong-minded" damsels; but on the whole about 35 per cent. of the girls wish to be men, and only two boys out of 302 wish to be women.

The new and enlarged edition of the Laureate's

some danger of a reaction to undue despondency like this which tests the real strength and in doing so incidentally assesses the true songs by which its patriotism has been sustained as well as kindle? That is the question to which there is not always a satisfactory answer. In the hour of confidence and success the answer is an easy one; and the frothiest kind of lyric will "go down." It is otherwise in a season of gloom like the present. The battle-song of an Empire must have the real stuff in them that will not produce the effect of last night's champagne. The bottle has been standing with the cork on, and it is the real stuff in such a poem as "The Sentinel!" the first and most spirited of the lyrics in this volume of Mr. Austin's. It may safely be said that to the most depressed of prematurely dead poets who would be unworthy of her name and life, it would not inspire him with fresh courage and renewed faith in his country's future.

THE NEW ACT

The Board of Education Act, which comes into force on 1st of April, must be regarded merely as a basis for the future campaign against waste and inefficiency in the national system of education. The issue must be the wise appointment of those local authorities which, in extent, have to carry into effect the principles which form the chief safeguard against a bureaucratic system.

The situation is attended with difficulty. In public schools and schoolmasters the temptation is constant to their souls the warning of Odysseus to his crew of Scylla and Charybdis—*Τούτου μὴ καρποῦ καὶ κέρου*: "Out of this smoke and surge keep clear." Where the school is prosperous and well managed, and the schoolmaster capable and powerful, there is almost no local interference should destroy "the free elasticity" of our public school system. There is, however, upon a misconception. It is improbable, say impossible, that any local authority will be formed in conjunction with schools which give proof of their efficiency. Such a local authority would be strong against this and the influence of the central bodies and headmasters.

But at the outset the profession of teachers is indivisible which the Lord President, at the Education Exhibition, urged as all-important for the maintenance of the best educational work. There must be indivisibility of purpose, but unity of action. Our first premise that all schools must come under the new local authority. Mr. Bryce's Commission differentiates between "local" and "non-local" schools. There was no sufficient definition given of either. Such distinction between schools is any attempt to create it now would be a disadvantage of the great public schools. There can be no satisfactory reason assigned why it is unjustifiable in the case of Eton and Winchester, but permissible for King Edward's School, Birmingham. Sooner or later the public will discover that the difference between those schools which are

while the *minimum* of area should be a county or county borough, the ideal area would be something much more than either. The Bishop of Coventry, as the spokesman of an Archdiocesan Council, of which Birmingham is the centre, has realized this in a scheme which has attracted serious attention in many quarters, by a proposed division of England into ten educational kingdoms, a reversion to the spirit of the Heptarchy, which is interesting to the antiquarian, but impracticable for purposes of modern efficiency. A glance at its details with their want of numerical proportion—at these educational provinces, for instance, varying in population from eight millions to one million and a quarter, as well as the incoherence between counties grouped together, as, for example, the inclusion of Sussex in the Metropolitan area—is sufficient to condemn the scheme as unworkable. Moreover it “puts back the hands of the clock,” a thing which the House of Commons is always loth to do, by destroying the principle which has grown gradually from the days of the Shire-Moot to the birth of the County Council that county government is identical with local government.

The problem of finance is making it still more important to recognize this principle. The drain on the national Exchequer must convince the most sanguine reformers that the new century will be growing old before State aid for secondary schools can be looked for to any appreciable extent. It is true that we may expect under the Board of Education a re-adjustment of the disposition of the Parliamentary grant, at present devoted to elementary schools, and an inquiry into the appropriation by county councils of the whisky money which is at their disposal under the Technical Instruction Act. Some counties are using this with increasing wisdom; others, as we think, are misappropriating it; and a majority are wasting it by dribbles in trivial schemes of questionable advantage. But even a wiser administration in these particulars will be insufficient; and rate aid from the county purse will be essential for the fulfilment of the reformation which has begun.

Yet the adoption of the county as the indispensable unit of local government need not unduly limit the new control. There must be occasion and encouragement for the union of adjacent counties, sometimes three or four in number, so that these educational dioceses may become an educational province; and of the county with its county boroughs, where desirable. It may be better that the Continental marriage system should be adopted rather than our own, that instigation to union and the settlement thereof should be applied by the central parent authority, though arranged with consent of the contracting parties.

Then as to the functions of the local authorities. They will obviously, first of all, advise the Board of Education as regards the provision of schools of every class suitable for the locality, and, under its control, provide for deficiencies. They must have some official cognizance of primary schools, as well as of the great public boarding schools situated in their area. There are ten or twenty great public schools throughout the country which clearly afford no supply for local demands; and whose localization would be a real loss to the community. There are also schools founded for some special purpose, such as the Woodard Schools, schools of the Roman Catholic and other nonconformist bodies, which would fall naturally into the same non-local class. Of these the local authority would take cognizance and little more, though it may be assumed that powers of inspection now exercised by the local sanitary authority would be transferred to the Education Committee. To exempt

extremes. There are the other endowed schools or “schools.” Some of these would doubtless be discharged anything more than cognizance and sanitary inspection being efficient and properly non-local. Others who neglected the traditional claims of the locality upon them, been gradually absorbed by non-local interests, need to be reminded that thus far they shall go and no farther. Again, need the encouragement of a local authority to an ideal of liberal education which may not suit the taste of the people. Everywhere protection will be needed against the intrusion of scientific and technical subjects to the detriment of that grand old fortifying curriculum, a classical education which, a recent writer says, “in the retrospect still loses its hold upon the respectful admiration even of those most studious in its neglect,” and which shall still remain the groundwork of all sound learning; and to assert the Englishmen that their children should “be virtuously brought up,” to the formation of character rather than the mere acquisition of knowledge. Struggling schools, a subsidy; inefficient schools, improvement. So all schools must be brought, sometimes by gentle, sometimes by drastic, measures into the public service.

How far the local authority is to be entrusted with the functions of inspection is a question the solution of which will call for wisdom and discretion on the part of the central authority. It rests the responsibility by statute. It may delegate some of its functions, but the Universities are more likely to countenance the confidence of governing bodies and headmasters than the local authorities. To the latter, of course, will fall the duty of sanitary inspection, and of considering the proper administration of local aid. But as the object of administrative inspection is to secure a reasonable degree of uniformity, a relative equality in point of staff, teaching power, and curriculum in similar schools, it is not to disparage the intelligence or influence of the local authority to suggest the control of the Board of Education in this department of the new order.

Of the constitution of these local authorities it is premature to speak. The Bishop of Coventry has adopted in agreement with that which first saw light in 1899, introduced into the House of Commons eighteen months ago, Colonel Lockwood, and foreshadowed by the report of the Commission. From the same city of Birmingham comes another sort, devised by Mr. McCarthy, the chairman of the School Board. The latter is drawn so obviously in the line of School Boards and primary schools that it is only a matter of our consideration as indicating a force with which there is reckoning in the House of Commons. The former is too exact for our present purpose, which is to maintain the principle of “the county, the whole county, and nothing but the county” in the establishment of the local education authority. It is enough to say that whether in county matters provincial matters the county shall predominate, due provision being made for the representation of governing bodies of voluntary schools, of School Boards, and associated voluntary schools, with a small but carefully selected committee of experts, whose knowledge and judgment will be the guiding principle of this new control.

INSPECTION OF SECONDARY SCHOOLS

[BY THE REV. H. A. DALTON, HEADMASTER OF FELTBY.]

than to say that "those witnesses who adverted to them did not shrink from the admission that they also should be inspected sanitarially, and there was one even bold enough to add educationally also." It would have been bold indeed to predict what has actually happened, that in 1869 the Headmasters' Conference would accept the principle by a unanimous vote, advising its members to anticipate the inspection of schools provided by the recent Act of Parliament, and to place their schools forthwith under voluntary inspection.

The public has long been accustomed to inspection in the case of elementary schools, and it has perhaps been supposed that its value is limited by its practical result to such schools in the distribution of education grants. The Education Department would doubtless refuse, and rightly, to recognize this as the sole or the main purpose of inspection. It has higher ends; and as these come to be recognized by the authorities of higher schools it is inevitable that inspection should become general among them, even if it does not become compulsory. For inspection acts in a way that examination cannot, first as a guarantee to the public and to the governors of the efficiency of a school, and secondly as a wholesome stimulus to all who work in it. Examination tests results; inspection regards and suggests methods. Examination has mainly to do with individual boys, and often misses its mark; inspection deals with the discipline and efficiency of classes. Examination does not look beyond the teaching of a school; inspection is a survey of every part of its corporate life. Examination tests the boys, and aims at their teachers, if at all, only in a very indirect manner; inspection is a means of sympathy and encouragement to the masters themselves.

The inspection which is here spoken of is not, of course, mere sanitary inspection, on the necessity of which all are agreed, although no organization of it yet exists. Nor is it official or administrative inspection, such as that which has in recent years been undertaken by the Charity Commissioners for the schools subject to them, consisting of an inquiry into their finances and management, and the conformity of their working to the statutory schemes. This is not the same, although it has points of contact with the inspection under review, which may be called educational inspection. The character of this is not very generally understood even by schoolmasters, and it may not be out of place to describe it by drawing upon the experience of one of the very few public schools in which inspection has as yet been invited.

The Inspector's visit cannot well last for more than two or three days, and therefore he comes well prepared by previous work. He has seen the timetable; he has become acquainted with the arrangement of forms, the time given in each form to every subject, the number and qualifications of the staff, and the duties of each member of it; he has studied written work done in the ordinary routine and selected by him at his discretion from different forms. Thus, when he arrives, he is ready at once to visit every class with some previous knowledge of its attainments. He will see every master at work, and hear the whole or part of a lesson in every form. He will, if he pleases, take a lesson himself, although he will generally learn more by listening to others. But he is equally busy out of school hours. He makes himself acquainted with the general disciplinary arrangements; he watches the cricket or the football; he visits the gymnasium, the swimming bath, and the workshops; he sees the cadet corps at drill; he attends, if opportunity occurs, the meetings of scientific, literary, or debating societies. Thus, if he is sympathetic and observant, he is able to form a judgment of the tone and atmosphere and discipline of the school, and to

grooves. And, where inspection has been tried, it has proved that it has been both loyally welcomed and acknowledged afterwards to have been most valuable to all who have submitted themselves to it.

Of course everything depends upon the inspectors. It is essential that he should be not only by nature with powers of observation and sympathy, but also is familiar from personal experience with a wide range of subjects. Such men are to be found; and as inspection is in general, it should prove an honourable and interesting occupation for men who have won their spurs as successful schoolmasters. Their knowledge of a schoolmaster's difficulties is gained from pedantry; and the success they have had in the past from the experience of years will enable them to do more than the thing of its secret to others.

In the Board of Education Act of 1899 the recognition of inspection has been recognized, although it has not yet become compulsory. It is provided that the Board of Education, or, after taking the advice of the Council of the Board, may by any university or other organization, in connection with supplying secondary education, and desiring to encourage the organizations of the kind referred to are already doing active work. Facilities for inspection are provided for Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board and the Cambridge Syndicate for Local Examinations and the College of Preceptors. These bodies will visit different kinds of schools, and their action will strengthen the tie between the schools and the public. It is much to be wished, as it may now reasonably be expected, that the great public schools, by submitting themselves to inspection, may at once show their approval of the legislation half way, and give a useful lead to other schools throughout the country.

THE ENGLISH EDUCATION EXHIBITION

It was a happy thought to organize an exhibition of English education, as distinct from Scotch, Irish, or Welsh education, at the Paris Exhibition; but by no means a happy one. The Duke of Devonshire pointed out in his speech at the opening of the Prince of Wales that in England there is no Government body which can be directed to form such an exhibition. It has been done in Germany or France. It was necessary to visit the schools separately, and while laying down the lines to allow a wide scope for individual taste and initiative, to be instructive. The first feeling of the beholder at the odd variety of things shown to him was not that of interest, but of resentment to find all these things packed in a long, narrow corridor, where it is impossible to see them. The fact is that, as usual, the rich of the world has allowed the smallest sum that could cover the expenses. We hope this is not an average case, but they mean to show in forming the new education.

The exhibition cannot, of course, exhibit the strength and pride of English schools, the strength of character and guide. All else, however, so far as it can be seen to the eye, is here in one shape or another. National education is represented; primary, secondary, and University. In no part of the Kingdom is there a more organic whole, save and except the city of Manchester, than in the school system of the city of London.

rotation, for several months at a time, and there hung on the walls. Classes are encouraged to visit the Museum of Arts and Crafts, and the visit is allowed to count as work-time. This is one of the schemes which Government control may, if the nation will, make possible for the whole country.

The most encouraging part of the elementary work shown is that which testifies to hand and eye training. Among the exhibits are to be found clay models and wood models; cardboard churches, mills, houses, or even coal-mines; ironwork, basket-work, and artificial flowers; needlework and ornamental designs. The last seem to be almost universal, and many of them are extremely beautiful. We would mention especially those of South Shields. Common-sense is shown in turning local tastes to account. Thus, at Birmingham we see ironwork, at Leicester lace and embroidery, either in kind or in design. These developments belong properly to technical work; and there is much to be said for all non-technical schools being worked on the same general scheme of hand and eye training, as of intellectual and moral. One quaint and ingenious piece is a map of the district (Sheffield, Hunters Bar), with small photographs pasted on at several points. Some of the schools send up portfolios of their school work; handwriting, geography, geometry, drawing, and so forth. These are exercises actually done in school, and are doubtless (according to request) not touched up in any way, or selected as specially good. We miss one feature in most of the elementary schools; physical exercise and games. Here is another point which the new Board of Education should attend to.

We need not linger over the technical exhibits further than to say that every skilled trade seems to be represented. There is no doubt that the English artisan has not lost his cunning, and that if he is properly equipped for the fight he need not fear any fair competition. The problem before us is not so much to improve the best work as to make all our work of the same quality, and to study the wants of our customers abroad.

The secondary schools send large numbers of photographs, whether framed or in albums; schemes and specimens of school work, manual and mental; records of their life and history in the shape of books or magazines; sometimes charters or ancient documents; and a variety of oddities. In the photographs, as might be expected, athletics play a great part; and we see cricket and football, running and jumping, swimming, boxing, fencing, and gymnastics under a thousand shapes. Some schools have sent in specimens of their caps and blazers, or strips of ribbon, and so forth, showing school and house colours. Most of the schools send pictures of their buildings and playing-fields. Rossall is unique with a delicate model of the whole premises. This is highly interesting, and we could wish the same thing had been done by others. It is, perhaps, not too late for others to get them made for the Paris Exhibition, and we can conceive of nothing more likely to be of interest. Rugby has a series of large photographs of boys in their different costumes; head of the school, captains of cricket and football, others in costume for running, boxing, fencing, and so forth. Each school which has a speciality sends specimens of it; such are the Dulwich engineering work, the Watford wood carving, the lantern slides of Bedford College, London, drawings from the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, scientific collections, fossils, and the like. School histories and magazines lie on the table; in glass cases are rare books, miniatures, and autographs (such as Arnold's), gold or silver medals, of which Winchester has a fine show—even manuscripts. The Winchester glass case contains a bibling rod, a parchment Bursar's Roll, some Long Rolls of different centuries, and several

We have left the portfolios of work to the last, but these are the most important part of the exhibit. Unfortunately they are neither complete nor uniform. Some schools send examination papers, as shown up and marked; others send work from selected forms. It was left for St. Paul's to show the method of ingenious torture for her pupils. The papers from one school are apparently complete sets of the work of girls for a term or so. The unfortunate John Thompson, we have heard, having been fixed upon by a relentless fate, his Greek verses, his very impositions are preserved, bound, and shown for the delectation of a ribald world. The paper work from other schools seems, on the whole, to be much more systematically shown; and, in particular, the high schools show a new method beyond praise. There was no reason why the exhibition should not have been made complete. The committee had asked distinctly for the top, middle, and bottom boy or girl of each form, and for specimens of composition, unseen translation in languages, and paper work in sciences and mathematics, and for essays, we have heard, but they know they would have got it. But they did not; and the vagueness of the request has resulted in some confusion. One school sends up a complete scheme of work on a card, a table wherein subjects are distinguished by colours.

The Universities exhibit both University and college work; pictures of the buildings and sports, tables and specimens of the same. It must have been with design that the diagrams were drawn up showing the depressed college income and fellows' dividends. We hope some of the millionaires who crave for immortality will even now be pious founders of past ages. Cambridge may well show some of her seven poets, whose portraits are shown; Spenser, Dryden, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. Why not Ben Jonson added? Oxford, apparently, does not seem to have been worth while to exhibit Shelley. An object of unique interest is an examination paper of W. E. Gladstone, done in the schools. The Cambridge University section also includes the works of men of science, headed by Charles Darwin. Cambridge, and some other Universities and colleges, also send some of the best works of their fosterlings. Whether the stalls of the P and Clarendon Press stand here on this principle, we do not know, but they are full of works of scholarship and science at present.

The thoughtful observer must note one remarkable thing. There is no exhibition of school plant. One or two things sent, it is true, model desks and benches, or such like, but from the schools comes nothing. We cannot help think that a great chance has been missed of improving the conditions of schools. Why are we not shown model school buildings, and elevation, or in photographs; model school rooms, desks and benches; ingenious devices for cloak rooms, like McCarthy's at Birmingham? In the majority of our schools learning is made as difficult as it can be. The most ill ventilated and lighted, and have the most inconvenient arrangements it is possible to conceive. Board school, on the other hand, though, perhaps, still inferior to the best of our schools, try their best to remove the outside obstacles to

Perhaps this may yet be remedied. The Government should yet realize the momentous crisis in education which now faces us; and while they gather information for their Report to the Teachers and Schools, they may gather materials for their Report by organizing an exhibition of school plant. The Government would offer another suggestion. Why not organize an exhibi-

FRAGMENT OF A HYMN TO APOLLO

(PARAPHRASED).*

I.

Come, all ye Muses,
Praise him with singing,
Praise him, your brother,
Golden-haired Phœbus,
Cynthia, Delian,
Palaḗ Apollo!
Praise him, the holy
Haunter of hill-tops,
Who on the twin-peaked
Rocky Parnassus
Chooseth his high seat;
Who with the Pythian
Priestess and maiden
Guards the Castalian
Virginal waters.
Praise him who dwells by
Sweet-springing fountains,
Loxias! Delphian!
Biding for ever
High on the frowning
Oracular steep.

II.

Hail to thee, mighty
City of Athens!
She the unconquered,
She in her armour
Bucklered and girded,
Tritogeneia,
Holds thee in safety,
Fenced with th' inviolate
Bound of thy plain.

Kindle, Hephestus,
Flame for thy altar,
Holy the offering,
Holy the fire!
Then shall young bullocks
Burn, and the fragrant
Orient incense,
Writhing and soaring,
Wreath the immortal
Olympian hall.

III.

Shrill, shrill the flutes that
Sing forth their silver
Song to a music
Shifting and ringing
Melodious change.
Sweet the swift song of
Lyres with their golden
Resonant voices,
Sounding the ancient
Delubian hymn.

Μόλις συνό-
μαιμον ἵνα
Φοῖβον ψι-
δάσει μιλ-
ψητε χρυ-
σοκόμαν,
ὅτι ἀνά δεκο-
ρύνια Παρ-
νασσίδος
τᾶσδε περι-
ρας Ἰδρανα
μετὰ κλυταίης
Δελφίσι
Κασταλίδος
ἰνύδρου
νόματ' ἐπι-
νίσσεται
Δελφὸν ἀνά
πρῶνα μαν-
τείων ἱερί-
κων πάγον·

Πέρα κλυτὰ
μεγαλόπολις
'Αθῆναις ἐν
χαίσει φορέ-
πλοιο ναί-
ουσα Τρι-
τωνίδος
ἐδάπεδον ἄ-
θραυστον·

ἅγιος δὲ βω-
μοῖσιν Ἄφ-
ραιστος αἰεί-
θει νέων
μῆρα ταύ-
ρων ὀμοῦ
δί νιν Ἄραψ
ἀτμοῖς ἐς Ὀ-
λυμπον ἀνα-
κίδναται·

λυγὸ δὲ λυ-
τὸς βῆμων
δειλίας
μέλεισιν ψι-
δᾶν κρέκει·
χρυσία
δ' ἀδύθρου
κίθαρι ἕμ-
νοισιν ἀνα-
μέλειται·

Personal Views

ARCHBISHOP BENSON AS A MAN OF LETTERS

In the copious animadversions on the career of Archbishop Benson which the public life of him have called forth, I have done justice to his claim as a persistent and active writer. This is very natural. The greater exclusion of the meritorious but imperfect author is perhaps of the active politician and the predominant general view of the Archbishop could afford no ground of proportion, to dwell long upon his authorship was not only remarkable for quantity—nearly sixty separate works—but in quality a certain individual substance, irregularly and uneasily produced, indeed, but individually inclined to think deserves special literary notice. The bulk of the sixty publications was not all—occasional sermons, addresses on technical pastoral letters, “Communings with the Public Schools”—these are not supposed to be by the pen of a person; they are official functions of devotion, perfunctory or inchoate—inclosed together outside the bounds of literature and art.

But those who had the privilege of coming into contact with Archbishop Benson, soon became aware that there were two men in his intellect. There was an active, efficient prince of the Church, who used conventional language for business purposes, with absolute fluency, who did not disdain the polished smoothest pebble of outworn speech which was required of him for public uses; and there was an intensely impatient of the common-place man, who expressed thought in language of the closest and most delighting in the effort to clothe his expressions in new garments of colour, music, and light. The former was a highly successful personage, who had a large share in the history of the Church; the latter was an individual figure of a partial failure, infinitely more appealing to those few who delight in the processes of imaginative life. For this almost scarcely glorious Benson I crave a few more words while we leave the Primate to his splendid career.

That Archbishop Benson's efforts as an author were not widely recognized before his death was not surprising when we consider that the most of them were almost wholly posthumous. They have been studied in his “Cyprian,” in his “Letters,” in his very curious and imperfect poems which are scattered through the biography. When we

Dean celebrated for the gorgeousness of his style: "Rather than write like that," he said, flinging down the book, "I would express myself in mathematical formulas."

Something of this determination to be true and personal, even at the expense of grace, is seen directly we open the "Cyprian," but it is discovered in its quiddity in the extracts which Mr. A. C. Benson gives from his father's strenuous and sometimes almost wilful Diary. We have, therefore, at last full material for forming a judgment on the Archbishop's intimate and personal manner of writing; it proves always curious and worthy of attention. Admirable I hardly dare to call it, but noticeable always. Its hardness and (often in the "Cyprian") its obscurity seem to be the result of a determination not to pay out his best thoughts in a debased coin, in the greasy coppers of conventional religious verbiage. Hence Archbishop Benson attempted to restore what seem forced and obsolete meanings to words, treating Latin, moreover, much as Carlyle treated German, though with far less success. The incessant strain after the primitive and positive signification of each word, not being aided by a native gift of grace, produced a metallic effect, and a false impression of density.

Archbishop Benson was, in fact, exactly what the Spaniards of the seventeenth century called a *culterano*, a purist who braved the accusation of being affected, if he might only secure an incessant impression that his phrases were fresh mintages, peculiar to himself, the natural body to enshrine the soul of his individual thought. He had the sincerity and courage of a great artistic writer, only, unfortunately, he was not an artist. But his conscientious labour lifts him far above the mass of people who write in a mould, and make no effort to escape from it. In him the effort must have been unceasing, for we see the contortion of it; as we do, very curiously, in the prose of his two most intimate literary friends. It would be an interesting task, but would take us much too far here, to investigate what there is, common to the style of Lightfoot, Westcott, and Benson, which differentiates them from other Victorian writers. Probably we should trace it back, in each case, to the influence of Prince Lee.

Another interesting technical feature of Benson's work as an author is notable now in the light of his posthumous writings. He was more than inclined to be what it is now the fashion to call a symbolist. That is to say, one source of the undoubted difficulty and "obscurity" of his more serious prose consists in his instinct for surrounding the fact or idea with suggestive clauses rather than mentioning it, by name, downright. He seems striving to place the reader's mind in such a

in trying to break up the deposits of convention which are incessantly forming about our real language, and deadening it, deserves the most ready appreciation.

The same instinct for "symbolism," in its sense, is found to a very curious degree in the poems of Benson. Thirty years ago he wrote the sonnet to the Archbishop of Syra and Tenos—

Forgetting Delos' sheen 'mid our dim grays,
Robed like a purple sunset,

at St. Mary's, Nottingham; earlier still, the strain beginning—

Mithra! farewell—thou canst not shine!
This land of mist, it is not thine.
I worship now a sunnier shrine,—
I worship Jove Capitolino,—

poems as unlike what one expects from an Archbishop of the Mid-Victorian period as possible, but much indeed like what one gets from a Belgian dandy of to-day. Most interesting of all are some of the lyrics of the Truro time, which Mr. A. C. Benson unearthed. In particular, "The Bawen Rock," written and dated 1877, and which deals darkly with a rock in the middle of sea, girt round with sands, in which the Archbishop makes strange and vain enchantments—

My hyacinth-bulb with its purpling spire,
My snowy narcissus, with heart of fire,—
I gardened them both in the bitter sand,
In the little rock's shade by the westerly strand.

My clay-smirched poet, my dead, dead jay,
My silver cross that was wrenched at play,—
I was sure they would straighten and ruffle and shiver,
If they touched my rock's clear little circle of brine.

The whole of this poem is pure "symbolism," satisfies Stéphane Mallarmé's rule about such verse—it should never directly name the subject of the poet's reflection, but so guide the reader's mind as to make it as if by instinct, divine it.

One hesitates to propose that there should be a needless addition to the making of books. But if Mr. A. C. Benson could find a few more of these odd poems and would add them to a collection of the queerest and least commonplace of those which he has already published, he might give us a very small book which would be quite a curiosity of literature.

EDMUND GO

Notes.

Among the literary articles in the magazines, besides those we refer to elsewhere or mentioned last week, there is an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Miss

Another article in the *Nineteenth Century* is on "Harmonic Literature" by Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Junior, whose imagination rather runs away with him. He alludes to the power possessed by so many musiciens of reading from a score, and thus taking in thirty lines at once, and he suggests that

It may prove possible to develop, in literature, something approaching the growth of this power, so triumphantly displayed in music. . . . Let us suppose now that we begin with what we may call the literary equivalent of a simple melody, say an ordinary narrative. In view of the power displayed in music, it seems certain that by grouping the adjectives and other qualifying words above and below the words qualified—as it were in a chord—each group could be seized as a whole by the reader's eye and mind together.

This sort of thing is pretty enough as after-dinner talk, but in a dignified magazine, sandwiched between a sober article on Electrical Engineering and another on Ancient Egyptian Ceramic Art, its nakedness causes the reader a severe shock. It is needless to point out that the thirty lines in a musical score are necessary. The different instruments could not play without them. In literature this is not so. And if the score is not a necessity would it be a luxury? After years of incessant toil a reader might accustom himself to a literary score. What then? He would not catch the spirit and gist of the book any more quickly than he could before with the most elementary knowledge of the art of skipping. There are, we believe, gentlemen in Fleet-street, who, looking at lines as they are now printed, can take in at least 11,000 at once, and afterwards tell the world what they are about.

Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill's sumptuous quarterly (*Lane*, 21s. n.) is, this winter, a particularly interesting number. It is, of course, full of war. Mr. Stephen Crane gives us "War Memories" full of *verve*. Mr. Stephen Wheeler compares "Sikhs and Boers." Mr. David Hannay's article on "Our Sea Fights with the Dutch" is picturesque, and incidentally the author points the way in which Holland may yet become part of a new first-rate naval Power. "Some Battle Pieces," by Mr. Sidney Low, is an apt reminder of the bravery of other days, while Mr. Spenser Wilkinson writes "On the Art of Going to War," as does Mr. Lionel Phillips on the "Past and Future of South Africa." Dr. Garnett represents literature with a critical and laudatory analysis of *Paolo and Francesca*. The *Review* is strong in fiction. In "Talbot of Ursula" Mrs. Atherton gives us a cleverly written tale freighted with the seductive atmosphere of Old California. Mr. de Vere Staepoole sends an excellent story, and there are others of equal merit. In her one-act play, *The Merciful Soul*, Miss Laurence Alma Tadema shows a somewhat soaring ambition, but no very satisfying accomplishment. Mrs. Bishop writes of "Chinese Doctors and Their Medical Treatment" with knowledge and insight. Among the poets Mr. W. H. Mallock sends "Lucretius on Life and Death," reproducing in the metre of Omar Khayyam various portions of the original poem, especially parts from the third book, and Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes "Four Poems Written in Norway in 1899"—perhaps a little too suggestive of "alban verse." The illustrations are admirable reproductions from portraits by old masters. George Canning at the age of 17, from the painting by Gainsborough in the collection of the Marquis of Clanricarde, is very beautiful. The young Canning, however, looks quite equal to writing the wonderfully staid, even rather pragmatical, letters which delighted his elderly friend, Henry John Richman. These letters are contributed by Canon Raven, who tells their history.

pupils at Longworth, and both he and his wife suffered from fever during a severe illness. His wife died, all the servants, the doctor, two of the children, and one of those who recovered lost his reason. The accumulated sadnesses the father knew recovered. No one would go near the vicarage. The vicar's nurse was the dead wife's mother. He left Longworth. Blackmore was sent to Blundell's School, Tetbury. In the particulars of that school he has immortalized. He has not mentioned the bullying and more than enough of that treatment he met with there, which laid the foundation of fearful headaches from which he suffered in after life. His career at the Bar impossible. The present vicar was a day boy at Blundell's, and knows some of the particulars. A youth he was keenly observant of nature, and a keen planter. He knew all the best trout pools and the best trout after trout as Charles Kingsley. He was a keen scholar, although he took only a second; and he has written in all his books. A "Saturday Review" writer, in hearing that the horse of "Cripps the Carrion" was a tail like the divine horses of Achilles. He has written in some translations, which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. Oxford he tried schoolmastering for a short time, and then read for the Bar. He married a lady of Portland, who predeceased him by about a dozen years.

His fruit-growing at Teddington was an expensive hobby. It never paid. Some years he did not pay the mere wages of his gardeners. Some years of vine pruning and pear grafting he wrote books. He had a vine garden, he was well paid, but all the money he spent on the garden and never came out. Either the season was so bad there was little or no fruit, or they were so small that there was so much that it did not pay for the gathering. He had in England, as all who have read his books can tell you, held its climate in high scorn. He used to say that the frosts ended on the 24th of June and the autumn began on June 25. He loved his vines, handled them, and spoke to them, as if they understood him. He had a variety of varieties himself of strawberries, pears, peaches, and always bought the best stock from Bunyan (a Devonshire man), or from the best nurseryman in Belgium. He had a finer scorn of the taste of the English for fruit than of the English climate. Pears must be large. The taste, flavour, odour, and colour which he was a keen judge, mattered little or nothing. He had a pear of a peculiarly fine and delicate odour, and he used to say, "It is too good for the British public to eat." He has no doubt that between Teddington and Coverly he was grossly swindled, as occasionally he found out. He had acres of pear trees, peach trees; alas! those vines which he so long loved, are now left, and destined to be pulled up, and the land to grow instead bricks and mortar. He was too good a master—with a few exceptions employed a wayfarer because he was a Devonshire man. In winter when he did not want him, and as soon as he was round and he did want him, the fellow took no notice to work on a railway.

His kindness to animals and birds was well known. Dogs loved him, pigeons followed him about. He built in a hole in his garden well one year, and he was well over lest the young ones, when they became adults, should be drowned. From the planks over the

not to say obstinate; witness his decades of failure in "Fruit Raising."

Prose was his forte and verse his foible. Long he cultivated the thankless muse not on a little oats, but on a few grapes and pears. Poems by Melancton, Fringilla, the almost perfect translation of the Georgics, all fell very nearly stone dead. His ancestors and most of his more immediate male relatives were clergy, and he had a boundless respect for a clergyman of the good old sort. He did not believe in what he called the modern craze for education, and he hated with his whole soul anything approaching the "new woman." Tennis, hockey, and bicycles for women were to him anathema. The late Professor Owen was one of his closest friends. In America he was held in high esteem. His books were pirated and read there by the thousand, and in that he was a fellow sufferer with Carlyle and Ruskin; but neither of them probably received an offer of marriage from America. He held the Christian faith humbly, with some "honest doubt." "It is not so much what I believe as what I wish to believe"—but he died and was buried in it. God rest his soul! He is of those of whom England may be proud, and though the Victorian age has had some greater, yet it has had none purer, honest, more loyal to God and the Queen than Richard Doddridge Blackmore. A. K.

That bugbear of authors—or rather of some authors—the bookstall monopoly of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, is to be discussed at the next general meeting of the Society of Authors. The general opinion of people who know the book trade is that that monopoly, though it may occasionally irritate an individual, does on the whole more good than harm. It simplifies the distribution of books, and also cheapens it in a way which we can realize if we try to imagine how much additional time and trouble and cost would be involved if every bookstall had to be visited separately by every publisher's travellers. It certainly would be much harder in such circumstances than it now is to get books exposed for sale in out-of-the-way places. There may be hard cases, but we are quite sure that, on the whole, bookstall monopolies make for the greatest happiness of the greatest number of authors.

The Director of the German Theatre in London showed a certain literary propriety in first presenting a play by L'Arronge, and following it up with one of Sudermann's dramas. It was L'Arronge who in his *Husemanns Töchter* (1877) conceived the idea of putting in juxtaposition on the stage the wealthy inhabitants of the *Vorderhaus* and the poor dwellers in the *Hinterhaus*, an idea which Sudermann made his own, and crystallized, so to speak for all time, in his masterly work and first dramatic success *Die Ehre* (1890). As every one knows, the slums of Berlin are not confined to particular quarters of the city, but practically occupy the back parts of the great barracks of flats, even in the most fashionable streets. L'Arronge describes his play as a *Fol-stück* (domestic comedy) and desires to emphasize the fact that such things happen every day. But he presents no problem, and in the end charity and loving kindness prevail in the good old fashion prescribed by melodrama. Sudermann brought to his task a subtle insight into the workings of the human mind, a power of plot construction and of endowing individual passions with universality of which his predecessor was wholly incapable.

attempts to speak the language of the educated, and propensities provoked much laughter. The reply to a call to see his son—"Mein Sohn ist augenblicklich nicht"—will serve as a specimen.

Fritz Reuter was not a dramatist, and the series from his masterpiece of narrative, "Ulmus Strömids for the stage as *Onkel Bräutigam*, calls for no serious drama. But the character of *Bräutigam* is perennially and it was played quite admirably by Junkermann. out forcibly the humour, dignity, and comfortable of the man who in his life "nie gescheamt und nie hat," who knew all about love because he had been three girls at once, who hated shams, and only desired every one as happy as he was himself. When the book in 1862-64 it was prophesied that *Onkel Bräutigam* would banish pessimism from Germany. The prophecy has been fulfilled, but his creator remains the greatest of German literature, greater than Jean Paul or Heine in his humour, while never failing to hit its mark, is always and manly, and thus akin to that of Chaucer and Shakespeare.

Although poor acting can scarcely harm good good acting can greatly increase its illuminating power to be regretted that more histrionic talent was not in Sudermann's *Glück im Winkel*. The heroine, one of Sudermann's finest creations, but the actress realized the dramatist's meaning. The effect of *Rosel* present vitality on that of Elisabeth, which had been pressed, the joy even if only a momentary joy of love after years of silence, was wholly missed. Max Belover, as Elisabeth's husband, did full justice to the beauty of the last act, which is to some extent reminiscent of Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*.

But despite the shortcomings of the players, a literature can only be grateful for an opportunity to them to learn something of the works that please Germans. And in judging these performances we should that long runs and expensive mounting are alike Germany, that the dramatic critics are invariably men and culture, not afraid to speak out, and that plays are published and in the hands of all at the their production. If the large audience who were so on the first evening become regular attendants, the theatre will soon be a permanent institution. But if we have our doubts, The proportion of English play support can be counted upon must be small. Will the colony keep the entertainment going by themselves rate the thing is being given a very fair trial.

In "Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow" a delightful parody of "Who's Who." The following particularly clever and topical:—

INGRAM, Sir William, Proprietor of *Illustrated News, Spectator, Sun, &c.* Publication: Shorter edit. Amicitia." 1900. Motto: "Dum Sphæra Spearet."

SHORTER, Clement King, late editor of *Illustrated News, Spectator, &c.* Founded the *Sphere*, 1900. I. Nicholas Breakspear.

Under the title "Gli avvenimenti di Napoli dal 12 luglio 1799" a fresh Nelson document of the high

were aware that the capitulation, made some days before with Cardinal Ruffo and the representatives of the allied Powers, remained suspended for the decision of King Ferdinand. The greatness of the name of Nelson and the enormity of the thing itself made it impossible to me to think that the great Admiral had recourse to deceit to get the abhorred Republicans out of the forts into his power. I must now undeceive myself. The document of Micheroux's, which now for the first time sees the light, removes every doubt, and, notwithstanding its great moderation of expression, supplies, if I mistake not, the last and definite word upon the argument.

Pierre Loti has been searching for local colour in the same fields as Mr. Kipling's old hunting ground. Kipling, of course, took the Imperial view of India, devoting as much attention to the Anglo-Indian as to the native, but Loti (so says a correspondent of the *Madras Mail* quoted in the *Homeward Mail*) has gone "to see native life, not how Europeans live in India." But the authorities at Trevandrum seem to have been sublimely unconscious of the novelist's wishes. With due pomp and ceremony Loti was driven in the carriage of the Maharaja as far away as possible from anything savage or picturesque; to the school of art, only to find pupils learning to draw in the manner of South Kensington; to the golf links; to a fountain not unlike the fountains at Versailles; to a performance of French music in the kiosk; to the Zoological Gardens. During this vain search for local colour he was heard to remark that he had seen tigers in a cage in Europe. Finally the Commandant of the Nayar Brigade offered to give him a parade. "Many thanks, Monsieur, but I did not come to India to see troops. Truly we have enough of them in Europe," was the reply. In the end Loti was obliged to walk the streets alone in order to listen to the tom-tom. Such are the penalties of greatness! But perhaps Loti derived some consolation at Muttoncherri, where he was rewarded for two whole days by the sight of black Jews.

M. Deschanel's address on his reception at the Académie was of political rather than of literary interest, and we need not dwell upon it. His predecessors in the "24th armchair" have been, in their order, Bois-Robert, Segrais the translator of the *Georgics*, Campistron, a writer of forgotten tragedies, Destouches, author of "Glorieux," Abbé Boissy the editor of the *Gazette de France*, Sainte-Palaye the author of the "Dictionnaire des Antiquités Françaises," Champfort, famous mainly for epigrams, Marie-Joseph Chénier, Chateaubriand, the Duc de Noailles, and Hervé. The unfamiliarity of the greater number of these names is interesting evidence of the ephemeral character of literary fame. Before making his speech, M. Deschanel took lessons in elocution from M. Puingard. It is an example from which some of our men of letters might take a hint before going on the lecture platform; but it is no new thing in France. Napoleon himself sent for Talma to coach him in his Oath to France the night before his coronation as Emperor.

A *Figaro* interviewer has elicited the reasons why M. J. K. Huysmans, though resolved to live the life of a religious recluse, has decided to live it outside the monastery rather than inside. In the first place, if he became a full-blown Benedictine, his Superior would have the right of choosing his publisher for him, and he does not "see" the reverend father in question in the character of literary agent. In the second place he would, under the same conditions, be unable to publish anything at all with-

Our Paris Correspondent announces the death of M. Paul Calmann-Lévy, the head partner in the house of this name. M. Paul Calmann-Lévy was the governing board of the *Revue de Paris*, which has taken the place so long held by the *Revue de France*. Under M. Calmann-Lévy's liberal guidance, the *Revue*, under Lavisso and M. Gauderax, have prevented this becoming an organ of a school, and have opened to all good work apart from any considerations of party. They have discovered more than one previously unknown case in point was their publication of the original of Perigord life in "Jaquon le Croquant," which is now reading. The house of Lévy were chief among the publishers of cheap books in France. Matthew Arnold, himself a publisher of cheap books, quoted George Sand's eulogy of the founder of the house, for his work in this direction. It should be remembered that George Sand of course had a 3.50 franc volume, but this was pretty soon followed by a cheaper book at 1 franc. M. Paul Calmann-Lévy had two brothers and a son to carry on the traditions of the house, which from the start published the works of Rousseau, Sand, of the Comte d'Haussonville, and of M. de Berton.

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

GENERAL.

The New Act.

There has seldom been a constructive Act of Parliament which has managed to build an edifice more enduring than the Board of Education Act, 1899. As Mr. Balfour has said, "everything will depend on the wisdom of its suggestions and the spirit in which it is received." Mr. Fabian Ware's EDUCATIONAL REFORM (Methuen) intended to help in forming the opinion of the public on the guiding the new department in the performance of its duties. The book suffers from a rather formal monotonousness, and a want of lucidity which will, we are afraid, not attract whose interest in educational reform has yet to be won. But the matter is good, and any one who really cares how education stands to-day should read it. The advantages, and the method of bringing suggestions of all classes into the net of the board are fully set out, and, Mr. Ware thinks, should form the nucleus of the new educational system, and it is a curious comment on our advance, and on the haphazard way in which we have taken each forward step, that an educational reformer should pronounce School Boards to be an anachronism. It is, as all sensible educationalists must be, extraneous to his claim on behalf of local authorities for the improvement of secondary schools. What is really important in the new scheme is that broad and intelligent consideration be taken of the meaning of education, and on this Mr. Ware is, we need hardly say, perfectly orthodox.

Pre-Reformation Schools.

IN EARLY YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS, Vol. I. (Yorkshire Archaeological Society). Mr. A. F. Leach has edited a volume of early documents relating to the schools at York, Ripon, with an elaborate introduction giving a general view of them. It is intended to treat all the ancient Yorkshire schools in like manner. As he remarks at the outset, "the

churches of secular canons, whose beginnings are grounded on guessing or lost in legend. The three schools of York, Beverley, and Ripon, I do not hesitate to affirm, existed before the Norman Conquest.

It is true, as Mr. Leach says, that the history of our grammar schools tends on inquiry to recede further and further into the past. Some of them, undoubtedly, owe their origin to the period of the Reformation; more, in all probability, have a much more ancient history, and maintained their continuous existence throughout the changes of the sixteenth century. Mr. Leach appeals to all custodians of ancient documents to allow them to be searched for such light as may be obtained from references to schools, or to payments made in connexion with them before the reign of Edward VI. We hope that the appeal will not be in vain, though the attempt to trace the continuity of schools to their earliest days must always be of more interest than importance, to say nothing of the difficulty of determining how far changes and new foundations affect a school's continuous existence. But apart from this merely antiquarian and sentimental question, everything that illustrates the state of early English education will be welcome. As to these three particular schools, their continuance from the earliest times may be regarded as certain. It was not broken at York by the grant of the Horsefair Hospital, though that was a great event in the history of the school, or at Ripon by the grant of a charter in 1555. At Beverley the state of things is by no means so clear. Documents have perished, and the historian is for some time reduced to inference. Still Mr. Leach is able to show, we should say, conclusively, that a continuance order must have been made, and that the school somehow survived notwithstanding the apparent failure of the townspeople's petition to Edward VI. for the erection of a free grammar school. In short, the reforming party dealt tenderly with the schools, the number and the antiquity of which suggest that even the Dark Ages were not quite so dark as they have been painted. Incidentally, Mr. Leach disposes of the contention that a "free" school means a school free from ecclesiastical control.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION for 1899 is the best procurable record of the educational events of the year. May we suggest, however, that the bound volumes would be more manageable, and consequently more useful, if the advertisement pages were omitted from them?

THE LOGICAL BASIS OF EDUCATION, by J. Welton, M.A. (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), is partly historical, partly technical, and partly practical. The author attempts with fair success to show the difference in mental standpoint of child or savage and civilized man, discusses the nature of evidence, inference, and judgment, gives the usual types of propositions, and, finally, inquires into the bearing of logic on education in general. The book is based upon Mr. Welton's work at the Yorkshire College among students training for the scholastic profession. Teachers can hardly fail to learn something from this book, which is both lucid and interesting, though the serious logician will need more. It is not meant for class work in school.

The Headmaster of Haileybury's little book on the TRAINING OF THE YOUNG IN LAWS OF SEX (Longmans, 2s. 6d. n.) is intended for parents (to whom it is dedicated) rather than for schoolmasters. The latter, however, should certainly read it for the candid and thoughtful tone—spiritual without a trace of cant—with which this very difficult subject is treated. It is the most

part of parents, but gives some very sound advice as to course of procedure.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

English Literary History.

THE AGE OF JOHNSON, by Thomas Seecombe (Hodder) is one of a series of Handbooks of English Literature under the general editorship of Professor Hales. It is one which can not only be studied with profit but read with interest, though it is, of course, unlikely that any student will allow that all Mr. Seecombe's critical estimates are just. Our own opinion is that he is at once more than just than just to Gibbon. He does not point out how the historian's stately phrases are marred by tautology, and and by that *Nominative Plene* which is, now, a besetting sin of the newspaper reporter and the company prospectuses. On the other hand, he depresses the personal character of the historian in a manner which hardly seem to us to warrant. That is a small matter, and only a matter of opinion after all. Mr. Seecombe's account of the fiction of the eighteenth century is well written and well praised. We particularly like his vindication of Smollett.

Smollett surpassed Fielding, first, as a powerful and master of pathos—as in the death-scene of *Commodore*—where, amid some exaggeration, there is a thorough pathetic force; and, secondly, in his employment of description as a background, as in "Count Fathom" the picture of the storm coming on at night in the the forest, and of the terror that constrains Fathom to the high road, reveals the latent imaginative power in the author. But between Smollett and Fielding perhaps really more points of resemblance than contrast. broad effective touches are in strong contrast alike with austere realism of incident and with Richardsonian realism of character.

This is good criticism, and Mr. Seecombe's criticism of novelists is uniformly good.

In the preface to THE STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) Miss Emma Salisbury Mellows says she has tried to help the youngest students "to take pleasure in studying this too often neglected subject." With this aim she has written a simple and unaffected account of our great authors and has had the tact to give prominence to biography. The young Philistine may at times forget the proposer that is being played upon him in beguiling him to read Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and all that lot. But the boy who reads this book must be carefully watched. conceived in the right spirit, it contains a good many valuable statements. Dr. Johnson figures as a writer of "and monotonous works," Dryden as a poet "with too much imagination"! It is misleading to call Dryden a splendor without a qualifying word as to the carelessness of his Gray's finished work did not require "any apologies for crudeness." "The Borough" was not Crabbe's last poem, and account of Gibbon is incomplete without a word about his full memoirs, and of Matthew Arnold without the names of his poems. It is arbitrary to say that "The Castle of Indolence" was Thomson's finest work without giving any reason for opinion, and that it is as a novelist and playwright that Keats chiefly shines. But we must leave it to schoolmasters to separate the wheat from the chaff in Miss Mellows' book. It will find it useful if they use it with discretion.

omission may be rectified in future numbers of this series. It is a great pity that the lines in Shakespeare are not numbered continuously, as in *Aeschylus* or *Sophocles*. The notes in this series are often a paraphrase of the sense, and they do not go into detail as to linguistic points; they are well suited, in fact, for young children beginning Shakespeare or for elementary schools rather than for the highest forms in public schools. Even for these, however, we think more might have been made of some points with advantage. There might be a little intelligent explanation of the characters. Again, if it is thought advisable to explain the Unities, it ought to be explained that the Greeks did not recognize three but one, that of Action, from which the other two follow more or less. Our greater liberty in Time and Place is due to the accident that we have a curtain to help the illusion. The great feature of this edition is the pictures, and, on the whole, they are quite successful. The costumes appear to have been carefully studied, and a child will certainly learn a good deal from them. There is distinct character in King John's face, and the Roman pictures in *Julius Caesar* are capital. We do not so much care for Shylock, but the same conscientious care is shown in the pictures to his play as in the rest. Our criticisms are due to the interest we take in this very useful edition.

Mr. A. W. Verity is already well known as an editor of Shakespeare, and his *As You Like It* in the "Pitt Press Shakespeare for Schools" (Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d.) leaves nothing to be desired in point of fulness. For advanced students, or even sixth form boys preparing for some stiff examination, this book would be just the thing; but it is too elaborate, in our opinion, for middle forms. These would be better suited by the "Swan Shakespeare" just noticed; indeed, the volumes of the Temple Edition contain nearly everything that is really necessary. Mr. Verity gives 52 pages of introduction, including Lamb's Tale of the play, 80 pages of notes, a glossary, and appendices. The edition has one interesting feature—a number of extracts from Lodge's "Rosalynde," which will introduce the young student to a kind of literature he would perhaps never hear of otherwise. The editor's work is thoroughly well done.

Side by side with Mr. Verity's volume we have a book of questions on the same play. It is sometimes the fashion among persons who wish to write an amusing note for a magazine to scoff at literary examination papers, and to ask, with a consciousness of happy superiority to the pedants who have to teach English literature, how a boy is taught to appreciate Shakespeare by having to "explain with reference to context." We have little sympathy with this kind of inexpensive criticism. Shakespeare must be studied intelligently, and it is highly important to test the results. Still, it is important to get at a boy's real opinions and tastes, and to lead him to discuss some general literary principles, and this is, perhaps, not enough recognized in Mr. John Lee's volumes of Questions on different plays, published by Allmann, to which Questions on Shakespeare's *As You Like It* has now been added. But for a critical and detailed study of the play, scene by scene, the book is very useful, not only for examination purposes, but as a guide to teachers. It is interleaved.

Selections.

Amongst the new English books we give the place of honour to Longman's *ADVANCED READER* ("Ship" Literary

wish. The book is interesting from cover to cover, and we wish it may prove to be the pioneer of a series which will give some adequate idea of the wealth of English literature; here the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are untouched.

An attempt is made to fill the gap in M. G. SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH PROSE (Blackie, 1s. 6d.) much for one book. Among the authors included are Bacon, Bunyan, Browne, Hobbes, Milton, Hooker, Pepys, besides others more modern. It is a specimen of Malory and one of Lyly. The extracts are arranged according to subject; each is to some extent interesting and interesting both for matter and form. In these are nearly all what we may call the best of the age. We should be glad to see some attempt to include colloquial writers who abounded during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such as Nash, Green, and Miss Skeat appends to each piece a few "notes" which are rather childish. She does not distinguish between matter; thus "shrewd observation of character" and "method in argument" are not notes of style, but of good, and we hope this book will be widely read. CHAMBERS' HIGHER ENGLISH READER is addressed to an intelligent audience. It contains chiefly extracts from history, or narrative poetry, and would suit the highest forms in elementary schools. Sifted for elementary schools, Cassell's Modern School Series, POETRY FOR BOYS (1s. 6d. per penny each, standards I. and II., III. and IV., V. and VI., numbers each group). The poems are carefully selected, and the lowest standards we are glad to see some of the prettiest child poems.

Four of Nelson's Supplementary Readers (1s. 6d. each) are well-known stories abridged to some eighty pages. They are GULLIVER'S VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT; No. 6, THE SETTLERS AT HOME; No. 7, NELSON OF THE NAUFRAGIO; and No. 8, some of Hawthorne's TANGLEWOOD.

All these English books are illustrated with pictures. The pictures are generally interesting, but Cassell's are quite coarse and ugly. Those in Nelson's Reader are not printed on the greasy, heavy paper which is the fate of the other books.

Mr. E. E. Speight's successful "New English Reader" (Marshall, 1s. 6d.) now includes a well selected series of printed NEW ENGLISH POETRY BOOK (1), containing Spenser to Swinburne, with a glossary.

In the "University Tutorial Series" (Longman) Wyatt's edition of CHAUCER: PROLOGUE AND TALES (1s. 6d.) should be useful. The text is supplied with a good glossary by Mr. J. Malins. The introduction deals of information into a short space. Mr. W. W. Arnold's well-known estimate of Chaucer, and the Dryden's praise of him as a metrist. Dryden's "The miller's tale,"

Winsing she was, and joly as a may,
Long as a mast, and upright as a may,
As perfect examples of the heroic couplet. The piece of work.

CLASSICAL.

New Oxford Texts.

It has long been a discredit to English

cost twice as much as the Toubners. It cannot be denied, however, that they are worth it. The type and binding are all that could be desired. We note one improvement which ought to be adopted in all reprints of standard books. There is no paging; but at the top corners of the pages are the standard references of the book in question. Thus, in the Plato we see Stephanus' pages; in Thucydides, book and chapter; in Lucretius, book and line. Each text is founded on an independent study of the MSS., nor blindly follows a guide however famous. The principle observed is, to recover as nearly as possible the reading of the best MS., not to restore what may have been written by the author. An exception is made in the case of spelling, which has generally been reduced to order and corrected by the aid of inscriptions or grammarians or known facts. A short preface to each volume describes the chief MS. authorities for the text, and explains the manner of constructing the present text.

The present instalment of Plato contains the first two Tetralogies, and is edited by Prof. Burnet of St. Andrews. New light has been thrown on the text of Plato by the fragments found in Egypt by Prof. Petrie. These often agree with the Paris MS., but they are carelessly written and contain many blunders. The discovery is, however, encouraging, because it shows that our MSS. of Plato are good. Mr. Burnet is the first to publish the readings of "Marcianus," the Venice MS., for the *Phædo* and *Politicus*; Schanz did not use this MS. for his *Phædo*. The editor has thus been able to restore the true reading in some cases where Schanz has missed it; e.g., in *Phædo* 78 A *ἀν εὐκαιρότερον* where Schanz reads *ἀναγκαϊότερον*. The more important various readings or conjectures stand at the foot of the page; they are reduced to about one-fifth of Schanz's *apparatus criticus*.

Mr. Stuart Jones, as editor of Thucydides, has had a harder task, which has been done, in our opinion, with sound judgment. The same general principles are observed, the chief MSS. being selected and described, and an attempt made to restore the "ancient tradition" of Thucydides, without entering into the question whether this was exactly what Thucydides wrote. Hence the recent attempts to prove wholesale corruption of the text by insertion of adscripts are wisely put aside. The spelling is, however, restored even against MSS. where it can be proved to be wrong. Few will doubt, for example, that Thucydides wrote *ῥῆσις καὶ δέκα*, not *ῥῆσκαϊδέκα*. The *ν ἰσιλαυστικόν* is read sometimes before a consonant (as in III., 29); we know now from the inscriptions that its use was not so regular as the grammars would make it. Mr. Jones has himself collated the British Museum MS. (M) and the Laurentian (C) for parts of the book, and we see traces of his independent work in some passages where he corrects earlier scholars. We do not think, however, that *τὸ κενὸν τοῦ πολέμου* is right in III., 31; *τὸ λαϊκόν*, "war's surprises," is just the sense required. In III., 37, *ῥῆ ἔξ αἰρῶν ἐνύσαι*, which Mr. Jones gives, is better than *ῥῆ λαυρῶν*; the phrase reminds one of *ῥῆν ἔξ ἡμῶν ἐνσφοβίαν* (*Antigone* 95), and is not the only coincidence between Thucydides and Sophocles. Here as with Plato, Egypt has furnished valuable evidence of the substantial correctness of the MSS. in a fragment from Oxyrhynchus.

The conservative principle rules also in Mr. Bailey's Lucretius. It is needless to say that the new text owes much to Lachmann and Munro; but Mr. Bailey is less ready to mend by transposition, or to suppose a lacuna; very truly reminding us that Lucretius did not live to put the finishing touches to his poem. Lachmann scrupulously kept the MS. spelling, though this was quite inconsistent: in the present text "forconsequimus"

and though the English type popularly supposed to be Porson's hand is legible, it is smug. A beautiful type made on the basis of the best of the *Florentino Petrie* (even a copy of the letters issued in the *editio princeps*, published in Florence), would, if the ligatures were resolved, be a great improvement on that we have.

Bell's Illustrated Classics.

Messrs. Bell have sent us several of their new SERIALIZED CLASSICS (1s. 6d. each). "Caesar, Gallic War, II. Liddell, III., by F. H. Colson and G. M. Gwyther;" "Caesar, ch. I-19, by W. C. F. Walters;" "Hannibal's First Campaign (from Livy XXI.), by F. E. A. Trayer;" "Eutropius I. and J. G. Spencer;" "Selections from Nepos," by H. C. Trayer;" "Virgil, Æneid, IV.," by A. S. Warman;" "Horace," by C. G. Botting;" "Ovid, Metamorphoses, I.," by G. C. Trayer;" and "Selections," by J. W. E. Pearce. These books are with or without vocabulary and notes, the price of without notes being 1s. We strongly advise the general Mr. Marchant, to alter the *format* of the books. The type is fairly clear, though we prefer it to be larger, but the books with scarcely any margin are trying to the eye, usually realized that much damage may be done to the children before any one finds it out; headaches are often a result of strained sight, and in choosing so the teacher should insist on large, clear type and good with plenty of space between lines. As models of what a book may be we would instance Mr. Maenaghten's *Catullus* and Dent's *Modern Language Series*; were it a paper, we should add Longman's *Illustrated Classics*. A little to remark in these books, which are mostly texts. We are glad to see part of the "Metamorphoses" them. Mr. Trayer's makes an interesting book for a text in lower forms. "Nepos," however, we have always had to be simplified. The stories are admirably suited for children, but the Latin is often difficult. The pictures are numerous, and add to the interest of the books. Most are taken from authentic sources, which are indicated; some are imaginary. We find no fault with such groups where the and weapons are faithfully studied; but we are not sure the editors realize that a good many of the pictures of Roman works are founded on a guess. The pictures are here repeated; thus two books of Caesar will contain mostly pictures, though a few (such as Caesar's portrait) are common. It is pleasant to see that in the poetical books poets are quoted for illustration. It would be interesting an edition of Horace or Virgil in which the notes should long specimens of (1) English verse translations, (2) imitations, (3) English illustrations of the authors' devices, rhythmical or imaginative.

From the Greek Poets.

A charming volume is Mr. E. C. Marchant's *Antologia*—not the Palatine, but passages from the poets chosen by him (Methuen, 3s. 6d.). The pieces are lyrical and dramatic. There is no Homer, because Marchant truly says, two-thirds of the *Iliad* and two-thirds of the *Odyssey* should have been printed. The scene of the *Pirates* from the *Hymns*, some episodes from *Hesiod*, *Theocritus*, *Bion*, and *Musæus*, a few epigrams—and practically all dramatic or lyric. The compiler's principle to choose by the intrinsic merit of the passage and the value of the idea handled in it. This excluded almost all the "epitaphs" of "Wain and Wainwright" which

p. 88.) A few notes are added, explanatory and metrical, with English verse translations, when these are good. The book is beautifully printed and will be dear to all who love fine poetry.

Texts with Notes.

Mr. Sargeaunt's FOURTH GEORGIC OF VIRGIL, in Blackwood's Classical Series (1s. 6d.), is excellent. It is not overloaded with notes, neither are those trifling; and the various points, linguistic, metrical, or botanical, are summed up in appendices. Beside an index of proper names and one of Greek words, there is a new feature in a select list of words which are interesting etymologically, and the editor's remarks on these are fresh and stimulating. Two other appendices give passages from Aristotle bearing on natural history, and those from Homer which are imitated in the text. In both cases translations are given. From the literary side this book is especially good, whether in criticism of Virgil's style, or in illustrations from English poets given in the notes. There are a number of illustrations, well chosen, all explained fully, and some printed in colours. Print and page-effect are good, except that a summary of the text is inset, instead of being in the margin, and this is unpleasant to the eye. Such things are unsuited to verse. But, on the whole, the book is the best we have seen of the new type of schoolbook. If Messrs. Blackwood keep up to this standard, their series will stand high.

IN THE CAMBRIDGE SERIES FOR SCHOOLS AND TRAINING COLLEGES we have "Xenophon, Anabasis V.," by G. M. Edwards; "Caesar, Gallic War, V.," by E. S. Shuckburgh; "Virgil, Aeneid V.," by A. Sidzwick; and "Ovid, Selections from the Tristia," by H. P. M. Simpson. These books contain short introductions, notes, and vocabulary. The print is good, but the lines are too close in the Virgil, and insufficient margins in all. The "Caesar" is the best printed, and this contains a concession to new tastes in the shape of a few good illustrations. There are also two maps. Mr. Sidzwick explains his Virgil with gusto, and he is fortunate in a book which delights the boy's simple heart. His clear and stimulating style of annotation is well known to schoolmasters. Mr. Simpson selects his extracts so as to illustrate Ovid's life and character and various antiquarian subjects, such as a Roman book or a triumph. The book is interesting, and we are pleased to see that his notes sometimes suggest without answering a question. We do not like the plan of bracketing elided vowels, which is adopted in the earlier extracts. Mr. Edwards' "Xenophon" is well done. We like especially his sympathetic introduction and the illustrative quotations in the notes on historical points (1s. 6d. each vol.).

The last number of the Pitt Press Series, CICERO PRO LEGE MANILIA, by J. C. Nicol, is like to the rest in appearance and contents. The print is good, but to read it tries the eye somewhat, because there is too little margin. There is a clear and interesting historical introduction, and Mr. Nicol adds in foot-notes the allusions to each event which are found in the speech. This is a good idea. The book is not overburdened with notes, but some might still be dispensed with. Is it necessary, for instance, to tell a pupil that *profeta* comes from *profetisior*, or to translate *non ferendum*? There are full indices.

Mr. Westram's edition of CAESAR, GALLIC WAR, I. (Longmans, illustrated, 1s. 6d.), is excellent as far as type and margin go, but the book suffers from its highly-glazed paper. In artificial light, especially in schoolrooms, such books are difficult to read unless the light be caught at a certain angle. One advantage of the larger page is the way in which the pictures show up. They are perhaps a little better finished than Bell's, but they look much better. Each picture has a careful explanation of it, with technical terms, and source, printed beneath—a good idea. No boy will ever hunt up an explanation, but he will take it sometimes before he is aware, if it be put under his nose. There are clear maps and plans, notes, and a vocabulary. The notes here also are too full. Is it necessary to explain *collocare* as contracted for *collocare*? To *sibi quoniam* might be added a note on the uses of *quoniam*, which boys never know; here we are only told that *quoniam* is common with *se* or *uis*. This series wants a stern general editor with close ideas of what to

"Cribbs."

We rather regret to see Bell's Classical Texts in parts at a shilling each. It is to put temptat boy's way. But we can congratulate Mr. E. C. on a scholarly and readable version of THUCYDIDES, who knows a great deal about Thucydides, and more than Dale or Jowett; and although he can not possess a real style, in the sense that Non L'Estrange had it, his version is better than correct than Jowett's. With all his faults, he is not "Levinthan" Hobbes; but we admit Hobbes's version in examinations. Mr. W. Headlam, in translating OF ÆSCHYLUS, has to edit the text as well, and the book consists of textual notes. These will interest teachers, who will be interested to see one's emendations of the translator's (e.g., 9-10, 106); but of the play he sees a lively altercation between which helps to explain the abruptness of the text. No space to criticize this book in detail, but it is to the understanding of a difficult and corrupt play.

Composition.

HELPS, HINTS, AND EXERCISES FOR GREEK COMPOSITION, by C. E. Lawrence, M.A. (Clarendon Press) contains some seven score exercises in imitations. They have been ingeniously made out of passages from the text. A reference is given in each case, and the learner is to use these passages for phrases and words. The rest (which are mostly taken from English plays) are added. The idea is a good one, and the book is to teach a poetical vocabulary. It could only be used where Greek verse is begun early. In some schools until the sixth form, or the form just below; but the boy will have already a fair vocabulary, and minds and no such intermediate step is necessary. Useful hints are prefixed to the exercises.

AN INTRODUCTION TO GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION, by Pitman (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), aims at teaching the student sentence by easy steps, beginning when the pupil has made the first steps. The explanations are simple and clear, and the exercises are fully made. We are not sure, however, that Mr. Pitman stands the need for constant repetition. There are alternative exercises for revision or a last extra ones.

A LATIN VERSE BOOK FOR PREPARATORY SCHOOLS, 3s. 6d.) is by an experienced teacher of Latin, and is carefully prepared. But it is strictly on the lines of the old books, though it may materially assist a boy of 13 to write verses in an examination, it will not do much more than writing a means of training the intelligence and

Messrs. Macmillan have added to their Elementary Series a book of UNSEEN (PASSAGES FOR GREEK TEXT) LOWER FORMS, 1s. 6d.), containing 200 short, easy pieces. We welcome this book, though the illustrations against Bell's Illustrated Classics apply to it too small, and there is practically no margin.

MODERN LANGUAGES

For French Reading.

Racine's ATHALIE is admirably edited for the school by Mr. H. W. Eve (2s.). The introduction is of a kind—lucid in style, full of facts, and never runs into the obvious. The notes avoid the obvious, and are only introduced where really needed to throw light upon the text. A suggestive parallel passage from the Greek is quoted. It is almost an ideal edition for use in schools.

M. Hector Malot is one of the few modern

docteur " simply ; " le médecin " is also used ; M. le médecin never. Her geography is also wrong when she tells us that " from Vevey to Villeneuve the shore is crowded with hotels, villas, and shops." It is only from Chérens to Vevytau that it is so crowded. Yet, in spite of these errors, her editing, on the whole, is satisfactory.

Mr. Arnold's useful little series of French reading books, which includes selections from Dumas, Balzac, Hugo, and others, now comprise a number of SIMPLE FRENCH STORIES at 30l. each, with notes and vocabulary, of which the following are now published :—Verne's " Un Drame dans les Ais," Laboulaye's " Pif Paf " and " Poucinet," Muc. de Ségur's " Histoire de Rosette " and " La Petite Souris Grise," Stahl's " Un Anniversaire à Londres," De Musset's " Monsieur le Vent et Madame la Pluie," and also " La Péro Griquette " and " La Cuisine au Salon."

Mr. L. E. Kastner publishes two FRENCH READERS, a JUNIOR and an ADVANCED (Blackwood, 2s. 6d. each), with brief critical and literary notices. These will be found serviceable by candidates for public examinations, who wish to gain a knowledge of many styles in a short time.

Grammar.

Arsène Darmesteter's HISTORICAL FRENCH GRAMMAR originated in a course of lectures delivered to the students of the École Normale Supérieure des Filles, at Sèvres. The author died, in the prime of life, before he had finished preparing his book for the press. Two of his pupils, MM. Muret and Sudre, undertook to revise his MS. and fill up the lacunæ. An authorized translation of the second French edition, by M. Alphonse Hartog (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), is now published. Students sufficiently advanced to profit by it could probably have read it just as well in the original. That said, there is little else to be said except that it is as complete and thorough as a work of the kind could be expected to be. All that one desiderates is a " reader " on the same scale to be studied in conjunction with it, and one can hardly doubt that that want will, in due course, be met. On matters of detail there are only one or two points worth noting. The Low Latin word which developed into *chat* is not *cattus*, but *catulus*. So, at any rate, say Lewis and Short. And we question whether it is exact to say, without hedging, that French has " from the thirteenth century been written in French Switzerland." The French which prevailed there was French with a difference even as late as the sixteenth century—French with many weird words and constructions—as any one may see who troubles to compare the Parisian French of Calvin with the Genevan French of Bonivard. The difference was so marked that Calvin, being in authority, would not allow Bonivard's "Chronique de Genève" to be printed, because (among other reasons) the French was so bad. But we highly recommend the book. In addition to its other virtues it is admirably indexed.

A more useful book for schools and colleges is Mr. Victor Spiers' SHORT FRENCH HISTORICAL GRAMMAR (Simpkin, Marshall, 5s.). It might be described, in the language of the composing room, as a " displayed " French grammar, many kinds of type, and a particularly large allowance of black type, being used for the sake of lucidity. The author has simplified the subject much as Dr. Rutherford simplified the Greek grammar, by freely cutting out the unessential. What he has printed is not more than a diligent student with a decent memory could learn by heart ; and any one who knows it by heart will be in a fair way to grapple with examiners, though he may not be absolutely master of the subject. The practical usefulness of the grammar would be greatly increased if it included

only the alphabet of the Association Phonétique Internationale but also a large collection of mysterious symbols which his grammar took like a mathematical treatise. An instance, is the average student to make of this ?

(iii.) When followed by a consonant, $n + i + e$, $n + o$, $n + u$, n no longer mouille.
Accompagné (sub.) > *ofr.* *acompañat*.
Parlé > *ofr.* *parlat*.
Scindre > *ofr.* *scindre* in the Oaths (ep. *Appel*) $scind + i + e$, as *graindre* > *graindre*.

To write this is hardly to diminish the difficulties of a already difficult enough. The most useful thing in the appendix of examples.

German " Readers " &c.

Messrs. Dent send us two more of their excellent Language Series—Dent's FIRST GERMAN BOOK (2s. 6d.) and GERMAN READER (2s. 6d.). The " First German " is written on the same plan as the French book we lately, and we can speak with the same praise of its vocabulary shows much ingenuity ; each word is explained in a simple German sentence ; yet they are so printed as to column down the page, and being in thick type catch the eye. Pictures are used here as in the French book. The contains short and simple rhymes, tales, and so forth, alternately with these, a series of exercises descriptive of the of a house and its inhabitants (*Die Wohnung*) and a city (*Die Stadt*). Each exercise is followed by questions or definitions in German, or sentences with a word blank to be filled in. The vocabulary is all in German, and at the top of each the irregular parts of any such verbs as are named in its short poems and stories, without vocabulary, come at the original points here, again, are the pictures, and the German for explanations all through. Of course, neither books is meant to be used without a teacher.

A COMPENDIOUS GERMAN READER, by G. B. Blackwood, 2s. 6d.), is an excellent book for army class extracts are historical and literary. The first class are from many authors of different styles to illustrate a German history which forms one appendix. After each are added to this brief history, and to biographical sketches the authors which form another appendix. The literary are more interesting than the historical pieces, but they give just the kind of thing which a soldier wants. The well arranged.

A FIRST GERMAN WRITER, by A. A. Somerville, M. L. S. R. Byrne, M.A. (Livingtons, 3s. 6d.), is a useful book. Several pages are devoted to the German script though neat and artistic in appearance, is being gradually by its more popular Latin competitor. There is an excellent table of irregular verbs (alphabetically arranged), vexatious gender problem is well handled. Should not indicative of " haken " be " hakte " instead of " hakte " (p. 212). At the end is a vocabulary of about 7000 words. The authors have kept clear of the abstruse rubbish with which scientific grammarians often frighten their pupils.

GERMAN WITHOUT TEARS, adapted from the French " French Without Tears," by Hugh Bell, the author of " French Without Tears," by Hutchinson (Arnold, 9d.), is an attractive little book for young children, based on the principle of making them see the sight and sound of German words and phrases before the Grammar.

Spanish.

SCHILLING'S SPANISH GRAMMAR, translated and edited by Frederick Zagel (Hodgson), though the preface with its rated praise excites some prejudice against it, is a good work. The rules are clearly explained, and the examples chosen. The conversational part is distinctly good. The exercises are too long, and the vocabularies are porters whole page of words sometimes, and no alphabetical

"Acts of the Apostles." However, Mr. C. F. Burney's *OUTLINES OF OLD TESTAMENT THEOLOGY* (Rivingtons, Is.) contains a great deal of useful information, well classified and clearly set forth. From the linguistic or antiquarian point of view, this book leaves little to be desired, and the relation of the Hebrew worship to that of other Semitic tribes is explained in a satisfactory manner. We note that an honest attempt is made to trace the growth of a belief in immortality; and that the author keeps free from the vice of reading into the Jewish mind the thoughts of a later age. It is something to be grateful for that Mr. Burney admits the growth of religious thought.

The Articles.

If the same principle had been applied to the THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES in Mr. Kidd's exposition (Rivingtons, Is. Vol. II., Arts. IX.-XXXIX.), the book would be more practically valuable. In this also the scholastic part is thoroughly well done. The text is given in Latin and English from the last revision of 1571, and different type or other of the printer's aids are used to mark what was composed in 1563 or added in 1563, or what is in common with 1560, 1588, 1583, and 1563. Each Article is discussed as to the source, object, and interpretation. Some of the interpretations (as that on Purgatory) show a sound common sense and a tolerant temper; but others, such as the Fall and the Ministry, show a rather narrow outlook. The book is, however, on the whole, moderate and fair.

Commentaries.

THE PASTORAL EPISTLES, edited by J. H. Bernard, D.D. (3s. 6d.), is a new number of the Cambridge Greek Testament for schools and colleges, now edited by Canon Robinson. The text has been revised, and is here explained in great detail. We are inclined to think the notes are too long; for instance, the very natural metaphor of "wholesome" doctrine takes nearly a page of small print in explaining. But though from the teacher's point of view this may be a fault, it is a merit for solitary students. The historical introduction is excellent; we would mention especially an interesting discussion of the *Episcopus* and *Presbyter*. One sentence has puzzled us. In speaking of *hupatz legomena*, Dr. Bernard says that in Shakespeare's plays "the frequency ranges from 3/4 in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* to 10/4 in *Hamlet*." The context seems to imply "on each page," which can hardly be true; and how long is a page?

Archdeacon Perowne's edition of the PROVERBS (Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, 3s.) shows the fault of several others of the series in a certain triviality of some notes. Everything that really needs a note appears to have one, whether it be a matter of reading, translating, or interpreting; but there are a certain number that are not needed at all. We cannot regard the introduction as ideal; there is too much effort to improve the occasion, and the editor's style is pedantic. It would have been interesting to compare the Hebrew practical man's ideal with that shown in the proverbs of other nations, but beyond the quotation of a few English proverbs nothing of the sort is done. The character of Hebrew wisdom and the authorship of the book are briefly discussed. In the same series, Dr. Barnes gives us THE CHRONICLES in an edition which deserves much praise. Both introduction and notes are rigorously compressed, and while discussing historical difficulties with fairness and knowledge, they carefully avoid meditations and reflections. The remarks on the aim and object of the work are especially clear and judicious.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

Ancient.

Mr. Murray has published Part I. of an edition of THE STUDENTS' GIBBON (5s.), edited by Greenidge. There are maps, pictures, and notes which contrast refreshingly with those of Denn Milman; but we are by no means satisfied with the editor's treatment of the text, especially as regards the Christianity chapters. Mr. Greenidge has no obligation to propagate Gibbon's views on Christianity; but he has no right to suppose it his duty to come forward as Gibbon's editor, and tell us that he has endeavoured to "avoid tampering" with what Gibbon has written.

There is no question that, for the young student, the best way of being taught by means of biographies. We are sure that Mr. Murray has yet made a school history of Greece, Rome, and the Middle Ages; even the immortal Plutarch is but little known to most schoolboys. We welcome Mr. Spenser's GREEK AND ROMAN HEROES (New College Series) as a step in the right direction. It has abridged six of Plutarch's Grecian lives and six of his Roman into a volume of 228 pages, adding maps and other pictures. This he intends for the use of the "schools." For a classical fifth or sixth it would be well suited; it seems to us well suited for a first classical course. The quantities are marked in proper places, and the text is useful. We think it should have been omitted which are naturalized, such as Plato. No one can read Plato.

Modern.

The "School Examination Series" (Macmillan) Mr. Tait Wardlaw, now includes EXAMINATIONS IN CONSTITUTIONAL AND GENERAL HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, 1832-1888. The history is divided into two parts—the first from 1832 to the first Reform Bill—each part by a different author. The head of constitutional and of general history in each case more or less cover the whole period. The book gives papers about the period 1832-1888. All the questions are of the essay character, and the style and reflection in the answer. The book is well recommended.

THE AGE OF HAWKE, edited by Mr. L. W. G. A. and C. Black's "Sea Dog" Series, is a good book for schoolboys. The book is a stirring anthology of accounts of the sea fights and other naval exploits of the age of doubling of Cape Horn, in the days of H.M.S. Kempenfelt, Vernon, Boscawen, and many others who helped to build our empire. The accounts are taken from temporary records, such as the early number of the "Penny Magazine." Appropriate portraits are given of "The Loss of the Royal George," or "The Scattered through the book, which Mr. Lysons has given a spirited account of Hawke's personality and work.

Miss Katharine Stephen's FRENCH HISTORY (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) is written in simple language and is full of intelligence of the young and stupid. The French reformers is introduced as "a Frenchman who had well-known territorial division as 'a province.' We are not sure that it is worth while to thrust upon children who require to have it taught while more advanced students are likely to read it down to. The modern part of the history is

Napoleonic wars without mentioning the Walcheren expedition. There are also mistakes (or, more probably, misprints) in the matter of dates: 1779 is given as the date of the overthrow of the directorate by Napoleon.

THE MAKING OF EUROPE, by Nemo (Nelson, 3s. 6d.), is an historical compendium apparently intended for the use of children. It would have been a more valuable book if the author had cultivated accuracy. One cannot speak very loudly in praise of a history which treats of the making of France without reference to Louis XI., speaks of Geneva as though it already belonged to the Swiss Confederation in the middle-ages, describes Isaac Cusaubon as a naturalist, and states as a well-known fact the generally discarded hypothesis that Hannibal crossed the Alps by way of the Little St. Bernard. Yet the author has, undoubtedly, the gift of simple exposition, and might do good work in the way of explaining things to children if he would take the initial precaution of mastering his subjects.

A LITTLE HISTORY OF LANCASHIRE (Nelson, 9d.) is the first volume of a series intended for use in the evening continuation schools and the higher classes of the day schools of the various counties. In addition to the direct narrative, there are sections on Industrial Progress, Lancashire Legends and Traditions, Folk Song, Folk Speech, Folk Lore, and the Lancashire Worthies. The list of the latter is, as it should be, short, including only John Bradford, Humphrey Clitham, Henry Cort, Romney, John Barrow, Sir Robert Peel, Gladstone, Mrs. Hemans, and De Quincey. The idea is a good one well carried out, the book being simply written and well and profusely illustrated.

One other historical book may be mentioned—A SUMMARY OF RANSOME'S SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND (155 pp.), which is a useful cram book.

Geography.

Mr. L. W. Lyde, who in his A GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE (A. and C. Black) starts with the cheering statement that "the British Empire covers about one-fifth of the land of the globe," has for some years been a successful lecturer on his subject, and knows the difficulties which beset the young student. His book acts as a supplement to an atlas, and itself contains no maps. His comparisons of the size of distant parts of the world with that of countries nearer home are useful. Here and there more references to history might have been helpful. Such a suggestion as that of Mr. Bent, that Solomon got his gold from Mashonaland, might, for example, have been mentioned. But the book is a *multum in parvo*, a neat little stack of statistics.

Book V. of the ROYAL OSBORNE GEOGRAPHY READERS (Nelson, 1s.) describes various interesting places in Great Britain and Ireland. There are plenty of pictures such as small children can appreciate, and the style is reasonably simple.

GALLIA is one of Murray's Handy Classical Maps (paper, 1s. n.). Mr. Grundy, the general editor, is guarantee for the quality of the series, but we wish it had been stated what survey is reproduced. Colours are used to distinguish various heights above sea level (we wish contours had been added), and the printing is beautifully clear.

Messrs. A. and C. Black's SYNTHETICAL GEOGRAPHY CARDS are designed to supplement oral teaching. The maps are drawn in sets of three and are so arranged that one or all can be presented to the pupil at the same time. The series comprises practically an atlas, notes and text combined. The first map should be open during the lesson. This can then be folded out of sight and the second map brought into view. This omits names of places, giving instead facts connected with places marked in Map A.

evidently the work of experienced teachers; it covers a deal of ground, and will scarcely fail to interest as instruct. About half the book is devoted to mechanics—rest to heat, light, magnetism, and the chemistry of &c. The idea is to give the student an insight into methods and ideas rather than to provide a complete, and this object is furthered by the inclusion of many experiments requiring only inexpensive apparatus. Treatment of force would be made more satisfactory by the use of the second law of motion, and it is a pity that they have failed to give a proper definition of specific gravity, the more so as the descriptions and explanations are most part excellent. The book will be found a very preparation for the Science and Art Department examinations.

GENERAL ELEMENTARY SCIENCE, by J. T. Dunne and Mundella (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), is written mainly for use at London University, but offers also a good course for a general reader. Its most notable feature is the entire absence of chemical symbols, algebraical formulae, and equally kind whatever, and it will be hailed with delight by a number of students to whom symbols and formulae are a terror. The book is well written, the difficult points are illustrated by homely examples, and all semblance of cram is avoided conscientiously recommend it.

We scarcely know for what class of readers Mr. Earl's OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY (Arnold, 4s. 6d.), has been written. It is extremely discursive, and contains a little chemistry, mechanics, a little electricity, a little heat, and a little besides a little miscellaneous scientific information. For those who have studied these subjects as they deserve to be studied, and the greater part of the book is useless; one who has not, would be able to understand it, and, even if he did, his knowledge would not be very complete or very sound. The new plan (explanation) of giving definitions after explanations and before to difficult conceptions by degrees, is deplorably overdone; questions are not pressed home, and difficulties are if mentioned apparently for the purpose of saying they cannot be explained at this stage." In some instances find slovenly statements e.g., "the speed at a given time (*v*) may be a very transitory state. It may only be a very small fraction of time." "At the equator the sun is at the head." "The path of a body oscillating at the end of a pendulum is a straight line." For the student such imperfections spoil the whole value of a scientific book.

Zoology.

A MANUAL OF ZOOLOGY, by the late T. Jeffery and William A. Haswell (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), is designed for the student in higher classes of schools, and to some junior classes of Universities. Opinions differ as to the value of teaching natural history in schools, but there is a feeling that if it be taught stress should be laid on anatomy, but on habits, colours, shapes, and other characters, so that power of observation may be trained. In this text-book the contents are accurate, methodically arranged, and illustrated with really good figures, but the animals are treated as living, moving creatures. Take turkeys, for there was a grand opportunity of suggesting observation of flight and migrations, their nests and eggs, the habits, and the meaning of the adaptation of the various parts of the body, for hopping, or perching. Instead of this we have a highly finished technical account of the anatomy of the turkey. There is still a pressing need of a good account of the habits, colours, and habits of animals that can be easily studied. The scientific study of these, apart from formal anatomical physiology, is rapidly increasing, and it is with regret we see Professor Haswell has passed over such work as Professor Lloyd Morgan on the instincts of chicks and young animals. The natural bent for observation of life is a faculty unfortunately only too readily destroyed by technical anatomy which does duty for natural history. We respect the old-fashioned books by the late J. G. S. and the late J. G. S. For the rest this book is a

prescribed, while the specialist should be in a position to consult the original papers of Ostwald, Nernst, Van 't Hoff, and others, at first hand. Dr. Walker, the author of *AN INTRODUCTION TO PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), who is already known as the translator of Ostwald's "Outlines of Physical Chemistry" and of his "Manual of Physico-Chemical Measurement," also is a lecturer of great experience, and brings ample qualifications to the task he has undertaken, and his constant use of short, clear sentences, arranged in logical sequence, reveals an intimate acquaintance with the student's requirements. The book has no revolutionary tendencies, and the ground it traverses has already been opened up, but its value consists in the method of treatment and the inclusion of recent work. Among the more important chapters may be mentioned those on the phase-rule, dealing with the passage of a substance from one physical state or mode of aggregation to another, and on the properties of dissolved substances, including osmotic pressure and the application of the laws of gases to dilute solutions. The author, unfortunately, is obliged to confess that no satisfactory explanation of osmotic pressure has yet been forthcoming, but it is to be hoped that this state of ignorance will not continue much longer. Possibly some assistance may be derived from investigations on alloys. The determination of molecular weights forms the subject of Ch. XVIII., wherein Raoult's method very properly finds a place, though the omission of any reference to this fact in the index creates a misgiving which is only dispelled on further search. Mathematical formulae are but sparingly introduced, and wisely, for they are apt to get beyond all reasonable bounds, and to usurp the place of more valuable matter. In the last chapter, however, a few differential equations have been allowed to appear, to elucidate certain principles in thermodynamics, such as the reversible cycle in a heat engine, and in a non-volatile solute dissolved in a volatile solvent. The author's avowed aim, "to smooth, as far as may be, the difficulties that beset the student's path, and to point out where the hidden pitfalls lie," has undoubtedly been fulfilled, and the book should speedily become a favourite.

ELEMENTARY PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY, by A. J. Cooper (Whittaker, 2s.), is a simple and well-arranged course of experimental chemistry suitable for beginners, giving, in addition to the preparation and properties of hydrogen, oxygen, carbon dioxide, and nitric acid, quantitative experiments relating to substances occurring in the course.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY, by Henderson and Parker (Blackie, 5s.), includes the tests, reactions, and separations with the usual tables of the inorganic and commoner organic substances. It is well got up, handy in size, and clear in type; a map of spectra is given at the end.

IN CHEMISTRY FOR ORGANIZED SCHOOLS OF SCIENCE, by S. Parish (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), the arrangement is similar to that generally used nowadays, as far as possible passing from the known to the unknown, and is based on the lines of the two-years' course in chemistry in the Leeds School of Science. The book is written in a simple manner, and the illustrations are, in most cases, made from actual apparatus. The range extends over the more common non-metallic elements.

The University Correspondence College Press have sent us a second edition of Mr. G. H. Bailey's **FIRST STAGE INORGANIC CHEMISTRY (THEORETICAL)** in their "Organized Science Series." Other books in the same series for the elementary stage are **MECHANICS (SOLIDS)**; **MECHANICS OF FLUIDS**; **SOUND, LIGHT, AND HEAT**; **MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY**; **FIRST STAGE PHYSIOGRAPHY**; and **FIRST STAGE INORGANIC CHEMISTRY (PRACTICAL)** (2s. each). For the second stage, **MATHEMATICS**; **ADVANCED MECHANICS (SOLIDS)**; **ADVANCED HEAT**; **ADVANCED MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY**; **ADVANCED INORGANIC CHEMISTRY**; and **PRACTICAL ORGANIC CHEMISTRY** (3s. 6d. each).

Physics.

Messrs. R. H. Gregory and A. T. Simmons have produced **EXERCISES IN PRACTICAL PHYSICS** in two parts (price 2s. each, Macmillan); of these the first year's course treats chiefly of measurement, motion, force, and heat, while light, sound, magnetism, and electricity are dealt with in the second part.

ments of length, area, volume, density, Atwood's machine, the parallelogram of forces, barometer, and a few others. Heat, light, sound, magnetism, and electricity are treated quantitatively for the most part, are chosen. This is one of the best of the many elementary practical physics that have recently appeared.

ADVANCED MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY, (Clive, 3s. 6d.), is one of the Organized Science Series mentioned, of the University Correspondence College Press. The original book has passed through several editions, and this is an excellent introduction to the advanced course which will thoroughly repay careful reading. The treatment of each part is well treated, and there are certain art applications by Dr. Joule. The questions set to 1899 at the advanced examination of the Department are given at the end of the book.

Messrs. J. A. and W. J. Harrison have produced an excellent introduction to physiology, under the title of **STEPS IN EARTH-KNOWLEDGE** (Blackie and White, 3s. 6d.). It treats of measurement, statics, heat, and light of a few common substances, and all in a lucid and interesting manner; and we are glad to see in the new edition that the authors have avoided the loose and slovenly manner which mars so many non-mathematical text-books of elementary science. Every experiment has prefixed to it a list of apparatus required, and a short statement of the purpose of the experiment performed—a useful feature.

VOLUMETRIC ANALYSIS, by J. B. Cooper (Whittaker, 2s.), is an appendage to the many books on volumetric analysis, completing the requirements of the course at London University. The arrangement is clear, the descriptions are lucid, and all calculations are carried out by the unitary method.

MATHEMATICS.

Arithmetic.

The **ARITHMETIC** of Mr. J. S. Mackay, Chambers, 4s. 6d.), presents the subject seen in the latest improvements. We find, for instance, the method of subtraction, the "Italian" method of multiplication, and other processes which are now universally applied. Certain methods which are either new, or known, but are none the less genuine improvements, in fact, a tendency to overdo the special device which are often more curious than useful, rather bulky, these might have been omitted. The book wisely follows De Morgan in many particulars throughout characterized by soundness and the unitary method is explained, but not made so simple as teachers would wish, and we find interest, only in the old method of proportion, with the result that this is to be regretted. There are paragraphs on recurring decimals, involutions, and other things, with a method of extracting high powers, R. E. Anderson, a method which we cannot agree in considering an improvement on Horner, and a cleverly with weights and measures, and adds to the teaching profession in general against the use of English tables; he gives, of course, a useful system. He is one of the very few writers who give a really satisfactory explanation of the multiplication of fractions. The book may be recommended for school use.

Geometry.

Mr. Smith and Mrs. Bryant have now brought out **ELEMENTS** (Macmillan, 3s.) to the end of Book I, a very serviceable edition. There are carefully following many of the propositions, and each book harder problems, and a number of elementary propositions. Where the average student has little chance of success, even with a hint

error, which a schoolboy generally finds it to his interest to avoid. We hope the remaining books will be issued by the same editors, who have done their work so well.

Mr. Telford Varley's *EUCLID, BOOKS I. AND II.* (Albany, 1s.), is an attempt to smooth the path of Euclid by simplification and rearrangement. We doubt whether the proof by practical demonstration, as in the case of Proposition V., is of much value; the pupil should be taught to lay stress on the continuity of Euclid's method. But the book certainly gives lucidity to the reasoning by its very clear arrangement, and its brief explanatory notes. A great variety of exercises are included.

Mr. W. H. Blythe, M.A., is the author of a good little book on *GEOMETRICAL DRAWING* (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d.). Part I. (already issued) contains plane and elementary solid geometry; the diagrams are well drawn and conveniently placed, the matter well arranged, and the methods good. The charge against geometrical drawing as an educational instrument is that it is too mechanical. Mr. Blythe gets over this by happily and often recapitulating the theoretical geometry on which his constructions depend. The section on spirals is very full and interesting. In the solid geometry we fear that the student will need more help than it is possible to give him in so short a space as the author has at command.

CO-ORDINATE GEOMETRY, PART II., THE CONIC, by J. H. Grace and F. Rosenberg (W. B. Clive, 3s. 6d.), is a worthy continuation of Part I., by Messrs. Briggs and Bryan. The general equation of the second degree is taken early, but is preceded by a very short discussion of the separate conics. In several other respects the authors have varied the usual order, in every case to the advantage of the student. The sections on elementary curve-tracing are, we believe, superior to those given by any other writers on the subject; and almost every chapter contains matter which improves upon the conventional treatment. The book is sound throughout, and admirably suggestive; and, though nominally confined to "the conic," it contains chapters on envelopes and harmonic section. Its use for revision purposes is increased by the index, which mathematicians unfortunately so seldom provide. We recommend the book without reserve.

Mr. C. Pendlebury, M.A., in his *SHORT COURSE OF ELEMENTARY PLANE TRIGONOMETRY* (Bell, 2s. 6d.), has brought together those portions of the subject which are necessary for the University Locals and similar examinations. The book includes a section on logarithms and the use of mathematical tables, and carries the student as far as the Solution of Triangles; it is very suitable for beginners, as nearly the whole of Part I. is devoted to acute angles, and there is a large number of quite easy examples; a good list of formulae is prefixed, and at the end there is a collection of questions on bookwork, which teachers will find very convenient. The arrangement and general get-up of the book leave nothing to be desired.

Book-keeping.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BOOK-KEEPING, by J. E. B. M'Allen (Methuen, 2s.), belongs to these publishers' well-known Commercial Series. It not only explains the rules of the game, but gives plenty of worked examples and examination papers. The section on Bills of Exchange does not go into the matter quite as thoroughly as we should have thought desirable. The statement that, when a bill is dishonoured, the last holder must give immediate notice to the drawer and indorser is inadequate. How does the law define "immediately," and what happens if the notice is not given? The next edition might also, with advantage, contain some account of the difference between trade bills and accommodation bills. On the whole, however, the text-book can be recommended.

PARALLEL GRAMMARS.

One of the most pressing needs of the day, in view of the multiplication of school subjects and the increased strain which it puts upon the pupil, is concentration and simplification in the methods of teaching. What we have in extension we must gain in intention, as the logicians would say. And among the attempts which are being made to meet this demand, a high place must

language studied, becomes part and parcel of the mental life of the pupil—a solid rock on which he stands firm in face bewildering complexity of human speech. The old method involved a continual re-adjustment of the register, and were many, as Matthew Arnold recognized. In our day a serious attempt has been made to remedy this. Professor Sonnenschein's "Parallel Grammar Series" including Greek, Latin, French, German, English and grammars, by various scholars, and published by Messrs. Sonnenschein and Co., was the first to meet the need of time, but the movement is being taken up abroad. Germany has parallel grammars of French and Latin by Bar Reinhardt (1895-96), and a grammar of the same language in parallel columns by Seeger (1896). Holland has grammars of Greek and Latin by Wolter (1891), and France recently produced a grammar of Greek and Latin in columns by Riemann and Gouzer (1897). There is much to be said for the general principle. It will have, as a makeshift in the future, it makes it no longer necessary for teachers and pupils to play the game of cross questions and answers, or to indulge in the superfluous naughtiness of the same thing by different names, and different things by the same name. One point in favour of the new method involves no violent break with the past; the old terminology is still used, but in senses which are well adapted to the application to one and all of the language treatment.

Correspondence.

"UNWRITTEN LAWS AND IDEALS" TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, I should not trouble you with a letter in regard to a sort of literary criticism, but a remark which interested me in the character of a man with the highest possible standard of different matter. I shall be most grateful if you will say that your reviewer of "Unwritten Laws" or gives an entirely wrong impression when he makes the statement that Mr. Heywood "exhorts boys at public schools to raise the moral tone of these seats of learning by cultivating the practice of tale-bearing."

Those who know the writer to be the soul of honour pay no attention to a criticism so obviously unjust; but all of *Literature* have not seen the essay, where on page Heywood says: "Happily, a boy is never likely to be a tale-bearer as anything but the most contemptible of beings," and more to the same effect; but although he says "no one can hate a sneak more than I do," he is (in common with most of the masters at the great public schools) there are exceptions which ought to be dealt with by a code of honour: "A lad case of bullying by which a boy is seriously harmed" (page 206), and "grave offences of morality with which they (the boys) themselves are uncope" (page 205).

Your reviewer is somewhat inaccurate in saying "voluntarily" recommends disobedience to the commands of the Church. His only allusion to the subject is as follows:—"We shall in a spirit of loyal obedience to the Bishops, anxious to give canonical obedience, following his gladly and ready to take his fatherly advice, and to treat his opinion with the utmost respect. At the same time we must remember even a Bishop has no right to hold requirements which merely upon his own individual opinion, but is himself bound to the laws of the Church and must act constitutionally."

One feels only too thankful when reviewers take the

and to counteract the obvious advantages of the monarchical system. The passage from Mr. Trevelyan's article which Miss Pitcairn quotes seems to us to amount to a recommendation to the clergy to obey their bishops if they agree with them, but not otherwise.

Authors and Publishers.

We understand that Dr. Martineau has left ample material for a full biography in the form of journals and letters. It is to be hoped that warning will be taken by many recent examples, and that this biography will not be made too full.

Pusey had the apparently inexhaustible interest of the "Oxford Movement" to help his apostolic succession of distinguished biographers. But the four ample volumes of his full biography have been handicapped by their mere weight and cost, and the author of the "Life of Charles Lowder" has been commissioned to write an independent brief biography, which may have a better chance of a general circulation.

Mr. S. T. Freshmantle—one of the youngest London publishers—has in preparation a new series under the general editorship of Mr. Andrew Lang, dealing with the "Romance and History of the Great Families of the United Kingdom." Mr. Lang will be responsible for the "House of Douglas," and contributes a general preface to the first volume, "The House of Percy," by Gerald Brennan.

Mr. G. W. Steevens had been at work for some time before his death upon a novel. Unfortunately it was not finished, unless, indeed, which is hardly possible, he had found leisure to work at it during the eventful days of the siege of Ladysmith. It would be interesting to see what so clever a descriptive writer was able to make of fiction. Every good journalist of the special correspondent type is a potential novelist, and Mr. Steevens had deeper qualities than those even of a very good journalist. One posthumous volume of his will appear in any case—the volume containing the sketches of London that he wrote for the *Daily Mail*, which, by the way, has not yet published all of them. A collected edition of the young writer's works is spoken of, but it would be almost a pity to seek an enduring form for books which were only intended to be of the moment.

We regret to hear on the eve of going to press of the death of Sir William Hunter. We shall hope to give some account of his literary work next week.

Maeterlinck, in spite of his false start in England, thanks to the too flattering nick-name, "The Belgian Shakespeare," given him by M. Mirléau, is now recognized as taking a high place in contemporary literature. The literary critic awaits with interest his two new plays, *Sister Beatrice* and *Oriana and Bluebeard*, both written in unrhymed hexameters. The English reader is to have translations in blank verse by Mr. Bernard Miall, himself not unknown as a writer of original verse. The story of *Sister Beatrice* is taken from a Flemish legend. The motive is familiar to English readers in Mr. Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun" and in Adelaide Proctor's "Legend of Provence." M. Maeterlinck's readers will look for a nun less robust than Mr. Davidson's, less conventional than Miss Proctor's—maybe some graceful, appealing phantom shivering in her cell, and repeating pathetically that she is not happy. But we shall see. Both of M. Maeterlinck's new pieces are being set to music. M. René

a fit accompaniment for what a more symphonically called Maeterlinck's *gémissement frileusement*

Among the new novels which are promised for the publishing season—unless the war postpones them—there are "The Gateless Barrier," by Lucas Malet, and "The Life of Essex," by Mrs. Henry Wood, and "The Little Ella M. Hope's new tale, "Tristram of Blent," in *McClure's Magazine*. Is *McClure's* also an American magazine? which has been lucky in a new series of "condensed novels" from Mr. Bret Harte can parody the styles of the older novelists, and do so cleverly as he parodied the older novelists, to be in store for his readers. Dickens and Marryat, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Dibruc, Miss Braddon, and Mrs. Henry Wood, Hugo, among his first victims of his parody. Who will be the next? Mr. Meredith and Mr. Henry James? The choice is embarrassing in its wealth.

We are very glad to see a new departure in the new catalogue they have just issued in their circulating Library. Catalogues for different classes of persons—those who want a book by a particular author; those who want a particular book; and those who want a subject. Roughly speaking, this division is into positive, comparative, and the superlative of reader who wants "any thing of Mrs. Henry Wood." On the plane of the reader who has some reason to read one particular book by that author, the latter may be simply yielding to the attractive title. But neither of them certain consideration as the earnest inquirer for general knowledge. The interests of this last individual are covered in the catalogue, which, retaining the alphabetic names and book titles, now comprises also biography, drama, archaeology, sport, and are pretty exhaustively subdivided—eight or ten under such titles as Literature, Theology, and so on. An exceedingly useful list of the books bearing on the major and minor campaigns of the past half-century under "Military Arts." This new feature, the plan of putting all an author's works in an alphabetical place, makes the catalogue not only a reference book for Messrs. Muddie's subscribers but in itself a reference book.

The most important theological book published by Messrs. Macmillan will be "The Apocalypse and the Revelation of St. John," by the Rev. Canon Benson, edited, as already stated in *Literature*, by Miss Margaret Benson. The manuscript was by the bishop practically complete. Another forthcoming is St. Luke's Gospel in Greek, after the Vatican text, edited by the Rev. Arthur Wright, M.A., of Queen's College, Cambridge. This presents at length, with parallels from St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. John, the four Gospels being arranged in four open quarto pages. Brief introductions and notes to critical questions and give the solution of the most holds decided views, both doctrinal and critical.

A new halfpenny London morning news sheet in a few week's time by Mr. C. Arthur is to be the *Daily Express*.

"De Bello Gallico," Book I., edited by A. C. Liddell, Book V. of the same work, edited by A. Reynolds, and "Selections from Cicero," edited by J. F. Charles. Uniform with the Illustrated Classics Messrs. Bell are bringing out a new series of Illustrated Latin Readers, beginning shortly with "Scale: Prima," simple stories and fables for translation, with notes and vocabularies, by J. G. Spencer, B.A., and "Scale: Media," extracts from *Ætrophius* and *Cæsar*, with notes and vocabulary by Percy A. Underhill, M.A. "Bell's Intermediate Series of Classical Authors," is another new series. It follows Mr. Cookworthy Compton's edition of "Cæsar's Seventh Campaign in Gaul," published several years ago and now in its fourth edition. The first of the new volumes will be "The Athenians in Sicily," edited by the Rev. W. Cookworthy Compton, and "Homer's *Odyssey*, Book XI.," edited by E. C. Murehaut. Messrs. Bell are also starting a series of Science Readers in continuation of the "Elementary Botany," by Percy Groom, M.A., published a couple of years back, and now in its second edition. The science series is being edited by Mr. Groom and Professor G. M. Minchin, and is designed to supply the wants of upper form students. The two forthcoming volumes are "Animal Physiology," by G. C. Bourne, M.A., and "The Student's Dynamics," by Professor Minchin.

Messrs. A. and C. Black have two rather novel series in hand. One is a series of "Descriptive Geographies," by Dr. Herbertson and F. D. Herbertson, B.A. Three volumes are expected by June; and another three by the end of the year. Messrs. Black's "Memory Maps"—another new idea—we notice elsewhere.

Messrs. Blackie and Son are pushing on with their new Illustrated Latin Series. Each volume is now issued in two forms, with or without the vocabulary. Among the next additions will be "Virgil—*Æneid* III.," edited by Professor Sandford, and "Virgil—*Georgic* I.," edited by S. E. Winbolt, M.A. The next volume in the well-known Warwick Shakespeare will be *King John*, edited by Professor C. Moore Smith, the editor of *Henry I.* in the same series. Among other coming educational works may be mentioned "French Stories for Middle and Upper Forms," by Professor Weekley, the author of "Primer of Historical French Grammar." His new volume consists of a collection of five stories by Nodier, Mérimée, Gautier, Nerval, and Töpffer, with a short introduction and notes in French. The next addition to Messrs. Blackie's "Victorian Era Series," Mr. Harold E. Gorst's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," will be published this month.

Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, like Messrs. Blackie and Messrs. Bell, are making a new series of Illustrated Classical Texts, with notes, introductions, &c., a feature of their present season. The first two volumes have appeared; the third is "Ovid's *Metamorphoses*" (selections), by J. A. Vince, M.A. The following are some of Messrs. Blackwood's chief books still in hand:—"A Short History of the Ancient Greeks from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest," and "Outlines of Greek History," both by P. Giles, M.A., "Lower Greek Unseen," by W. Lobban, M.A., "Manual of Greek Prose Composition," by Professor Gilbert Murray; "First Latin Composition," by K. P. Wilson, M.A., "A Manual of Classical Geography," by John L. Myres, M.A., "Historical Reader of Early French," (to the end of the fifteenth century), by Professor Herbert Strong, and L. Barnett, of Trinity College, Cambridge; "Select Passages from French Authors of the XIXth century (Prose and Verse)" with short literary and biographical notices, by L. E. Kastner, B.A., "A History of German Literature," and "Outlines of German Literature," both by Dr. John G. Robertson, and "A Spanish Grammar," by William A. Kesson. "Exercises in Geometry," by J. A. Third, M.A., will be out shortly. The volumes in preparation for the series of Modern English Writers are, Tennyson, by Andrew Lang; Ruskin, by Mrs. Meynell; George Eliot, by Sidney Lee; Browning, by Augustine Birrell; Froude, by "John Oliver Hobbes"; Huxley, by Edward Clodd; Thackeray, by Charles Whibley; and Dickens, by W. E. Henley.

The educational works in preparation at the Cambridge

Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges a year or so ago. "Outlines of the History of the Language," by Professor E. N. Toller, and a treatise "The Education of the Young, from the Republic," by Mr. H. Bosanquet, are to be early volumes in the series. Part VIII. of "The Fragments" of Professor John of Sophocles is in preparation, and his complete *Traged Sophocles* into English prose is in the press, but it is to say when the volumes will be ready.

Many new volumes are in preparation for the *Wiley Press Series*, two of the most interesting being by A. J. Wyatt's "Old English Anthology" and "Early Old English Reader." Students of Old English will be Mr. Wyatt for his "Early Old English Grammar."

Dr. Hume Brown is pushing on with the second volume of his "History of Scotland" in the Cambridge Historical Series. The first volume, bringing the history to the accession of Stuart, has sold particularly well in Scotland.

Two volumes in preparation for the biological series of the Cambridge Natural Science Manuals are mentioned—"Electricity and Magnetism," by Mr. H. C. Brooks, and the second volume of "Fossil Plants," by A. Seward's manual for students of botany and geology.

First place in the list of new educational works Clarendon Press must be accorded to the new series of "Classical Texts" (*Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Classica*), some of which we notice elsewhere. The next in the list which will comprise some thirty authors in all, will be *Æneid* by Prof. A. Sidgwick. There will be a library edition volume in superior binding, as well as the ordinary printed on ordinary and Oxford India paper. It is mentioned that the Oxford Classical Texts are being prepared by the Clarendon Press in conjunction with Messrs. who had decided to bring out a similar series, abandoned the idea in favour of the present friendly arrangement. Mr. J. Barrow Allen, of whose Latin books many thousand sold annually, is now issuing an "Elementary Greek Grammar," Dr. W. W. Merry, whose "Selected Fragments of Greek Poetry" is in its second edition, has another work in the "Pax" of Aristophanes, which he is editing. Warrington's "Physical Aspects of Soils" will be out and among the numerous other works in preparation mentioned "A French Grammar" by Mr. A. H. W. "A Textbook of Arithmetic," by Mr. Richard Hargreaves and Goebel's "Organography of Plants," translated by Bayley Balfour, M.A., Ph.D. The large type edition of Moore's Oxford text of the "Divina Commedia," announced *Librairie* a few weeks ago, will be out immediately.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. announce two new volumes in their Classical Library the concluding part of the "Philippic Orations" of Demosthenes, with introductory notes by Dr. John Sandys, and a new edition of the first of Dr. Walter Leaf's edition of the *Iliad*. They also have in hand "A History of Greece," by Professor J. B. Bury, a translation of Dr. Harald Hoffding's "History of Philosophy," by B. E. Meyer; and an illustrated "Elementary Zoology," by the late Professor T. J. Parker, Professor W. Newton Parker.

Mr. Murray has a number of important educational works in preparation. A book promised for some time is the "Spanish Course," by Don Fernando de Artaza, Professor Spanish at Oxford University, founded on the plan of William Smith's well-known "Principia Latina, Part I." The "Spanish Course" possesses one new feature in that the old-fashioned Ollendorffian sentences in illustration of grammar and instead makes use of phrases and expressions are likely to prove of practical use to the traveller and of business. The "Public School Speaker," compiled by Warren Cornish, M.A., Vice-Provost of Eton College, a title implies, a collection of pieces suitable for recitation in school "speeches." The compiler makes his selection from the Latin and Greek Classics, and the pieces are

the reach of the younger generation of students and schoolboys some of the results of the linguistic discoveries of the present day.

The next volumes in the Progressive Science Series will be "On Whales," by the editor, Mr. F. E. Bealard to be published shortly, and "Heresity," by Mr. J. Arthur Thomson. Four of Mr. Murray's new "Handy Classical Maps" have already been published, and have proved popular.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein have many scientific works in hand. Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb, curator of Eton College Museum, is preparing an illustrated series called "Biological Types in the Vegetable Kingdom." Each part will deal with a single type; and will be issued in cheap form. Professor Hickerton, of Canterbury College, New Zealand, has written "The Romance of the Earth." It deals in a popular manner with the earth in its relation to the universe, and will be illustrated. The fourth volume of Korschell and Heider's "Embryology of the Invertebrates," concluding the work, will be shortly published. It has been translated by Mrs. H. M. Bernard and Mr. Martin J. Woodward, of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, who translated the third volume. A new edition entirely rewritten by Professor Hillhouse, of Mason University College, Birmingham, is to be issued of Strasburger's "Handbook of Practical Botany." Another new edition which is to contain a good deal of fresh matter will be Pestalozzi's well-known kindergarten book, "How Gertrude teaches her Children," translated and edited by Mr. E. Cooke.

Messrs. Sonnenschein are also reprinting "The First Three Years of Childhood," by Bernard Perez, edited and translated by Alice M. Christie. Their forthcoming book "Early Childhood," by Miss C. McMillan, we have already announced.

The books in preparation at the University Tutorial Press cover a wide field. One of the most interesting announcements is that of the "Tutorial History of English Literature," by A. J.

Wyatt, M.A., who is also preparing a couple of English for the Cambridge University Press. complaint against smaller histories of literature attempt too much, and fail to preserve due credit to Wyatt in the Tutorial History has only incidental lesser names. He attempts what is seldom done in a book—not only to describe the work of the author in its own sake, but through it to tell the story of a whole. There are many illustrative extracts in the Tutorial History of England, by C. S. Fearse "Matriculation History of England" (just published) deals with English history to the end of the seventeenth century, will be brought down to the present time. The first stage examination in mathematics will be in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries will be in pages. "First Stage Mathematics," edited by M.A., LL.B., will contain all the Euclid and for the first stage examination in mathematics of the Art Department. "The Tutorial Algebra," by Deakin, M.A., will contain, among other features devoted to the mistakes made by beginners in algebra, to detect and correct them. In "Tutorial Arithmetic Workman, M.A., chapters will be given on the border-land between arithmetic and algebra. We have as yet received scant attention in English literature the "Theory of Circulating Decimals" and the "Theory of Numbers." To each chapter a section giving briefly the history of the subject. "First Stage Botany," by A. J. Ewart, D.Sc., meet the requirements of the elementary examination in Science and Art Department. The number of questions used will be restricted, as they are found a block with beginners. The structure and content treated jointly in connexion with each organ discussed in definite sections as is usually done in fact mentioned will be illustrated either by a description of an experiment.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ARCHITECTURE.
The White Robe of Churches of the XIII Century. Pages from the Story of Gloucester Cathedral by the Very Rev. H. D. M. Sprner, D.D., Dean of Gloucester. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xx. + 318 pp. London, 1900. Dent, 7s. 6d. n.

A History of Gothic Art in England. By E. S. Prior, LL.M. 7 1/2 in., xiv. + 163 pp. London, 1900. Bell, 31s. 6d. n.

ART.
Carlo Crivelli. By G. M'Neil Rushforth. (Great Masters Series). 8 x 5 1/2 in., 122 pp. London, 1900. Bell, 3s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.
A Memoir of Her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. 2 vols. By C. K. Cooke, LL.M. 9 x 5 1/2 in., xvi. + 421 + 426 pp. London, 1900. Murray, 32s.

John Ruskin. By M. H. Spielmann. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 238 pp. London, 1900. Cassell, 5s.

The Life of Charles Tomlinson, F.R.S., &c. By Mary Tomlinson. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 184 pp. London, 1900. Klock, 3s.

Old Friends at Cambridge and Elsewhere. By J. W. Clark. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 36 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 6s.

The History of the Life of Thomas Killwood. By C. G. Crump. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 225 pp. London, 1900. Methuen, 6s.

Saint Francis of Sales. (The Maitland Series.) By A. De Maigrier. Translated by Margaret Maitland. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 207 pp. London, 1900. Duckworth, 3s.

DRAMA.
Carlson Sahib. By Gilbert

FICTION.
The Waters of Edera. By Guida. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 348 pp. London, 1900. Unwin, 6s.

In Old New York. By Wilson Barrett and Evelyn Barron. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 419 pp. London, 1900. Macquenn, 6s.

Under the Linden. By Gillian Loise. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 320 pp. London, 1900. Highy, Long, 6s.

The Chain of Circumstance. By T. W. Speight. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 325 pp. London, 1900. Highy, Long, 6s.

The Heart of the Dancer. By Percy White. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 354 pp. London, 1900. Hutchinson, 6s.

With Sword and Crucifix. By E. S. Van Zile. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 299 pp. London, 1900. Harper, 6s.

Queer Side Stories. By J. F. Sullivan. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 302 pp. London, 1900. Dawney, 6s.

Fleherman's Luck, and other Uncertain Stories. By H. Van Dyke. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 247 pp. London, 1900. Sampson Low, 8s. 6d. n.

Resurrection. By Comte Leon Tolstoi. Vol. II. Translated by M. T. de Wyzewa. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 138 pp. Paris, 1900. Perrin, Fr. 2.

FOLKLORE.
Catalogue of Mexican Folklore Collection. (The Publications of the Folk-Lore Society.) By F. Starr. 9 x 5 1/2 in., 137 pp. London, 1900. Sull, 6s.

Malay Magic. By H. W. Skeat. 2 x 6 1/2 in., xxi. + 685 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 21s. n.

HISTORY.
A History of Spain. 2 vols. 2nd Ed. By T. B. Bucke. Ed. by Major Martin Hume. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxxi. + 416 + 393 pp. London, 1900.

Historical Tales from Shakespeare. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 368 pp. London, 1900. Arnold, 6s.

Victor Hugo le Philophe. By Ch. Renoulier. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 378 pp. Paris, 1900. Collin, Fr. 3.50.

MILITARY.
Our Greatest Living Soldiers By C. Loefer. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 178 pp. London, 1900. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.

MUSIC.
How to tell the Nationality of Old Violins. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 28 pp. London, 1900. Balfour & Co. 2s. 6d.

POETRY.
Come, Follow the Drum. By J. Le Breton. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 48 pp. London, 1900. Macquenn, 1s. n.

Wagers of Battle, 1854-1899. By F. and H. Lushington. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 55 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 1s. n.

POLITICAL.
"Mending" and "Ending" the House of Lords. By Sir H. Charles, Q.C., B.C.J. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 105 pp. London, 1900. Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d.

Dod's Parliamentary Companion, 1900. 4 1/2 x 3 1/2 in., 498 pp. London, 1900. Whitlaker, 4s. 6d.

Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench for 1900. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 150 pp. London, 1900. Dean, 7s.

REPRINTS.
The Complete Works of Bret Harte. Vol. X. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 407 pp. London, 1900. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Darwin's Journal of Researches. (The Minerva Library.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 192 pp. London, 1900. Ward Lock, 2s.

The History of Vathek. By J. J. Ed. by J. J. 22 pp. London, 1900.

The Complete Shakespeare. Biographical Illustrations. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., London, 1900.

The Princess (Temple Ed.) London, 1900.

A Journal of By Daniel L. 6 x 4 in., 318 pp.

SC.
Text-Book of Vol. I. By Translated by 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 706 pp.

SOC.
L'Officier et "Active." 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 100 pp.

De l'Educant Jeunes Filles Temps Précaire. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 88 pp.

THE
The Redem sermons by J. 5 in., 73 pp. L.

Legalized W on the Tragedy Chapman, 71 1900.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

No. 122. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

There has been formed in New York a "National Institute of Arts and Letters" with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner for its president. A first glance at Mr. Warner's inaugural speech leads us to the opinion that the Institute is too ambitious to be useful. It proposes not only to look after the material interests of authors, but also to "discourage mediocrity and meretricious smartness by keeping alive the traditions of good literature." That is to say, it proposes to combine the functions of the English Incorporated Society of Authors with those of the French Academy of Letters.

The conception is worthy, in fact, of the country of the Falls of Niagara, the River Mississippi, and the Chicago Exposition; but it will have to be carried out in the face of great practical difficulties. From the point of view of a society of authors a book is merely a piece of property; from the point of view of an academy it is worthy of no attention unless it is a work of art. To reconcile these two divergent points of view in a single association will probably prove too much even for America, as it has been too much for France, where the *Société des Gens de Lettres* supplements the work of the Academy, but does not attempt to interfere with it.

the real thing. The Arts and the Crafts performance. In the spirit of the performances of Ben Jonson and Inigo and we are glad to hear that there is some prospect of performance being repeated in the summer.

"Why drag in Maeterlinck?" one might ask of L. Courtney, who gave his first lecture on "Greek Tragedy" at the Royal Institution this week. But, in fact, his reference to "the romantic melancholy note of which Maeterlinck, Morris, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and others were the votaries of our day" was the most interesting thing in the lecture. Apparently, though the report is not quite clear, Mr. Courtney found in the Greek chorus something of the sad pessimism of modern writers. But nations, like individuals, are melancholy of their own, compounded of many shades, and from many objects. The Greek melancholy was not so morose as the old Celtic, or so self-conscious as the modern. And despite Morris and Rossetti, the plant has never flourished on Anglo-Saxon soil. We should like to have heard a little more from Mr. Courtney on this interesting subject.

The reality of war, as apart from the conventional jingo ballad, is finely pictured in the verses of Sir Franklin Lushington and his brother Henry wrote in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, called "Warrior's Battle." Sir Franklin now re-issues them (Macmillan), with an additional lyric by himself called A.D. 1899 "Play Game." There are fine lines and fine cadences in the verses, "Alma," by Sir Franklin Lushington, breathes the spirit of a victory too dearly bought:—

Oh, the gallant hearts that are lying cold and still
On the slopes below the summit, on the plateau of the hill
Oh, the gallant hearts that are sobbing out their souls
As the chilly nightwind searches through the
bullet holes!

But Henry Lushington's "The Road to the Trench" and his longer poem "Inkermann" are the best things in the book. The latter reminds one of the prose of Mr. Stephens. It stamps the scene on the mind with such touches as—

Through the dim dank morning
O'er soppy ground, and still,
Thousands, thousands, thousands
Are creeping up the hill.

It was the charge of the Zouaves that saved the fight,
Or the French who must feel remorse when that line
is recalled?

Short the space we need!
To rally and reform;
Then side by side with Frenchmen

Mr. Scott in cataloguing the Sloane Manuscripts found a volume wrongly lettered which turned out to be a journal kept by Admiral Blake's purser, beginning with the Mediterranean voyage of 1651, and embracing the greater part of the great Admiral's subsequent career.

English life in its intellectual life is to be well represented at the Paris Exhibition, though some of the arrangements for that end are at present inchoate. The programme of the Educational Section, however, is now complete. How will our educational system be presented to the eyes of the foreigner? The selection has been made from the exhibitions held during the last six months at Cardiff, Edinburgh, and London, and it is the first time that all sides of English, Scotch, and Irish education have been dealt with in this way. Indeed, we believe we are right in saying that it is the first time that all sides of education (primary, secondary, technical, and university) have been brought together so as to include the whole English system. The Universities and the Public Schools will be well represented; but the limits of space cause many schools to be passed over which deserved representation. The English, Welsh, and Scotch sections will be kept distinct. It will be an educational, and in no sense a trade, exhibition, and will show Europe that we really have an educational system. It will also, it is to be hoped, arouse increased interest in educational matters among our own people. Mr. Fabian Ware will be in charge of the section, representing the Education Committee of the Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition.

The career of Sir William Hunter is an example of the success of the competitive examination method of selecting Indian civils. He passed high on the list and was set down to work which imperatively demanded the trained intelligence of the successful examinee. His *Imperial Gazetteer* is a monument not only of industry, but also of high literary skill, and a talent for organization comparable with that which produced the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and is now producing the "Dictionary of National Biography." The actual writing of it was, of course, the work of many hands. Some of the work, we believe, was done anonymously by Mr. Grant Allen in the days when his name was unknown. But Sir William Hunter not only knew how to get good assistants, but how to secure that uniformity of treatment which makes his *Gazetteer* read as though a single man had written it.

Sir William Hunter's literary reputation, however, by no means rests on the *Gazetteer*. He began to write as soon as he went to India; he was more active than ever in writing after his retirement as K.C.S.I. in 1837. During his residence at Calcutta he acted for a long while as correspondent of *The Times*. During his subsequent residence at Oxford, he took an active part in academical affairs, edited the "Rulers of India" Series, to which he himself contributed *Lives of Lord Dalhousie and Lord Mayo*, for the Clarendon Press, wrote his idyll, "The Old Missionary," a longer *Life of Lord Mayo*, a *Life of Brian*

write five volumes. The first only carries the story to the year 1621.

No date can be given yet for the appearance of the second volume of this history. Sir George Birdwood, however, that in a certain sense the work was done, said Sir George the other night in addressing the Royal Society of Arts, was from the date of the charter of Queen Anne's union of the East India Companies in the first half of the eighteenth century, and Sir William Hunter's history, already published, together with the second volume, of which had been corrected for the press, came out in the second of those dates.

The late Sir William Duguid Geddes, of the University of Aberdeen, was a distinguished Greek scholar. He was the author of an excellent Greek Grammar, "Phædo" of Plato, and also published some of the Homeric problem. These led to a correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, and to a lasting friendship with the statesman.

The late Dr. Kennedy, who died last week, was a Nonconformist and chairman of the London Education Union. But active though his life was, he wrote a great many books. "The Divine Life: a Book of Hours," written for the Religious Tract Society, had a large circulation. Most of his later books deal with some book or special point in the Old or New Testament, was well known for his anti-Romanist opinions, and he vent in his book, entitled "Shall We Go Back to Rome?" a new edition has lately been published of "The Life of Jesus Christ." He was also the author of "The Christian Evidences" and "The Pentateuch: a Study of Authorship." He wrote more than one biography, and his original work, he edited "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" was characterized by lucidity, courage, and reasoning. Several of his books are still largely read in colleges.

It will be a matter of no small curiosity to the members of the Ruskin Union inaugurated at the meeting in Martin's Town-hall, on the eighty-first anniversary of his birth. The ideas of the meeting seemed to be that Mr. Booth wanted to press the political economy of the Courtney thought Ruskin's protest against the present age especially appropriate to the times; Mr. Frederic M. Wren, a modest, thoughtful man, thought that his most elaborate passages in Ruskin's work are, as lessons in education. Ruskin's work is, as we have seen, used by practical teachers much more than is generally suspected. The late Mr. Wren used to advise the members of the union to peruse a page of Ruskin's work every morning. The question is, how far a general study of Ruskin can be made profitable and practicable by a union of his lines of Ruskin's art teaching can be easily estimated. The truth of his opinions in detail, his unorthodox and his unconventional criticisms, it will be the duty of the members of the union to exercise much discretion in presenting them; they have not committed themselves to a proposal to encourage "a general study of Ruskin's work," and his names on the council, at any rate, augur well for the new union, which is to hold an annual meeting

course of demolition in Hunter-street, and, in spite of its age, No. 54, to all outward appearances, is good enough to last for many years to come.

* * * * *

The new sixpenny weekly journal to be started under the editorship of Mr. D. C. Lathbury will, on its ecclesiastical side, carry on the policy followed by the *Guardian* throughout the sixteen years during which it was under Mr. Lathbury's guidance. The first number should have appeared this month, but, we understand, the question of the title has caused some delay. The *Tribune* was thought of, but that is already borne by a newspaper in the provinces. In politics the new journal will be Unionist. It will give an independent support to Lord Salisbury's Government, and aim at showing that men are not worse citizens, but better, for being Christians and Churchmen. It will touch art, music, and the drama, and literature, and from time to time space will be reserved for communications setting out the views of those who do not belong to the Church of England. A new feature will be ecclesiastical correspondence from abroad.

* * * * *

There are persons who believe that, before the coming century has attained middle age, the novel will cover the whole of the literary field. It will lay its egg, like the cuckoo, in the nests of all the other more learned and respectable birds, and expel their chicks. It will teach religion, carry political reforms, and teach history. We have a good deal of history and religion certainly mixed up with our fiction, and of social problems of a domestic character; but not much, at any rate of a progressive character, in the way of politics. And many people think that a novel should be a novel and not a pamphlet. Still Dickens, Charles Reade, Bellamy, and others have done the thing, and done it well, and they, at any rate, have established the right of the novelist to be a pamphleteer if he will. It is difficult now to realize the state of mind of the "Edinburgh Reviewer" of 1857 who attacked "Little Dorrit" not as being an artistic mistake on the part of its author, but as illustrating "the licence of modern novelists" who ought to be content only "to amuse."

* * * * *

This incident is recalled in the introduction, by Charles Dickens, jun., to Messrs. Macmillan's new reprint of the First Edition. The *Edinburgh Review*, then edited by Henry Reeve, the Registrar of the Privy Council, could not endure the thought of sacrilegious hands being laid on "the Circumlocution Office." The reviewer delivered himself into Dickens' hands by selecting, of all things in the world, as an instance of the intelligent efficiency of a Government department, the history of the penny post! As an account of the origin and history of "Little Dorrit," Mr. Dickens' introduction is very interesting. But he is, naturally enough, not critical. In the matter of style purely, Dickens is not at his best in this novel. His habit of repetition had become a disease. Mrs. Merdle's "Bird! be quiet," and Flora's "Arthur—Mr. Clemmum far more proper," make the reader very tired. Phiz's illustrations, too, on which Mr. Dickens does not touch, do not compare well with those in other novels. They were the first series which Phiz did not sign.

* * * * *

According to the latest rumour regarding Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Scottish-American multi-millionaire proposes to endow a Chair of Scottish Literature in each of the four Scottish Universities.

to locate some of the songs at a moment's notice. For example, "And let the cannakin clink, clink," "O monarch of the vine," "Ple on sinful fantasy," merrily the humble bee doth sing."

* * * * *

The natural tunefulness of Shakespeare has often tempted composers to set his speeches as well as his songs to music. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows" is, of course, a speech, though it sounds very well when it is sung. It runs naturally into music. But blank verse is hardly so susceptible. We doubt whether speeches like "How sweet the sleep upon this bank," "In such a night as this," or "be the fool of love, play on" gain much by their musical setting. Perhaps the ideal way of treating such passages was suggested by some union of speech and a familiar melody, such as Mr. Harrison has carried to such perfection.

* * * * *

The story about Wolfe's quoting Gray's "Elegy on the attack on Quebec" has always been felt to have in it an air of pathos, due partly to the peculiar appropriateness of the line,

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The practical man may perhaps take another view. The practical man may perhaps take another view. Not, he would say, add to our comfort at the present moment if we knew that General Buller was in the habit of quoting a verse before action. Undoubtedly, if Wolfe had lost the battle of Quebec, some malicious critic would have set it down to his habit of quoting poetry in an emergency. There are other stories have other critics besides practical persons. It was therefore with trepidation that I read an article in the February *Historical Review*, by Professor E. Morris, entitled "Wolfe and Gray's 'Elegy.'"

* * * * *

The opening words are not reassuring.

It must needs be that historians borrow from poets, but it may be given as a general reason that nothing can be taken for granted. Among the stories that for old or young illuminate the picturesque historian, few are so popular as that of how General Wolfe, floating down the River St. Lawrence on the morning when he met victory and death, recited "Elegy." Strict silence had been ordered, and it is unlikely that the General, however full his heart, would have given the bad example of violating his own order.

Professor Morris, struck by the apparent lack of authority in the story, has looked up the authorities. The good ground for the story, only an important particular too often omitted. In the story, as told by Professor Morris, an eye, or rather an ear, witness of the recitation, and his biographer, Professor John Playfair, General Wolfe up by saying that "he would prefer being the author of the poem (the 'Elegy') to the glory of beating the French to the word "to-morrow," usually omitted, shows that it occurred not "on the morning" of the battle, after to the time when Wolfe gave the order for silence, but the evening before. The story may therefore be believed, crediting General Wolfe with disobeying his own order. The garbled accounts Professor Morris quotes Carlyle, Wolfe say—

Ah! those are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are they not? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; and might for succeeding here, gentlemen!

freshness and verve in Hauptmann's treatment of these antique figures of fable—the toper transformed and the enchanted prince. He almost disarms criticism by putting into the mouth of the huntsman who speaks the prologue the words :

So take this uncouth play for nothing more
Than fruit of careless, unconstrained mood.

It is the old tale of the drunkard who awakes in the prince's state bed, and who for a brief space thinks himself indeed a prince. The story occurs in the Arabian Nights, Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, and is perhaps best worked out by the Danish writer Holberg in his "Der Verwandelte Bauer oder Jeppe von Berge" (1722). Hauptmann's farce, however, has a serious side and seeks to point a moral. Which is dream and which is reality? Jau as the drunkard or Jau as the prince? Karl, the real prince's friend and mentor, moralizes appropriately: "What we really are is little more than what he (Jau) really is—and our best pleasures are but soap-bubbles."

It is a pity perhaps that the company now acting German plays in London should have selected for representation a play of Hauptmann's so little characteristic of his talent as *Der Biberpelz*—a far too long drawn out farcical comedy, satirizing Prussian official pomposity. Its humour is not likely to be even comprehensible to any audience but one of unmixed German nationality.

There is a group of young men in Harvard University who call themselves the "Cercle Français." They have just published a comedy by Cyrano de Bergerac, called *Le Pedant Joué* (1651). Mr. H. B. Stanton contributes a Life of Cyrano and Professor Ferdinand Bocher a preface to the volume.

There seems to be some misapprehension as to the latest agreement between the publishers and the booksellers concerning the prices at which books are to be sold to the public. It is not the case, as was expected, that all books at a higher price than six shillings are "net" books. All that has been arranged is that, when a publisher declares a given book to be a "net" book, no bookseller shall be supplied with copies unless he undertakes to treat it as such, and allow no discount to his customers. It is not a very radical reform, and its practical results are not likely to be large, though one of them will probably be an increase in the number of "net" books published.

The sixpenny novel seems to be coming to the front again. Not that there is likely to be a repetition of the boom which flooded the market last year and sent the sixpenny book on the down grade with a rush; but several of the leading publishers who issued the very cheap edition long before the thing was overdone have stood by it throughout and are still sending fresh volumes to press. The sixpenny copyright tale has not been seen for several months, but another volume—delayed by the war—of The Novelist Series is now to come from Messrs. Methuen—viz., "Prisoners of War," by three collaborating authors writing under the name of "A. Boyson Weekes." A curious feature about the book is that the publishers are offering with it a prize of £100. Clearly Messrs. Methuen mean to persevere with their cheap copyright series.

The other publishers who are bringing out sixpenny books are confining their attentions to well-known authors. The

to attract, but most popular of all, apparently. It has been said that few people now read "The Hearth," yet Messrs. Chatto have sold 150,000 paper-covered edition. That was the total sixpenny "Lorna Doone," but Messrs. Sampson increased the sale largely had they not stop work in that form. Messrs. Downey and Co. have added to Miss Braddon's novels, and published covered editions of her works, including "Lady and "Henry Dunbar," each of which has gone copies. Six or seven other tales by Miss Braddon. Messrs. Downey have also favoured Charles Reilly with "Christie Johnstone" and "Peg Woffington" in that form, and, now that "It Is Never Too Late to Apologise" is in copyright, they are adding that to their list. It is an enormous sale to make these very cheap editions.

Both English and French publishers seem to compromise the eternal quarrel as to when it begins. At any rate, Messrs. Goupil and Co. have put out a most elaborate work dealing with the subject from various points of view. There are to be altogether ten volumes, each being fully illustrated. In the first M. Brunetière has undertaken to give a survey of the history of the Bellaigne of music; the Abbé Duchesne, a distinguished member of the Institute, to deal with history; and the late M. de la Saussure, with archaeology. The three volumes, of which the first is just out, are in subscription at the price of £10. They have received many French orders for Lord Dunsany's splendid work on Sir Thomas Lawrence, although it is in English and no French edition will be published.

We understand that Miss Beatrice Harraden has accepted the play for Miss Ellen Terry, whom she will meet in London on Sir Henry Irving's tour.

Special interest attaches to the editions of "The Romany Rye," edited by Dr. Knapp, in the "Authoritative Edition" of George Borrow's Works, by Mr. Murray. Dr. Knapp, whose authoritative edition came out last year, possesses the Borrow manuscript, and he has not only been able to correct the text, but has decided to restore the suppressed passages of the original manuscript. That these passages may be of some importance is suggested by the specimen given in the long harangue of Petulengro on the advantage of having more than one wife. Possibly Dr. Knapp's discretion will be challenged by many admirers of the book, and "Romany Rye" are really but one book. Dr. Knapp has satisfied himself that the suppression of the passages was not a result of the author's own considered judgment, but of an imaginative telling of his own life's story could not be better edited than his biographer, who has tracked him through his wanderings and disguises, imaginary and real. The edition will contain a photogravure portrait of Borrow, and ink sketches by Mr. Percy Wadham; the original pen and ink sketches and a photogravure of Kitton. This edition of the works will include also "The Gypsies of Spain."

Literary England has been so soundly routed by Edward Clarke and Mr. George Moore (nobody to

public, but it can scarcely be more contemptuous than Tolstoi's of "When We Dead Awake."

The study of Cromwell, which gave rise to so many books during 1899, the tercentenary of his birth, shows no sign of abatement. Besides the study of the Protector by Mr. Morley and the biography by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, running respectively in the *Century* and *Scribner's*, another life has been written by Professor C. H. Firth, of Oxford. This is to appear in the "Heroes of the Nations" Series, published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons, and will be entitled "Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England." During 1899 Mr. S. R. Gardiner returned to his old favourite in "Oliver Cromwell" (Gopill). Other books published on Cromwell as a man and a statesman were Mr. Holden Pike's "Oliver Cromwell and His Times" (Unwin), of which Mr. Unwin now promises a cheaper (three-and-sixpenny) edition, Sir Richard Tangye's "The Two Protectors, Oliver and Richard Cromwell" (Partridge), and Mr. Arthur Paterson's "Oliver Cromwell; His Life and Character" (Nisbet). Mr. Paterson also dealt with his hero in a novel, "Cromwell's Own" (Nisbet). Colonel Colomb's book on Hugh Peters, "The Prince of Army Chaplains," in which Cromwell is described as a boa constrictor, sounded an odd note of contrast amid the chorons of praise. Cromwell's military genius has also been thoroughly analysed by Lieut.-Colonel T. S. Baldoek in "Cromwell as a Soldier" (Kegan Paul), and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, in collaboration with the late Colonel Cooper King, in "From Cromwell to Wellington" (Lawrence and Bullen).

The design on the binding of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* has been copied from a fine piece of work of the Stuart period. In his note on the subject Mr. Cyril Davenport sketches the state of the art of book-binding in England during the first half of the seventeenth century. This binding is by far the best of the examples yet utilized for the cover of this review, and if one can disregard the incongruity of an antique binding with a modern back, it is really an excellent specimen. It would be difficult to surpass the harmony and dignity of its proportions. The original of the design is the cover of a book which Mr. Davenport assumes was bound for Charles I. The assumption is, we think, well founded, for the design agrees in almost every particular with that on the copy of the "Chalcocondylas," which certainly belonged to Charles, the only difference being that the latter book is covered with a more thickly spread semis and has a less pleasing border. Mr. Davenport raises an objection to the opinion that the "semis," or dotted ground, was invented in France. Recent investigations would appear to prove that it came to Europe from the East. The semis is now known to have been used by Aldus for a copy of the Aldine "Oppianus" of 1517 has been discovered, bound in a contemporary binding, which bears a design in which the semis plays a principal part. Possibly the idea was brought to the notice of French binders by Grolier, for many of his bindings bear elaborate semis, though whether they are the work of Italian or French artists it is impossible now to determine.

Mr. Davenport somewhat disparages the contemporary foreign designs, especially the French, which he says were comparatively "small and frittered." But the analogy is scarcely happy. For one book that was finely bound in England there were a hundred bound in France. The real origin of the difference was a matter of size rather than number. For some eighty years or more the output of Hore in France was

long after, were the fashion in France, and the mistake Menzies and other English binders took these choices copied them, as they frequently did, on folio volumes, that the French styles look "small and frittered," bold scroll work and rich designs with semis of this and flour-de-lisys such as is used on the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

Ten years ago copies of the first edition of "Renaissance in Italy" could easily be procured at a volume, but now, as we see from Messrs. Sotheran's the price for the seven volumes has gone up to £21. T himself made little out of the book. In one of his letters "I have received (as the net receipts from the publication) about £50 a year during the eleven best years of life for the execution of a laborious work which is expensive education and an unusual cast of intellect. is about equal to the wages of a third-class merchant's second-class butler, the latter also being found food and r

It is interesting to find from the newly-issued report of the Oxford University Delegacy for the extension of law within the limits of the University for the year ending September last that no fewer than 1,231 lectures were delivered by four different lecturers in 119 different local centres—record. While history was again an easy first in popularity, literature came next, and accounted for courses as compared with thirty-four in the previous year. The purely literary subjects dealt with by the were:—Shakespeare, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Ross Morris; representative prose masters; literature of the Chivalry and Puritans; English novelists; Elizabethan literature; English essayists; the romantic in English poetry; Coleridge and Wordsworth; Tennyson; Browning; Ruskin, and Browning; literature of the age of Anne; Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott; Dryden and Pope; Marlowe and Ben Jonson; and his circle; literature of the eighteenth century; eighteenth century poetry; Ruskin and Carlyle; mediæval minstrelsy and modern poets; and Renaissance art and li

In these various courses 344 lectures were delivered, five of the courses being given in the afternoon, sixteen in the evening, and one in the morning. The lecturers on subjects were the Reys, J. G. Bailey, R. Bayne, and W. 5 and Messrs. F. S. Boas, R. W. Bond, W. G. de Burgh, Horsburgh, R. Ashe King, J. A. R. Marriott, W. Allison, J. C. Powys (the newest addition to the ranks), and E. court. The gross average attendance at lectures was the average per centre being 104. Judged by the attendance the most popular lectures were the following: Marriott's "English Novelists," at Cheltenham, lectures, average attendance 315; Mr. Horsburgh's "Shakespeare," at Bolton, evening lectures, 312; Mr. King's "Novelists," at Gloucester, evening lectures, 230; Mr. M "English Novelists," at Redditch, evening lectures, 2 de Burgh's "Representative Prose Masters," at Ashby Lyne, evening lectures, 170; Mr. de Selincourt's "Eighteenth Century Poetry," at Cheltenham Ladies' College, lectures, 160; Mr. Boas' "Shakespeare," at Tambric, evening lectures, 160; and his "Browning," at Tambric, 150. It may be added that 376 certificates or lists were at these lectures, 231 of the students obtaining pass cer

Personal Views.

AN EXTINCT TYPE.

The English Father has always been most careful that his sons, when in that stage of adolescence known as the hobbledchey, shall be provided with literature adapted to their condition; hence there has always existed a hobbledchey form of romance. In the old days this was a curious lanky nondescript—an Eton jacket kind of book, short in the waist and painfully constricted about the elbows, just where a book for boys should be perfectly loose. The hobbledchey book of the past was to the real romance what the commissariat lieutenant is to the cavalry trooper. It formed an excellent hand-book to hypocrisy. If any boy had made up his mind to adopt hypocrisy as a profession he found the way to go about it by studying the character of the young ruffian who was meant to be the good boy of the story—the boy who prayed ostentatiously for his benighted school-fellows in the dormitory and suffered therefrom. The writer proved to his own satisfaction that these sufferings were undeserved, but his arguments were unconvincing to a reader. The boy who would not fight was invariably the hero of the story—he was certainly the prig of the story. He sometimes quoted Virgil in every-day conversation with his intimates, in order to enforce some theory of his own. The boys who read of this boy smiled grimly from page to page. They recognized him. He was their sisters' nursery governess.

Then there was the boys' book which was not only moral but instructive into the bargain. It taught geography. Was there not a wreck on the coast of Australia in the second chapter? Usually the chief of the survivors was a well-read clergyman—he was going out as a missionary to Australia, taking with him, of course, his wife (invariably a chronic invalid, for those were the days when a lovely woman's sole vocation was being an invalid), his daughter, and two sons. Immediately on landing from the raft the good clergyman delivers an address to his family—reported verbatim—on the insecurity of human life, and the blessings of Providence generally. He reveals to his shocked hearers the secret which until that moment he had kept inviolate—namely, that on one occasion he heard the second mate employ a swear word to the cabin-boy. To this indiscretion he attributes the loss of the ship and all hands. It was taken for granted in this style of book that all readers would acknowledge the equity of the doom of the ship's company for the impatience of the officer; and thus it was hoped that the circulation of such stories would do much to elevate the tone of the mercantile marine. Then follows some dialogue between the father and his sons on the subject of notable shipwrecks of history, with incidental remarks on *Reptilia* in the island of Melita or Malta in the days of St. Paul, and a few words on the whale fisheries of the Levant with the special bearing of this industry upon the case of one Jonah, a prophet. To show that he is merciful as well as erudite, the father suggests to his sons the advisability of their having a stroll together, while their mother is laying out the tea things, in order that he may find out in what part of the world

aqueducta vulgaris, which tells him at a glance that it is on the coast of Brazil. While he is endeavouring to suppress his emotions, one of the lads runs up to him with a *camphora apollinaria* and his apprehension departs. He is convinced that, after all, the vessel must have some part of the Cape Colony. Later on, Harry's quick eyes perceive the footprints of a dog. He points them out to his father who, embracing him with emotion, bids them be joyful over the fact that they are within easy reach of a Bloomsbury boarding-house.

So the narrative was wont to unfold its pages, dialectics on the ways of Providence followed by a digression on the *coleoptera* of the Southern Hemisphere; and the prevailing apathy on the part of professional naturalists and the dear young reader that he was living in an evil world. The dear young reader meandered along those pages, and began to find that the chat on *coleoptera*, *ephemera*, and *phryganea* which he had impartially rejected as tending to weaken the "comic relief" in a melodrama is to the dear young reader of the piece. He began to long for a "break" in the monotony of botany, rather than the dribbling out of facts on the hazards of comparative theology. Such he found in the false quantities in biology as well as in the digressions of the writers seemed to fancy that anything was good for the hobbledchey. As a matter of fact, they did not know themselves. I came across a palpably false and ridiculous volume which had survived the test of time in a respectable library—it is always the worthless books that family who comes jauntily home from a campaign. The worthier brothers have fallen. "You will find a very fine specimen of *Algermon*," said the prig-maker, in this example of recreation offered to the hobbledchey of thirty years. "You will observe the brilliant colouring of the shell of the *genus murex*, vulgarly known as the snail, which I need scarcely tell a gentleman as yourself, Sir, the Tyrians procured their purple from the envy and admiration of the East." "I observe that my teaching has not been in vain," said the father. "Well, dear *Algermon*, you may be disposed to think by accident that these gorgeous hues adorn the shells of the funny wanderers." "Surely, Sir, Providence has some good purpose in view when He so adorns the shells of the *genus murex*," suggested *Algermon*. "You are quite right, Sir," said the father. "Here, again, we must recognize the fact that every naturalist who approaches the study of the shells in the proper spirit will tell you that these fish which have hues that rival the rainbow in glory in our seas attract the attention of those larger fish whose food they are."

passage in the *Iliad* which refers to the black swan. It is scarcely necessary to say that so earnest a young student of the laws of natural selection and the preservation of species proved himself to be equally familiar with the wisdom of the Latin poet, and so the afternoon of the castaways flitted blithely by on butterfly wings, and the gentle twilight hour arrived the hour for discussing *lepidoptera*.

This was the sort of book which was supposed to be the delight of boys; but alas! I fear that the gaudy colouring of the dialogue, of which I have given an example, failed to prove an attraction to the healthy schoolboy, and he was fain to fill his maw with the comparatively sober-tinted "Headless Horseman," "The Scalp-Hunters," and other masterpieces of the same type. "The Swiss Family Robinson" is the only instance that occurs to me at this moment of the obviously instructive being palatable to boys. Of course, experience has taught us that if a Swiss family were to be wrecked anywhere they would start an hotel on the spot: the sons would become waiters, with an eye to the tips of English visitors, one daughter would look after the laundry and accumulate derelict buttons, and the other would do the cooking, while the father would arrange terms *en pension*, and write out the *menu* cards in excellent kitchen French. Still, "The Swiss Family" was readable, and is still read, especially by girls. I think, however, that more copies of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She" were sold within the first few years of their vogue than of "The Swiss Family" during all the time it has been offered to the aunts of the hungry hordes of the schoolroom. "Sandford and Merton" one never hears of nowadays. Let us hope that it has become extinct. Books that reeked in a much lesser degree of oleaginous morality have long ago gone to the trying-out cauldron with most excellent results to the young generation. Who that could buy "Treasure Island" or "Sherlock Holmes" would waste money on "Sandford and Merton" or "The Parent's Cabinet of Instruction and Amusement"?

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

STORIES AND PLAYS.

One adaptation—but an adaptation by a romancer of his own romance; one original drama by a novelist; one melodrama trying to win its way into favour on the skirts of a popular tale. All in one week! Who can say the relations between the stage and what we vaguely call literature are not becoming closer? A more pertinent query is whether the drama has been enriched in any of these instances. Only a very sanguine onlooker could say that it has.

Rupert of Hentzau as a play is disappointing. It has not the elements of spectacle which made *The Prisoner of Zenda* a success; it is not robust enough to be good melodrama; and it ends up with a death scene, which is not exhilarating. The funeral scene has wisely been lopped off since the first night. Whether it would have made a better play if Mr. Anthony Hope had, as before, called in the aid of that experienced dramatic carpenter, Mr. Edward Rose, it is difficult to say. Mr. Hope has written two or three original plays and ought to be out of leading strings. But he does not show much aptitude for the

ought to be as realistic as possible. To find a London paper in the capital of Britania, and to hear of men "taken up" to the occupants of a cellar are small abt that could be, and should be, carefully avoided if fact have at all an air of reality. As for the imbecile C one has only to contrast him with the foolish old cou "Prince Otto" the well-spring of all these romantic of the *Zenda* type: to see how little care Mr. Hope took less important characters.

There is a good deal of humour in the dialogue, so one regrets the staleness of some of the comic business piece of this kind cannot rely upon humour to carry it. It must have a real gripping interest, like *Secret Service* really well acted all round. Most of it is well acted Verion's Colonel Sapt is especially good, and Mr. Alex a brisk, resourceful hero—but the company can hardly for the deficiencies of the piece. Mr. Alexander seems need a change of bill before very long. It was disappointing notice that in the list of plays which he intends to pr mentioned *Paula and Francesca* last. It is hardly a co to ask a poet to write a play, to announce the commiss great flourish, and then to postpone its production. Mr. Alexander would act *Paula and Francesca* even at of afternoon performances, it would be a satisfaction encouragement. No one supposes it would be a great success. Therefore it is not necessary to spend a grea money on upholsteries. We should not complain of scenery and the absence of sumptuous show.

Miss Edna Lyall's books have hardly suggested that much dramatic faculty. *In Spite of All* shows that she yet enough to make a good play. It has most of the fa generally ruin novelists' plays. There is little action an intolerable deal of talk. The one vigorous scene—l by Prince Rupert's forces upon Eastbury—is badly stage and the hero is given nothing better to do than to re out asking to be allowed to join in the fight—an un request, since nobody is doing anything to prevent hi piece is built round an historical actuality—the sparing a cross from destruction by a Puritan captain at the earnest of an aged vicar. But the fact that the incident really does not lessen or excuse its tediousness. Nor does the morality of the piece reconcile the ordinary playgoer undue length and lack of interest. Yet it would be a Miss Edna Lyall to be altogether discouraged. No c wrote a really good acting play at the first attempt. Th some pretty touches of sentiment in the dialogue, and a sentiment is the key to the sympathy of most audience Lyall would be better advised to try a play of modern li

The dramatized tract naturally follows the stage novel. The authors of *A Better Life* avow and even para indebtedness to the author of "In His Steps." But if Charles M. Sheldon were to visit the Adelphi Theatre, probably disclaim any share in Messrs. Sutton Vane and Shirley's piece. It looks as if the great popularity of C had been made a bait to attract the enormous class th tracts, but does not go the theatres—the class that *The Sign of the Cross*. We said when the book appears side of the Atlantic that it had the great merit of be much in earnest. We cannot say the same for the play, lurid melodrama with more piled-up agony in it than remember. Some recollections of "In His Steps" are in, but they do not belong to the structure of the piece, effect produced by the mechanical introduction of the element is not sufficient. Mr. Sheldon seems to us to

THE BOERS AND THEIR TAAL.

A short time ago, if the Boer was known at all outside his immediate sphere or at the Colonial Office, his name stamped him with its English homonym, and he was thus classed rather among the semi-barbarians. Recent events have tended to dispel this error; but although the signification of the word Boer is now generally understood, it is equally fallacious to attach a literal meaning to the appellation and think of him only as a farmer or grazier. Some of the men in the highest governmental and educational positions are Boers. They prefer, however, to be called Afrikaners. The Boer claims to be a nation, and bases that claim on the possession of a language, not a patois or a dialect, but a living tongue—his beloved "Taal," which has grown with him during his wanderings over the whole of South Africa, is spoken at the present time by two-thirds of the population, and forms the strongest link between the descendants of the early settlers from the Cape to the Zambesi.

For next to his passionate devotion to the ground which he has reclaimed is his love for his mother tongue. It is an integral part of his history, bears the impress of his struggles for existence, of his isolation, of his endurance and solidarity. Olive Schreiner calls this affection of the Boer for his cramped, unformed dialect *contemptible*; those who can see below the surface of things hold with Max Muller that even the "klick klick" of the Hottentots has its pathos. The "Taal," it is true, at present does not possess words to express scientific or philosophical conceptions, for the simple reason that as yet the Boer has no need of them. Like Diogenes of old, up to now his endeavour has been to show in his social life with how little a man can do, and his language is the expression of this philosophy. "Use" not "ornament" was his device. From the Dutch of the seventeenth century, which the first colonists spoke, he has thrown away all that was superfluous—terminations, inflections, guttural sounds, consonants which have only a shade of difference, and thus evolved a short-syllabled and soft speech. Besides, the exigencies of life in the new surroundings necessitated the finding of new words, whilst many of those he had brought lost currency from being useless. Scarcely any trace is left from the French which the Huguenots brought to the Cape except the use of the double negative; and from the English he has only adopted a few energetic expressions. The Afrikaner does not accept new objects introduced to him in their foreign name, but coins for them new words from a Germanic source.

And most remarkable in the movement to raise this language to a written language, with a literature of its own, is the antagonism it shows to the Dutch. Although in the Republics the Dutch is the language of State and Church, and has in the Colony an official standing with the English, the Boer looks upon it as a foreign tongue. The cause of this lies in its grammatical trammels. The simplicity of forms and construction of English is much more in harmony with the bent of his character. The efforts of the leaders of the Taal movement are, therefore, directed to obtaining recognition for Taal as the official language next to the English, to the exclusion of the Dutch. As one of the speakers at the Taal Congress of 1897 remarked, the Afrikaners look upon Dutch as their grandmother, who lives with them in the same house and must be borne with as a respectable parent, but has no longer a voice in the rule of the home, which has devolved upon the younger branch. And there is no denying the fact that Dutch is being crowded out. Persons from Holland who settle in South Africa soon begin to

that they are unanimous in their endeavour for unity.

To bring this about, the Press, of course, is the instrument. Next to his Bible the Boer loves his paper. He takes a keen interest in political questions of the day with great natural intelligence of observation, and, above all, practical common sense. Twenty years ago the first newspaper was started, a well-known *Patriot, Land and Volk*, which at first in Dutch, has changed to the Afrikaner language. It is true that the numbers of its readers has immensely increased. During the last ten years over 100,000 copies on various subjects have been issued by one paper alone. The contention that the Boer's language is incapable of containing a literature can best be disproved by several collections of poems in the Afrikaner language. Several collections of poems in the Afrikaner language to prove that it lends itself to all kinds of metrical forms, national hymns, songs of patriotism and religion, and from many of the poems of Robert Burns, ballads, pieces, and sketches in verse. Among the editors are Dr. Reitz, the present Secretary of State for the Cape, and Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, who uses the pseudonym "Mr. S. J. Du Toit," one of the most zealous of the Taal movement, formerly Superintendent of the Cape Colony, Transvaal, has written an historical novel, *Skeba or Salomo's son*, one of the goldfields in Sambia collected the material during a journey through the Cape and Mashonaland. It need scarcely be said that the Taal reminds one of Rider Haggard's romance. During the Taal Congress in 1897 a drama from the Taal author was performed in the Town-hall at Paarl dealing with an incident of the Great Trek, the Taal author, Retief and his party. *Ons Klyntji*, a magazine, the first number of which appeared in 1897, although of modest dimensions, is conducted on a similar publication, specially intended for the Taal countries. A translation of the Bible in the Taal language, and besides other educational works, *Grammar of English and Afrikaner* and *Both Languages* have been published, by which the Taal has acquired a tangible shape and has been placed on a firm basis. It will enable it to work out its own salvation.

In its struggle for existence it has to fight its opponents—Dutch and English. Dutch owing to its being the language of the Established Church, is still being preached, in which the Boer reads his Bible. English surrounds him in the Colony, and he is *valens valens* obliged to learn and use it. His literature is rich and cheap. Two such powerful opponents represented by an individual high civilization and a conquering power will be a hard task for the young Afri-

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

RECENT SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

One of the features of the last two or three years has been the issue of several series of histories. A list of the most recent, and in these publications will no doubt be found useful.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have issued a series, published by F. E. Robinson, which when completed, will comprise thirty-nine volumes of all subjects and now abstrusely, and in

S. JOHN'S. By the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D.
 JESUS. By E. G. Hardy, M.A.
 WADHAM. By J. Wells, M.A.

These volumes are already published. There are also announced:—

UNIVERSITY. By A. C. Hamilton, M.A.
 EXETER. By W. K. Stride, M.A.
 ORIEL. By D. W. Rennie, M.A.
 QUEEN'S. By the Rev. J. R. Magrath, D.D.
 NEW COLLEGE. By the Rev. Hastings Rashdall, M.A.
 PEMBROKE. By the Rev. Douglas MacLennan, M.A.
 CHRIST CHURCH. By the Rev. H. L. Thompson, M.A.
 WORCESTER. By the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, M.A.
 HERTFORD. By S. G. Hamilton, M.A.
 KEBLE. By D. J. Medley, M.A.

CAMBRIDGE.

The volumes published are:—

CLARE. By J. R. Wardale, M.A.
 CORPUS CHRISTI. By the Rev. H. P. Stokes, LL.D.
 KING'S. By the Rev. A. Austen Leigh, M.A.
 QUEEN'S. By the Rev. J. H. Gray, M.A.
 SIDNEY. By G. M. Edwards, M.A.
 DOWNING. By the Rev. H. W. Pettit Stevens, M.A.

The volumes announced are:—

PETERHOUSE. By the Rev. T. A. Walker, LL.D.
 PEMBROKE. By W. S. Hadley, M.A.
 CAIUS. By J. Vonn, Sc.D., F.R.S.
 TRINITY HALL. By H. T. Trevor Jones, M.A.
 ST. CATHERINE'S. By the Bishop of Bristol.
 JESUS. By A. Gray, M.A.
 CHRIST'S. By J. Peile, Litt.D.
 ST. JOHN'S. By J. Bass Mullinger, M.A.
 MAGDALENE. By W. A. Gill, M.A.
 TRINITY. By the Rev. A. H. F. Boughiey, M.A., and J. Willis Clark, M.A.
 EMMANUEL. By E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A.
 SELWYN. By the Rev. A. L. Brown, M.A.

Other books dealing more briefly with the same subject are the following, published by Messrs. Methuen:—

THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD. Edited by A. Clark, M.A. (12s. 6d.).
 OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES. By J. Wells, M.A. (3s.).
 CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES. By A. H. Thompson (3s.).

Turning to

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

we find six recently published books—three of them issued by Messrs. Methuen and three by Messrs. Duckworth. Messrs. Methuen's books are:—

ANNALS OF ETON COLLEGE. By W. Sterry, M.A. (7s. 6d.).
 ANNALS OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL. By G. W. Fisher, M.A. (10s. 6d.).
 ANNALS OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL. By J. Sargeant, M.A. (7s. 6d.).

Messrs. Duckworth have published in their "English Public Schools Series":—

A HISTORY OF RUGBY SCHOOL. By W. H. D. Rouse, M.A. (5s. n.).
 A HISTORY OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE. By Arthur F. Leach, M.A., F.S.A. (6s. n.).
 A HISTORY OF ETON COLLEGE. By Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery (5s. n.).

Attention may also be drawn to two important

REPRINTS.

A third edition of A HISTORY OF ETON COLLEGE. By Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte (Macmillan, 21s. n.).
 A second edition of THE HISTORY OF TONBRIDGE SCHOOL FROM ITS FOUNDATION IN 1553 TO THE PRESENT TIME. By Septimus Rivington (Rivingtons, 12s. 6d. n.)

And to—

FASTI ETONENSES. By A. C. Benson (Simpkin, Marshall, 21s.).

a warm advocate of a more systematic study of library work. Mr. Campbell has been an active member of the and has contributed many papers to the transactions of the Library Association.

At the People's Palace, in Glasgow, an exhibition binding has just been held. The University libraries of and Edinburgh, the Mitchell Library, and the H. Museum lent valuable collections. The Lord Provost, seeing the exhibition, deplored the fact that the present of books made us underrate their value. The revival of artistic bookbinding would help to counteract this.

The *Public Library Journal* informs us that no less than £30,000 is to be spent on the new museum and art gallery at Cardiff. Bristol also is about to spend an equal sum on a gallery alone. The free library and museum on the Pavilion Estate is to be altered and enlarged. The cost will be about £30,000. Plans have already been prepared for submission to the Town Council.

A leviathan task looms before the public libraries suggested that they should combine in cataloguing topographical records, books, prints, maps, and so forth. Philip Norman, treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries, on the subject at the recent meeting of the Library Association.

The annual report by Mr. How Morrison, the Librarian of the Edinburgh Public Library, states that the number of volumes in the Central Reference Library at 31st December, 1898, was 48,913, an increase of 3,125 volumes as compared with 1897. Besides the central there are two branch libraries, and a new one is expected to be ready for opening next summer. The number of readers during the year was 56,058 as compared with 47,000 in 1898. (The total population of Edinburgh is about 300,000.) The need for further accommodation at the central library is felt, and some property has been purchased by the Mayor and Town Council on behalf of the Public Library Commission.

The "Half-Hour Talks About Books and Authors" at the Nottingham Public Libraries seem to have been very successful. The lectures are now in their tenth season, and the attendance remains at a high level.

There is a movement to allow children to borrow books from public libraries at an earlier age than hitherto. In Haverhill the age has been reduced from thirteen to eleven years. At the library catalogue has been sent to every school in the borough. Hampstead also now admits the children at an earlier age. The School Board and Public Library Committee at Reading are considering a scheme for establishing small circulating libraries for children attending the schools in the borough.

"A Working Woman," in the February number of *The Library Journal*, is very hopeless about public libraries. The girls read nothing to profit, and when the time comes for them to go into life they cease to be members of the free libraries. "A Working Woman" herself was fortunate enough to "develop a reading from a mere child." This is the case with the minority who profit by the virtues of their parents. It is not concerned entirely in "A Working Woman's" list of books for children.

Reviews.

THE ANNALS OF THE FUR TRADE.

THE GREAT COMPANY (1667-1871), by BECKLES WILLSON (Smith, Elder, 18s.).

Thanks to that excellent writer, Robert Michael Ballantyne, the proceedings of the Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Company have fascinated innumerable imaginations. He had himself been one of the company's servants, and his boys' books cast such a glamour over the company's business that, some thirty years ago, the boys who wanted to become fur-traders were hardly less numerous than those who wanted to run away to sea. It seemed then as if nothing, except, perhaps, being shipwrecked on a desert island, could be more delightful than to live in a "fort," to be snowed up regularly every winter, and to shoot big game with the frozen mercury extracted from the bulb of the thermometer. And it is, no doubt, because romance has thus prepared our mind that we are disposed to welcome with open arms the sober narrative of fact, relating to the great company, compiled by Mr. Beckles Willson from information received and from inspection of the company's archives.

Trading companies have done a great deal for the British Empire. They have won us India, Rhodesia, and Nigeria; there was a time when they nearly won us Muscovy as well. But there is no company which has done such good work so quietly as that of Hudson's Bay. It gave us our footing in Canada, together with a motive for turning out the French. Properly supported by the Government, it would have given us Alaska, and so saved a world of trouble in the way of boundary and fishery disputes. It has reckoned among its officers many notable Arctic explorers, whose names are on the maps—Hearne, Dease, Simpson, and Dr. John Rae. Its governors, from Prince Rupert to Lord Strathcona, have often been men of mark and vigour; and in its treatment of the aborigines it has set an example to the world. The point is one upon which Mr. Willson properly lays stress.

The strength of the company, throughout the vast region where their rule was paramount, was rather a moral strength than a physical one. Its roots lay deep in the heart of the savage, who in time came to regard the great corporation as the embodiment of all that was good and great and true and powerful. He knew that under its sway justice was secured to him; that if innocent he would be unharmed, that if guilty he would inevitably pay the penalty of his transgression. The prairie was wide, the forests were trackless, but in all those thousands of miles there came to be no haven for the horse thief, the incendiary, or the murderer, where he would be free, in his beleaguered fortress, to elude or defy Nemesis. The company made it its business to find and punish the real offender; they did not avenge themselves on his friend or tribe. But punishment was certain—blood was paid for in blood.

It is the principle that has been at the root of British rule wherever British rule has been most successful. It is the principle in virtue of which India needs no larger a garrison than Algeria, and New Zealand needs no garrison at all, while both Indians and Maoris are ready and anxious to fight for the great white Queen. It is also a policy which has made Indian rebellions a negligible danger, to the envy of our neighbours of the United States. And it is a policy which the Hudson's Bay Company—governing without an army a territory comparable, in its magnificent distances, with Hindustan—may be said to have invented.

they will have to do when admitted, and he for doing it. There must be a demand for it the only place in which we should ourselves it is a back number of a certain American however, is a small matter. On the whole, we book admirable. It certainly, with the exce enough of facts to satisfy Mr. Gradgrind him

DANTE.

LA COMMEDIA DI DANTE ALIGHIERI. Ed. L. (Methuen, 6s.).

This book will be welcome at once for its It is convenient in size and light in the hue and type are comfortable to the eye, and such with poetic thought. We shall, perhaps, not of Dante if we add that every page contains the text as are found in the similarly numbered Berlin octavo. Hitherto we have given preference for pleasure and convenience, but now Mr. T. be admitted to equality at the very least. All of every page are identical throughout, the s book is about an inch-and-a-half shorter, with openness and perspicuity. The handier ve equal in these advantages by some happier out of the type, and by the greater opacity of the

A closer acquaintance will discover the inward qualities which the Dantophilist require text most carefully and competently edited new revision of Witte's Berlin edition, and the first printed text of the *Commedia* that could Dr. Witte based his text upon four manuscripts adhered, with the exception of a very few Toynebe has found it necessary to make alterations, which he has tabulated in the new appendix. This is so arranged as to show at the relation of the selected readings to Witte to that of other recent editors, who are remnants of Bianchi, Butler, Casini, Fraticelli, &c. The works of Dr. Moore here referred to allusions to the *Textual Criticism of the Divine* and his handy edition of all the works of Dante of which the second edition appeared in 1897 (

Even after passing through the hands of Moore, and Mr. Paget Toynebe, there still remainable questions. In Inf. II., 55, Witte prints capital, because he holds it to mean the sun, as supported by Bianchi and Fraticelli; but Mr. majority of the court with him in printing the capital, indicating thereby that it does not but the stars or the starry heaven. The argument may be seen at large in the "Textual Criticism" opposite view there is more that might be said. the poets do not compare bright eyes to the stars, much less do they say that a lady's brightness of the sun; but then it should be there is no other poet who has undertaken the *Beatrice*. She is *avi gratia*, and not one countenance had not outshone the highest ventious adulation, why did Virgil at once d servant to command before he had heard

canto the word *pianeta* indicates the sun without question, and yet no editor gives it a capital P.

The old commentators are very valuable, not only for their interpretations, but also for their testimony to the readings which they had in the books of their time. Instances are not wanting where the manuscript tradition has degenerated—the scribes have gregariously run away after some plausible emendation—and the original text might have been lost, but for the evidence of the early commentators. An example of this kind occurs at Inf. XIV., 126, where the true reading is *Pur a sinistra*, but Witte, with the great majority of MSS., reads *Più a*. Here the early commentators, so far as they notice the passage, are unanimous for *Pur*. Concerning Purg. XXI., 61, Dr. Moore writes ("Textual Criticism," p. 101): "This passage exhibits the curious phenomenon of the loss of the true reading *ad rursu fa povera* in all but a small minority of MSS., though it is preserved and rightly explained by all the old commentators who notice the passage, without exception, nor do they so much as mention any variation in the text."

In Purg. XXX., 73, a line of great mark, the Court of Six are equally divided between *ben son*, *ben son*, and *ben son, ben sem*, and Mr. Toynbee has decided (against Witte, but with Butler, Moore, Scartazzini) for the "plural of majesty." So now, the four latest editions of the *Commedia* are agreed upon this very debatable reading. In its defence the word "regalente" in the previous tercet is much relied upon, but whether it is fitly so applied requires consideration. Against it there is one very strong argument, candidly admitted by one of its chief advocates (Dr. Moore) in these words:—"It is fair to draw attention to the fact that all the old commentators who notice the passage explicitly have *guardami* and *son* without recognizing the other readings." This naturally suggests emendation, and the plural formula may be due to a superficial apprehension of the bearing of that *regalente* which is now the stronghold of its defence. In Par. XI., 26, Mr. Toynbee reads *non nacque* instead of the *non nasce* of Witte, who is supported by all the referees except Dr. Moore. The argument in support of this bold step is highly interesting, but too long for this place. In Par. XVIII., 131, where Witte has *Paolo*, Mr. Toynbee, supported by all the referees, has *Paolo*. This is an orthographic variation, and may seem too trifling for notice. And yet when carefully looked into it is found to contain treasures of interpretation. In Par. XXVI., 104, where Witte has *Dante*, Mr. Toynbee reads *Da te* with the whole body of referees. In this case there is hardly room for two opinions, and Witte's rule of adherence to his selected manuscripts might have been relaxed here (one would think) if anywhere.

Messrs. Dent have sent us the latest addition to their pretty series of "Temple Classics" in the shape of the *PARADISO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI* (1s. 6d. n.), being the Italian text, with prose translation and notes. Mr. Philip Wicksteed, the well-known lecturer on Dante, is responsible for the translation, as well as for the very helpful arguments prefixed to each canto. In the notes and Italian text (which is practically that of Casini) he has had the assistance of Dr. H. Oelsner. The notes are of the briefest, but they are to the point, and in the main they are accurate and scholarly. There is a curious blunder as to the Lancelot romance in the note on *Paradiso* XV., 14-15, from which the editors might have been saved by a reference to the Oxford Dante Dictionary, or the reports of the American Dante Society. An excellent innovation is the introduction of little maps, plans, diagrams, &c., in illustration of various topographical and astro-

his aim; but his translation is often needlessly wordy. Dante's "come per acqua cupa come grave" is rendered "a heavy thing through the deep water," where at least two are not wanted. Such forms as "doth apprehend," "proceed" and so on, err in similar fashion. And why say "what his limbs," instead of "the death of his limbs," as Dante describes Jason as an "ox ploughman"? Such defects—but perhaps it is too much to expect style in a book of this kind—and Mr. Wicksteed's version is conscientious and faithful to the Italian text—the editors have followed Casini fairly. The most important deviation we have noted is "sal piante" in *Paradiso* XI., 72, which is no doubt an improvement though it is against the weight of MS. authority. So conscientious an editor, however, as Dr. Moore adopts "false," and there are good grounds for the change.

Before taking leave of this little volume, which has value of its own, we may draw attention to the following notes for correction in a future edition: viz., "Imoloso" for "Ademari" (twice, p. 205), "planitary" (p. 413); "p. 337" seems to be a slip for "years"; and "great father" in the argument to canto XV. (p. 181) is a misreading of "great-great-grandfather." The one defect of the book is the lack of even the briefest list of contents, which makes it a matter of difficulty to find the whereabouts of the various diagrams and tables. We hope Mr. Wicksteed will be encouraged to do this with his task and give us at least the other two parts of the *Commedia*, if not the *Vita Nuova* and *Convivio*.

AMONG SCOTTISH TROUT.

LOCHS AND LOCH-FISHING. By HAMISH STUART. (Chapman and Hall).

No British field sport, not even the exclusively Irish fox-hunting, has formed the theme of so much literary angling; of all the works written in English during the seventeenth century the "Compleat Angler" alone has the glory of an hundredth edition. There must be few left to reveal, one would think, few experiences that I have been told, few waters that have not been explored. This bibliography of the gentle craft swells at a prodigious rate here comes Mr. Hamish Stuart with well nigh four hundred closely-printed pages in large octavo, brimful of the harmless egoism of the successful fisher. He is not meagre in syntax ("I observed a fish feeding as is their wont," "the form in which athleticism and sport as a legacy realizes themselves in time and circumstances" p. 260)—is he fastidiously fresh, exclaiming with equal absence of fancy and misgiving, and with hurtful redundancy of capital "O Tempora! O Mores! O Noctes Ambrosiane!" has he time to spare for typographical graces, showing his profuse in the use of inverted commas as he is sparing of them. It is bewildering to find the first employed to mark words out of ordinary usage as "common sense," "poaching," "proportion," "theorise," "fly," "by the sword" multitudes of others; while the frequent use of Latin expressions render the use of the second almost imperative in such sentences as "He declares that, qua fly-fishing, loch-fishing can be science" (p. 4), "his wild rushes require a mastery of major to control" (p. 378). Slips in spelling like "omnis" and "sensationist" we will be generous enough to let pass at the printer's door. Not a few sentences occur which seem

vulgarized by fishing competitions and sweepstakes—to the profound abysses slumbering among the Highland hills, and to the tidal pools of Orkney and the Hebrides. Upon and beside these waters he has floated, fished, observed, reasoned, speculated, and theorized; the result of it all is here, expressed in his own discursive style. He has many useful hints to convey about fish-farming, improvement of the natural stock in lakes, and such problems as the multiplication of anglers and increased facilities of travel have rendered urgent; nor shall we murmur, although his prolixity for periphrasis leads him more than once to explain the small size of trout in certain waters as being due to the diligence with which they "have obeyed the command, Be fruitful and multiply." One discovery Mr. Stuart announces which, though of high interest to the physiologist, will be read with dismay by anglers in general—namely, the susceptibility of trout to tuberculosis. Some emaciated trout caught in a loch in South Uist were first submitted to a skilled anatomist, who discovered numerous ugly cysts, the contents of which, on further examination, were found to be swarming with tuberculous bacilli.

Mr. Stuart's pages teem with anecdote, nor do these tax anybody's credulity unreasonably, as a fisherman's yarns are apt to do. Indeed, one chapter begins with a naive sentence which might prepare the reader for any amount of eye-openers.

In our degree we all track with fresh feet the ancient mazes, and of no subject for thought can it be said with greater truth than of angling that it is difficult to decide where facts end and speculative inferences begin to reign.

There is a good deal of what a Scotsman would class as "havers"; this will naturally be skipped, and amusement will be found in accounts of days of good sport and of not so good. The following may be taken as a fair sample of the author's narrative style:—

I remember watching a master of the free lake fishing one of these reed-girt sporting waters. He had killed a few fish of a decent size, and was in the very highest feather and yearning for the blood of a giant. Presently the giant gratified his desire. He rose some twenty yards to leeward of a bed of reeds and some forty yards to windward of another bed. I saw the white glenn of his rise and just caught a glimpse of the steely-blue of his back. I saw the fourteen-foot rod bend—the free-water angler affects such weapons—and heard the scream of the reel, but the sound had scarcely reached my ears when the fish was in the furthest reed bed. There was a white boil, a faint sound as of an angry man, and the boat came towards where I was sitting.

There the true artist would have stopped; but Mr. Stuart is far too deeply interested in the technique of his craft to do so. He brings the angler ashore, and allows him to explain the method of his bungling. The defect of the book is its diffuseness; it would have been better for pruning and condensing; as it is, it will repay perusal to all who love the moor and the loch, the shower on the hill and the wind on the shore.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

SOME BIOGRAPHIES.

The Duchess of Teck.

Both those who possess sufficient imagination to realise the importance of what Michelet aptly styled "les petits cò és de l'histoire," and the multitude who take an unaffected interest in all that concerns the private lives of our Royal family, will find plenty of entertainment in Mr. Kinloch Cooke's *Memoir* or

only book which fills for the latter half of the place which Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of Consort* occupies for the previous portion.

The Duchess of Teck died so prement of her contemporaries and some older people and it is therefore not surprising to find that and youth are treated more fully than usual. In the first volume there are many delightful the warm affection and loyalty which both various members of what it was the fashion Queen was a young matron "the old Royal" and daughters of George III. and their various Mary was naturally the darling of the whole young girl she spent many happy hours at Gloucester the Duchess of Gloucester, at Kensington the Duchess of Inverness, and at Frogmore with Kent; while the Queen and Prince Albert were to welcome her at Windsor. Even as a child patriot, and it is interesting just now to re letters written by her during the Crimean War brother, George, was at the front.

Owing to the peculiar position of the wife of Cambridge and of her unmarried daughter, intimate terms, not only all the more important of the time, but also all the most distinguished scientists, artists, and writers of the early Victorian era the privileges of Royalty with few of its restrictions. She industriously read the new books, and to what suppressed, interest in politics—he revealing her admiration for Lord Beaconsfield amply confirms the impression of the Princess hearted, singularly lovable woman, full of exuberant high spirits, and blessed with a real sense of duty not usually fostered by the atmosphere of Court

Ruskin.

Mr. M. H. Spielmann's *JOHN RUSKIN* (Cassell) is more than a sketch or impression intended to satisfy curiosity of the moment, and is, to some extent, an account of Ruskin's career—one of the best of the time of his death—from the pages of the *Graphic* illustrated with portraits and with views—Ruskin's Corpus, Oxford, inadvertently described as Cassell's as showing the rooms where Ruskin lived and worked. The book deserves to be read, for not only a very capable artistic critic, but ear personal reminiscences. This gives special chapter which no one, probably, could write *Portraits of Ruskin.*"

Dean Milman.

Dean Milman, whose life—HENRY HARRIS, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S (Murray, 16s.)—has been written by his son, Mr. Alfred Milman, is known now as a historian—the editor of Gibbon, the author of "Latin Christianity" and of the "Annals of the Church." In his day he was a dramatist and poet, and his business of playwriting was not, in his organized industry which it has now become, when he was leaving Oxford, a play was performed at the Theatre called *The Italian Wife*. The theatre for opera; and this play, a serious prose drama performed to a musical accompaniment, to which not the slightest regard. Milman recognized the performance a play called *Fazio*, which he had

which Southey said that it was full of power and beauty, "but too full of them." Perhaps Milman's memory can afford the comparative oblivion into which his poems have fallen; but it has suffered real injustice in another respect. He was the first great writer to apply historical criticism to the Bible; to brave the censure of Bishops, who were shocked to hear Abraham called a "Sheikh"; and to point out the road afterwards followed by the authors of "Essays and Reviews." Of his "History of the Jews" Dean Stanley said it was "the first decisive inroad of German theology into England, the first palpable indication that the Bible could be studied like any other book." This, no doubt, interfered with his promotion, but he had, on the whole, a very successful and happy life. He knew notable people, and his letters give us many descriptive touches, as this of Wordsworth:—"He is an odd fish to look at, but a remarkably pleasant man; a great deal of soul in his conversation, but not in the least overbearing." Milman well deserved a biography, and his son has achieved successfully the pious task of compiling it.

The Oxford Movement.

IN FIVE GREAT OXFORD LEADERS (Rivingtons, 6s.) Canon Donaldson sketches the career of Keble, Newman, Pusey, Liddon (of whom no biography has yet appeared), and Dean Church. He writes from the very sympathetic Anglican standpoint. The narrowness of Keble's sympathies, even as expressed in the "Christian Year," the extreme conservatism of Pusey, the failure of Newman as a tutor to touch such pupils as the late Sir Charles Murray (see his memoirs) do not come within his purview. He is surely wrong in saying that the "Christian Year" was never altered except in the thirteenth stanza of the poem for November 5. In the last line of the poem for the Epiphany, for instance, the words "watch and pray" were altered to "wake and fast." The book is well written, and will be read with interest by High Churchmen.

Charles Tomlinson.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES TOMLINSON, F.R.S. (Elliot Stock, 5s.), is a modest little volume by Mr. Tomlinson's niece, telling in an unpretentious way the life of a very industrious, amiable, and acute student, who did good work not only in chemistry and meteorology, but in literature. He wrote a good book on the Sonnet, and translated Dante's "Inferno."

Ellwood the Quaker.

Mr. C. G. Crump edits, with introduction and index, a pleasantly got up reprint of THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF THOMAS ELLWOOD (Methuen, 6s.). This autobiography of the Quaker friend of Milton was last edited, we think, in 1855. Many of the earlier editions were incomplete. Mr. Crump gives us the whole, though he contents himself with a selection from Joseph Wyeth's addendum to the history. Ellwood's story is full of interest for the light it throws on the Quaker troubles of the seventeenth century; and he himself has a place in English literary history as having suggested to Milton the idea of "Paradise Regained."

TRAVEL.

Egypt.

Some of us might hesitate perhaps to subscribe to Professor Sayce's observation in his interesting introduction to PYRAMIDS AND PROGRESS (Eyre and Spottiswoode), by Mr. J. Ward, that, although books upon Egypt are numerous, there is still "plenty of room for good ones." One might urge that it is possible to have too much even of a good thing, or to put it

He is, as Professor Sayce puts it, "no mere tourist, but a month among the galleries of Cairo and a voyage of three on a Nile steamer believes himself qualified to instruct the world concerning Egypt and the Egyptians on the street." Few conversations in broken English with loaders and boys. He has, on the contrary, lived with the natives, travelled in native boats; he has visited tomb and temple away from the tourist's track; and he has gone for his information to the best authorities, European or native, archaeologist or politician. He has got together one of the best collections of historical scarabs, and can speak at first-hand of their value and genuineness." Better testimony to the worth of Mr. Ward's book could hardly be required; its merits speak for themselves. The author has, in fact, struck the happy mean between the learned treatise and the picturesque and lively record of travel. His volume abounds in information which is not to be obtained from the account of the ordinary tourist—which, indeed, has never been collected, as was said above, in places far away from the ordinary tourist's track; but which the reader interested in Egyptology assimilates without any sense of being lectured in the process. The chronology of the narrative needs here and there a little bringing up to date, as where, for instance, a Sudanese expedition is spoken of in a volume dated 1900, and still in prospect, and the treatment of the Khalifa, when he is discussed as though a place had not already been found for him in the Mahometan Paradise. But these are blemishes which a little more careful editing would have removed. For the rest, Mr. Ward's account of his stay in Egypt is of all praise. The illustrations in particular, of which there are upwards of three hundred, are admirably executed and contain examples not only of the best known of the monuments, but of many others with which the average European traveller is, as a rule, unfamiliar; and the same may be said of its views of scenery and its sketches illustrative of manners and costume. On the whole Mr. Ward's "Pyramids and Progress," which is dedicated to Lord Cromer, and is signed by a facsimile letter of acceptance from the pen of our General, may be safely recommended both to the scientific and the general reader as one of the most accurately informed and delightful books on Egypt which have appeared in recent years.

Stanford's Compendium.

We are glad to see that a new issue has been called Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel. VOLUME FIFTEEN (15s.), dealing with the countries of the main Pacific, including the North West, is out, edited by Mr. Geo. Chisholm. The series is the nearest English equivalent to the magnificent French work of M. Élisée Reclus. It is, of course, intended as a substitute for the ordinary text-book of geography; but the serious student of the subject can dispense with it, and it throws a particularly clear light on the branch of the subject known as "commercial geography." Tourists too—especially those who propose to leave the beaten tracks—should find it very useful. It directs attention to such unfamiliar mountainous regions as the Carpathians and the various Sierras, and tells them all about navigable continental waterways, whether lakes, rivers, or canals. A party planning a boating tour could find no better guide than this together with reference to the sources from which fuller information should be sought. The book is an extremely valuable

Baedeker.

to repose absolute confidence in the statement that "public footing is on as stable a footing in those parts of S. Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia likely to be visited by travellers as in countries to the N. of the Alps." Our own information certainly is that the ascent of Etna, to take an example, is attended by risks which are by no means incurred in the ascent of Snowdon. But the books, on the whole, are excellent, as are all Baedeker's guides. It should be noted that the volume on Southern Italy includes an account of Malta, Corfu, and Tunis.

The Russian Navy.

Mr. F. T. Jane's IMPERIAL RUSSIAN NAVY (Thacker, 30s) is undoubtedly an important book because its author has had singular opportunities for obtaining information, and because the subject on which he has obtained the information is one about which Englishmen know very little. The history and present state of Peter the Great's child, the Russian navy, is fully given, the text and illustration being printed with admirable clearness. Though Mr. Jane's theory that in modern naval warfare "the men are the thing: all else is secondary," may be questioned, he acts up to it by giving us a great deal of instructive matter about the *personnel* of the Russian navy, which he knows at first hand. His views on the Eastern Question and the relations between Russia and England—comforting for the moment to the Russo-phobist, but rather pessimistic as to the ultimate contest between Slav and Anglo-Saxon—are a little off the main track of the book, but have a value as being based on a knowledge of the Russian fighting classes and their views.

The Original of Bluebeard.

BLUEBEARD, by Dr. Thomas Wilson (Putnam's), is described as "A contribution to history and folklore, being the history of Gilles de Retz, of Brittany, France, who was executed at Nantes in 1440 A.D., and who was the original of Bluebeard in the 'Tales of Mother Goose.'" The chief fault we find with it is the title. It is not really a contribution to history or to folklore. Mr. Wilson has, it is true, studied the original documents (touching on Gilles de Retz, or Rais, but he adds nothing (we think) which is not to be found in Bossard or Lemire on the same subject, neither does he present his documents in a scholarly way. We have not the original text, and what he gives in translation is bowdlerized. Nor is it a contribution to folklore. The story of Gilles is not at all like Bluebeard. There are no wives, no forbidden chamber, no Sister Anne, no deliverance; the only likeness is in bloodthirstiness. In fact, the nursery tale "Bluebeard" contains a real kernel of folklore, thousands of years older than Gilles de Retz. This book is simply a popular account of Gilles de Retz, written by one not well skilled in the art of writing for an audience liable to be shocked. So regarded, it is undoubtedly 'interesting.' The character of the monster actually does emerge in all its strange inconsistency. Not that Mr. Wilson analyses it or explains it; he is simply amazed, and so are we. Here is a vile creature, who abducts and murders in cold blood, without rage and torture, so many scores of helpless boys and girls that he cannot recollect how many; and yet dares not take a false oath, and is in mortal fear of excommunication. There is, moreover, a dramatic contrast in the magnificence of his early years and his final ignominious death. The story was worth telling better, but even as it is we have been interested in this book.

An Athletic Vegetarian.

Mr. Eustace H. Miles' MUSCLE, BRAIN, AND DIET (Sonnen-schein, 3s. 6d.) is an eloquent and ingenious plea for vegetarianism

The statement, for example, that when you stimulant you should pour some cold water instead of drinking a brandy and soda look hurried generalization from a single instance—ment that a vegetable diet increases a man the feelings of others and his deference. Shelley was sometimes a vegetarian, and his law as generally interpreted was not his characteristic. Yet, together with a good gant, there is much that is sensible in Mr. M has the virtue of being readable.

The Sports Library.

FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, AND LACROSSE (2s. 6d.), the second volume of the Sports' Library hints to players of these games in four articles—Messrs. H. C. Pagan, T. Lindley, and J. C. Isard—each pre-eminent in the p Mr. Battersby's account of hockey, his reproductions from photographs, is a picture view of the rapid increase that is taking place in hockey clubs throughout the country, should the great army of those trying to improve t a pity, however, that room has not been fo for the rules of the games with which it deal knowledge of the rules is, perhaps, of more individual player than anything else.

Scenery.

THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF SCENERY, by (Methuen), is a title to attract lovers of landscape as interested in the history of our home "gentle dimplements."

As if God's finger touched but did
In making England,

as in the bolder geological formations of of for them "scenery" should include trees—habitats—and they should be warned that geological, and is written for the scientific. In fact "an introductory treatise on ge though not written in a very attractive explanation of the surface phenomena of t with good diagrams and photographs.

A Birthday Book.

Birthday books are rather overdone, b happily conceived which we have seen fo BIRTHDAY BOOK, by M. L. Gwynn (Methuen "wise and pithy sayings for each day in the of one for each day, the compiler has sele range of authors—three for each day, all bear Each day has its topic, illustrated from (three—a laborious scheme, but carried out with ex

Debrett.

There are no new features this year in D COMMONS AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH (7s.), but date as usual. The two new peers created this new privy councillors are duly mentioned. Mr. Dunbar Barton as an Irish judge who recent to be recorded. The list of the I counties has been dropped this year, but useful list of technical Parliamentary expres walloper" is still with us, though he seen gentleman to place in the list of terms betw the Master of the Chancery and the Presiding

the pleasing candour of his own description of the book as a "very alpsiod work." His idea is to start a new era with the Victorian reign, and boldly dates his book 1800 and V.E. 61. The value of the book is that it summarizes a good deal of interesting information about the basis of our chronology, and especially about the evidence in the old chronicles for the dates in English History.

The late Lord Selborne's letters to his son, called *THE CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CHURCH* (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), like a previous similar series, contain a serious scriptural discussion of the topic in hand likely to be instructive to students of theology, but not very helpful in throwing light on modern controversies.

THE HEBREW TRAGEDY (Blackwood, 3s.) is a picturesque and interesting little sketch of Hebrew history, from Abraham to Vespasian, by Colonel Conder, the well-known authority on Palestinian archeology.

A long and not very critical biographical introduction by Mr. H. Glassford Bell is prefixed to *THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE* (W. Collins, 3s. 6d.), of which, however, the chief feature is that it is illustrated by sixty-five photographs of "eminent histrionic artists" who have upheld Shakespearian parts.

THE BRIDE'S MIRROR, edited by G. E. Ward (Frowde, 10s.), contains the text of a modern Hindustani tale, very popular in Upper India, with copious notes and vocabulary. It is intended for English ladies who wish to study Hindustani.

Messrs. Gay and Bird's slim quarto of the *RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER* (5s.) is pleasantly conceived, with six full-page pictures and head and tail pieces by Mr. Herbert Cole, whose work, without being ambitious, is thoroughly sound both in conception and technique.

Professor Karl Pearson has enlarged his discussion of the nature of scientific concepts, which was published eight years ago under the title of *THE GRAMMAR OF SCIENCE*, by the addition of two chapters on evolution and of some figures in the text (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. n.).

FICTION.

Jacobite Romance.

PARSON KELLY (Longmans, 6s.) gives promise of good matter by the two names which appear on its title page, those of Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Mr. Andrew Lang. We can rely upon the author of "Lawrence Clavering" and "Miranda of the Balcony" for a plot of skilful, even subtle, device, and for a pleasant flavour of romance; while Mr. Lang, besides being the master of an agreeable and lucid style, is thoroughly at home among the Jacobite plots of the period before "the '45," out of which the story is woven. He is an antiquarian on whom we can rely for appropriate "business," and he is not likely to be caught tripping. One can almost imagine him indulging a sly pleasure in making newsboys shout "Plot discovered!" through the streets in the small hours of the morning, or sending a lady down to supper for "chicken and champagne," for the unwary critic might well forget that these luxuries are not peculiar to our own day. Our expectations from the co-operation of these two authors are not disappointed. The style of the book is admirable, with a touch of Thackeray, and more than a touch of Stevenson. The plot is good, intricate but not too intricate, and never unhealthily steeped in the usual Jacobite stock

Oxford died, in fact, in 1700. The world of which she centre, a world of scandal, of ballad-mongering, of card-play and duelling; of Walpole, Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Leigon, and Wesley, of the Pretender and his emissaries in the traffic of "laces" and "brocades"—this is the world which lives in these pages, and which is depleted with no trace of pedantry or parade of learning. Two criticisms were made to make out the ordering of the plot. The happenings at Oxford's "rout"—the critical point of the story—occupy a hundred pages, and the slow and detailed march of events in the times seems to lose touch with reality. We do not know, for instance, how long was the ascent to the first floor of Oxford's house, but so many things are said and done in the time when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's name was called up from the hall, and the moment when it was called out from the doorway, that the staircase must have been of most reasonable length. And we do not quite like the preaching at the end, when the converted Lady Oxford appears as the lady. The Stiggins flavour imported into it is perhaps unfair to the beginnings of Wesleyanism. But it is an ably conceived and written novel; and to our minds one of the happiest things in it is that the curtain is not rung abruptly. It is, we know, not the conventional ending, but a lightly-touched picture of after years, when Kelly was old and married and a', and had gained the old house with its garden, the roses, and the pretty children that had haunted his dreams in his days of stress, rounds the story off, and leaves pleasant memories in the mind of the reader as he closes the book.

Correspondence.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND HIS CRITICISMS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I, possibly from the point of view of that abstraction "the man in the street," have read Mr. Buchanan's "Criticism" and Sir Walter Besant's "Defence" with interest; also the letters in your own columns. Unfortunately for Mr. Kipling, both the writers I name approach different ways to take him too seriously, Mr. Buchanan's "Criticism" partaking rather of the nature of an "onslaught" and Sir Walter Besant's "Defence" that of a mere eulogy. In a word, Mr. Rudyard Kipling is neither the "Hoodlig Literature" of the one, nor the great poet of the other.

He is just Kipling! A singularly vivid, but by no means always either accurate or "idealizing" writer. We have "Recessional," of which Sir Walter Besant makes the most, we have also the "Hoodligan" ballads (and Mr. Buchanan is singularly happy in this word), of which soldiers themselves speak bitterly, very few of these poems presenting "Tom" as anything more than a drunken, foul-mouthed rascal "fighting machine," with little or no instincts of humanity to prompt him to the gallant deeds for which all like to give him credit.

The attitude of both the assailant and defender of Kipling strikes the ordinary reader like myself as being perspective; just as the two articles also strike one as being sided, Mr. Buchanan practically ignoring "the only fine thing Kipling has done in verse"—"The Recessional"—and the successful "White Man's Burden," whilst Sir Walter B.

course, remains unchallenged, but his position as a credible novelist is rendered less secure. But, it may be argued, a novelist is neither bound to be, nor even expected to be, accurate. Granted. But, on the other hand, a writer who has been taken seriously by a confiding public cannot fail to be injured by perversion of fact whilst he enjoys a vogue as an "inspired writer."

And it is just this accuracy which has been seriously impeached by old Anglo-Indians, who have, from time to time, written to different literary and other papers making definite accusations against the author. One such letter appeared in your own columns quite recently. In it the writer, amongst other things, says, "To us in India the way that Mr. Kipling is accepted in England as having a deep knowledge of India is surprising. . . . Any one could acquire a like knowledge in a cold weather tour"—i.e., a few weeks. Referring to the account of famine relief in the story of "William the Conqueror," the writer says—and the same statement has been made by several Anglo-Indians to myself personally—any one "can at once see that Mr. Kipling has not the remotest idea of the system on which relief is carried on." And again, his "knowledge is superficial, even in his poems, and, where he leaves the ordinary path, inaccurate."

I have heard, on the other hand, people who have never been nearer India than Paris and who know nothing about India, descend upon the "vividness" of Mr. Kipling's writings, "They bring India home to one," they say. Exactly. And this is just why one has a just cause of grievance against Mr. Kipling. He brings not India but a *perversion* of India and things Indian home to one.

It is not Mr. Kipling's fault, but probably his misfortune, that the general public have insisted upon considering his spiced and decorated cake as being whole-meal, unadulterated bread; and, to pursue the parallel, have remarked upon the flavour *as bread* being so much superior to that of other bakers. It is also, possibly, his misfortune that a half-penny daily should have been permitted to "run and boom the post of the Empire," and force him into a position lacking the dignity his undoubted talents entitle him to. But the fact remains that "The Absent-Minded Beggar" (only passable *versu d'occasion*, after all) and the way the poem has been engineered has done more to injure the reputation he gained by "The Recessional" and his, till recently, dislike of notoriety, than may be at once and even now calculated.

The same "little touches of inaccuracy" discount "A Fleet In Being," but with these it is unnecessary to deal. They doubtless arose from the short time Mr. Kipling could devote, or had the opportunity of devoting, to a subject which might afford a colossal task, occupying months, nay years, for other men. The booklet probably in the writer's own mind was merely journalistic and ephemeral work, of a high order let it be granted, which the public choose to consider "inspired."

"Stalky & Co.," of which, by the way, Mr. Buchanan speaks in unmeasured and possibly not altogether unjustified terms, and on the subject of which Sir Walter Besant is discreetly silent, few people, I imagine, who have had the least experience of English schoolboy life could read without disgust at the travesty of the English public schoolboy there presented, and wonderment as to what Mr. Kipling's memory of "facts" can be worth. It may be a small thing, but it is none the less regrettable, that this highly-coloured and inaccurate picture of "young John Bull" should have been accepted by Continental papers as a true picture. A German paper made this book the

an index to the brutality and ruffianism which he

John Bull *père* in all his dealings with other people.

If this is the sort of thing "the Anglo-Indian" to let us in for one may be pardoned in hoping that his counsels will prevail in future.

There is probably no writer who either possesses the public or who, from innate talent, so well deserves it as Mr. Kipling. But it is just this fact that

pause in unlimited praise, and the ascribing to it which has during the last two or three years (even during his illness) been poured out upon him by the press, individuals almost without cessation.

It is also this possession by him of "the ear" that forces upon one the conviction that it is a feature that so far as an extended, if not absolute, experience of his prose writings is concerned, is unable to remember a single story—with "Jungle" tales and one or two others which which could have an elevating tendency, but in reverse. Any one who has read so much of him as I have is, of course, aware that he is not intended for Sunday school libraries. But surely the word in a general sense) should content itself with depicting the sordid, vulgar, and unclean sides of life. Nor is power inseparable from these characteristics is not exclusively composed of characters such as he appears to like chiefly to depict. And just as he paints in one colour—let us say scarlet—cannot escape a perverted vision, so a writer describing the lower levels and characteristics of human behaviour runs the risk of a similar—in this case, mental—fate.

What a private individual like myself can do, possibly, matter very little. But one is surely entitled to appeal to common sense in estimating even a contemporary.

As a nation we are not indisposed to make them later on turn round and cast stones at our feet. Mr. Buchanan's article and other indications in the last week or two has tended to lead one to suppose that of this sort (which none would regret more than myself) is about to happen to the writer under consideration. This he so it is surely more than ever a duty to take a sense middle course between the "attack"—very ably by Mr. Buchanan—and the kindly, if disproportionate, Sir Walter Besant.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Bournemouth, W., February. CLIVE

VERSE IN PROSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the first of the interesting series Verse in Prose on p. 108 of *Literature*, I am so stated that "Stevenson laid down the rule that rhythmical, but not metrical." I had always supposed the rule was laid down long ago by Greek writers. Thus Aristotle says in the Third Book of the *Rhetoric* "ῥυθμὸν δὲ ἔχει τὸν λόγον, μέτρον δὲ μή." And in something very similar in his lost treatise on the I have very little doubt that the well-informed paragraphs was fully aware that Stevenson had by Aristotle, as I observe that in another part the same illustrations from Smith's *Optics* and *Mechanics*, which are quoted in Cope's Commentaries on the *Rhetoric*. On editing that Com-

"TENNYSON AND THE OLD ANNUALS."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Will you allow me a little of your valuable space in which to confess that my faith in the Byron poem in "Death's Doings" being the early work of Tennyson is still unshaken, and to give a few reasons why?

Mr. Arthur Waugh is correct in pointing out that my suggestion (and it was merely a suggestion) that Dagley was at Cambridge with Alfred Tennyson is not to the point; but the fact that the poet was only in his eighteenth year in November, 1820, the date of the publication of "Death's Doings," and did not matriculate until February 20th, 1828, is no presumptive proof that the verses quoted by me in *Literature* were not handed to Dagley, either at his suggestion or the suggestion of a mutual friend. We have it on record that in 1820, 1830, and 1831, Tennyson did contribute to papers and Annals, so why not in 1820?

I am aware that Lord Tennyson's Life of his father makes no mention of any publication earlier than "Poems by Two Brothers," and this reticence is its one defect. Many things interesting to collectors of "Personalia" are said to have been advisedly omitted from that work. What of the tradition of a "Wishing Gate" poem which young Tennyson sent either to the *Nottingham Guardian* or to the *Stamford Mercury*? That he did scribble much *juvenilia* we cannot for a moment doubt. Poets in their youth generally do write a good deal, sending it forth to be printed wherever they think they have a chance of publication. Some years ago, when in Louth, an old school-master, a Mr. Creswell, then nearly ninety years of age, told me many interesting things about Tennyson and his youth, of which he had a clear recollection. He mentioned the boy-poet mooning about Somersby, and he spoke, not according to tradition, but in the fulness of admitted local knowledge, when he told me that young Tennyson wrote much *juvenilia* and sent many boyish lines to the Poets' Corner of more than one local paper. Now, under these circumstances, I submit it is extremely probable that quite a number of poems by Tennyson were published which are now unknown; and it is one of these lost poems which I claim to have unearthed in "Death's Doings." "Of the motives of some for concealing their names," writes Dagley in his preface, "it does not become me to speak; though it is hardly possible but in many instances they may be recognized. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

Mr. Waugh says that "had the young Tennyson, while still at home, contrived to get printed in an Annual, there would almost certainly have been some record among the family papers." May I ask—Is it likely that Tennyson, with prevision of future fame, preserved every scrap he wrote or every letter he received from editors? As to strength or weakness of evidence based on internal evidences of style, that is also a matter of opinion.

It would be interesting to know if the MS. and plates of "Death's Doings" are still in existence—if they are still in the possession of the publisher (J. Andrews, of New Bond-street) or his successors. A sight of them would settle this question of authorship once and for all.

Your obedient servant,

20, Rue Fresnel, Paris.

FREDERIC LEES.

ITALIAN UNITY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you permit me to reply to the charges of inaccuracy made by your reviewer in his criticisms on my

(Vol. I., pp. 202-3) compels the reader to ask what is the value of a "political history" which ignores the real situation. The insistence of France was the *Italia farà da sé* of the king.

Now, the real facts were these. As I have stated on pages referred to, Lamartine "thought that French Italy might . . . claim its reward in the cession of Nice." But it is quite inaccurate to say that he *sua qua non* of intervention. His despatches and his *Journal au priorat* make it clear that he sincerely desired Italy should be free. On May 21, 1818, he told the Chamber that the Italians proved too weak to protect their nationality at the first appeal from Italy, the French army would come. Moreover, Garnier-Pagès in his "Histoire de la France de 1818" makes it clear that Lamartine's Italian policy did not command a majority in the Executive Committee. Lamartine's reviewer appears, too, to have forgotten that Lamartine's policy, on June 23, *v. z.*, a month before Custoza, and his policy, therefore, is of no importance for a large period in question. Bastide, who succeeded him, had designs on Savoy, but they occupied a very secondary place in his policy. In July he told the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Chamber that he "did not attach such important value to the possession of Nice and Savoy as to make their cession a preliminary condition of French interference in Italy. On August 4 he gave his pledge that if France intervened in Italy it would be "without any calculation of ambition or egoism."

As a matter of fact, French policy towards Italy in 1818 was not at all the simple thing that your reviewer imagines. The resultant of very different forces—the pure revolutionary idea of freeing Italy and creating a Republic there, the desire to defeat Austria, the hope of gaining Savoy and Nice, the desire to let off steam abroad and so avoid commotion at home, the dread of foreign complications, the suspicion of a strong Italian State that might hereafter become the ally of Austria—Even with Lamartine, much more with Bastide and Carnot, the hope of annexing Savoy was only one of the lesser considerations that influenced them. In Italy, too, even Charles de Villèle disliked French intervention as much or more from the point of view of Republicanism as from any fear of losing Savoy. The mass of Italian Nationalists outside Piedmont, who were not with him in this dislike, cared nothing about Savoy. Your reviewer forgets that, in spite of all, the Piedmontese Government did ask for French help after Custoza.

2. Your reviewer charges me with "completely misrepresenting the history of the Milanese rising of 1833 by denying that it originated with Mazzini." Now, Mazzini states that it was only after they had determined to rise that the Milanese conspirators approached him, and his statement is confirmed by Saffi, who acted as his agent in the rising. Against their positive assertions there is nothing to set them aside. In opinions of, *e.g.*, Orsini, Salazaro, Bonfadini, none of whom were present, I know the facts at first-hand.

3. Your reviewer denies my statement that "the attempt at pressure" in the Neapolitan plebiscite of 1860. He thinks that "there can be no doubt that it was a pure imposition by superior force," and quotes some authorities cited by Tivaroni. It is a pity that he did not go on to quote Tivaroni's own opinion, which is in the form of the two voting urns and the open voting constituted a pressure, a quite superfluous and unnecessary pressure, in view of the enormous majority that would have voted for annexation, so much so that the vote was a mere formality." Three of the four authorities

Mundy, both eye-witnesses, implicitly reject the charge of intimidation; and Persano, equally an eye-witness, says that there was no sign of threat or remonstrance to those who voted "No." Only 3,000 abstained out of 100,000 voters in the city of Naples; 10,000 voted against annexation in the provinces, and there is no evidence that they suffered for it. And is it not rather ridiculous to talk of "an imposition by superior force," when 1,302,000 adult men voted for annexation out of a population of six millions? There is, in fact, overwhelming evidence that the vast majority both in Naples and Sicily angrily resented Crispi's policy.

4. May I remind your reviewer that the defence of Vicenza in 1818 was not "the first (engagement) between Austrian veterans and mixed Italian volunteers?" They had already fought at Castelnuovo, Montebello (in the Vicentino), Udine, Cornuda, to say nothing of Rivani seventeen years before. At Vicenza, on the other hand, the brunt of the fighting on the Italian side was borne by the Pope's Swiss regiments, and the Austrian troops were mainly raw Croatian levies.

I hope, Sir, you will spare me room for a protest against the unworthy suggestion of your reviewer that "the generality of Italian public men" were men of immoral life. Of not one of Victor Emmanuel's statesmen is this true. Cavour left no scandal behind him; Ricasoli and Lanza were men of Puritan austerity; D'Azeglio, Farini, Minghetti, La Marmora, Sella, Bertani, Menabrea had not a stain on their private lives. Crispi and Rattazzi and Garibaldi, it is true, lived on a lower level, but it would be unfair to call them "licentious," and we know how Crispi's private errors helped to wreck his political life.

Yours, &c., BOLTON KING.

February, 1900.

♦♦ Our reviewer writes:—

(1) The passage quoted from our review as to the Custoza Campaign is a general statement as to the attitude of the French Governments from Louis XIV. to Lamartine, which, we gather, Mr. King does not controvert save by citing a single incident in the course of Lamartine's policy. Even if he did "think that French intervention might claim its reward in the cession of Savoy and Nice" Charles Albert would not negotiate on those terms. What Lamartine would have demanded in case of active intervention can be only conjecture, and the question after Custoza was one of terminating a conflict, not of making Italy. Even the qualified friendship of Lamartine, a poet but no statesman, was not approved by "a majority in the executive committee." No majority, in fact, could be found anywhere or at any time to favour the aggrandisement of Italy. The motives for the French policy towards Italy may, no doubt, have been complex. Probably the fear that Italy might become an enemy of France influenced her as much as the desire of gaining Nice and Savoy. But the assignment of various motives for her hostility only strengthens the assertion that France always opposed the establishment of Italy as a strong neighbour. Cupidity was reinforced by fear.

(2) Orsini was in this case a better witness than Saffi, who was too loyal to his chief to expose him to censure; and Bonfadini is a high authority in Italian contemporary history where party feeling does not bias him. It is a well-known fact that Kossuth urged Mazzini to postpone the rising in Milan until the Hungarians were ready to join them, and that Mazzini replied to him that he must go on or lose the lead of the movement.

(3) The question of the freedom of the plebiscite at Naples is one of the most important of the epoch. Tivaroni, who is the most impartial and competent commentator we have, though only a hearsay witness, adduces the most trustworthy evidence to be had. All the evidence shows that the pressure was terrible—

Very few dared vote in opposition to the Torinese Government. "Crispi's policy" Garibaldi. When Pallavicini, sent from Piedmont Dictator, demanded the dismissal of Crispi, Garibaldi said "It is him I have chosen, not you," and Pallavicini and Crispi was charged with the formation of a cabinet. If Garibaldi had not withdrawn his vote for Cavour's policy would have been swept into the sea. The testimony is abundant that during the reign of Victor Emmanuel and Crispi in Sicily and Naples the countenance of abnormal tranquillity and freedom from crime of all kinds.

(4) As to Vicenza Mr. Bolton King is mistaken. An officer present I know that the defence was by the volunteers and it was the first case in which they met victoriously the Austrian troops.

Turning to Mr. Bolton King's last paragraph I think he can have lived in Italy. It would not be surprising to relate scandals which make those concerning Victor Emmanuel trivial. One of the most irreproachable of our statesmen said of a certain individual, "We do not know of his account of relations with women, in public life only knows what gets into the street. The relative immorality of Victor Emmanuel must be judged by the lights which only those who know Italian life can possess."

DARMESTERER'S HISTORICAL GRAMMAR.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The reviewer of the above book in *The Review* makes the astonishing statement that "the *cattus* which developed into *chat* is not *cattus*, but *cat*, as you relate, say Lewis and Short." If Lewis and Short are right, the sooner it is corrected the better. The *cattus* possibly come from *catus*, which would have given *gratum, pratum, cantum, &c.*, give *grē, prē, cāt*, &c. "quantity" of the *a* makes no difference, *ā* and *ālike*. The persistence of the *a* in the French *cattus*, presence of the final *t*, make it certain that *cattus*, not from *catus*. (See Brachet-Toynbee's *French Grammar*, §§ 33, 225). Your reviewer is a bold man to make a statement made on the authority of Arsène and his two editors, Muret and Sudre, especially when it involves a fundamental law of French phonetics.

Cattus occurs, I believe, in Palladius' *De Re Rustica* (is not written in "Low Latin"), whence no doubt it came in Lewis and Short's dictionary. The regular *cattus*, as may be gathered from Du Cange, comes from the *Catholicon* of Johannes de Balbis. The *cattus* is

"*Cattus*, *ti*, quoddam animal ingeniosum, quod alii dicunt gattus per *g* corrupte; unde *lucanus* dicitur *cattus* a *catus* quasi *cantus* per syncope *cattus* in *muribus* capiendis. Et scribitur *cattus* per geminum *t*."

Your reviewer, further, "desiderates a 'cattus' of the same scale to be studied in conjunction with *Grammaire*. Such a "reader" has been in existence in the shape of my "Specimens of Old French" published in 1892 by the Clarendon Press, and the book under review.

Yours faithfully, PAGET
Dorsey Wood, Burnham, Bucks, Feb. 10, 1900.

Hakluyt Society is considering a proposal to reprint the "Principal Navigation." Since the edition in five volumes of 1808-12 the only complete reprint is that published at Edinburgh by Edmund Goldbuhl during the eighties for subscribers in two limited editions of 120 and 100 copies only.

It is curious that two independent histories of the Hudson's Bay Company should have been prepared for publication within a month or two of each other. Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. have just issued Mr. Beckles Willson's work, which we review elsewhere, while "The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company," by Dr. George Bryce, professor in Manitoba College, Winnipeg, will be published in the spring by Messrs. Sampson Low. Dr. Bryce, who is the author of "Manitoba" and a "Short History of the Canadian People," has lived for nearly thirty years in Winnipeg, in sight of Fort Garry, the fur traders' capital—or what remains of it—and made a close study of the Company's history.

The complete history of the war is still a long way off, unfortunately, but it has occurred to Mr. Edgar Sanderson to gather up the threads of the story up to date and summarize them in a little book, which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing. Mr. Sanderson is the author of "Africa in the Nineteenth Century," and he has a son at the front. His book is called "The Fight for the Flag in South Africa," and brings the history of the war down to the last few days. There will be numerous illustrations and maps.

Sir William Hunter's "Brief History of the Indian Peoples" is now in its twenty-third edition, making in all 81,000 copies—a remarkable sale for a three-and-sixpenny book. Of his "Old Missionary" (Frowde) over 20,000 copies have been sold.

Sir Frederick Young is writing a work which will shortly be published, entitled "Exit Party: an Essay on the Rise and Fall of Party as the ruling factor of the future government of the British Empire."

Dr. James MacKinnon, author of "The Union of England and Scotland," &c., is publishing with Messrs. Longmans a "History of Edward the Third," a study from original sources, including much new matter, of English history during the period of Edward's reign—viz., from 1327 to 1377.

Messrs. Methuen announce a new edition of Mr. W. B. Yeats' anthology, "A Book of Irish Verse." Mr. Yeats has partly rewritten the introduction, and added a preface dealing with the literary movement in Ireland. The book also contains some poems which have appeared since the first edition was issued.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. have in hand a book attractive to lovers of anecdotic biography—viz., "Women of the Renaissance." Its author is M. R. Maulde de Clavière, from whose French version the English translation is being made by Mr. George H. Ely. It is divided into three books—(1) "Family Life," typically describing marriage, the wife, children, the education of girls, and the husband; (2) "Social Life," including chapters on the philosophy of life, platonism, the mission of beauty, and conversation; (3) "The Influence of Women."

From Messrs. Blackwood we are to have in a few weeks Vol. I. of Mr. Andrew Lang's "History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation,"—perhaps the most elaborate and careful work that Mr. Lang has yet undertaken. "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!" as Vice-Admiral Sir William Kennedy is now

one or two books of topical interest. Captain Walter F. "Modern Strategy," a text-book for military students issued immediately, as will Mr. Howard Hensman's "Rhodesia." Mr. Hensman, we believe, has been given for obtaining special information on his subject. Chartered Company and Mr. Rhodes. Since the South African campaign began there has been an increased demand for Sir Edward Bruce Hamley's work on "The Operations" and Messrs. Blackwood are accordingly bringing out an impression of the fifth edition to be published in— and also complete in one volume. The most interesting relating to the present war will be "The Siege of Ladysmith" by the late G. W. Steevens, containing some twelve or fifteen letters sent to the *Daily Mail* since his arrival at Cape Town at the outbreak of the war. About half a dozen of the letters sent from Ladysmith, and it is still considered possible Steevens may have despatched other letters from the town before the fatal fever attacked him.

One of Messrs. Blackwood's spring books will be the roundabout tour made in 1898-99 by Mr. and Mrs. A. Mr. Boyd's sketches are well-known to readers of the *Daily Graphic*, and *Punch*, and his wife is a practised journalist and novelist. Mr. Boyd supplies the book with than 167 illustrations. "Our Stolen Summer," as it will be called, deals largely with the regular Orient Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd were fortunate enough in at Samoa while the recent war was at its height. A memoir to be published by Messrs. Blackwood mentioned Sir Joseph Fayerer's. Sir Joseph was Resident in Lucknow during the siege, and nine years earlier Rome and Sicily and saw something of the work of the Unionists. He also accompanied the Prince of Wales on his Indian tour of 1876.

Early in March Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish a new work on France by Baron Pierre de Coubertin "France Since 1814." This consists of a recent articles from the *Fortnightly*, now enlarged and revised. During the same month they will bring out a new book Muelool, entitled "The Divine Adventure, and other Studies" which has also appeared in the *Fortnightly*. Messrs. Chapman and Hall are now publishing a new edition of "Lucian," Mr. Traill's series of dialogues of the dead, originally appeared in 1881, and has been out of print for years. Six dialogues have been added to the present four of them written expressly for it.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons will publish a book by Spofford, the veteran librarian of the Library of the University of Washington, entitled "A Book for All Readers." It is an aid to the general reader in the selection of books as a guide to the librarian. "Songs from the Ghetto," a book in Yiddish, by Morris Rosenfeld, which we reviewed in April, is to be published in England, and its author is in England in the spring to lecture, under the guidance of Mr. Zangwill. The volume contains a translation, glossary, and an introduction by the author, instructor in the Slavic languages at Harvard University.

The next volumes in Messrs. Putnam's "Literary Classics" Series will be devoted to Hannah More and John Jay. Later we are to have the first volume of "The Letters of James Madison," edited by Gaillard Hunt, and printed in the general style of the companion sets of the Writings of Franklin, Washington, Jay, Jefferson, and Monroe, and "Four Years of War," which Messrs. Putnam are shortly to publish, is a work by Major-General J. Warren Keiser, not only a history of slavery and a philosophical consideration of its bearings upon the Civil War, but also an account of the author's personal experiences. "The Stage as a Career," a sketch of the actor's life, its requirements, hardships, and rewards, by Mr. P. G. Hubert, jun., a well-known dramatic critic, and gives expert opinions by famous actors.

Edition of the novels of the Sisters Brontë with Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," making the twelfth volume in the series.

The second volume of the "Campaigns of the Derbyshire (95th) Regiment" (Sonnenschein) will be entitled "Sikkim; 1888," and come from the pen of Captain H. A. Iggulden, with an introduction by Sir Stuart Bayley, K.C.S.I. The first volume, which was published last month, described the regiment's doings in the Crimea; and the third volume, which is to be issued in March, will be by Captain A. K. Slessor ("introduced" by Brigadier-General Sir R. C. Hart, V.C.), and deal with "Tirah; 1897-98." Two further volumes on "Central India," by General Sir Julius Raines, K.C.B., and on "Egypt; 1882," by Major Gosset, are to follow at short intervals.

Burns-Jones' decorative art will be the subject of this year's "Easter Art Annual" (the Easter number of "The Art Journal"). The letterpress will be by Mr. Aymer Vallance.

The forthcoming "History of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta," by the Rev. George Longridge, contains a timely preface on Imperial responsibilities by the Bishop of Rochester.

The title of Miss E. S. Mellows' book, "The Story of English Literature" (Methuen), which we reviewed last week, has been altered to "A Short Story of English Literature," as the former title has already been used.

Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb, whose illustrated series of "Biological Types in the Vegetable Kingdom" we announced last week, writes to us as to our description of him as curator of Eton College Museum:—

In your issue of the 10th instant I have been given a title to which I have no right. The Keeper of Eton College Museum has, it is true, been kind enough to publicly acknowledge the help which as a curator I have given him, but I hold no official position such as your announcement implies.

Though it has been admitted in this country that Mr. J. R. Fisher's book on "Finland and the Tsars," published by Mr. Edward Arnold, is a fair statement of the relations of Finland with Russia, its circulation has been forbidden by the Russian authorities.

Mr. Douglas Sladen is wintering in Syracuse to complete the two-volume work on Sicily which Messrs. Sands are bringing out in the autumn.

Books to look out for at once

THE ARMY AND THE WAR.

- "Mr. Thomas Atkins." By the Rev. E. J. Ha
"The Fight for the Flag in South Africa." B
son. Hutchinson. 1s.
"The Boer in Peace and War." By A. M. Mau
"To Modder River with Methuen." By A.
smith.
"Side Lights on South Africa." (Second Ed.) I
Sampson Low. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

- "Henry Knox: A Soldier of the Revolution,"
of Energy" Series.) By Norah Brooks. 1

THEOLOGY.

- "The Scottish Reformation" (Baird Lecture f
late Dr. A. F. Mitchell. Blackwood. 6s.
"The Epistles of Paul the Apostle" (Vol. II. In
books of the New Testament). By J.
Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. 6s.
"The Followers of the Lamb: a Series of Medi
Rev. R. M. Benson. Longmans.

FICTION.

- "The Bending of the Bough." By George Moo
"Ardon Massiter." By William Barry. Unw
"Love and Mr. Lewisham." By H. G. Wells.
"Was it Right to Forgive?" By Amelia E. B.
Money Sense." By John Strange Winter. G
"The Web of Fate." By T. W. Speight. Chilton
"Wives of the Wicked." By W. Le Quoux.
"Marvels and Mysteries." By Richard Marsh.
"Nemo." By Theo. Douglas. Smith, Elder.
"Babes in the Bush." By Rolf Boldrewood. M

NEW EDITIONS.—

- "A Book of Irish Verse." By W. B. Yeats.
"From Sea to Sea" (2 vols.). By Rudyard Kip
6s. each.
"Robinson Crusoe." Illus. by Kauffmann. U
"The White Rose." By G. J. Whyte-Melville. W

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- The Kendals.** By T. K. Pemberton. 9×5½in., 310 pp. London, 1901.
Pearson, 16s.
Napoleon's Mother. By Clara Fuchsli. Translated by E. M. Cope. 9×6in., 304 pp. London, 1901.
Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.
Oliver Cromwell. A Eulogy and an Appreciation. By the Hon. the Earl of Roebuck. 7½×5½in., 35 pp. London, 1901. Methuen, 6d. n.
The Life Story of D. L. Moody. By David Williamson. 7½×5in., 111 pp. London, 1901.
Sunday School Union, 1s. n.
Michel de l'Hospital. The Lethian Prize Essay, 1900. By C. T. Atkinson. 7½×5in., 240 pp. London, 1901. Longmans, 1s. n.

DRAMA.

- The Plots of some Old English Plays.** Enlarged Ed. By H. Grey. F. & C. S. 7½×5in., 155 pp. London, 1901. Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.
Darnley. By D. Graham. 7½×5in., 114 pp. London, 1901.
Constable, 5s. n.

ECONOMICS.

- Wages in the United States in the 19th Century.** By A. L. Hoxley. F. & C. S. 9×5½in., 148 pp. Cambridge, 1901.
University Press, 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

- The Matriculation History of England.** By C. S. Fearens. 7×5in., 252 pp. London, 1901.
Constable, 5s. n.

FICTION.

- Savrola.** By Winston Spencer Churchill. 7½×5in., 315 pp. London, 1901.
Longmans, 6s.
The Cambrie Mask. By R. H. Chambers. 7½×5in., 327 pp. London, 1901.
Macmillan, 6s.
Féjo. By Max Pemberton. 7½×5in., 307 pp. London, 1901.
Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
An Octave. By H. E. Narris. 7½×5in., 274 pp. London, 1901.
Methuen, 6s.
A Daughter of the Marlonia. By E. P. Oppenheim. 7½×5in., 320 pp. London, 1901.
Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.
Letters from Donald. By Clara. 7×4in., 147 pp. London, 1901.
Gay & Bird, 1s. n.
An Allegory. By L. O. 7×4in., 67 pp. London, 1901.
Gay & Bird, 1s. n.

GEOGRAPHY.

- Nigeria.** Our Latest Protectorate. By C. H. Robinson. 7½×5in., 225 pp. London, 1901.
H. Marshall, 5s. n.

HISTORY.

- Marie Antoinette and the Diamond Necklace from Another Point of View.** By F. de Albin. 7½×5in., 201 pp. London, 1901. Sonnenschein, 5s.
The Causes of the War of 1792. By J. H. Clapham. "Cambridge Historical Essays" No. 11. 7½×5in., 201 pp. London, 1901. Cambridge University Press, 6s.

LITERARY.

- La Fin du Théâtre Roman-tique et de François Ponsard.** *Extraits des Documents inédits.* By C. Lacroix. 7½×4in., 435 pp. Hachette, Fr. 3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Railways of England.** 5th Ed. By W. M. Acworth. 9×5½in., 480 pp. London, 1901.
Murray, 10s. 6d.

ORIENTAL.

- The Sacred Books of the East.** Vol. XLIV. Ed. by F. Max Müller. 9×6in., ii.+808 pp. Oxford, 1901. Clarendon Press, 18s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Kant and Spencer.** (The Religion of Science Library, No. 60.) By Dr. P. Carus. 7½×5in., 105 pp. London, 1901. Kegan Paul, 1s.

POETRY.

- A Few Short Poems.** By Percy Hall. 7½×5in., 30 pp. London, 1901. Birligh, 1s. n.
"The Voice of One." By J. H. Cousins. 7½×5in., 59 pp. London, 1901. Unwin, 2s. n.
Golden Pages. A Birthday Book, by Lady Arnold, With 12 Poems upon the Months by Sir E. Arnold, K.C.I.E., &c. 4½×3in., London, 1901. Birligh, 1s.
Music of the Waves. By A. J. Portman. 6½×4in., 152 pp. London, 1901. Jarrold.

POLITICAL.

- The Wealth and Progress of**

Little Dorrit.
7½×5in., 788 pp.

Le Morte Da-
of English U
6in., 430+531 p

Dear Faus-
Broughton, 7
don, 1901.

Kirsteen. By
5in., 283 pp. 1s.

SC-
A Book of V.
Boddard, F. H.
Science Serie
London, 1901.

SOC-
Le Sabre et
Rouge. By
Preface by M.
7½×4in., 256 p

Les Etudes
cratic. By
(Bibliothèque
temporaine.) D
1901.

THE
Scientific
Gasquoin, 8
don, 1901.

The Special
of the Four
M. Luckock, I
London, 1901.

The Church,
By the Irish
Others, Ed.
London, 1901.

Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

Published by The Times.

No. 121. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mr. H. D. Traill, who had conducted this journal since the date of its first issue in October, 1897, and whose name appears on our pages as editor for the last time. This is not the place to attempt an estimate of Mr. Traill's exact position in the world of letters, but on a later page will be found some account of the impression which he made on those who were closely associated with him in his work on *Literature*.

The Committee of Management of the Society of Authors reports a satisfactory year's progress. There has been a net increase of 106 members, and the annual subscriptions have risen from £1,051 to £1,290. A number of dramatic authors have enrolled themselves as members. The secretary (as our readers know from an article from his pen lately printed in our columns) has taken a trip to Canada to negotiate on the question of Canadian copyright. Something has been done for the furtherance of copyright reform. Eighty-five manuscripts

at the Lyceum. It is a fine stirring patriotic play there seems a certain fitness in its choice as production of Mr. Benson's Shakespearian season other hand, it evokes painful as well as patriotic tells of the days when Englishmen fought and came against odds of five to one. It is true to-day the doth pour out her citizens," and that

The youths of England are on fire
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.

But military critics of the Government would say true that England is now, as then, left to be

Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women
Either past or not arrived to pith and point.

The greatest mistake Mr. Benson makes is in these magnificent speeches of the Chorus. The characteristic features of the play, but we could do some of the pantomime element.

There is not very much flavour of Mr. Hardy the play "founded on 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' was produced on Monday at a suburban theatre, field comes out well. But the rest of the performance, not from Wessex. If only the play hint from Mr. Hardy, and leave dialect as far as the drama would greatly gain in reality. The strongest effect of Mr. Hardy's *ethos* in the atmosphere of Tess's story. It is a play too average audience to appreciate, or even to different it is from the feeble tinkering with "moments," not a piece of sustained drama, gradual to a climax—a remark that applies to nearly all novels, for a good novel and a good play must quite different lines. Mr. Kennedy has a glimpse for he has made out of Mr. Hardy's book a more drama than one expected to see.

We can cordially congratulate Mr. Herbert M first issue under his editorship of the "Literary Of course, it is founded largely on the work of the former editor, but it shows marks of improvement altogether a very different publication from what It is much fuller and more accurate; the lists relied on; and there is altogether a more practical like flavour about it. Mr. Morrah gives us a of the year's literary work, and by way of criticism notices written by well-known men—Mr. Lang, M others—of particular books. The second part which comprises lists of almost everything that they may require to know about, is, for the first

A week or two ago we discussed M. Edouard Rod's view of modern French literary criticism. Criticism engrosses the French mind so much that M. Rod contemplates a time when there will be nothing but criticism and no literature, and yet the French critics do not care much about trying to establish standards whereby to criticize. They either talk about themselves, like M. France, or they make use, like Sainte Beuve, of scientific principles, not to estimate, but to explain. These methods, we pointed out, are neither of them practical enough for the Anglo-Saxon mind, and, as an apt illustration, two books come to hand, one from an American and one from an Englishman, both of which aim at establishing standards of criticism—Professor Winchester's "Principles of Literary Criticism" (The Macmillan Co.) and Mr. Edmund Holmes' "What is Poetry?" (Lane).

Standards of criticism were, no doubt, the fetish of the eighteenth century; and the new criticism of Hazlitt and Carlyle was a great step in advance. They did not preach absolute standards; the critic began rather to be "an interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired." And this would seem to be the view of Mr. Holmes. But both these new books answer to the demand, very natural when taste is chaotic and literature voluminous, for some guidance in discriminating between good and bad. Mr. Winchester gives a very lucid exposition of main principles. He is wholly opposed to anarchy, to the divorce of art from morality, to the chimeras of pessimism and excessive realism. He does not try to be brilliant, but to furnish a sane and useful handbook for a literary public which is too apt to lose its way in following new paths. Mr. Holmes writes, of course, not about criticism, but about poetry; but he says a great many things which will help to clear the ground for the critic, especially as to metre, rhyme, and the formal part of poetry.

Of the two assumptions from which Mr. Holmes starts, however, the first, "That poetry is the expression of strong and deep feeling," certainly wants qualification; and the second, "That wherever there is feeling there is something to be felt," verges on the tautological. Is Pope's poetry always the expression of deep and strong feeling? Or, to take a higher level, how exactly does the maxim apply to Homer? There is, in fact, a confusion, which always attaches to this rather familiar doctrine, between the emotion of the poet and the emotion of his audience. The end of poetry is certainly to excite emotions in the reader, but this does not always correspond to the emotional spontaneity which Mr. Holmes ranks highest among the characteristics of the true poet. The essence of all art is not to inform the intellect, nor to create something practically useful—but to produce an effect on the feelings and the imagination; and if poetry is to be defined, it is, perhaps, safer to define it from the point of view of its effect on the reader than that of its origin in the poet.

One of the best things in Mr. Holmes' book is his warning against the craze for individuality:—

The advocates of individuality habitually use the word as if it and *personality* were interchangeable terms. This initial mistake—for a mistake it surely is—vitiates the whole of their criticism. The difference between individuality and

diction, and in thought also, universality, individuality, is the test of the true poet.

Mr. W. L. Courtney's third lecture on the "Tragedy in Drama" is likely to be the most interesting to students of the stage. In it he will deal with modern drama—with Ibsen, with *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*—Saturday Shakespeare was his theme, and there was much to be said about the idea of tragedy in general. The title seemed to have been chosen for want of a better, not to indicate the method that would be followed.

We have been pondering over the dark saying of the Ambassador at the Mansion-house, that it is only in France that one can read French books in order to perceive what a country the French really are. It is a profoundly true remark, one would not think so from a hasty glance at the covers of the majority of the French novels exported in London. Once upon a time one read French novels with a relaxation of the mind. Paul de Kock provided a good rest only for a country, but for a continent. But the modern French novel is always a treatise in favour of something—of an educational reform, of emigration to Algiers; of a new life, or of the repopulation of France; while what in England a comic story for the smoking room is in France a complicated "drame passionnel." Decidedly the French literature, at all events, are the most serious in Europe. Not even the Scandinavians take everything so well as grave, so seriously as they do.

The Secretary of the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901, writes to us to say that the committee of the section desire to form, as one of the features of the collection of portraits of eminent women writers, a series of specimens of their autograph manuscripts. He writes:

I shall be greatly obliged if you will permit your columns to appeal to owners of such manuscripts. The possible care will be exercised to protect all portraits lent, and they will be insured against every kind; and at the close of the exhibition they will be returned at once. All offers of loans will be received by T. MacKenzie, the Secretary of the Women's Section, 10, Vincent-place, Glasgow.

The best thing in the programme of the New York Institute of Art and Letters, of which we spoke last week, is a declaration of war against the inadequate copyright law of the United States. It is not only on purely ethical grounds that the property of authors ought to be protected as strictly as the property of the owners of real estate. In a new world protection is equally necessary in order that a nation may grow up without let or hindrance. So long as the English author could be reprinted with impunity in the United States, English authors dominated America, and few American authors, except those who lived in England, were heard of. The copyright treaty with England has done much for American authors to flourish; but they have still much to be done with the translations of Sienkiewicz and Zola, so far as the remains to be done.

Less is to be hoped for from the Institute's literary syndicates. It is perfectly true—in England and in America—that the man who writes for a

to stop that trade suggests the picture of Mrs. Partington and her broom and the Atlantic Ocean.

As regards the "Society of Authors'" side of the Institute's ambitions, it is interesting to remember that societies of authors have already been tried in America without very much success. At one time two such societies existed simultaneously and neutralized each other's efforts. Moreover, they were not fighting bodies. They took the line that all publishers were equally benefactors of their kind, forgetting that, if that were the case, a society of authors would have no *raison d'être*. Does the National Institute of Art and Letters propose to be a fighting body? That is a point which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's inaugural address does not make clear.

Two reports are published of Lord Rosebery's speech on Cromwell. One of them is authorized and entitled "Cromwell" (Hatchards, 6d.). The other is taken from the *Daily News*, and entitled "Oliver Cromwell" (Melrose, 6d. n.). The fact that the latter version now and again attributes doubtful grammar to the orator may account for the announcement that the former is "published in self-defence." Or it may be that one version gives us what Lord Rosebery said, and the other what he meant to say. It is a case for parallel columns:—

AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Two great Roman Catholic countries strove for the honour of alliance with the Defender of the Protestant faith. The great Roman Catholic Monarch, Louis XIV., put on mourning for him. Cardinal Mazarin, a Prince of the Roman Church, earnestly, almost humbly, sought his alliance; and, as showing the position of power and honour Cromwell held, I may quote a letter from the great Condé.

Daily News Version.
The two great Catholic countries contending for the honour of the alliance of the Defender of the Protestant Faith. The great Roman Catholic Monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, put on mourning at his death. Cardinal Mazarin, one of the Princes of the Roman Catholic Church, earnestly, almost humbly, sought his alliance for his country, and—last of all the proofs that I will adduce of the power and honour in which Cromwell was held—let me quote a letter from the great Condé.

On the whole one gathers that a speaker is pretty safe in the hands of a capable reporter.

Mr. Charles Dickens, junr., gives in his introduction to "Little Dorrit" an amusing warning against the pitfalls that beset the too zealous biographer. His father was not much of an active politician, but his novels, and especially "Little Dorrit," show that he was in spirit a good Radical. In 1811 when reform seemed at a low ebb he has a fit of dissatisfaction and writes:—"Thank God! there's Van Diemen's Land. That's my comfort." The serious Mr. Forster labels this utterance "Thoughts of colonization," and adds, "He would at times even talk, in moments of sudden indignation at the political outlook, of carrying off himself and his household gods, like Coriolanus, to a world elsewhere." Dickens, by the way, only made one political speech in his life and the late Mr. W. R. Hughes, F.L.S., whose collection of Dickensiana are being dispersed, prided himself on the possession of the revised proof of it. It was delivered at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, June 27th, 1855, at a meeting of the Administrative Reform Association, which was founded in consequence of official mismanagement in connexion with the Crimean War. The MS. corrections in the proof are in Dickens' handwriting.

There are three things noticeably in fashion in the publishing of the present time, written by the editor of the *Illustrated*

habit (not quite easy for criticism to justify) Mark Twain and Bret Harte have long been sought by Mark Twain's admirers are having their edition seem to be the time for the admirers of Mr. Bret Harte's admirers. Mr. Bret Harte's popularity has books among diverse publishers, but Messrs. Chatto and Windus have found it possible to publish ten volumes of works. The last of these volumes which are called "Works of Bret Harte, collected and revised by the author," has just been published and contains "Tales of Trail and

"A Bibliography of Canadian Poetry," of which hundred copies have been printed, compiled by James, of Toronto, forms number one of the University Library. There is a chapter giving the Canadian poets. Mr. Briggs, of Toronto, is the author. A rather interesting book of verse that has been published in Canada recently is a volume of sonnets, "Sonnets to the Acadians," by Mr. John F. Herbin. Mr. Herbin is a descendant of the old Acadians, and his home is within two of the reputed home of Evangeline, Grand Pré, the foot of the picturesque Gasperon valley. This is a fruitful subject of controversy. On the one hand Longfellow's charmingly sad account of the expulsion has a host of contemporary followers, of whom Mr. Herbin is the least. On the other hand stands Parkman, whose poems are direct to Longfellow; and he, too, has many adherents. We must await the discovery of some fact that would set for ever at rest the vexed question of the Acadians were an innocent, lamb-like class of victims of English cruelty and oppression, or a tribe whose perpetual thorn in the British flesh, which only removed

An interesting relic has been added to the collection in the Musée Carnavalet. This is the pocket-book in which the philosopher Condorcet scrawled his last will and testament before he poisoned himself to escape the guillotine presented by M. Pierre Langier, of the Comédie Française.

It is interesting to hear, on the authority of the *Zeitung*, that a document has been found at Helsingør, which mentions that the Burgomasters of Elsinore, which mentions that the Burgomasters of Elsinore had a wooden fence erected in the year 1585, which fence was destroyed by a troupe of English actors, some of whom were members of Shakespeare's company. The document will soon be published in extenso, and will show the fact of English actors having performed in the town-hall of Elsinore in 1585 is already familiar, and naturally inferred that this was the same troupe that performed at the Danish Court in 1586, and which included De Witt, and Pope, afterwards members, like Shakespeare, of the Chamberlain's company. Thus the importance of the fact is scarcely so great as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says. Though Shakespeare in describing Elsinore speaks of "local colour" from hints supplied by his fellow countrymen, it is doubtful whether he was the first to remove the sea from Jutland to Helsingør. Very likely this change was made by the writer of the old play of *Hamlet*, which was altered after the return of the English troupe from the Continent. The *Ur-Hamlet* has been lost, but traces of it may appear in the First Quarto of Shakespeare's play. The Elizabethan Stage Society performed on February 2

The organization of an academy in Russia, founded by the Government, has been announced.

almost a Socialist, and M. Korolenko, who is only just back from exile as a Nihilist. These men are elected in company with M. Kouli, the orator, and three poets, M. Gémehoujnikoff, Count Golenitcheff-Koutousoff, and M. Solovieff. The Brussels *Petit-Mes*, which records this awakening of Liberalism, says:—"The choice of these men has been hailed enthusiastically in Russia. They are friends of peace, of liberty, and of letters." The new Academy is not without a precedent. When Peter the Great visited France he was received by the French Academy, and was so much impressed that he founded a Russian Academy on his return to his own country. This Academy flourished in his reign and that of Catharine II., but was afterwards dissolved.

In more than one of the obituary notices of Mr. Frank Harvey it was remarked that he carried "grangerising" to a fine art. In the ears of orthodox bibliophiles and book collectors to speak of grangerising as a fine art is much like speaking of murder as a fine art. It is an art that thrives upon mutilation, and has done in its time irreparable mischief. Extra illustrated volumes such as those which Mr. Harvey was so skilful and successful in producing made, no doubt, a dish to set before a king who, like the Roman epicure, would devastate a province to make one new delicacy for his table. The original Granger, the Georgian parson who started this practice of cutting plates and title-pages out of several books to illustrate one book, was called by Dr. Johnson "a Whig dog," which may account for his prejudice against the old and musty.

The immense sales achieved by new novels in America invite speculation. Of "David Harum," "Richard Carvel," and "Janice Meredith," 400,000, 300,000, and 200,000 copies respectively have been sold. The English record for a book that has been an equally short time on the market is, we believe, the 180,000 of "The Christian." Whence comes this prodigious superiority of book-purchasing power across the Atlantic? It may seem plausible to attribute it to the superior intelligence of the Americans; but another reason may be found in their addiction to long railway journeys. They have travelling bookstalls on their long-distance trains, and boys walk up and down the Pullmans carrying specimens of their literary wares on trays, with the result that many books are bought and read. Perhaps there is a hint here worthy of the attention of our bookstall monopolists.

Another explanation of the prodigious sales may, perhaps, be found in the versatility of the American mind. Here many of us cultivate a certain intellectual exclusiveness. Many people who pride themselves on their culture and intelligence are not much more likely to read a well "boomed" novel than a penny dreadful. The view of the cultivated American, on the other hand, is that the feast of reason should be a banquet of many courses, with many sharply contrasting flavours. He turns from the works of Mr. Herbert Spencer to those of Mr. Hall Caine and from the novels of Mr. Charles Garvice to those of Mr. George Meredith, and derives an equal pleasure from each work of genius in turn. The plan may not be very advantageous to culture, but it is obviously profitable to popular novelists.

This immense reading power of the American nation was referred to proudly, in a few well-chosen words, by the American Ambassador, in his speech at the Authors' Club. He might have added, though he did not, that it is to the credit of his countrymen that they have not tried to develop their writing power to the same prodigious extent. At any rate they have not done so.

Personal Views.

THE ABUSE OF THE SUPERLATIVE.

In one of Browning's letters to Elizabeth Barrett Barrett an amusing story of an amateur critic who volunteered the epithet "absolutely frank criticism" to a friend's volume of sonnets. He started on the first sonnet with marvellous energy, each line; and, his depression increasing with each line, he was at last left without the possibility of a further comment. For his comments, line for line, were as follows:—

bad	badderest	worse
worse	worser	worser
worst	worserer	worserer
badder	worserest	worserest
badderer	worster	worster

Having proved himself so far a master of comparison says Browning, "slapping his forehead like an epicure," declared himself bankrupt, and honourably satisfied to satisfy the reasonable expectations of the rest of the world. The story is good as a story, and it is something typical of a large amount of current criticism and descriptive literature. The dominion of the superlative is, indeed, a marked characteristic of facile and vulgar writing; and any one who takes the trouble to study the style of the common feminine novelist, or of the cheap journalist, will find that its apparent force is entirely derived from the lavish use of the superlative in comparison. In the language of the decorative novelist we are living in an age where everything is "most heroic," and "most immortal"; and, if we only knew our own good fortune, we should all be in a chorus of self-congratulation. In the meanwhile, now and then something to say on the other side, there are a few arguments against the superlative, worth a column's consideration.

In the first place, it must be obvious that the things in which the superlative can be justly used are, in fact, few. Many things may be "good," but only one can be "best"; and though an Oxford first-class man has several names, Cambridge has still only one Senior Wrangler. But the writer who has a poverty of words finds it difficult to use a superlative. To use it saves him from the labour of thought; it gives a certain showy emphasis to his sentences; and, to an unreflecting reader, it carries a kind of conviction. Women are by nature more careless than men; more prone to enthusiasm. It is, therefore, natural that the lady novelist should be particularly given to the use of the superlative, and, indeed, some of the choicest flowers of overdone language to be found in the favourites of the circulating library. A woman would, in writing a letter, underline the superlative; she substitutes in her novel the glowing superlative, "highly successful, and really meritorious, romance," and, in the end, goes back, in which the first few pages contained a description of the return of a master-of-hounds from hunting. There

the method is something like that of a small private school, where every boy receives a prize.

But, though courtesy gives pride of place to ladies, they are by no means the only offenders. Indeed, since the influence of the novel is clearly waning with us just now, and the importance of the Press is increasing every month, it may be fairly said that in journalism the "superlative" style is even more harmful to a sense of literary proportion. A little while ago, in one of this series of "Personal Views," Mr. Max Beerholm directed the shafts of his wit against the *clichés* of the modern journalist, and the tired melancholy of his battered method. Hand in hand with that fossilized style goes the perpetual abuse of the superlative, one of the most tedious fashions of newspaper ineptitude. A great deal of literary criticism has always been done in the style of the reporter, and, no doubt, questions of domestic economy render it impossible for every journal to employ a staff of expert reviewers. But to the eye of Criticism there can be no excuse for the presence in the leading "dailies" of much of the over-emphatic, hysterical bombast that is forced week by week to do its own neglected duties. "This, we say it without hesitation, is one of the most mature productions of the decade." "The *dénouement* is the most unique we have met in recent fiction." The old phrases ring back in the old changes. No one really believes them. Is it not time that they were decently interred?

Indeed, that same expression "most unique" reminds one of another abuse of the superlative—its employment in connexions where it really adds nothing to the sense, since the word it qualifies is implicitly superlative. A thing cannot be more than "unique"; if it is "unique" it is already isolated. Nor can an event be "most singular"; if it is "singular" it is already removed from the crowd and set apart. Then, too, there is the familiar expression, "the patient's condition is most critical," which is, perhaps, the name of tautology. For, if the sick man has reached the crisis, he is at the apex of the disease; a crisis cannot be "more" or "most" critical. The word itself is, in short, an implicit superlative.

It may, perhaps, be argued that these are niceties, and that the broad brush of journalism is expressly designed to sweep away such particularities. But the question is one of radical importance; of what Arnold called "an incurable defect of style." For after all, the great arguments against the indiscriminate superlative are its insincerity and vulgarity, and the harm which such qualities must inevitably do to the public mind. No man can use the perpetual superlative sincerely, since he cannot frankly believe that everything he has to describe is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. "In the rich vocabulary of love," as Tennyson said, "most dearest is a true superlative"; but lovers have a language of their own, and the critic stops short at their rose-garlanded portals! Outside that kingdom, to use words without measuring their meaning is literary insincerity, and that is one of the unpardonable sins. Moreover, it is vulgar; and in literature vulgarity stands side by side with insincerity in the pillory. The sentence glittering with superlatives is like the vulgar woman

and taste and proportion are slowly undermined. No thought too serious a view of what may seem, at trivial trick of emphasis. Nothing is so essential progress as a sense of proportion, and nothing is. When one man starts shouting, another must follow to make himself heard; and soon the whole forum is But Truth is not found in clamour.

Low at her feet the wild waves howl for
She is so calm, and they so passionate.

In quietness and confidence is the strength of his confidence can only be earned, as alone it is moderation, dignity, and reticence. Every man down "the superlative" does something, however audience, to maintain the dignity of letters. And he said that, wherever the literature of a country there is something amiss with the national life and

ARTHUR

Foreign Letter.

FRANCE.

It will soon be impossible for the most advanced in the teeth of the French Academy the conservatism. After Lavedan, the Immortals last one better," in the vulgar phrase, by choosing M. to succeed M. Pailleron. M. Hervieu has been some of the Paris correspondents in the English serious novelist, but it is really his work as a play has secured him his election to the Academy. He the only French writer who can compare in daring a with M. Lavedan. He is the realist of the realists is simply to describe what he sees about him.

Truth [he once said] is what I seek in life the truth, particularly the truth about human anything save humiliating. Man is governed now, has been since the beginning of the world, by brain and instincts. This is shown in his every act, more striking instance than in his relations . . . Realizing this, I have tried to give the essence of humanity as I see it. There is literary work.

His novel "Peints par Eux-mêmes" is one of the ful and unpleasant pictures of modern society that I painted, and it is the more effective because it is restrained and sober a style. As a novelist, however success was with "L'Armature," in which he gave study of the influence which finance is beginning to great French social world. It is said that the people he draws of real people are recognized as portraits of themselves, though it may be doubted whether in fact are equally recognizable by others. M. Hervieu is a man, having been born in 1857, but he has gone through literary phases. As the author of "Diogene le seemed to challenge the supremacy of Anatole France "L'Exorcisée" he reminded the critics of Huysmans. As a playwright M. Hervieu began his career pretty little play, quite unlike his previous work which was produced at the Vaudeville under the title *Paroles Restent*. Good as was this beginning, it gave

of the State and devoted himself to literature. It is significant that M. Hervieu should have beaten, if only by one vote, M. Etienne Lamy, who, one would think, represented much more nearly the type of writer affected by the Academy. M. Lamy, an ex-Deputy and a leading contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has about him no dangerous originality, but is a safe, scholarly, un sensational writer, who has written well on the Franco-German War and on the German Emperor's visit to the Holy Land. M. Lamy, too, carried the whole of the Vatican influence. The other new Immortal, M. Emile Faguet, the successor to the *fauteuil* of M. Cherbuliez, followed M. Jules Lemaitre as dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*. He is one of the most popular professors of the University, and is credited with Nationalist views. He is a somewhat voluminous historian, and a critic of weight.

I have been struck by the fact that not much seems to be known in England on the subject of French publishing methods, and a brief account of them may, therefore, be of some value. While so many changes have occurred across the Channel, the methods of French publishing have not substantially changed in the past eighty years. As a general rule, no French publisher will take any commercial risk. Commercial risk is, of course, difficult to define, and the late Calmann-Lévy undoubtedly did occasionally adopt, to a certain extent, the methods of his English *confédérés* in this respect, but his conduct was so exceptional as to attract notice. It follows from this that an unknown person in France on "commencing author" is obliged to publish his first book at his own expense. Of course, if he is a journalist, or is known as a specialist in the subject on which he writes, this will not be necessary, but in that case it is obvious that the publisher really incurs no risk at all. The whole system of "reading" is absent; and yet the average French publisher will not publish any rubbish submitted to him provided the author bear the cost, as is sometimes done in England. Another curious difference between the two countries is the fact that in France there is no mystery about the cost of production; there is no room for a French Sir Walter Besant; for the exact cost of printing and binding a novel of average length is openly stated in the "Almanach Hachette," and, of course, in many other less popular annuals. The obscure and humble author knows pretty accurately what he will have to pay, the only question in his mind being how to get his book taken by a publishing house of high standing, for the imprint of a good house is as much a recommendation of a book in France as in England.

Let us suppose that our beginner has succeeded in placing his book and the first edition is printed. What is the next thing to be done? There is little or no advertising to trouble about, and there are no review copies to be sent out. How, then, will the book be "published," in the true sense of the word—that is to say, placed before the notice of the great reading public? This is done partly by the publishing house in the ordinary course of business, partly by the custom that the author, not the publisher, shall send altogether about 100 copies to all the great critics and leading writers of the day. This custom is so well established that Alphonse Daudet, for instance, used to get as many as twenty new books sent him in a single day, and the mere task of acknowledgment was no slight burden. To each critic the neophyte writes a letter about his book, and then waits anxiously for the critiques to appear. It is well known that in no country is criticism so much of a fine art as in France; and it may be added that in no country is criticism so well paid, a man of good literary standing being able to command an annual

worthless volume after volume in order to reach a gold, or even average payable quartz. Moreover, journalism has not overflowed into literature in England; in other words, we do not see Frenchmen of standing issuing ephemeral work, fit only for a newspaper, and calling it a book. It is a curious fact that our neophyte has become well known and comfortable, his profit *per volume*, that is his per cent published price, is not equal to that obtained by a writer in the same happy position. Even writers with large circulation do not receive more than about 7d. on the price of 3l. 50s. It may be prophesied that if ever France commands the literary market to the extent it does in England it will be a bad day for every author who command gigantic circulations.

A new novel by Georges Ohnet, "Gens de bien," is of some interest. His popularity arouses among his critics much the same kind of exasperation as that which Mario Corelli excites across the Channel; indeed, not inapt, for, like Miss Corelli, he does possess the gift of being able to tell a story. His outlook on life is commonplace, and he possesses just that false modesty which mightily impresses the unmerciful, so that his manner of affecting the *bourgeois* reader is the most natural in the world.

The death is announced of M. Maximin Deloche, one of the most distinguished archaeologists of France. He has left valuable documents concerning the Roman colony in Africa, the conquest and Romanization of Gaul, and some interesting particulars relating to the history, manners, and customs of his native province.

THE IRISH LITERARY THEATRE

Mr. Edward Martyn's *Maree* and Miss Alice Milligan's *Feast of the Fianna* with which the Irish Literary Theatre opened its brief Irish season on Monday are both worthy of the new movement. They lead the drama in its paths and connect it with the poetry and romance of the past. Of Mr. George Moore's play, *The Bend Sinister*, which was produced on Tuesday, this can hardly be said. The play, with a preface by Mr. Moore, has been published by Mr. Unwin, and we can consider it a little better than a failure. If Mr. Moore is not perpetrating both in his preface and in his play a most elaborate jest at the expense of the Irish Literary Theatre, then it becomes difficult to believe that anything so accomplished can clothe bathos with so portentous a name. The public have already been apprised of that by the epoch-making scene which Mr. Moore describes in this preface. "We"—that is, Mr. Moore, Miss Milligan, and Mr. Martyn—"have turned our backs upon London and their backs on a place which has ceased to interest us. We did not decide on our homeward journey we had considered the reformation of London. After some hesitation, it suddenly came upon us that it was not London. The cigarettes were thrown into the fire, the convivial cup was drained, and London was abandoned. The three prophets left the degraded city and sought their way to Fleet-street from their feet. Writing in unrefined English and as belonging to that "public" from which Mr. Moore's later passage is careful to dissociate himself, we can only hope that the air of Dublin should tempt so true a man to

screech of the jay and the cry of the swallow. It were better to delight a moment in the little candour of the robin, and to admire the coral hedge as the gift of the irreparable year.

This is singularly like nonsense; but the standard of sense in the following pages is so low that we hesitate to so characterize it. A little further on we find the immortality of dreams, aspirations, and visions, as distinct from politics and practical life, proved by our eagerness "to know why Shelley left his first wife." Then we are told that "Art is produced in the youth of a nation, when the nation is small." Yet the English nation had lived some six hundred years or more when it produced Shakespeare, and in Shakespeare even Mr. Moore finds some merit. Ireland is, in his view, the only place which seems to fulfil the conditions necessary for art. Is Ireland, then, so much younger than England? And how old is the nation of Ibsen, who for Mr. Moore is the beglaming and end of art? Turning a page, we light upon that venerable fallacy that "all that is done for money is mediocre. It was with the Renaissance that money came into art. The Greeks did not build the Parthenon for money." How does Mr. Moore know that? And did Sir Joshua, whom he mentions as one of those great artists who have had "dreams, visions, and aspirations,"—did Sir Joshua never paint on commission? "Only sport," he continues, as his unconscious humour becomes positively rollicking, "only sport has escaped the thralldom of money. . . . Lord Harris is not thought less of because he did not make a fortune out of cricket." Is Ruskin, we would ask Mr. Moore, thought less of because he did not make a fortune, but lost one, in the pursuit of art? To lose a fortune, however, would be a work of supererogation, for Mr. Moore adjusts with great delicacy the exact sacrifice required of the artist. "In artistic enterprise," he tells us, "there should be, *if possible*, a slight loss at the end of the year." What is to happen if, by some mischance, a slight profit is the result, we are not informed. And after this tirade against a garish and vulgar age with no visions or aspirations; an age on which "in all save the individual arts, such as lyric poetry and easel pictures, the face of the mob is plainly stamped;" what has Mr. Moore to show us in that land where the sun of art and poetry is to rise once more? What is the theme of the drama to which this preface is the introduction? Some beautiful Celtic vision? Some moving drama of love and passion? Some *motif* opening to us a world of purer light and serenest air? It is surely hardly credible that the sole *motif* of *The Bending of the Bow* is the "Financial Relations" question and the iniquities of Dublin Castle. And so far as style is concerned, to assist the rebirth of dramatic taste, Mr. Moore has nothing to offer but second-hand Ibsen. In the determined repression of witty or original dialogue and of dramatic "situation," we may trace a doleful, if not very intelligent, following of the Master. Wit, imagination, distinction, may, it would seem, be sought in all the best literature—except the best dramatic literature. The plot, such as there is, turns on a quarrel between the wealthy and respectable borough of South-haven (*i.e.*, England) and its poorer neighbour North-haven (*i.e.*, Ireland) about the payment of steamship dues. The hero, Jasper Dean, talks throughout in this fashion:—

Every town, every people, every race that has ever risen to greatness has asked one first question of its public men and of all other men who belong to it, "Are you for us or against us?" The answer can only be "Yes" or "No."

We should have thought that this was the one answer which is, grammatically at any rate, impossible. One is really grateful when Dean introduces an element of comedy by quite forgetting that he is an alderman of North-haven and talking freely about

But the masterpiece is the last act, from which Mr. Moore has not the same confidence in the politics as he has in the leaders of Irish art, content with stamping its face in all save the inc is found "chasing the Corporation up the street."

(Enter Alderman Ferguson, torn and bloody, Al rather drunk and excited, and Michael Lee Trench, these coats uncol and torn, The darken slowly).

Truly a weird effect! But let us quote:—

ARABELLA.

Who was it that hurt you? May I get you s

FERGUSON.

Thank you; I feel rather faint.

(Arabella rings, the Maid enters, Arabella go The Maid enters immediately after with tea

ARABELLA.

And you, Alderman Pollock—you will be too?.

POLLOCK.

Yes, thank you, I think I will. It happened trying to get outside. That ruffian Macneus was Kirwan, and I ventured to ask him a question.

FERGUSON.

And his arguments were decisive.

POLLOCK.

He pushed me, I fell, and the others walked. I always said he was a dangerous man, and was poration against employing him. I fancy I am bl where. (He pulls up his sleeves and examines his a

ARABELLA.

And you, my dear Mayor, how did it happen lost your hat.

TENCH.

Yes, I lost it at the top of the stairs; it fell down the steps.

POLLOCK.

I had no chance whatever.

TENCH.

Would you mind telling me if there's a cut back of my neck, it feels a bit sore?

CAROLINE.

I will get some sticking-plaster in a moment. it. But Alderman Ferguson is going to tell happened.

The play was produced before an audience respectable from the standpoint of the ordinary theatre," and large from the standpoint of the Theatre, but somewhat disappointing in view of t which the public interest had been stimulated by hints about the controversial character of the play had announced that it would perhaps "awaken s dogs," and Dublin formed pleasurable anticipation monious political discussion. As a matter of fa performance has left the terriers of political cr undisturbed. Dublin laughed at the ingenuity Mr. Moore has fitted his love story—such to the details of a squalid commercial agitation, and by the acting, which was occasionally very good; but for a moment impressed by the spiritual significance have raised the play into the atmosphere of t Moore's first-night audience refused to read the ga a nation's fate into the oscillations of Jasper Dean rather priggish friend Kirwan and his certain sweetheart. When divested of its local interest—whic room scene and the characters, some of whom were

the place-hunting solicitor; Miss Agnes Cahill was sympathetic and natural in the part of Jasper's fiancée, Millicent; and the minor parts were efficiently represented.

So much for the performance. After reading the play in book form, all that can be said is that Ireland has had its days of greatness, its noble and enduring qualities, as it has surely had many sorrows; but that it would be sad indeed if, in the days of its literary revival, it should lose its most precious spiritual possession—the saving grace of humour.

Reviews.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

THE ROMANTIC TRIUMPH. By F. S. Omond (Blackwood, 5s. n.).

The "Romantic Triumph" is a volume in Professor Sainsbury's "Periods of European Literature" Series. The subject is a good one, but the book is not so good. Mr. Omond has collected a vast amount of miscellaneous literary information, dumped it down, and sorted it into little heaps. But, though there is a bit of luminous criticism here and there, his work on the whole is lacking in critical discrimination, and one might read from the first page to the last without forming any very clear idea what the author means by a Romantic Writer. His Romanticists include such diverse persons as John Austin, the jurist; Balzac, the realist; Comte, the Positivist; Jeremy Bentham, the utilitarian; Grote, the historian; Darwin, the naturalist. It is not made clear in what sense Grote is more romantic than Gibbon, or Darwin than Buffon, or De Saussure; while the inclusion of Balzac is the most difficult of all to justify. For not only was Balzac widely different in his methods and his point of view from such leaders of the romantic movement as Victor Hugo and George Sand, he was also the founder of a new school of fiction, which under the name of Naturalism gradually became a fashion in France, and found imitators in almost every other European country.

It is, indeed, in the domain of fiction that Mr. Omond's treatment of his subject seems to us least satisfactory. In other departments of literature it may be possible to regard Romanticism merely as the reverse of Classicism, but in the case of fiction further distinctions are called for. One must distinguish three kinds of novelists. First of all there is the writer whose main purpose is to tell you a story bearing no necessary relation to reality, and who lets his gorgeous imagination play freely upon something as remote as possible from every-day experience. This kind of story-telling is as old as Homer, and in Mr. Omond's period was best represented by Scott, Alexandre Dumas, and Eugène Sue. Secondly, there is the writer who hangs up his tortured soul as if it were an æolian harp for the winds of heaven to blow upon and make music for the pleasure of his readers. This kind of fiction begins with Rousseau, and is represented in Mr. Omond's period by Mme. de Staël, Benjamin Constant, and Henry Mackenzie. Finally, there is the novelist whose purpose is to give a true picture of life as he sees it. The parent of such writers in England is Fielding. In France the school was founded by Balzac, and continued by Flaubert, De Goncourt, Guy de Maupassant, and Zola. These distinctions, however, are nowhere drawn by Mr. Omond. For him Dumas is a romantic writer in just the same sense as Mme. de Staël, and Balzac is worthy to be classed with Victor Hugo. That is to say he does not confine

national *malaise*. They were the men born during stress of the Napoleonic wars. They inherited an time when Napoleon was doing his best to bleed France. The anemia resulted in hysteria, which is equal their writings and in their lives. The career of Gô who led a lobster through the streets by a string, and hung himself from a lamp-post outside a lodging-house of their eccentricities. Some account of these and some explanation of the causes which brought it is certainly required in any history of the Romanticism in France; but Mr. Omond has given us nothing. His book, as we have said, is only an encyclopaedia—less complete—of Modern European literature.

ROMAN VIEWS OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF AMBROSE PHILLIPS DE LISLE PURCELL; ed. by Edwin de Lisle, F.S.A. (Macmillan).

Ambrose Lisle Phillips, as he was first called in 1809, the year that gave also Gladstone and the world. When he was only fifteen years old he joined the Roman Church, then an obscure and timid body which existed in a sort of national backwater and was chiefly made up of quite respectable persons as "Anti-Christ." There were few influences that could inspire a family and bright prospects to take so momentous a step. Ambrose Phillips did so simply because his was an *Anglo-Catholic*, or, shall we say, medieval? Intensely devoted to the Papal See, his heart was not in the medieval form of Christianity; with what Pugin followers to call "Christian Art"; with that "Chant" which he himself wrote much about; with the monks, whom he established on his own estate at Littlemore, was the first monastery built in England since the Reformation, even with the ancient shapes of vessels and vestments of the later fashions of Italy. In every way his heart was in the past. He gravely mistrusted all modern authorities, "whose interpretations smack of the rationalistic spirit," even to the extent of bringing the Littlemore Man of Sin to bear upon international politics. His style is also of another age than ours, as when he writes, that "Dr. Pusey is a gentleman, highly conversant with the delights in obsolete methods of spelling. He was a saint, born into the nineteenth century, and his heart was in the beautiful earlier religion that England had lost." He is the prophet and precursor of the Catholic revival, not without significance that at the age of thirty he induced the Vicar of Shepshed to adopt a cope, that it was ordered in some canons of the Church of England and to set up a wooden altar cross in the parish church, carrying it in procession round the churchyard "with a large concourse of people." This was in 1821, the year of the birth of the Oxford Movement.

With that Movement he was from the first sympathetic, and he did all he could to break down the suspicion with which most Roman Catholics regard the Oxford Movement as the abuse of the "noisy, violent, and vulgar men" who were the "Tablet." Nothing could give one a more vivid impression of the enthusiasm at Oxford in those days than the letter which we read, for instance, in 1842 of a certain Fellow of the University (was it?) who "burst into tears when speaking of the Mother of our Saviour." Indeed, these confessions

valuable collection of letters from Newman, Manning, Gladstone, and Bishop Forbes. Those from Gladstone alone will, as Mr. Edwin de Lisle predicts, secure a cordial welcome for the book, especially as they deal not only with ecclesiastical matters but also with such important political questions as the Bulgarian Atrocities and the Russo-Turkish War. There is also a good deal of correspondence with eminent Roman Catholics—Wiseman, Montalembert, Pugin, Bishop Clifford, and Lord Shrewsbury.

Ambrose—the "Eustace Lyle" of "Coningsby"—was, as Disraeli's great rival said, an Israelite. Indeed, in whom was no guile. In an age of vehement party spirit he showed a charity that hoped as well as believed all things, a charity that was the result of a singular purity of zeal, and the cause of a greater influence in matters of religion than fell, maybe, to the lot of any other layman of the century. The temptation of his co-religionists was to be jealous of the Anglican Revival; he saw that the true policy was to rejoice at it and pray for it, and to look for the desired consummation rather through corporate reunion than individual conversions. So beautiful was his life that we cannot help wishing Mr. Purcell had given us more of it, even to the exclusion of some letters. Certainly we might have been spared many pages on the French Revolution (which Mr. Purcell attributes in great part to Jansenism and Galleanism!) and on several other subjects that are not remotely connected with Ambrose de Lisle. But, as in the case of Manning's Life, we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Purcell's frank publication of letters that help us to read the history of the Catholic Revival in its true light. Much that was marked "Private" fifty years ago is wisely made public now.

LA RENAISSANCE CATHOLIQUE EN ANGLETERRE AU XIX. SIÈCLE. Première Partie. By M. Thureau-Dangin (Plou).

Englishmen are often accused of being insular both in their religion and their views of the world in general; but no one can have lived much among the Latin peoples without finding ample cause for reversing the accusation. Comparatively few Frenchmen, for example, can read our language, and yet the book before us is the first attempt to tell in French the story of the most considerable religious movement of the century. At the present moment M. Thureau-Dangin's book is lying in the most respectable shops in France, but till last June French Catholics had, with very few exceptions, no means of knowing anything about what they are now told is an extraordinary and significant religious revolution. The fact is a portentous one. It goes far towards explaining the present dislocated condition of Christendom in general and the limitations of the Roman Church in particular. If this is the amount of interest that French Catholics have felt in a Catholic movement, what must be their state of mind in regard to Protestantism? Yet the ignorance abroad is so great that M. Thureau-Dangin dares not mention the names of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor without a foot-note to explain that they were "théologiens Anglicans du XVI. ou du XVII. siècle dont se réclame l'Église High Church!"

He has, as was to be expected, done his work with thoroughness, and adorned it with the grace of a lucid style. The history of the Oxford Movement has been so well told by Church, by the biographers of its leaders, by Newman himself, that all M. Thureau-Dangin needed to do was to read and digest that small library. That he has done more is shown not only by his acquaintance with the lives, at least, of Stanley, Jowett, and F. D. Maurice, but also by his excellent introductory sketch of the Church of England from the time of Henry VIII. (whom he seems to regard as its founder) down to the very middle of the

apart from the Pope is clearly inconceivable to him; therefore, he cannot understand the position either of the Roman or of the Anglican Church; yet there is sufficient knowledge of Eastern theologians, at least, to give cause for reflection who evidently cannot help attributing the consistency and Pusey to some mental defects on their part; an observer he cannot, indeed, help remarking that the force of the Papal claims is stronger than ever among the Churchmen of to-day. He attributes it largely to the Anglican orders, and this pronouncement did create the conviction among Anglicans that the Papacy was a partisan and, therefore, on Catholic. But he does not since the secessions of the forties the High Church ceased to fear the loss of any leader of intellect; and that the dogma of Papal infallibility has fundamental position; and that the later theologians of the Renaissance have imbibed much of the Broad Church to which their precursors were so opposed.

There are, of course, some errors in the spelling of names, such as Clong (Clough), Loecky, George Ell (Gow), and a more serious nature the Thirty-first Article declare "la messe une fable blasphématoire"; Dr. Pusey is not by any means cease to be an "arient Ritualist" who wrote his "Plain Reasons against Joining the Romes"; altars are not dedicated to the Sacred Heart of the churches. Occasionally M. Thureau-Dangin's English is at fault, as when he translates "I am too good for you" by "Je m'en surs allé" (I am too good for you).

Which I have loved long since and lost awhile by "Que j'ai long temps aimée et que j'ai perdue depuis" (moor and fen) by "les rose et les pivoines."

Indeed, the whole translation of *Conduis-moi, Seigneur*, gives us creepy sensations. Here is the verse:

Je n'ai pas été toujours ainsi; je n'ai pas t pour que tu me conduises! J'aimais à voir et à vide. Mais, maintenant, conduis-moi. J'aime brillant, et, en dépit de mes craintes l'orgueil volonté. Ne te souviens pas des années passées.

But, after all, the remarkable thing is that it is so few, and the real sympathy so great. We are at Thureau-Dangin may raise false hopes among Catholic fellow-countrymen and that he will not appreciate the real force of the Oxford Movement—the Catholicism which proved itself independent even in greatness; but he will, at least, spread a large amount of light among them, and he has told the story of the Oxford Movement with a fidelity that Englishmen will not fail to appreciate.

THE WAR.

The latest new thing from Africa is Mr. J. S. statement of the pro-Boer case in THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA (Nisbet, 7s. 6d. n.). We fear it will not prove very convincing. By *suppressio veri*, by laying stress upon the facts, and by confident assertions too vague to be doubted by the average reader on the spur of the moment, it is easy to make out a case for anybody or anything. These dialectical devices are employed in the book. Mr. Hobson suppresses all the evidence of Boer conspiracy; he lays stress upon the fact that the T. & C. Cape Press was subsidized by capitalists; and he alleges that we are only fighting the Boers to the effect that the natives are in a much better position under the

tion of the Afrikander Bond; and Mr. Hobson has to admit that he is basing his figures on records of Church membership, bringing out the result:—

Dutch	228,627
British	146,224
Majority	82,403

What he omits to tell us is that the Dutch, as a people, are much more addicted to Church membership than the British; that, in the towns, there are large numbers of the British who are members of no church at all; and that, in the rural districts, large numbers of the British are enrolled as members of the Dutch churches for the excellent reason that there are no other churches for them to be members of. Now either Mr. Hobson knew these facts or he did not. If he knew, he has cooked his statistics to make them support his case; and if he did not know, he is disqualified by his ignorance from discussing the subject usefully. His other arguments have, in most cases, as little foundation, while his proposal to close the quarrel by reverting, as nearly as possible, to the *status quo ante bellum* is hardly, at this time of day, worthy of serious consideration.

Mr. Kinnear's *TO MODDER RIVER WITH METHUEN* (Arrow-smith, 1s.) is an account, by an unimpeached war correspondent, of the operations of the flying column which had its wings clipped at Magersfontein. One naturally looks to see what the author has to say about General Wauchope's alleged dying speech to the trapped Highland Brigade. He pronounces that the story "amounted to mere gossip," and he has also been "unable to trace to any foundation one could possibly accept the story of a 'row' between Lord Methuen and Wauchope." One of the chapters is devoted to an estimate of Lord Methuen, but it is somewhat difficult to disengage Mr. Kinnear's precise meaning from such a truly Thucydidean sentence as the following:—

One looks into Lord Methuen's sweet eyes with the hope rather than the certainty that in emergencies they would flash with potentialities, rather than with the conviction of finding them with the occasion.

If it is inferred from this sentence that the book is badly written, and depends upon the subject for such interest as it possesses, that inference will be correct.

In *THE TRANSVAAL WAR AND ITS PROBLEMS* (Horace Marshall, 6d.), M. Jean de Bloch argues that it will be impossible for us to beat the Boers. A little while ago he argued that it would be impossible for wars to take place at all, and a war immediately afterwards occurred. The omen is good, and we shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile the pamphlet is entertaining.

NATIVES UNDER THE TRANSVAAL FLAG, by Rev. John H. Boville (Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.), gives a missionary's view of certain aspects of the Transvaal problem. The author represents that the Boer treatment of the native races is cruel and demoralizing, and as rector of the Cathedral church at Lorenzo Marques, who has sometimes acted as British Consul there, he is in a position to know what he is talking about. His photographs are not on the same high level of merit as his arguments.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Tennyson's Religion.

We should like to think that so elaborate and thoughtful a book as Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's *TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS*

indefinite, and who, like all poets, was influenced by his taste for poetic effect as by a desire to forswear. That creed, such as it was, was deliberately Tennyson himself, as recorded by Mr. K. *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1893—"There's that watches over us; and our individuality or my faith and that's all my faith." Yet at an earlier date he wrote: "I am not very fond of creeds; it is that I know God Himself came down from Heaven to men." Mr. Masterman rarely goes behind the poems, but he arrives by the study of them, which is identical with that derived from a poet's author. Despite the definite statement in the utterances we have quoted, the solution here given to the question of Tennyson's acceptance of a creed, as it seems to us, the right one—viz., that the poet was not for him a real central conviction, and that his repentance, for a deliverance from the death of sin in Christ, meant little to him. This might have been further by Mr. Masterman. In the *Idylls* we have a tradition of chivalry without its background of monasticism, founded, as it was, on a horror of the sin, Tennyson had little sympathy—a fact which he himself, as a quasi-religious poet, from Kingsley, training a Protestant, and his Protestant sympathies traced not obscurely in his plays. Birth, training of mind—these go far to explain Tennyson's religious matter of environment, and of the thoughts which when modern latitudinarianism was in its birth is quite worth while to ask whether Tennyson was a teacher at all. He, like Clough, voiced the floating religious freethinkers, but added little to the body put forward by its chief exponents. From this point of view, he was rather a preacher than a teacher, an advocate of the spiritual as against the material man, as we have said, does not carry us very much further than we were before. But his book contains much food for thought on those great subjects the echoes of which so often harmonize with the name of Tennyson.

New "Tales from Shakespeare."

Mr. Quiller Couch's design in *HISTORICAL SHAKESPEARE* (Arnold, 6s.) is more ambitious than Lamb and his sister. They did little more than select the plays which they selected, and did not add to our conception of Shakespeare so much as their own writers. After all the plots are a secondary matter. "Twelfth Night," for example, we gather that the author performs a wearisome trick, familiar to readers before, disguising herself as a man. But we get no more of Sir Toby Belch or of Malvolio. The Lambs had a shrewd idea that to give children or anyone else a prose account of the plays in a prose account was impossible. Mr. Couch has tried to do it by following Shakespeare minutely than they did. He has evidently written the plays open beside him, and has been tempted to half-paraphrase, some of the noblest passages in English. He apologises to the grown ups "for continually breaking the rhythm of Shakespeare's majestic lines" in order to get them into prose. We think he also owes an apology to their first idea of Shakespeare to be a writer for children, between verse and prose, half stately Elizabethan, half nineteenth-century novelist? Shakespeare's Anthony says—

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;

come and how before it." Of what avail becomes the careful distinction preserved by Shakespeare himself between the sentiment of his poetry and his prose? The prose scenes, of course, do not suffer so much. This book may give children a good enough idea of Falstaff, Shallow, Bardolph, and the rest. Sometimes Mr. Quiller Couch has made good use of the advantage a novelist has over a playwright, by making clear at once the consistency of the characters throughout a play. For example, in Julius Cæsar he traces the characters of the conspirators with some skill.

Mr. Archer in America.

Mr. William Archer's recent visit to the United States was undertaken for purposes of dramatic criticism. But an observant person like him cannot be expected to confine his vision to the matters in which he takes a technical interest, and we are not surprised to receive, as what our friend Beetle calls a "good parergon," a little book on *America To-day* (Heinemann, 6s.). This work consists of ten "observations" and four "reflections"—an ordinary thoughtless person would call them letters and essays—which have already appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Magazine*. Mr. Archer's impressions of America—to speak more exactly, of New York, Boston, Washington, and Chicago—are chiefly notable for their determined optimism, which makes them an excellent complement to the work of such a traveller as Sir Lepel Griffin. The literary reader will be chiefly interested in the essays on American literature and the American language with which the pleasant little volume concludes. These contain much that is excellent, many things that are questionable, and some that are surprising. We have not space to do more than illustrate this statement. As a specimen of Mr. Archer's happy thoughts, we may quote his plea for forcible Americanisms, even when they duplicate some extant English phrase. "The rich language is that which possesses not only the necessities of life but also an abundance of superfluities." We may also call attention to the charming examples which are here collected, such as that of the statesman who cut short a deputation with the remark, "Gentlemen, you need proceed no further. I am not an entirely dishevelled jackass." Among the questionable things, we note the statement that the English language would be much poorer to-day if North America had become a French continent. If Mr. Archer will spend a few hours in substantiating this proposition by instances from Tennyson, Arnold, Ruskin, Newman, Pater, Stevenson, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Hardy we shall be delighted to be convinced of our debt to America. But we fear that he was thinking of the English language as displayed in "editorial articles" and dramatic criticism. Finally, the statement that "'Mark Twain' is one of the greatest living masters of the English language" hardly needs comment. We admire some of that genial humorist's work as much as any one can; but deliberately to place "Huckleberry Finn," delightful book as it is, beside or even above "Diann of the Crossways," "Kidnapped," and Tennyson's "Revenge," as Mr. Archer does, is (in the idiom which he loves) to "give oneself away" as a critic of literature.

Cambridge Reminiscences.

In the preface to *Old Friends at Cambridge and Elsewhere* (Macmillan, 6s.), Mr. Willis Clark tells us that his friends solicited him to write his reminiscences, and that he has reprinted some old magazine articles instead of doing so. The one thing is hardly a substitute for the other, for though the magazine articles are biographical they are hardly anecdotal. Yet there are anecdotes imbedded in them here and there. One which is new to us relates to the illustrious Whewell, of Trinity. It is to the effect that one day he gave his servant a list of names of certain of his pupils whom he wished to see at a wine party

prominent character in a work of fiction. We are so kind to animals that geese used to run aft attract his attention by plucking at the skirts of their bills; but that he was so unkind to curates the dog to set at them when they annoyed him by their. Some other reasons why he was unpopular in his diocese set out clearly. He tried to treat his clergy like They were accustomed to be treated like labourers, like the change.

In his professor's time, when a clergyman entered by the back-door; and if he stayed to dine that men in the housekeeper's room with the other Thirlwall abolished these customs and entertained at his own table. This was excellent in intention, but in practice; the difference in tastes, feelings, and between the entertainer and the entertained in intercourse equally disagreeable to both parties Bishop felt obliged to substitute correspondence so far as he could, reserving personal intercourse archdeacon.

The account given of Professor Palmer is interesting mainly extracted from Sir Walter Besant's biography account of Thompson, of Trinity—the famous Thor said that none of us were infallible—not even the us—is inadequate.

The Kendals.

"Many years have elapsed since my old friend M promised me that 'in the days to come' I should write of her life," says Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton in his preface to *The Kendals* (Pearson, 10s.). That Mr. Pemberton is the author of "the Kendals" appears on every page of the biography which will, no doubt, help to make it popular with the actress and actor. The result of intimate acquaintance is a pleasantly-told tale of histrionic victories. Pemberton is not a Boswell, and his volume contains pleasant chapters many dull pages and a plenitude of even the warmest admirers of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will remarkably small beer. Theatrical biographies have magazines of good stories. Mr. Pemberton does us many new ones. The candid recital of his own interview with the late Mr. Piggott, Licensor of Plays, is worth. He had made an adaptation of a marked Parisian play. Mr. Piggott refused to license it. Mr. Pemberton assured the censor that there was no harm in it. "I did not agree, and at last the author said, 'But I have never seen the French original, considers this an interesting and thoroughly innocent play.'" "Then Piggott, bringing the interview to an end, 'if I will place, my good friend, I should give up adapting French plays and go home and look after my wife!'" The illustration to follow the careers of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal photographs are not in themselves remarkably good. That of Mrs. Kendal in 1820. In this one sees some charm, her strength and character—she bears accomplishment that well becomes so gifted an actress, judging by Mr. Pemberton's book, so good a woman.

The Father of "The Galley."

Mr. John Hollingshead is himself so vivacious and a personality that any book containing his experiences will surely be of interest. According to *Chatto and Windus*, 6s.) is, however, a little "the Pioneers of Earl's Court," "The Parochial Mind," "Silver" are articles that do not require Mr. Hollingshead's particular skill and knowledge. The author has known of the last forty years, many of them well; but it

of Harmony"—is of interest. Of Dickens he writes that he "was a short, upright man of spare figure, who held his head very erect, and had an energetic, industrious, not to say bustling, appearance." The author's style is light—the frivolous note seems sometimes a little forced—but the kind of wit which enables him to write of Bloomsbury as Gloombsbury is not irresistibly amusing. His humorous verse is uninspired. Mr. Hollingshead's greatest work, the *Gaiety Theatre*, is soon to be demolished. Notwithstanding the "*Gaiety Chronicles*" of 1898, what an extremely interesting study he could give us in the intimate history of the house he created and managed for so long! But if one may judge by "*According to My Lights*," Mr. Hollingshead considers discretion the better part of publication.

Wagner's Prose Works.

Mr. Ashton Ellis has recently published the last volume of his translation of RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS (Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d. n.). The writings contained in it—with the exception of *Siegfried's Tod*, the drama afterwards altered and developed into the *Götterdämmerung*—are either posthumous or else essays and sketches discarded by Wagner in the German edition of his works. This volume, like its predecessor, is largely devoted to the early Paris period. We cannot help thinking that Wagner, as a struggling young journalist writing for the *Gazette Musicale*, wrote a great deal better than Wagner as an author, challenging the world with his obscure treatises on opera and drama, the art of the future, art and revolution. His essay in this volume on Halévy is extremely good reading, clear, imaginative, and original. The sketch of a drama to be called *Jesus of Nazareth*, made at the critical period when Wagner had just completed *Lohengrin*, and another abandoned dramatic piece entitled *The Saracen Woman* mark interesting phases in his career. These fragments on the whole make up a fitting volume to close Mr. Ashton Ellis' admirable work, and testify to the marvellous versatility of Wagner. Throughout his herculean task Mr. Ellis has shown great fidelity to the text of Wagner's prose works. At times he has perhaps sacrificed the English to the Teutonic idiom a little too much. But his translation has been as lucid as a faithful translation of Wagner can be, and we congratulate him on its successful conclusion.

Bismarck.

The "Heroes of the Nations" Series was obviously incomplete until it included a life of Bismarck. There is no nation whose history may be summed up in the life of a single man so completely as the history of modern Germany is summed up in Bismarck's life. Mr. J. W. Headlam's *BISMARCK* (Putnam's, 5s.) does not pretend to provide any information not already accessible to students. What it does is to summarize the contents of the longer biographies in a clear and agreeable narrative. Those who wish to know exactly what the Schleswig-Holstein war was about and why Prussia fought Austria in 1866 will find these mysteries satisfactorily cleared up by Mr. Headlam. As regards the cause of the war with France in 1870 Mr. Headlam takes a line of his own. His view is that Bismarck desired war, but that all his diplomatic endeavours to bring it about would have fallen through if the Duc de Grammont had not in his overweening pride played into his hands. France might have humiliated Prussia to a certain extent over the Hohenzollern candidature, and it was only because France required that Prussia should absolutely grovel before her that Bismarck found his opportunity. Mr. Headlam's book is a valuable addition to a valuable series.

OUR GREATEST LIVING SOLDIERS, by Charles Lowe (Chatto and Windus, 2s. 6d.), contains brief biographies of Lords Wolseley

the public to do without him. Whether the attention of a layman off by himself to take out a writ and pluri-tenancies of civil process is of much value we do not know. But if he can once become accustomed to the terminology of law, he will find an immense mass of useful information in this book, which, for its size and comprehensiveness is a marvel of cheapness.

MENDING AND ESDING (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., 3s.) William T. Charley, is a pamphlet on the question of the House of Lords, written from the Conservative point. It is full of facts and quotations, and shows the Conservative politicians who wish to get up to the point in a hurry.

WAGES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Arthur L. Bowley (University Press, 6s. n.), is a great number of facts of interest and important to economists. It is not quite a complete record of wages in the nineteenth century, but it is as complete as the information available permitted. There are a few pages of bibliography.

THE STONES OF PARIS, by Benjamin Ellis and Charlotte Martin (Smith, Elder, 18s.), may be regarded as glorified guide-books, but it is more glorified than that, being in two large volumes, full of information, thoughtfully written, and thoroughly well illustrated. The reader is led by the hand and introduced to the palaces of Molière, of Beaumarchais, of Balzac, of Dumérut, of eminent Frenchmen, interspersing their descriptions with interesting biographical details. The book is published at a time when one can hardly pick up a book about Paris without reading of the demolition of some of its landmarks.

THE BOYHOOD OF A NATURALIST (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Smith gives a fair impression of the precocious towards nature. There is a good deal of conventional and its conversational style is a little overdone, but it helps to awaken curiosity in readers who have not cultivated the same habit of observation as the author. Mr. Smith is a genuine lover of nature.

MISS M. N. OXFORD'S HANDBOOK OF NURSING (3s. 6d.) is announced as containing the substance of the lectures given to the probationer nurses of Guy's Hospital, and is a good deal of help to awaken curiosity in readers who have not cultivated the same habit of observation as the author. Miss M. N. Oxford's HANDBOOK OF NURSING (3s. 6d.) is announced as containing the substance of the lectures given to the probationer nurses of Guy's Hospital, and is a good deal of help to awaken curiosity in readers who have not cultivated the same habit of observation as the author. The appendices contain some valuable recipes for the use of the nurse, and a summary of the rules to be followed in nursing in general, and a glossary of the principal technical terms used in nursing and pharmacy.

OUR GIRLS' COOKERY (Clarke, 1s.) does not contain recipes, but those which it does contain are particularly strong in the matter of soups and puddings, and intended neither for the very extravagant nor the very economical, but for those who wish to adapt reasonable means to moderately epicurean ends.

FICTION.

Art for Art's Sake.

THE WORSHIPPER OF THE IMAGE, by Richard Lane (Lane, 3s. 6d.), is unlike anything else we have lately read, at any rate among English novels; and the author's intention is to make one reflect—reflect as to whether this "tragic fairy tale"; whether the writer is working in a garden of flowers or has been digging for some hidden and precious ore. And who has become possessed of a woman's death—emitting, and beautiful, in which he at first saw a wife Bessie. His love for his wife passes to the beauty of art which seems more and more to be the beauty of any perishing living thing, and the

pleasant story of "Young Lives" living and struggling in the actual world, in the airy imaginings of a "Prose Fancy." Here the absence of strength and sincerity is too manifest. Human love and the love of the ideal in conflict present a theme full of situation and pathos. We are afraid that most people will on reading "The Worshipper of the Image" only be moved by an intense desire that some decent fellow should come one fine morning to the little chalet embowered in trees where Antony practises his cult, break the death mask with the butt end of his walking stick, and kick Antony round the wood. The love of abstract beauty does not always fashion sleekly sentimentalists; and if the moral is to warn us against Art for Art's sake, then the tale (which is dedicated to Silencieux) lingers too lovingly over Antony's vagaries and rhapsodies. We have just been reading Professor Winchester's new book on "The Principles of Literary Criticism," and one passage in it is so apt to this subject and so much in conformity with our own views that we may be pardoned for quoting it. "The interest of many modern novels might be described as almost purely pathological; they are studies of morbid emotional conditions such as often imply positive nervous derangement. . . . In general the pessimistic or depressing note in literature is a sure sign of morbidity and a lack of robust life. We do not rise from the perusal of such literature with a heightened sense of the beauty of lying and the vigour of the human spirit, but rather with sympathies sicklied and unnerved or with a hopeless sense of submission to circumstances at once pitiless and prosaic. Surely it is not such an impression that a true art should leave upon us." This exactly describes the book. If Mr. Le Gallienne had been bold enough to risk a happy ending, he would have struck a truer note. The victory of Silencieux makes the book a little cloying and unreal, and this is reflected in the style, beautiful as it often is. Here is the first page of the book:—

Evening was in the wood, still as the dreaming bracken, secretive, moving softly among the pines as a young witch gathering simples. She wore a hood of truly woven shadows, yet, though she drew it close, sunbeams trooping westward flashed strange lights across her haunted face.

The birds that lived in the wood had broken out into sudden singing as she stole in, hungry for silence, passionate to be alone; and at the foot of every tree she cried "Hush! Hush!" to the bed-time nests. When all but one were still, she slipped the hood from her face and listened to her own bird, the night-jar, toiling at his hopeless love from a bough on which already hung a little star.

This is a poetical impersonation, but it is too conscious of itself. That is the fault of the whole. The story lacks real insight and real emotion, but it abounds in luscious descriptive morsels and warmly coloured lights and shadows.

A Fighting Story.

After "The Worshipper of the Image," SAVROLA, by Mr. Winston S. Churchill (Longmans, 6s.), will be a wholesome corrective. There is no sentimentalizing here. You cannot worship art, or even make love to any appreciable extent, when the bullets are flying. There is very little love-making in "Savrola," though it is a love story. Mr. Churchill likes fighting better, as he has proved since he wrote this book for *Macmillan's Magazine* more than two years ago; and he gives us plenty of it in this story of the revolution in the Republic of Laurania, a State washed by the waters of the Mediterranean, but not otherwise identifiable by the geographer. Savrola is a type familiar to modern fiction—a popular leader quite cold-blooded and cynically indifferent, who yet arouses intense enthusiasm as an orator. Do such men live in history? The love passages are, of course, between him and the wife of the head of the government, which he seeks to overthrow, and

or the North Sea (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), but still form a subject capable of fresh and widely different treatment is well illustrated by both these novels, each in itself and each offering a strong contrast to the other. Sutcliffe, in his more adventurous tales (he once, I remember, wrote a graceful and delicate little comic courtship), appeals to those who delight in tales of storm, and in the wake of "Hearth of Withens" he has a similar but a more independent and better finished "Romance of the last Feud of Wayne and Rateliff" second title has it, is nothing if not direct and outspokenly delivered, as it were, straight from the shoulder. I know by heart the tale and its scenery, and those who do not know it. A lawless murder, the result in part of a violent part of a wanton passion, offers a fine opportunity sword blades ringing, and they soon clash hungrily wild times and in that eerie moorland country there authority to strike them up. The wild farming go law unto themselves, and when the gentry fight, just keep quiet. "We hate, we strike" is the motto of the and their feud with the Waynes is washed out in blood through battle and sudden death runs the romance; the backbone of the book—the love between Shameless whose shamelessness leaves him for ever after his fall and the maid in the Rateliffes' homestead who is fair to cruel kinsman and cleave to her lover, and so win terrible cost. If in reading Mr. Sutcliffe's tale I imagine Wildwater crouching above its sullen upland Marsheotes away on the lower ground, the very w North Sea coast seem to blow over the rival farms and Crakelull in Mr. Gissing's pages. In the mor quarrel which he traces, the balance of rights and rather carefully adjusted. The worse-natured of two has given signs of villainy long before his enemy tries a marriage with a forsaken mistress, but the bitter in him gives him for some time at least a certain ho sympathies. As to the working of the feud, not a blooded hatred of Red Rateliff for Nest Wayne intensity the terrible malevolence directed against the Beadnell, who wronged his foe and laughed and forgot for the hates of the books. The loves are equally conception. The problem which confronts the Kittiwake is more complex, if not harder, than that w Rateliff has to face, and her solution of it appeals to set of emotions. But to enter into her story here spoil it for many a reader. We can recommend her as little heroine. And if any one would carry further the parisons indicated above, let him get both these compare them.

"Folly Corner."

FOLLY CORNER (Heinemann, 6s.), by Mrs. Dudeney, is a delightful novel; a comedy in tragic note, certainly, but with the proper comedy on the happiness of the hero and heroine. The s Pamela Crisp comes to the fine old farm at Folly stays there as the cousin of the fine young farmer w how she leaves him at a word from the first of her who has been in prison, and how she comes back, is th Mrs. Dudeney tells. The subsidiary characters drawn than the main personages: the country life an a quiet Sussex farming district are admirable; t types are equally convincing. There is a grate and, we think, a truer pathos than in Mrs. Dudeney work. One figure is painted with a thousand subtle

"Yeoman Fleetwood."

From the prefatory note to *YEOMAN FLEETWOOD*, by M. E. Francis, (Longmans, 6s.), one is led to expect some new light on the career of Mrs. Fitzherbert. But, although the lady does come in towards the end of the book, one learns nothing whatever new respecting her; she is treated precisely as she might have been treated without any aid from the persons mentioned by the author. The story deals, not with her except in a very subsidiary fashion, but with the love affairs of Simon Fleetwood, yeoman, and the Squire's daughter, Rachel Charnock. It is a very pretty English tale very smoothly told. We recommend it to all who love this kind of literature.

By "An Englishman in Paris."

The author of "An Englishman in Paris" should be able to give us a delightful romance, and Mr. Albert D. Vandam has certainly not spared himself any of the conventional aids to success in *A COURT TRAGEDY* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.). The story is one of a princess and a Polish count, the vicissitudes of a Royal love and a tragedy that a word spoken in time might have averted. It is divided into two parts—first, "The Editor's Story," clumsy and explanatory, and then the story proper, which is told by an uncommonly garrulous Colonel Battersford, the last, we are glad to learn, of his name. He is an impossible person, who makes long speeches the fainting fits caused by the mention of the play *Othello*. Rossini's *Othello* is an important factor in the novel. Those who read for the story alone will find much to please them in "A Court Tragedy," notwithstanding Colonel Battersford.

In Ireland.

There are many capital tales of Irish county and country life to be found among a series of sketches by Messrs. E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross, originally contributed to the *Badminton Magazine*, and since republished in book form as *SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R. M.* (Longmans, 6s.). When our resident magistrate first took up his duties, his new life seemed "glittering with possibilities." It proved different to anything that he had anticipated. His experiences were certainly strange. We make the acquaintance of a circle of neighbours especially well endowed with Irish humour, and to read his reminiscences is to be thoroughly well pleased that such amusing adventures should have befallen him.

ONORA (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), by Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert), is a charmingly told tale of simple Irish life—pathetic, interesting, full of well observed facts of life and states of soul, racy of the Irish soil. Onora Fitzgerald and Joe Aherne are real, and so are their lives, and the reader is interested in their fortunes from first to last. Lady Gilbert writes with simplicity, but with no small skill: as in the story of "Nanno," she makes a conscientious endeavour to produce an actual picture of Irish farmer life, and fully succeeds.

THE KINGDOM OF A HEART, by Elsie Adelaide Rowlands (G. Routledge and Sons, 6s.), is the story of a young lady who, like the Emperor Augustus, was married three times before she was twenty-one. Not that she is a Messalina, but only quite incredibly stupid. Fortunately, the wrong husbands have a way of getting killed, which makes it all right for her in the end. But it spoils a book for the principal character to behave like an idiot. And if our novelists will introduce us to the aristocracy, why cannot they keep to the rules? It would not be usual for the sister of an Earl to be called Mrs. Hamilton. Also, it is rather careless to refer to a person as Cousin Margaret in one

fashion. His sketches have the air of being true. This book is one of the best of the series in which it

THE UNJUST STEWARD, by Mrs. Oliphant (Cassell, 6s.), is presumably the last book we are to have from Mrs. Oliphant's facile and fluent pen. It is rather a story of than for grown-up people, though not so decided as the girls that grown-up people may not also like to read. A boy of religion is gradually led into fraud, his confidence in his father is gradually lost, and his mental perturbations are admirable. It is hardly necessary to add that the story ends with a happy marriage. That is usually the case with stories written by Mrs. Oliphant.

A little sixpenny volume, obviously called the Transvaal campaign, is *TWO STORIES OF A SOLDIER* (Thomas Burleigh, 6d.). They deal chief with the Basuto rebellion of some twenty years before. The point of view of a trooper in the Cape Mounted Rifles. The stories have the merit of being narrated in a simple and direct manner.

THE LIFTED SHADOW (Bowden, 2s.), by Mr. Burrow, is a pleasantly written story of a man who suddenly sees poverty sheer ahead of him. He is offered, in the nick of time, a romantic mission. To rescue beauty in distress is his reward with all the gifts of Fortune. In his relation of this little romance is lightly and smoothly told by Mr. Burrow. The book, slight as it is, has a little humour and a fine taste in romance.

LAO-TI, THE CELESTIAL, by M. Bird (Hutcheon, 6s.), is a tale of Chinese life and customs, with a harmonic background of Chinese scenery. It is interesting and fresh, and, so far as a "foreign devil" can be, it pictures Chinese emotions and modes of thought. However, from Shelley and George Meredith onwards, the chapters strike us as singularly inappropriate.

We know that Mr. George R. Sims has a large number of readers, and we feel sure that in calling the attention to his new novel *IN LONDON'S HEART* (Chatto, 3s.), he is doing them a service. The book is in George R. Sims' hands. To quote at random the headings of some of the chapters—"From Portland to Piccadilly; In the dead of the Murderer's Watch; After the Storm"—will give a foretaste of the thrills which await them.

We welcome another instalment in book form of Mr. F. Sullivan's amusing stories, adorned with his characteristic illustrations. *QUEER SUE STORIES* (Downey, 6s.) of them already helped to shorten a good many long journeys, when they appeared in the pages of the *Magazine*. Mr. Sullivan often runs the risk of being far-fetched and strained. But he is frankly in the way of fantastic figures which meet the reader's eye or ear as a timely warning to any captious critic who would not take things too seriously.

We welcome the reprint of one of the best of Montgomery's sympathetic pictures of the child world. *GILLIE* in *TRANSFORMED* (Macmillan, 6s.) is a more cheerful than "Misunderstood." Gillie's truant uncle, Mr. Ramsay, from a money-grubber into a gentleman, a little optimistic, is pretty readily forgiven. Little old-fashioned. Ordinary people do not get their better thoughts by murmuring texts to themselves. Montgomery's insight into children's ways is sharp and has quite enough to say without resorting to the usual "I was a little bit of a mischievous boy" sort of thing.

Obituary.

Mr. H. D. TRAILL.

We briefly record on our front page the death, in his fifty-seventh year, of Mr. H. D. Traill, who has from the outset been connected with this journal as editor. He had been during the past ten days laid up by a slight accident, but there was no apparent reason for anxiety as to his general health. The end came suddenly on Wednesday from an attack of heart disease.

The facts of his life have been fully given in the obituary notices which have already appeared in the daily Press. It was the comparatively uneventful one of a hard-working and successful literary man. Only a few days before his death appeared a new edition of his well-known book "The New Lucian," containing four dialogues hitherto unpublished. As historian, poet, political essayist, and literary critic Mr. Traill occupied a deservedly high, in some respects a unique, position in the world of English letters. It would not become us here to enlarge upon the characteristics of his style, or on the quality of his contributions to English literature. But we may be excused for bearing our testimony to his sound critical judgment, to his wide acquaintance with literature and history, and to the facility with which he manipulated his rich and versatile power of expression. The genial humour and the breadth of view which marked his writings were the reflection of his personality. No one could wish for a more considerate chief to work under or a pleasanter colleague. In personal intercourse with Mr. Traill, perhaps what struck one most was his entire lack of affectation. There was no trace in him of the pedantry which sometimes grows upon men whose life is devoted mainly to thought and criticism. He never impressed one as being conscious of any intellectual superiority, and was rather shy than otherwise of displaying his knowledge. This, of course, was due chiefly to a highly-developed sense of humour in its truest sense, which, whatever weight others may have attached to his opinion, prevented him from taking himself too seriously. Of humour in a more superficial sense he had an abundant share. His keen appreciation of the ludicrous, which often showed itself in some happy or quaint turn of phrase, made him a most agreeable social companion. Genealogical detail was particularly attractive to him, and he showed great interest and acuteness in tracing any obscure point in history or biography. He was also singularly quick in appreciating what was vague or ill-expressed in the work of literary aspirants.

But it was mainly as a critic, judicious, clear-sighted, and liberal, that he impressed both the public and those with

There are several points in the career of Mr. HARVEY, the bookseller, which have not been touched in his obituary notices. He was educated at the Philology in the Marylebone-road, under Mr. Abbott, the father of Dr. Abbott who was for some time headmaster of London School, and was apprenticed to Mr. Toddilly. When he began in business for himself he took of St. James's-street, which, earlier in the century, had Humphrey's famous print shop—and the house in which settled down to publish with her until his death in 1818 is now a double shop and is numbered 24. Of Gill Mr. Harvey formed at least six sets, and his rarities were as complete as any collector could hope for. The Rowlandson set, we understand, is intact in a private collection. From his first shop he moved in the early sixties to No. 20, Cockspur, returned to St. James's-street in 1865, and settled in the present shop at No. 4. Among the collections for mention must be made of a remarkably fine Bon volumes folio. This was in 1880; the set has since been. He had also a collection of between eight and nine watercolour sketches of the old lanes of London and Mr. Harvey turned his attention to many other kinds of. In 1888 he became possessed of a famous stamp—the finest collection of unused postage stamps, it was time, that had ever been offered for sale. He sold His extra-illustrated "Life of Charles Dickens" a thirteen volumes folio, included thirty different portrait, 282 portraits of people mentioned in For 317 views of Dickens' homes and the places he many autograph manuscripts and letters. The col sold for £350. It is worth recalling that Mr. Harvey the sale at Gad's Hill in August 1870, and on the bought the oak writing table upon which Dickens writing "Edwin Drood," just before his death. Diel was bought by him at the same time and afterwards Sir Wm. Fraser, who bequeathed it to one of the Lo Mr. Harvey assisted in the new edition of Lowndes at stood to have been responsible for the article on "Bi edited for an American financier, and published limited edition of the "Life, Works, and Lectur Sheridan Knowles" (six elaborate volumes at £45 A volume of poetry brought out by him in the entitled "Coila's Whispers," by the Knight of Mor work of Sir William Fraser. He also published Elegy," for Sir William Fraser, from the manuscript, by the poet and bought by Mr. Harvey for Sir Sotheby's for £250. We are informed that the busi carried on by Mr. Harvey's son.

Miss HARRIET PARR (better known as "Holme last Sunday, at the age of 72. Her novels were sound brilliant, and widely read rather than famous. But claim that Charles Dickens had discovered her. He e read a manuscript of hers which had gone the rom publishers, and let it be made known that his interest i had impelled him to sit up late to finish it. Then came forward, and "Holme Lee" entered upon a life of reasonable prosperity. Her books were chiefly for and "Legends of Fairy Land" is perhaps the best kn

Correspondence.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND HIS CRIT
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The views of an author can hardly be those in the street, neither can Mr. Holland, who has at boys' books, be altogether an impartial judge of "Co."

The much vexed question of Kipling's accuracy troubled many of his admirers, although those of a

But when "Stalky" came out, those who had been at school during the same period—say, 1877 to 1882—felt that now or never they could meet Kipling on something like equal terms, and test his memory of oral tradition by their own. The difficulty that first presented itself was whether Westward Ho had a school dialect of its own. Old friends like "paddywack," "prep," "trig," and "squiffy" breathe a forgotten fragrance of the playground, but it would be interesting to know where and when schoolboys indulged in "senbrous," "slow-bellied," "giddy and garden goat"; and if "I've been had," "immediately if not sooner," "quite so previous" do not belong to a later date of popular expletives *d'occasion*. But these are small details compared to his marvellous insight into the workings of a boy's mind, and of young military cadets "learning the lesson of their race, which is to put away all emotion and entrap the alien at the proper time." Kipling, like King Harry, loves a man, and would doubtless prefer the most lovable of his children or boys to be dubbed "Hooligan" rather than milksop. Had there been more Westward Ho's and Connell Prices we should not now bewail the want of "stalkiness," which lost Colenso, Stormberg, and Magersfontein, culminating in Buller's doleful diatribe on the carelessness of our officers in the matter of scouting.

In 1887 Sir Walter Besant was among the first to sound the alarm of physical decadence, especially in the noble art of self-defence, whilst some of us regret the disuse into which the catapult and pea-shooter have fallen. Boys who could kill a sparrow with comparative certainty with a catapult at fifty yards would not have been guilty of the tragically bad shooting which even the best of our foreign military well-wishers have had to deplore. A year ago a master in a south-eastern rival of Westward Ho College was denouncing "Stalky and Co.," and a friend said to me, "Let's go down and show them what a pillow fight is," whereupon we were told that the boys "would do nothing so ungentlemanly." If this is a fair type, there will be no British Empire twenty years hence. Let our boys be men first and gentlemen afterwards, at least those whose business it is to uphold what fighting alone achieved. "If blood be the price of admiralty, Lord God, we ha' paid in full." Of course, "Stalky" is exaggerated (probably 25 per cent.—and 50 per cent. over non-military colleges), but, like all Kipling's work, it abounds in maxims which are the very essence of practical wisdom. He sees the inherent unfairness of clerical headmasters, "who lick a chap in the morning an' preach at him in the afternoon," and tells of young men who have been to the ends of the world and back again, and therefore carry no side. While neither Little Eries nor Orville College boys, "in some way they could not understand they were more easy when Cradall Major turned round and said his prayers." That is a living touch, and even if the "Flag of their Country" is slightly overdrawn, the statement that "the reserve of a boy is tenfold deeper than the reserve of a maid" embodies the germ of that hero-worship which comes to us in boyhood, which is the *primum mobile* of all that is loyal, chivalrous, and true, and which is ever the influence that has made Kipling the prophet of our own time. This it was that won Tennyson's praise of the "English Flag," and compelled Mr. Stead's for the "Song of the English," which—excluding the "Song of the Cities"—is surely greater than the "Recessional." In a new edition of "Stalky" one would willingly see omitted the torture chapter (published during his illness), and the missing chapter from the *Windsor* restored, showing how Stalky got his name.

In trespassing on valuable space one cannot deal with every point raised, but I have and expect that others will do so, notably

A PLEA FOR INTRODUCTIONS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am somewhat surprised to see the superior critics and paragraph writers for the most part of volumes of standard literature without intending to have its effect upon publishers.

I venture to think that this clamour takes a great majority to whom those reprints appeal, little learning and less leisure. The well-to-do literature and bibliophiles as a rule wander in stalls to pick up contemporary editions of their favourites. But many of us, with a sincere desire to read the best literature, and with a real capacity to enjoy them, yet require some help. For the full understanding of a book, some acquaintance with the literature of its period, to which and to the other works of its author is certain, and to the human desire to know something of the person whose work is so surely harmless. The interruptions involved in consulting encyclopedias, histories, and other works take up too much time. An historical and biographical introduction ought to take the place of books of reference, and would sometimes be even necessary to add a few facts, and accuracy should be the chief features of the introduction, and for my part I should not object to a little of it should stimulate thought and perhaps rouse a little interest, and a disagreement in the reader.

In these days of much culture and little of the old, the introduction of masterpieces is surely a harmless one, and one need not be ashamed to follow some even of the novelists, and to earn an honest penny.

AUSTIN

Chelsea.

"TENNYSON AND THE OLD TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The early Tennysonian "Wishing Well" has not appeared in the *Nottingham Guardian* since the *Nottingham Guardian*, inasmuch as neither paper existed in my boyhood days. The first mentioned was first published in 1846. The poem may have appeared in the *Poets' Corner* of the *Nottingham Journal*, the *Nottingham Mercury*, or the *Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*.

Yours truly,
J. POTTER

Public Library, Nottingham.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

The translation of Kant's "Dreams of a Philosopher" by Messrs. Sonnenschein will publish next week. It has appeared in English—probably because the author excluded it from the authorized edition of his treatise belongs to Kant's earlier period, Emanuel F. Goerwitz, and edited, with a preface and notes, by Mr. Frank Sewell. Kant, in his satire on Swedenborg the object of his satire. The important place in the development of Kant's philosophy as exhibiting the influence of Swedenborg is shown in his "Two Worlds"—the subject chosen by Kant in his dissertation. Mr. Sewell includes a summary of Kant's writings on the subject and accompanies the text with numerous quotations from Swedenborg.

Mr. W. H. Mallock has written a work addressed primarily to members of the Church of England, and entitled "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption: Being an Examination of the Intellectual Position of the Church of England." It deals solely with the evidence now required to establish the central supernatural doctrines of the faith. Mr. Mallock holds that scientific criticism does not discredit these doctrines as such, but shows the need of an authority which has hitherto been inadequately understood; and he indicates, by reference to biological and sociological science, how an authority of the kind may be supplied by a Church which is a living and growing organism.

Last week we gave a list of the series of school and college histories of Messrs. Robinson, Messrs. Methuen, and Messrs. Duckworth. Messrs. Bell and Sons give us particulars of a series of historical and descriptive handbooks which they are about to start dealing with the principal public schools of England. The idea is taken from their cathedral histories, but these new handbooks will be considerably larger. Each school will be dealt with either by an old boy or one of the masters. The series will be illustrated, and will begin shortly with "Charterhouse," by Mr. A. H. Tod, assistant-master at Charterhouse. "Rugby," by Mr. H. C. Bradby, assistant master at Rugby; and "Eton," by Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, of New College, Oxford, are also well advanced.

A good idea of the manner in which authors and publishers can adapt themselves to a state of war is afforded by Messrs. Methuen's announcements. One of the most important is a complete account of the present campaign, to be published in fortnightly parts until the signing of the treaty of peace. The first number will be ready shortly, and each part is to be illustrated with maps, plans, and portraits. Messrs. Harmsworth, by the way, announce a similar series, to be written by Mr. H. W. Wilson, and to begin on Tuesday week. On Monday Messrs. Methuen will bring out a volume on "The Boer States" as constituted before the present war, by Mr. A. H. Keane. Fiction has been infected by the war even sooner than we anticipated, at least three of the new novels announced by Messrs. Methuen dealing either with the present operations or the Transvaal war of 1881. "The Despatch Rider" is by Mr. Ernest Glanville, an author who not only knows the country well but has had experience of Boer campaigning. Mr. Hume Nisbet has founded another novel on the present campaign, entitled "For Right and England," while Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban has a story, "Cease Fire," of the war of 1881, including the siege of Potchefstroom and the Majuba Hill disaster.

"In the Land of the Boers," by Mr. Oliver Osborne, is the title of a new work which Messrs. Everett and Co. are publishing. It is an account of ten years' experiences by the author in various parts of South Africa, notably in the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State. Mr. Osborne had the opportunity of staying for some weeks with President Kruger.

Messrs. Methuen will publish soon a new novel by "Lucas Malet" called "The Gateless Barrier." It is nearly four years since Charles Kingsley's youngest daughter brought out "The Carissima," and nine years since her "Wages of Sin" was published. [Another new novel in the list is "The Plunderers," by Mr. Morley Roberts. Mr. Pett Ridge's "Son of the State" is to be raised, with others, from the sixpenny series to three-and-sixpenny form. Several volumes will shortly be added to Methuen's theological libraries. Dr. Jevons' work on "Evolution" in the Churchman's Library is expected in about a fortnight. The next of the Dictional novels will be "Nicholas Nihilism,"

English is his "Love's Comedy" ("Kjerlighedens Kærlighed") which marks the transition stage from the early roman to later social plays. Professor V. H. Herford has now it for Messrs. Duckworth's series of Modern Plays, and will be issued shortly. "Love's Comedy" is also to be published by the Stage Society. Mr. Leslie Stephen's promised three volumes on "The English Utilitarians" will be published in the next few weeks. Towards the end of the spring, besides the chief books which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing within the next few weeks are an addition to the series of Lives of the Saints, dealing with the life and work of St. Jerome, and translated from the French of Father Leclercq; "A History of the Baronetage," by F. W. Puxley, B.A., of the Hon. Society of the Baronetage; "The Queen's Lyrics of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," edited by Mr. Carrington; "Agricultural Botany," by John Percival and "The Life of Charles Francis Adams," by C. F. Adams.

Messrs. Bell and Sons have "St. Paul's" and "Tewkesbury" nearly ready in their Cathedral library, and "Tewkesbury" and "Deerhurst" in the uniform series of Abbeys. They will publish their volume on "Correggio" (Masters in Painting and Sculpture). The author, Mr. Brinton, has already devoted a good deal of space to it in his "Renaissance in Italian Literature," but the present is mainly new.

Messrs. Bell will also publish a volume by Dr. John G. O'Connell, "Outlines of the History of Religion," which seeks to set out the doctrines of Comte in a simplified form. The same will issue in one volume Parts III. and IV. of the "History of Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome," by Misses Tucker and Hope Muleson. Part III. contains an account of the religious orders and congregations and of the Monasticism in Rome. Part IV. deals with the cardinals, household, functions, and the like.

The spring list of Messrs. A. and C. Black in theology. The second volume will be published by Archibald Duff's "History of Hebrew Religion," covering the seventh century and the approach of the Reformation. A study of the Reformation Charter will also be published. In a forthcoming book on "The Divine Kingdom of Israel" Professor Buchanan Gray has collected four volumes interpreting the leading Hebrew ideas. A book which attracts attention is Dr. Pfeleiderer's "Evolution and the Bible," edited by Dr. Orello Come, of Lombard University. Several larger works of the Professor of Theology at Berlin have already appeared in English translations. In "The Epistles of the New Testament" Dr. Henry Hayman attempts to give the Epistles in popular language with the authorized version on the opposite page. The second volume of the "Encyclopedia Biblica" will be ready in May.

Among the novels to be published by Messrs. Ward in the early spring will be "Joan of the Sword Hand" by Mr. Guy Boothby; "A Maker of Nations," by Mr. Guy Boothby; "Purple Robe," by Mr. Joseph Hocking; "Scoundrels" by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, and "The Sanctuary Club" by L. T. Meade. The next volumes in the new series of the Library—which has been well received—will be Dean Life of Arnold, George Borrow's "Lavengro," and "Historical Essays." Messrs. Ward, Lock's series of Pictorial Guides has been brought up to date and is now published with many additions, including a guide to the Paris Exhibit

The other day we noticed the death of Miss A. W. Perkins, who was one of the last survivors of the farm community which Hawthorne described in "The Blithedale Romance." Messrs. Macmillan will publish Mr. Lind's "Breck Farm: Its Members, Scholars, and Visitors." For Messrs. Putnam's Heroes of the Nations, Mr. Breck Perkins, author of "Mazarin," is to write on "The

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 121. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish in another column an interesting appreciation of Mr. Traill by an old Oxford friend, the Rev. W. H. Hutton. It contains the most careful estimate we have seen of his historical work, of which, we need hardly say, Mr. Hutton is particularly well qualified to judge. We may take this opportunity of thanking our contemporaries, both daily and weekly, for their full and sympathetic references to Mr. Traill's career, and to the loss which *Literature* has suffered by his death.

At the annual general meeting of the Incorporated Society of Authors last Tuesday Mr. T. Mullett Ellis moved a resolution complaining of the bookstall censorship, and demanding the abolition of the bookstall monopolies. Madame Sarah Grand had promised to support the motion, but sent a telegram to say that she had missed her train. Mr. Francis Griddle supported the view that, though hard cases might occasionally occur, the monopolies, on the whole, were good for authors, as they simplified the task of distributing books; and that it was, in any event, inconsistent with the dignity of the society to move in the matter unless it could be conclusively proved that grave inhibition was habitually done. The previous question was moved

the ordinary funds of the society. This being so, taken, but, in the main, the favourable views of which we lately expressed were also taken by the present at the meeting. We understand that a capital of £1,100 and subscriptions to the amount of about £100 have already been raised.

One of the features of the Paris Exhibition is to consist entirely of books written by women of all nations, and an appeal has been issued by Mme. Léon Péguy of the Organizing Committee of the "Palais de la Femme," which the library is to be placed, asking all publishers, British and foreign, to send on loan all the productions of their authors. By way of additional allurements, Mme. Péguy promises that a huge catalogue of the books will be published and distributed gratis, apparently by way of advertisement. An unfortunate publisher, however, is not to have the privilege of his books put in the catalogue for nothing—the fee is 10 francs up to four volumes, and 5 francs for each additional volume. He will be curious to see how many publishers "bite."

The Stage Society deserves our gratitude for having thrown a new light upon Ibsen, and presented him as a man who did Ibsen really mean *The League of Youth* to be a comedy. Did he mean the audience to roar with laughter, or to weep when Stensgaard, having proposed the formation of a League of Youth, cries, "And now God be with us. For we are going to work with youth and faith to help us. Come into the tent." The actors at the Vaudeville Theatre present a playful *reductio ad absurdum* of youthful determination. It succeeded at any price. Dr. Brandes says that the play wittily parodies the aspirations of a younger generation. It is a parody, certainly, but a parody meant to pour scorn upon the types parodied, not to present them as objects of entertainment.

At the Vaudeville the characters were just an assemblage of figures cleverly contrived to look like men and women in burlesque human action and feeling. Of course, they have had a great deal of political significance, but it was produced in 1860. But this entirely escapes an Englishman of to-day. The sole interest now lies in Stensgaard's endeavours to secure a rich wife. His resourcefulness is clever and amusing. Wimbag he is and adventurously Chamberlain calls him ("windbag," by the way, is not so much a "demagogue" of Mr. Archer's published vein as yet you can't help liking him." Mr. Courtney Thorneley's of malicious old age was a very clever piece of characterisation and towards the end of the play almost every line is greeted with laughter. People were asking one another

vainly in the Norwegian dramatist's work. His position is that of an irremediable. He is an idealist as to what life ought to be, but a pessimist about life as it is. Like Stensgard in *The League of Youth* he is more concerned with pulling down than building up. And yet his personality is so vigorous and his command of dramatic form so powerful that nearly all his plays stimulate. They are touched more with the more scientific spirit than with the spirit of poetry. But they do arrest attention.

One is apt to picture the French as wholly given over to persecuting the Jews and caricaturing the Queen of England. This is a very partial view of their national character; and there could be no better corrective of it than a glance at the work of the "Fondation Universitaire de Belleville"—an institution which is designed to do for Belleville pretty much what Toynbess-hall endeavours to do for Whitechapel. It has only been a very short time in existence, and it already musters eighty-five workmen and 101 students; and the students address the workmen in the spirit of fraternity thus:—

We come to propose to you to work reciprocally at our common education. . . . At the same time that we mutually develop our intelligence we shall learn to know and love each other. . . . Let us establish a new and fertile alliance. . . . We shall efface little by little the artificial separation of classes.

And so forth. It is much the language, albeit a little more high-flown, which Oxford used when the East-end settlements were inaugurated, and it shows how similar are the means as well as the ends of the "intellectuals" of two countries at present somewhat busily spitting fire at each other.

The correspondents who have crossed the border into the Orange Free State seem to have been struck with the large size of the Dutch Bible found in every homestead visited by the troops, and also with its quaint, iron-clasped binding of cowhide. Some of these Bibles are described as fine old specimens of early eighteenth-century printing, dating as far back as 1719. They doubtless accompanied early Dutch settlers in their first voyage to the Cape. The first Dutch Bible appeared at Delft as early as 1477, and many editions of the English versions have been printed by Dutchmen—notably the first complete Bible printed in English which Jacob van Meteren produced at Antwerp in 1535 and sent over to London in sheets. As a matter of fact, there does not appear to be any Dutch Bible of 1719. The one referred to was probably that of 1718 printed at Leyden by Johannes Müller. This was an immense favourite, for it was cheaper than any other book of the kind that had ever been printed. Johannes Müller was a German preacher at Leyden, but he was also a printer who invented the art of stereotyping, and this Bible of 1718 was printed not from type but from plates, and distributed broadcast. The first Dutch colonists of all those who landed at the Cape, in 1652, would doubtless take the Bible of 1636-37, which, with its fine large print and wide margins, was in great favour for many years, and was the forerunner of the Amsterdam edition of 1657. The delightful old embossed binding of thick boards, covered with hide and "clasped with a clasp," was the Dutch "common form" so to speak—the binding that characterizes nearly all these old Bibles and holds their well-read leaves together.

incompatible with knocking the enemy on the head. I can explain to him what military excesses are just and what are not. The following quotation shows the point.

Q. Is it well done of some of your Souls (to be religious) to break down Crosses and Images, and meet with any?

A. (1). I confesse that nothing ought to be done in this tumultuous manner.

2. But seeing God hath put the Sword in the Souldier's hand, I thinke it is not amiss to cencele and demolish those Monuments of Idolatry, especially seeing the Magistrate that should have done it formerly, neglected.

Q. But what say you to their tearing up the Books of Common Prayer, in every place where they come?

A. Much may be said in their justitie themselves so zealous aginst that Booke.

(1). It hath been the fomentor of a most ignorant Ministry.

(2). It hath been the Nurse of that Ignorance and Ignorance, which hath overspread the Kingdome.

The latest English novelist to be taken up by the "D'Urbervilles" among them, are running serial papers at the present time.

With reference to the recent poetical collection of Mr. William Watson and Sir Edwin Arnold writes:—"The poets have ever been in a condition, impartial forces of nature fighting a common battle. Deborah held that 'the stars in their courses do glorify like thee,' and 'the river of Kishon swept away the strength of Sisera' and 'the river of Kishon swept away the strength of Sisera.' So Mr. Watson, in his enthusiasm for the cause, writes that 'not to-day is nature on our side! The river are our foe.' Sir Edwin Arnold, up the Modder and the Tugela as a bad job, as the father of all rivers, and answers 'Eugene' with the incontrovertible statement that 'he flies to battle every one.' Logically the rejection is complete. What we really require is a Balaam to emulate Rutilius in his proudly submissive end which absorbed his race into its kindly arms. May I quote four lines of the ancient Gaul?

Feeisti patriam diversis gentibus unam
Profruit invictis te dominante capite
Dumque offers victis proprii consortium
Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat.

Meanwhile, our regret that Mr. Watson's countrymen as Goths and Huns need not blithely accept that his heterodoxy does not spoil his verse smoothly than Sir Edwin's rather laboured upon the subject.

Some recollections of James Martineau, a personal friend to *Macmillan's Magazine* included in the scene is a lecture-room; the occasion Professor Martineau of an inaugural harangue in the language of somewhat exaggerated humility:—

Pacing up and down in front of his class he enlarged upon his profound consciousness of the worthiness of the person who at present occupies the chair.

In the *Revue des Revues* the mother of Marie Bashkirtseff has allowed to be published what she has hitherto held too sacred for publication, the final entries in the journal of her daughter. The knowledge that her end could not be far off gives a more than ever melancholy complexion to Marie's passionate egoism. There is a true Bashkirtseffian ring about such passages as "I love nobody, only Fame, really and truly. Oh, God, concentration is everything." "Do you know I am beginning to take serious stock of myself, and I find that my whole manner of doing and thinking reminds me of some one possessed of genius. I am quite naive and proud, and as self-reliant as power itself, and I have all the lofty indifference of a superior creature. 'Come to me,' I say to people, 'if you like, but I cannot descend to you. I must remain on my mountain-top.' In private I make game of myself, but I feel that I think and live like geniuses *must* think and live." "Ah, if only I were stupid! Stupid and beautiful!" "I am an angel! I adore myself because I have worked to-day, and tried on heavenly, all too heavenly, dresses." "Writing comes more naturally to me than painting. Possibly my French is not French enough, but if I pulled myself together I could improve my style, but I think rapid-winged thoughts should not be too firmly nailed down in correct expression." The extracts close with a criticism of Murkaesky's "Crucifixion"—the only note not ultra personal sounded in this posthumous chapter of a soul's record.

Mr. Markham, whose "The Man with the Hoe," which Mr. Howells reviewed some time ago in our columns, has recently appeared in a new edition (Gay and Bird, 1s. 6d. n.), has described the inspiration which stirred him to write the poem. Fourteen years ago Mr. Markham came upon a reproduction of Millet's picture, and made the notes for his poem. He hung the picture upon the wall, and laid by the notes for years, when he "chanced upon the original painting itself."

I soon realized that Millet puts before us no chance peasant, no mean man of the fields. No; this stunted and stolid peasant is the type of industrial oppression in all lands and in all labors. . . . He is a hulk of humanity, degraded below the level of the roving savage, who has a step of dignity, a tongue of eloquence. . . . Do I need to say that the hos-poem is not a protest against labor? No; it is my soul's word against the degradation of labor, the oppression of man by man.

A rapid descent from the sublime to the lower slopes is easily provided by the American humorist, and after recording Mr. Markham's excellent sentiments about his poem, we hasten to report the decision of Mr. T. B. Aldrich and Mr. E. C. Steedman, who were the judges appointed to award three prizes offered by an American for a poem entitled "The Man Without the Hoe." This gentleman considered that Mr. Markham had "twined some very leafy and flowery vines around a vacuum" (!) "What about the man without the hoe—he who cannot get work, or, having the opportunity to labor, won't do it?" "Brevity, strength of sentiment and expression, and literary grace and beauty," were recommended to the competitors. The number of MSS. submitted was nearly a thousand. The judges, though they awarded the prizes, made this lamentable statement:—

Among the thousand manuscripts examined we have found no single poem entirely fulfilling both the polemic and the literary requirements in the case.

No doubt Mr. Markham has benefited from the competition, which shows that adverse criticism is better than none at all.

A new wing, in which the newspapers will be added to the Bibliothèque Nationale, and will in a few weeks. It seems a pity that, if money can for this purpose, money cannot also be found for the cataloguing the library. That such a unique books should be uncatalogued is hardly less than. An attempt to remove the scandal was made a little but was abandoned on account of the expense. A which is ready to do so much for the fine arts and as the French might surely be persuaded to grant a

The Leadenthal Press loses its managing director Society of Antiquaries one of its best known men death of Mr. Andrew White Tuer. Mr. Tuer had prints virtually from his boyhood, making a special engravings of Bartolozzi and his school. He was authority on the subject, and his knowledge of the v modern impressions from worn-out plates and to recog tinted proofs was frequently in request; and his and descriptive account of "Bartolozzi and published in 1881, and like two of his other work "by command" to the Queen, is regarded as a sta His own collection of Bartolozzi's prints was very i he dispersed a portion of it some years ago. O he went in largely for old children's books, and formed which is believed to be the largest of its kind in t Besides reprinting a series of these quaint little brought some of them together in his two last volum from Old-Fashioned Children's Books" and " Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books." They to throw a light on an interesting phase of old England in his "History of the Horn Book," in which, it may be remembered, these real Horn recessed. Samplers and old clocks were other v Mr. Tuer, and two representative samplers from t are to be shown at the coming exhibition at t Society's Galleries. He was, we understand, experim time of his death with the idea of reviving the art shagreen, doubtless to use in connexion with his far Born in 1838, Mr. Tuer, like Mr. Kegan Paul, w for the Church, but did not actually take turned to medicine, and entered one of the Lond but this work proved equally uncongenial, and he to publishing. It is nearly thirty years since l business with Mr. Field, and they made a ornamental and ancient type in their printing fo Mr. Field died in February, 1891. The existin e formed by Mr. Tuer about twelve months after the partner. He brought out his "Follies and Fas Grandmothers" in 1886-87, and it is now practi print. His other works include "Old London Stre the Cries of To-day," "Bygone Beauties," and " Delightful and Strange Designs."

Mr. Ernest Dowson, whose death, at the early from consumption, is announced, was a writer of g which he did not always put to the best use. He w better things than his translation of the Memoir Dubois, which appeared the other day, and he had, better things. His poetry, though it was only minor the true ring; and his novels, written in collaborat A. Moore—notably "A Comedy of Masques"—wer showed promise in excess of the performance. The p

Personal Views.

HENRY DUFF TRAILL.

Turning away in the wet and gloom of this warm February noon from the laurel-lined grave, it was a sad thought that I was to try to express something of what the loss was that we mourned. It is impossible to-day to sever the personal view of the man from the knowledge of the gap that is made in the rank, which have thinned so quickly of late, of journalists and men of letters. We know that we have lost a friend among a thousand; and that makes it very hard to say how we are to rate the work that he has done. But it has always seemed to me that in him, more than in most writers, it was impossible to separate the man and the work. He was just what those who had read what he wrote expected to find him; what he wrote was just what we who knew him would expect him to write.

Few men, I suppose, could better illustrate the meaning of humour as well as wit. He lighted at once on the insincere and the incongruous, and lighted to portray it, or expose it, just as it should be portrayed or exposed. Humorous incident or thought seemed to come naturally within his ken. His "Recaptured Rhymes" and "Saturday Songs" seemed the most spontaneous presentation of his view. And his wit, which is so resilient in those verses, came spontaneously from his lips. He was witty, not so much as a *raconteur*, or a man who had pet subjects for such treatment, but as one who could brighten every subject he talked upon. And this was certainly so with his books; even those most distinctly "written to order" struck one by their spontaneity.

A pathetic (I do not think it is morbid) interest makes people haste to read a man's books just after his death. To-day I had to drive half over London before I could get one I wanted; and as I read it, speeding through the flooded meadows where he had so often come to renew old friendships and make new ones in the old college that he always loved, I felt as though I heard him speaking, as he used to speak, wisely and wittily, and with a true kindness of heart. I do not think it is possible to read his books, any more than it was possible to read his innumerable contributions to journalism, or to hear him talk, without feeling that he was genuine to the core. He saw things clearly, and he wrote as clearly as he saw; and over all that clearness of thought and pungency of expression there rested the kindly spirit that knew the weaknesses of men and women and loved them for the very weaknesses that it knew. Those dialogues of the dead that were, perhaps, his masterpiece seem sometimes to be so cold and keen in their understanding irony, so relentless in their exposure, but they are wonderful in their real kindness when you read them again and again. He is fond of these ghosts, you feel, though he does see them so pitilessly; and with all the wit that plays about them there is, after all, a sympathy with the men as they lived. There has been nothing of the kind so good, it is often said, since Landor; and I doubt if even Landor knew the men whom he made to speak better than did Traill.

So insensible were members from the great hall, that all

But the writer who could touch passing could with a real imaginative sympathy recon- I know that Mr. S. R. Gardiner has found Traill's "Strafford," and it is easy here a professional historian to pick holes in it; but, is incomparably the most vivid and the most re- great Minister of Charles I. that exists. And his if it is deficient in knowledge of facts relating years of the Prince of Orange that the invest last twenty years have revealed, and incomplete of some questions constitutional and moral, sketch of a period of tangled and disreputable, p with an estimate which shows the power of a true had indeed the power of seeing a great idea thro temporary circumstances and personal frail Something of that power it is which makes his at first sight a piece of ephemeral journalism tur to leave an extraordinarily vivid impression on form a powerful vindication of a great national v tion and progress. This power of insight can success of such an organization as that of the "Social England," in which the scheme of sketched it was a truly remarkable exhibitio knowledge and the clear sense of proportion whi His own literary contributions to the volumes ha decisiveness which belonged to him; though, p lives of Sterne and Coleridge, they have not sympathy which, if he did not always bestow it c rarely begrudged to the man. In fine, whethe amount or the quality of his work, Traill was a c of letters.

Uncontestably he was a great journalist. one of his oldest friends, "English journalism distinguished literary figure." It was possible t rhymes; that cannot be done for many even of h He was a master of pure English; his style, in good as Matthew Arnold's without any of its and affectations. It was the style of a man wh books of all ages and all schools but had no assumption or arrogance.

So again thought returns to the man impossible to forget that he who had so wide a was the knowledge that the old Oxford training for Traill was a typical Oxford man of the best da specialism reigned and when it was still possible fo to learn, as his academic career shows, classi science and theology—and who lived a life so ful of interests, was never too busy to do a kind acti tries to collect memories, it is hard to say wheth or deeds of kindness come uppermost. When never failing flow of clever sayings that I have night through till we went out and heard the to song in the summer dawn, I think too of the thoughtful letters to young aspirants that did s them good heart for the day's work that would p hard.

not have said that prayer of Stevenson's, or would not have rejoiced that we can say it as we think of him :—

Be patient still ; suffer us yet a while longer—with our broken purposes of good, and our idle endeavours against evil—suffer us a while longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies ; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends ; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest ; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching ; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

Eager to labour, eager to be happy, strong to endure, there was in him the mark of that eagerness and that strength. *Requiescat in pace.*

February 26, 1900.

W. H. HUTTON.

Foreign Letter.

ITALY.

The year 1899 cannot be said to have been an *annus mirabilis* in Italian history. Politically, Italy has been recovering from the cruel shock of the outbreak in '98 ; artistically, perhaps her greatest success has been that of the Venetian Exhibition, an account of which may be found in V. Pica's "L'Arte Mondiale alla III. Esposizione di Venezia." In literature no work of great originality or striking success has been given to the world. There have, of course, been many volumes of admirable scholarship in the region of historical research and political economy—in Italy there always are. There have been, also, volumes of travel as important and as unimportant as those that pour from the English press ; volumes from the pens of amiable travellers like Natale Condorelli ("Nei Due emisferi"), who trot round the globe, camera in hand, and produce, when their tourist tickets expire, reams of intelligent chit-chat, relieving that cheapest form of authorship which owes its existence to the Kodak Company ; or, again, from such writers as L. Vannitelli and C. Citerni, whose account of the second East African Expedition (L'Omo), in which some years ago that brilliant young explorer, Vittorio Böttogo, lost his life, will bear comparison, whether in the elaboration of its maps, the excellence of its production, or the mass of its scientific observations, with any recent book of the same kind. Still more sumptuous, but less valuable, is the account of the ascent of Mount Sant' Elia, in Alaska, by the Duca degli Abruzzi, which has been written by Dr. Felippo di Felippi. We have had, besides, volumes of reminiscences galore, such as "Memorie," from that *scriptor emeritus* Edmondo de Amicis, in which, in his ever easy and pleasant style, he recounts the ordinary adventures of a literary life—the memories of his college life at Turin, his family history, and his meetings with such authors as Arnulfo, Jules Verne, and Sardou ; or, again, the "Note Autobiografiche" of the fiery and irritable F. D. Guerrazzi (1833), which have been unearched from the archives of Leghorn, and lastly, the far more interesting and varied collection of anecdotes and studies, literary and political, by Raffaello Barbieri, under the title of "Figure e Figurine del Secolo che muore," wherein this accomplished writer passes under review many of the most striking personalities of the century, whether Emperors,

universal, and that some of the younger writers, even from claiming to rank as "Danteand" and from that "Gresla" must be the first and last canon and the teaching of certain German philosophers the word of truth. A sign that the public agrees with the extent is given by the welcome accorded to Gastone "La Reginetta," a story of Italian village life, in romantic manner and fraught with quite unusual character. The author is evidently a very young man, and a certain incident and characterization betray his youth. But shows a very high promise ; a promise, however, which has been fulfilled in his subsequent volume of sketches entitled "L'Elletta."

A besetting love of *longueurs* and a waste of space is the chief sin of Italian fiction—at any rate, from the point of view of the English public, which cares little for style and language and everything for the story. This defect is found, in varying degrees, in the two historical novels, one written by a veteran, the other, I think, by a novice. Not that the term "novel" is to be applied to either in any depreciatory sense. His novel, "La Bufala," is a masterpiece of the marks of the amateur. The story is told in a simple manner, with so complete an absence of lustre, that may seem a little dull at times, it never seems uninteresting. The scene is laid in the parts about Turin, and the period is the revolutionary outbreaks at the end of the last century, a section of the people, infected by French example, cry "Viva il Signor Generale Bonaparte ! Liberté, Egalité, Mort !" The fault of this novel is that the hero, a loyal nobleman, is a weak creature, not heroic, and that he grapple with the problem in which he is involved by a woman, whose family is implicated in the revolutionary spiracies. The author is much more "modern" in his than Anton Giulio Barrili in "Raggio di Dio," a historical novel to which I have referred. Barrili is one of the Italian novelists best known in England. He is in the tradition of Sir Walter Scott with unswerving loyalty. "Raggio di Dio" is a story of Piedmont in the eighteenth century, and it is written in the genial, discursive style who is assured that interest will be taken in what he writes, and thereby, in fact, assures it. He is leisurely, but even, and he gives us an intolerable deal of his pennyworth of action. But, for all that, we read the adventures of Bartolommeo Fiesco, the old soldier of the eighteenth century, who, after he has retired to write his memoirs, history of the discovery of the new world, and to devote his time to his beautiful young wife, is drawn, sorely against his will, into the vortex of politics and the feuds of the Italian nobles. And when we have read the book we find ourselves in sympathy with the author, and with ourselves. Columbus, I may mention, is introduced as one of the *personae* of the book—that Columbus who has been proved by Cesare Lombroso to have been, like so many other geniuses, "morally irresponsible." Signor Lombroso will find supporters of his view in Spain.

"Il Poeta Soldato" is the title of an exceedingly literary biography which has just been published by Dino Mantovini. Ippolito Nievo, the subject of this exhaustive memoir, stands out, by virtue of his youthful energy and the feverish activity of his short life, and the mysterious wreck which caused his death and provokes inevitable comparison with the fate of Shelley, as one of the most original figures in Italian literature. Satirist, poet, journalist, dramatist, and novelist, he was also a soldier.

the greater part of his poetry. He died in 1861, at the age of thirty, mourned by Garibaldi as one of the bravest of his companions in arms. He was undoubtedly a loss to Italian letters. He will live by some of his lyrics and his posthumous novel, "I Confessioni di un Ottuagenario," which his biographer well terms the only Manzonian romance of which Italy can boast. This brilliant and scholarly biography will do much to keep Nievo's memory green. Incidentally it is valuable as affording a good idea of the condition of mid-century Italian life and of the feelings, the aspirations, the struggles of young Italian patriots and thinkers not devoid of sense and not entirely intoxicated by the rhetoric of Mazzini.

The death is announced of Vittorio Bersezio at the age of seventy. He died of influenza at Turin. His was a full and varied life in the world of politics and of letters. He wrote much—history, journalism, novels. But his greatest success was obtained as a writer for the stage. The Comedy entitled "Le Misericie d'Monsù Travet" was his masterpiece in that genre.

C. H.

COMEDY AND FARCE.

It was left to Mr. Pinero, as the revival of *Dandy Dick* reminds us, to recreate the farce of character. The farce of intrigue had long held the stage unchallenged. Mr. Pinero himself tried his hand at it before he hit upon his vein of originality. In this kind the characters are mere puppets. Only brilliant acting can make them endurable. Mr. Pinero's puppets behaved in a more life-like manner than most, but they were no more than lay figures created for the purpose of a ramified plot. How different his later work! Here the characters live and move quite apart from the demands of the story. The skill with which they are drawn compels admiration.

It was a daring task, for instance, to amuse audiences which must contain many sincere admirers of Deans by showing them a Dean involved in a painful predicament that lands him in a village police cell. It required a great deal of wit and a great deal of tact. Both ingredients were supplied by Mr. Pinero in just proportion. The wit makes people laugh, and if you can make a man laugh he cannot be very much annoyed with you. When people complain that a dramatist has tried to make fun of the Church or any other institution, it simply means that they have not been amused, that the dramatist has not been funny enough, or has been funny on the wrong lines. The use of tact is to keep him on the right lines. Mr. Pinero's Dean is so real in essence and so unreal in action that no one can be offended. He is a real person doing for the moment what a real person would never do. This is the convention between the writer of farce and the spectator. The figures in a farce may have as much character as their creator can give them—the more the better—but they must not act as real people would act. If we could really imagine an impetuous Dean suddenly commissioning his butler to back a horse for him and then making up a bran mash for the animal, administering it himself, and being arrested on suspicion of trying to poison a starter on the eve of a race, the only play to be made on the theme would have to be very serious—almost a tragedy, in fact. Only Ibsen or Mr. George Moore could adequately deal with it.

It is the very incongruity of the idea that sets our minds at rest. Upon this basis of incongruity Mr. Pinero built up each of his famous farces. No magistrate we can imagine would allow his larky stepson to take him to a gambling establishment just about to be raided by the police; no schoolmistress we can imagine would send her Christmas holidays in forming an "a

are real people in spite of the fact that all their actions are unreal. They would never behave as they do, but naturally that we are almost convinced in spite of this.

Is not this the difference between comedy and farce? Comedy shows us possible people doing probable things; farce shows us possible people doing improbable things. *Scandal* is comedy; *She Stoops to Conquer* is farce. *Love for Love*, and Congreve's plays, may justly be called comedy. The difference should say this is the difference between comedy and farce; intelligent farce; between, for instance, Mr. Pinero's *Scandal* and Mr. Pinero's farce. For most writers of farce the content to follow the stupid old lines. To the few who have succeeded the farce of misunderstanding. *Wit* is tiresome, I hesitate to say. In neither is any attempt to draw character, or to display the fruits of observation, to make fun of the passing follies of the hour. The two are very nearly related. In the one there really is a story explained away—the husband really has deceived the young man really has married the cook or the artist; in the other no such terrible suggestion is made. It is a mistake. No fault has been committed at all. A person would say so at once and end the play. They even pretend to be sane people. Here we have men and women doing impossible things.

A farce on these lines can only appeal to a limited audience when the author's wit can keep them from noticing too closely the flimsy texture of his plot. Mr. Marshall almost succeeds in doing this; Mr. Pinero's *Scandal* his best quite succeeds. Mr. Shaw's wit is spontaneous. In *You Never Can Tell* and in *Arms and the Man* he is so clever that he almost persuades us he is a sane person. It is only afterwards that we see them. Mr. Bernard Shaws in various disguises. Captain Mordaunt is a well-stored note-book, out of which he brings forth a variety of old and new. His first long play, *His Excellency* the Duke of Albany, is the cream of his collected jests. *A Royal Farce* is much like a display of fireworks that had been extinguished by rain. A certain number went off well, but the rest was damp and fizzled out unhappily. If Captain Mordaunt earlier we might expect him in time to get over the farce of spirits and write comedy. I am afraid Mr. Pinero is incorrigible farceur. Where we are to look for a change is hard to say. What little dramatic talent there is among younger writers is inclined to run on more and more—in the direction of *Grierson's Ways* and *The Women*. Our chief hope of comedy is from women. There is a young woman when will she give us a pendant to *The Amateurs*—there is "George Fleming," who would have made a comedy if she had followed her own instincts. Her anxiety to win laughter leads always to farce which is inferior to comedy in the same way that tragedy is inferior to tragedy. The best farce—such as *Stoops to Conquer* among the classics, and *The Importance of Being Earnest* among the ingenious pen to-day—is scarcely inferior to comedy. There is room for character, for observation, for wit, irony, humour. Comedy may be the form of the future. All is said. This is a matter of temperament. There is no need to despair of comedy if this kind of farce is often offered to us in its stead. From it to comedy is but one step.

II. HAMILTON

ENGLISH GOTHIC, OLD AND NEW

In a review of a finished work by Mr. Steevens, would have to be deemed shortcomings. One is bound in honour to judge it by what is best in it; and what is best is admirable. In the *Battle of Flandslaagto* the writer had a theme that was worthy of his pen, and he made a splendid use of his opportunity. Many descriptions of that engagement have been published; none of them bring the picture so vividly before our eyes as this does. From the very first sentence we see that it is the man of letters and not the journalist who is writing. There is not a line of the preparatory explanation in which the journalist delights. It is as though the limelight were suddenly turned up and a diorama passed before our eyes—"From a billow of the rolling veldt we looked back, and black columns were coming up behind us." And then tableau succeeds tableau, from the slow arrival of the railway trains "packed with khaki, bristling with the rifles of infantry," to the bivouac after the victory in the drizzle under the black sky. The picture of the charge is written almost as Napier might have written it, though with that touch of colloquial modernity by which Steevens' best work was generally marked:—

The merry bugles rang out like cock-crow on a fine morning. The pipes shrieked of blood and the lust of glorious death. Fix bayonets! Staff officers rushed shouting from the rear, imploring, cajoling, cursing, slapping every man who could move into the line. Line—but it was a line no longer. It was a surging wave of men—Devons and Gordons, Manchesters and Light Horse, all mixed inextricably; subalterns commanding regiments, soldiers yelling advice, officers firing carbines, stumbling, leaping, killing, falling, all drunk with battle, showing through hell to the throat of the enemy. And there beneath our feet was the Boer camp and the last Boers galloping out of it. There also—thank Heaven, thank Heaven!—were squadrons of Lancers and Dragoon Guards storming in among them, shouting, spearing, stamping them into the ground. Cease fire!

In the next letter the note changes. We have been shown the lust of slaughter and the glory of victory; we are to be shown its horrors and its pathos. One may quote almost at random:—

Already the men were bringing down the first of their wounded. Slung in a blanket came a captain, his wet hair matted over his forehead, brow and teeth set, lips twitching as they put him down, gripping his whole soul to keep it from crying out. He turned with the beginning of a smile that would not finish—"Would you mind straightening out my arm?" The arm was bandaged above the elbow, and the forearm was hooked under him. A man bent over—and suddenly it was dark. "Here, bring back that lantern!" But the lantern was staggering up hill again to fetch the next.

It is all as graphic as that; it all makes us realize what a descriptive writer we have lost in G. W. Steevens.

To write the *LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, V.C.*, was a fairly obvious thing to do at this juncture. It has been done by Mr. Walter Jerrold (Partridge, 2s. 6d. n.), the author of the "*Life of Sir Redvers Buller*," which we reviewed a few weeks ago. The author has made good use of the material provided for him in Lord Roberts' *Memoirs*, and achieved a very creditable piece of book-making, though he has nothing new to say.

An alternative life of *FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS* is supplied by Mr. Horace G. Gosser (Melrose, 1s. n.). It is well

That the "Gothic revival" with which we name of Pugin, Rickman, Scott, Street, Pearson, did not exactly recall the spirit and the taste of a craftsman—that, in fact, it has done a good deal to work—is a doctrine with which we have, of course, become familiar, for it has been very loudly proclaimed during the few years. People do not always believe it, partly because of the extraordinary indifference the nation has always shown to the first unique achievement in art the development of English Gothic—partly because the new architect sometimes create distrust through exaggeration. It may be overdone, but it is by no means always unnecessary more than it is always destructive. But should any one understand a little more clearly what it is that we suffered at the hands of Gothic restorers, he can go to Dorsetshire and inspect the two fine buildings described in the most recent volume of Messrs. Bell's useful *CATHEDRAL AND WIMBORNE MINSTER AND CHRIST CHURCH PRIORY*, by T. Perkins (1s. 6d.). In the latter especially, what a fine Norman work, much harm has been done by imitations which, in course of time, will cause no confusion of new and old.

But the inquirer will do still better to consult E. S. Prior's *HISTORY OF THE GOTHIC ART IN ENGLAND* (Bell, 3ls. 6d. n.). Mr. Prior regards the Gothic revival as a deceptive and ruinous malpractice apparently very different from that taken by the present Dean of Gloucester in his *WHITE ROSE OF GLOUCESTER* (Dent, 7s. 6d. n.), also just published. The former is a nineteenth century with having "suborned the process of substitution has turned churches and edifices of England and abroad into the caricatures, instead of examples, of Gothic inspiration." His treatment of the subject in England renders this feeling very natural. He has a twofold object, to show that the English style is an independent course, and that it has realized itself in its own schools with characteristics of their own. From the points of view Victorian Gothic has, no doubt, since the light. Both of them Mr. Prior carefully examines, and is able to show that, both in priority of details and in continuously monastic character, English Gothic was in fact, or, at any rate, no mere episode of, the French protest against the general indifference to and ignorance of national art of the thirteenth century we entirely represented by the ineptitude of popular historians. In the late Mr. Green, who asserted that for a student of the University of that period the "pomp and stateliness" of the Gothic wealth of illustration Mr. Prior examines local churches through the successive periods in the history of Gothic book is uniform with Mr. Reginald Blomfield's "*History of Renaissance Architecture in England*," and his insight into the cause and meaning of architectural developments from the twelfth to the fourteenth century go far to establish his book as the standard work on Gothic; but he wants something in the way of lucidity. We fear the lay inquirer will not find him very easy to read. He treats his theme throughout with breadth of vision, but does not take Gothic to be only "a system of mechanism by thrust and counter-thrust." At the same time he has a common sense of common sense with the highest scholarship. But

democratic and revealing special local individuality are suggestive, and point to a field of inquiry still open to the architectural student, and—shall we add?—to the ecclesiologist.

This characteristically English style came to the birth in the Abbey of Gloucester in the middle of the fourteenth century—a fact which gives a special interest to the new book of Dean Spence's which we have mentioned. For "The White Robe of Churches" is really a glorified guide to Gloucester Cathedral, displaying the Dean's well-known gift for popular exposition. He is less scientific than Mr. Prior, and writes, indeed, rather as an archaeologist than as an architectural critic. Thus he brings within his scope such interesting points as the gradual disappearance of piseine due to the the Papal direction—founded on the doctrine of transubstantiation—that the rinsing of the chalice should not be poured away but consumed; and he has chapters on the Mystery Plays and on the Life of the Monk. Gloucester is remarkable for the witness, which a careful investigation has extracted from it, to the complete colour-decoration which formed part of the scheme of the early Gothic builders, and which can now so seldom contribute to an appreciation of their work. Mr. Prior's references to this subject are a little meagre. Dean Spence devotes a chapter to it, and finds its origin in the passion for gorgeous colour imbibed by the Crusaders in the East. To some extent, no doubt, dates bear out this theory—though the Crusaders surely had other things to think of—but another factor should not be forgotten—viz., the art of illumination, which flourished in England before the Conquest, and which doubtless suggested that masonry no less than manuscript offered a fit groundwork for the colour artist. This early love of colour, by-the-by, together with the luxuriant richness of the later Norman carving, must somewhat modify the conception of Romanesque architecture (shared by the Dean), as above all things an austere, gloomy, penitential style. The Dean is not so accurate in his references to scholars of the present as to those of the past; for he speaks of "S. R. Gardner" and Dean "Kitchen." But his book is well conceived, and he knows well how to put medieval life and art before us in a sympathetic and interesting way.

Londoners may perhaps be attracted to further research by a pamphlet by Mr. J. A. Randolph called *ABBEYS AROUND LONDON* (The Mercantile Press, 1s.) Many of these abbeys, such as Bermondsey and Boxley, have almost entirely disappeared. Mr. Randolph gives brief notes on each abbey, and some of the old pictures which he has collected are interesting.

THE MASTER MUSICIANS.

The two opening volumes of the Master Musicians Series (Dent, 3s. 6d. n. each), *BEETHOVEN*, by the editor, Mr. F. J. Crowsst, and *WAGNER*, by Mr. C. A. Lidgley, are intended more for the average reader than for the student. Mr. Crowsst's book provides any one who is unfamiliar with Schindler, Ries, Thayer, Sir George Grove, and the other authorities with a lucid sketch of Beethoven's leading characteristics as a man and as a musician. His early training, his methods of work, and the different branches of his genius, the symphony, the sonata, chamber music, ecclesiastical music, opera, and so forth, are dealt with in a methodical manner. Mr. Crowsst's comments are often suggestive, but sometimes his reverence for Beethoven leads him to exalt the master a little too much at the expense of other composers. He has a little underrated the influence of Mozart upon Beethoven. Under the heading of "Instrumental Influence" he refers to the passage

and *Fidelio* is inadequately treated. There are omissions in the interesting chapter on Beethoven's various instruments—the celebrated cadenza passage in the first movement of the fifth symphony, and the scherzo of the ninth, for example. Mr. Crowsst, doubtless, has been able to add to the store of knowledge which he provides the more vague of Beethoven's music. He shows a little more self-denial in the special chapters on metaphors and synonyms. "The passing harmony of Beethoven," "the great entity himself" (Beethoven has passed to the eternal habitations "a dead world of wildlings" (birds), are a few examples. Mr. Crowsst is a critic rather than he is a poet.

The difficulty of compressing a "master musician" into some 250 pages is even greater with Wagner than with Beethoven. Wagner's philosophy of art and music, and the German legend have to be considered as well as the actual music. Mr. Lidgley attempts to tell us the story of the dramas and to show by the way how each step in the music. This method enables him to give us some idea of the purpose and effect of the Wagnerian music. He enforces a somewhat sketchy account of its development. We get very little idea of the revolution effected by the orchestra, and the philosophy of the Ring, which is rather superficially dealt with. The inconsistency of Wagner himself refused to explain, when challenged by his friends, do not seem to trouble him much. We somewhat regret the space devoted to his prose writings. Some mention of them was inevitable. Mr. Lidgley paraphrases them seriously at some length, but without sufficient appreciation of their absurdities, so that we are told by Mr. Ernest Newman in his recent "Study of Wagner" Lidgley does not seem to be aware that such a thing as Wagner's Newman ever dared to tread upon such holy ground. The biographical portion of the book is wisely kept within limits, but it contains some important features. The reproduction of Wagner's own autograph list of the first performance of the Ring. We can recommend this as a useful introduction to the study of Wagner, but it is somewhat supplemented by the perusal of other authorities.

We have also just received Mr. C. F. Abdy's *WAGNER* (3s. 6d. n.) in the same series. Our only objection to it is that it is too short. Mr. Williams does not attain to the position of Bach's real position among "master musicians." Nothing of his influence upon subsequent composers, the happy combination in Mendelssohn's music of the old master and his own mercurial genius, for example, have touched upon the movement which led to the formation of Bach in England, notably the foundation of the Bach Society by Sterndale Bennett in 1819, result of the performance of the Matthew Passion music in 1822, years later. Few people realize how recently other works of Bach have become popular in England. Mr. Williams' book shows him to be thoroughly informed on the subject, not only by his remarks upon the composition, but by the number of interesting details as to Bach's methods of playing, his invention of new instruments, his style of playing, his invention of new instruments, his methods of fingering. The book is an excellent addition to the series.

THE ANCIENT EAST.

THE PASSING OF THE EMPIRES, 850 B.C. TO 330 B.C.

one; the rest he has worked up from the best and latest special authorities, and his multitudinous footnotes show what pains he has taken to master a full bibliography. Besides, he owns the French gift of lucidity; he writes a clear flowing narrative, and makes the tangled skein of Oriental races and dynasties appear less complex than one would have thought possible. Indeed, in spite of weight, there is not a headache in all the eight hundred pages, and that speaks volumes. We must, nevertheless, grumble a little at the form of this ponderous tome. Was it absolutely necessary to crum all this matter into one volume, to print it in small plea, making a very full page, to give no marginal or headline dates, no numbers to the abnormally lengthy chapters, and no detailed table of contents with page references? Had the book been issued in two or three convenient volumes, of smaller *format* and plea type, with proper marginal and other apparatus, the result would have been much more agreeable. As it is, the weight of the book is bound to break its own back as well as its reader's.

So much said, by way of safety valve, we are quite prepared to turn on full steam of license. Indeed, one cannot too warmly admire the orderly marshalling of the complicated events, the thorough mastery of the documents, the restrained and scholarly moderation of theory and opinion evinced in every page of this really monumental work. When it is seen how the author has to leap from Nineveh to Memphis or Sardis, to desert his main subject and wander away among the little-known border kingdoms of Upper Mesopotamia and Asia Minor, to bring up Scythians, Cimmerians, and Arabs to join the march of the Assyrian Empire, and to find space for the little Syrian States, and incorporate the Bible records of the Kings of Israel and Judah, it will be obvious that the ordering of each chapter, so as to preserve the clearness and correlation of events which are so conspicuous in this volume, must have demanded infinite pains and consideration. In some places, indeed, it was impossible to avoid a sudden wrench in changing the subject, but, as a rule, the narrative reads smoothly and continuously. Had the long chapters been subdivided, we believe the arrangement would have been even more perspicuous.

The book serves three purposes. It is first and foremost a clear, popular narrative of the political history of the ancient East—Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt—from the time of Assur-nazir-pal in the ninth century B.C. to the conquests of Alexander the Great. The narrative is interrupted here and there by descriptions of social life, military methods, buildings, &c., but the narrative is the main thing. Secondly, the book is a picture gallery of the art and architecture of the first millennium before Christ. The wealth and beauty of the illustrations are worthy of the text, on which they furnish the best possible commentary from the monuments themselves. In the third place, those who are not content with a summary narrative, even of 800 pages, will find in the abounding footnotes so complete and trustworthy a bibliography of all the subjects touched upon that it will be easy to pick out the right books in which to pursue the study in greater detail.

In a work covering so large and varied a field it is difficult to select any parts for special praise. Many will find their chief interest in the triumphs, both in war and in architecture, of the great period of Assyrian ascendancy, from Tiglath-Pileser, through Sargon, to Assur-bani-pal. Yet all through we feel that the Assyrians were essentially barbarians, and their horrible cruelty to their captives ranks them among savages. There is a peculiar fascination about those mysterious kingdoms and tribes which surrounded or bordered them, especially on the north. Since the discovery of the Tell-el-Amarna despatches our horizon has

political power, makes them a fascinating subject for. For ourselves, we are not sure that the admirable account of the Iranian race and the religion of the Zoroastrians is not the best chapter, though M. Maspero is sympathetic with the Medes and Persians. Egypt is less in this volume than in either of the preceding. She is not the most venerable or great, the mighty Theban dynasties and the Ethiopian and Hittite kings sit unworthily in the foreground. Yet we must not forget Amasis, or the beginning of the influence which, from the founding of Naukratis and the employment of Greek mercenaries in the armies of Psammetichus, destined to form a strange amalgam with Egyptian in this volume Egypt is in her decadence; foreign monarchs, over her, Cambyses despoils Thebes, and Pharaoh Sennacherib is feeble even to save Judah from destruction.

The sections on the history of Israel and Judah, of course, perennial interest, and the close connexion between the little States and their powerful enemies at Nineveh and Damascus compels M. Maspero to enter in some detail a subject which, in view of the religious society that has made his book, is unquestionably thorny. We are glad to see that he has not shirked this branch of the history, and that he has brought up the latest results of Old Testament criticism which touch the issues in question, while avoiding any merely religious matters. The result is a connected narrative of the period of the later kings and prophets, based on the Biblical records as interpreted by the first scholars, with all available contemporary documents. We are glad to remember that the period extends from Elisha and the prophets, Nehemiah and Ezra, and includes the reign of Sennacherib, the campaign of Josiah, the rule of Josiah, the fulfilment of the Book of the Covenant, the captivity, and the restoration. It is clear that M. Maspero has a great subject, supported by a rich literature, and his critical exposition of such a subject commands general attention. He has executed this delicate part of his task with remarkable tact and moderation. Indeed, from first to last the quality which most strikes the eye is the scholarly moderation of his judgments. Whilst we may say what he thinks, M. Maspero is not to be tempted to throw stones, or tempted to throw stones at other people. By its moderation, as well as by its accuracy and comprehensiveness, this sumptuous book should command all readers as the best authority on the subject. Special demand and find details elsewhere. In the *Fachmann* but for the general student "The Passing of the Empire" remain a text-book without appeal.

IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The Roof of the World.

The announcement that Captain Cobbold went to Kashgar in the character of a sportsman might lead the casual reader to underrate the interest and importance of his book (L.S. Heinemann, 21s.). As a matter of fact, the author has done a little of our time in telling us what he shot and how he shot it. He passed through a considerable stretch of country before visited by an Englishman, and he writes with a humour to which sportsmen seldom attain, and remarks on subjects connected with trade and politics which are worthy of consideration in high quarters. His picture of Kashgar is very vivid, and we like his thumb-nail sketch of the Chinese Governor:

Captain Cobbold had several interesting conversations with M. Petrovsky, the Russian Consul-General, who explained to him the differences between Russian and English administration, ridiculing the freedom with which the Indian Government permits irresponsible globe-trotting M.P.'s to spend the cold weather in India haranguing native audiences and asking them if they are happy under British rule. In a general way Captain Cobbold justifies the views of Russophobes, and complains that the position of the British representative at Kashgar suffers from a want of dignity :—

Mr. Macartney remains at Kashgar in the character of a private individual. He is denied even the style of Consul ; is prohibited from taking any step, however unnecessary or however insignificant, without instructions from headquarters ; and is not even permitted to wear the Consular uniform. The full significance of this last prohibition can only be realized by those who have lived among the Chinese. But I can assure my readers that the contrast between the Russian Consul-General paying a State visit to the Chinese Governor in full panoply, with military cap and silver buttons, and carrying a sword at his side ; and the representative of Great Britain attending the same reception in a frock coat and top hat, does not tend to raise the prestige of this country in the appreciation of the people of Kashgar.

Captain Cobbold also points out that the Russians are more vigorous than we are in taking measures to enforce their wishes. He thinks that if the Consul could not get his way he would think nothing of adopting a course, which he once threatened, of having the Chinese Governor stripped and whipped by his Cossacks. It is not clear, however, whether this is a particular in which he thinks that it would be well for the English Consular Agent to follow the Russian example.

Among the Hill Tribes.

Colonel Sir Robert Warburton's posthumous *EIGHTEEN YEARS IN THE KHYBER* (Murray, 16s.) is a very good book very badly written. One must not say that Sir Robert Warburton wrote like a man of action rather than a man of letters, for many men of action, from Julius Caesar downwards, have written admirably. He did write, however, as if it embarrassed him to have a pen in his hand, and the result is seen in long and tortuous sentences, scintillating with pendant nominatives and "and whiches." At the same time, though some of the beer chronicled is rather small, the book, with all its literary faults, is one of great interest and importance. The author knew the Khyber and the Afridis, and the North-West Frontier generally, as no other Englishman has ever known it before or after him. It is generally believed that if he had been on the spot at the time the last Afridi outbreak would never have taken place ; and he had clear views as to the frontier policy which should be followed in order to prevent a repetition of such outbreaks. Roughly speaking his view is that the hill tribes should be dealt with, not by native middle men, but by Englishmen, whether soldiers or civilians ; and he shows that almost all our frontier troubles can be traced to the misdeeds of some middle man, who has been corrupt or treacherous, or both. His recommendations are thus summed up :—

Let there be a Chief Commissioner, or officer, on special duty—no matter what name he may be called by—one well up in Persian and Pashtu, and able to visit every spot wherever his presence is required. Let him be supplied with a sufficient staff to carry on the highest civil, criminal, and revenue details, so as to give him sufficient leisure for border work. Let Deputy Commissioners, Assistant Commissioners, &c., do purely and

when Sir Robert was himself withdrawn from them in spite of his strenuous representations, succeed official. The Tirah campaign followed immediately. It has been objected, of course, that an Englishman with the natives so as to acquire influence by discomfort and inconvenience. Happily a great objection have no insuperable objection to discomfort and and the picture which Sir Robert Warburton a which they would have to live is not after all one :—

Mixing with the native subject of the hill that you are to live with the man, or share with him, or partake of food from the one place the Englishman need to do is to encamp in his own staff of servants, wherever he can do so with. If he has quarters, or a house to reside in, so on. In the early mornings, before office work has begun the evenings, when the day's work is over, let him come or sit outside his quarters, and allow any and to come and sit down in the assembly and join conversation that may be going on. . . . When has been assured these men will speak of their feuds, or friendships, and what is going on information which is not only extremely interesting great service for the future to the English. The germs of confidence once established and would always bear fruit and increase, as in India and the English official is treated with far greater and respect than by the British native subjects. Rawal Pindi, or any other part of India. A years' experience of Peshawar the British natives have stolen the last coat off my back if he had of doing it with safety. In the Khyber hill camp happened to be, it was a point of honour with hill men that nothing was ever removed from security was assured to and secured by every village or native.

SOME RECENT THEOLOGICAL

A Striking Commentary.

It is scarcely too much to say that Professor Ramsay's *HISTORICAL COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS* (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s.) marks a new epoch in the methods of New Testament study. It is a question whether a work so purely historical is not a "commentary." Professor Ramsay deals as a document throwing extraordinary light on the history in the widest sense—the history of race, thought, manners, education—in the eastern part of the Empire." At least half the volume is devoted to the conditions, social and religious, which prevailed in the Minor when Paul first visited it. In effect one may say that Ramsay's book is to deal a death-blow to the current among scholars, that the epistle was written by a Christian of North Galatia. The "South Galatia" shown at every point to explain innumerable things which the older view cannot account. The writer's knowledge of the political and geographical conditions of the Minor, and also of the archaeological discoveries of late years in so many other cases, have altogether altered the range and scope of biblical study. His comments are a proof of independence of mind, and his first-hand know-

On this point I can only appeal to those who know; and add the statement that the best possible illustration of the tone of this whole epistle is the experience of the traveller.

The commentary is comprehensive in scope and indisputably sound in its methods. As illustrating its breadth of view and historical insight, we may specially mention the sections on "The Message to the Galatians" and on "Equality in the Perfect Church." One of the most valuable studies on single words is the note on "The Use of *Diatheke* in the Pauline Epistles." Professor Ramsay deserves the gratitude of scholars in every field. He has set the example of boldly and successfully applying his own principle: "We must all study German method, and practise it day and night; but the first principle in German method is to disregard authority (even German) and follow after truth."

Church History.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, A.D. 1517-1648, by the late Dr. Wilhelm Moeller, edited by Dr. G. Kawerau, translated by J. H. Freese, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein, 15s.), completes the translated edition of Dr. Moeller's text-book. It is superfluous to call attention to Dr. Moeller's merits as a historian—his immense industry and invariably sound judgment—which does not fail him even in dealing with the thorny period here covered. The "History" is remarkable for the width of its scope and the clearness of its arrangement, while the value of the work as a text-book is greatly enhanced by the care and skill with which it has been edited, important points being emphasized by the judicious use of large or thick type. Dr. Moeller writes, of course, from the standpoint of a convinced Lutheran; but his mind is singularly impartial. See, for instance, his brief notice of Laud and his discussion of the tenets of Servetus. He deals severely with the Jesuits, but his judgment is amply supported by quotations. We know of no book on the subject more likely to help historical students, and it is excellently edited.

THE CHURCH, PAST AND PRESENT, edited by Professor Gwatkin (Nisbet, 7s. 6d.), is a volume of essays by various writers. It well deserves attention, not so much because, like one or two similar collections, it focusses for the first time the views of a distinct party, but simply because of the great ability of the writers, and their spirit of detachment and their breadth of view. Their preface does not state very explicitly what is the link between them; and the essays will convince the reader that such a link exists, but it lies rather in a habit of thought than in any particular thought. The writers believe that the unfolding of the meaning of Gospel facts "is a work of many ages, that its fulness far transcends the systems of Latin sectarianism, and that every return to the limitations of a buried past is so much sin against the Holy Spirit's teaching to our own time." If we may class the book as the utterance of a new school, it is that of the school of historical development of which we may perhaps say that the Bishop of London, who contributes a paper (read at the Church Congress of 1881) on the Reformation, is the chief representative. Mr. Jewell Davies, in the first paper on "The Apostolic Age," sounds a distinctive note at once. "The Church organized itself, not on any prescribed plan, but just as organization was called for by its nature and its task, combined with the circumstances of its history." In an instructive but rather bitter essay on "Romanism Since the Reformation," Chancellor Lias claims that he and his fellow essayists are recurring to "the first principles of the Reform movement in the sixteenth century." In strict accordance with the Reformation Prayer-book the writers always revert to the teaching and authority of Scripture.

The Rev. W. H. Hutton has added another to the smaller books on English Church History in *A SKETCH OF THE CHURCH IN GREAT BRITAIN* (Livingtons, 3s.) one is more apt to write such a book, and, many of such histories, we are glad to see it. It is accurate, and, for its size, very full of matter. It is written by a High Churchman, but he is less partisan than Wakeman. There is a little confusion in the paragraph on missionaries. Selwyn (of Lichfield) was not the first in Melanesia.

The Pulpit.

Dr. John Brown, who achieved distinction by "Bunyan," has republished a series of lectures, delivered at Yale University, under the title of *PULPIT PRINCIPLES* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). His range begins with the mendicant friars, who anticipated in their methods if not in their doctrines, and he ends with Spurgeon, Dr. Dale, and Dr. Alexander MacLaren; however, he has the faults which are usually incident on oratory. He begins a sentence with "I venture" when he is only leading up to the most obvious of plain truths; his ready flow of words fails to conceal the lack of his arguments. He writes thus, for example, in his criticism of the theological methods of Dr. Dale:

We will not for a moment let go any of the divine truths revealed to us. We dare not modify any Christian doctrine to conciliate hostility, but we do not shrink from modifying any expression or tradition which misrepresents the eternal fact.

But how can you modify a tradition without letting it go? And how is the plain man to distinguish between a fact and a fact that is not proved, but only revealed? questions which Dr. Brown does not take the trouble to answer. Consequently, his book is faulty as a contribution to thought and criticism, though it may have been found by the audience to which it was addressed.

MR. J. E. B. TINDLING'S *PULPIT POINTS FROM LITERATURE* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is a sort of class-book for the use of preachers. Having chosen his subject, a preacher is supposed to take the book, look up the "points" of his dissertation, and find a modern instance which will point his moral. If he is preaching on drunkards, he will find authority for the statement that on one occasion over 800 reclaimed drunkards sat down to tea. If he is preaching on fiction he will discover that "the selling prices of new novels have been three, viz., 3s., 2s., and 6d." On other suitable occasions he would be told that the appearance of George Henry Lewes was "like a monkey"; that a Chinaman once committed suicide because he had lost a pavanticket for 5s.; and that "it is significant that a recent year 758 women bankrupts, whose aggregate amounted to £316,000." No doubt the book will be found possibly *Answers* or *Tit-bits* would equally well serve.

Solomonic Literature.

A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE PROVERBS, by C. H. Toy (International Critical Commentary, Clark, 12s.), is learned and full, though perhaps a little diffuse. On the question of date, Professor Toy holds the view that the Proverbs are inferences from the "calm, settled attitude" of Proverbs as contrasted with the scriptural *Job*. He thinks that the formation of the book exten-

dealing with Mr. Menzies H. Conway's *SOLOMON AND SOLOMONIC LITERATURE* (Kegan Paul, 6s.) are too great. Steeped as he is in Eastern literature generally, he has evidently not had time to study specially Jewish records; and of acquaintance with criticism more recent than Colenso's there is here scarcely any trace. Thus we are told of Baasha, the supplanter and exterminator of Jeroboam's dynasty, that he was Jeroboam's grandson by Abijah. And stress is laid on this fact in order to show how long Divine judgments tarried. We are told that critics are generally agreed as to Psalm XLV. being Solomonie, and that "Kiss the son" has Solomonie reference too. We are told that there is no evidence of the name "Jehovah" having been known in Solomon's days, and that Melchizedek is Solomon in disguise. When we reach the New Testament the information is still more startling. For example, "To Paul we owe one creditable item about Christ, that he was originally wealthy." The long and short of the matter is that, in the present stage of scientific criticism, there is no room for the work of other than specialists.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Vivisection.

Only a small part of Mr. Stephen Paget's *EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS* (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) is directly controversial, though the whole book is a defence of experiments on living animals. He addresses himself not so much to the avowed opponents of such experiments as to the general reader, and to all who watch, even from a distance, the progress of medical science. In his brief introduction to the book, Lord Lister expresses his belief that much of the opposition to these experiments is due to ignorance of their results; and he points out that physiology, the study of *materia medica*, and, above all, bacteriology are deeply indebted to them. If that be so, a man with an open mind, who is not distinctly hostile on other grounds, must judge them by their results. If the results are important, the experiments, conducted as they are under humane restrictions, must continue to be permitted. It should be borne in mind that the restrictions prescribe the manner in which anaesthetics are to be used, forbid the performance of experiments as illustrations of lectures except under certain special circumstances, and absolutely prohibit them when practised as a means of attaining manual skill, or by unlicensed operators. Probably a certain amount of prejudice has arisen from the use of the word "vivisection." Mr. Paget does not notice the point, but the word evidently connotes something much more cruel than the trifling scratches inflicted by the inoculations which now form the majority of these experiments. The Act, however, applies to all alike, although, as Dr. Poore says in his report to the House Secretary, it is often more cruel to anaesthetize an animal as the Act requires than to subject it to the prick of a needle. The fact is that, when the Act was passed, the study of inoculable diseases was in its infancy. The Commission which presented the Act took physiological evidence almost exclusively. It seems to be true that most valuable physiological knowledge has been gained from these experiments. It has been disputed, but we have Harvey's own word for it, that he discovered in this manner the movement and use of the heart and the arteries. In the same way, Malpighi discovered the capillaries. In 1733 Stephen Hales wrote that he had measured the blood pressure by experiments on a living horse; and further discoveries as to the blood, all due to the same method, have been made from the time of Hunter, a generation later than Hales, to the present day. In our own time the

cardiac" of a dust of topaz, jacinth, sapphir, emerald, bezoar, coral, musk, ambergris, and gold a pill and polished. But it is the new science that is most closely connected with these experiments entirely dependent upon them for its future. And *materia medica* the case is strong, here it Diphtheria, tetanus, rabies, cholera, plague, typhoid are evils which the human race cannot be cured if it is in sight of a remedy. The horrors of the plague must be diminished, if possible, at almost the cost, that is, the suffering inflicted by these inoculations, can hardly be set against the preventive serum. There are diseases, too, from which it is highly desirable to protect animals. Indeed has been done in France with consistency. We can only add that those who wish to form an opinion on this question will find in Mr. Paget's book a story of a method which, on the face of it, cannot be judged its results.

In Africa.

Canon C. H. Robinson's *NIGERIA* (Horace M. invites comparison with Mr. Harold Bindloss' "Country." The author does not write so piously as Bindloss, but he seems to write with a fuller knowledge of the subject. He resided for some time in Nigeria. He writes in Houssa language for the purposes of missionary work. He takes broader views than do most missionaries. For example, that it is nonsense to make a black man that "trade gin" is not a beverage with those who only drink it in moderation. He tells a story to illustrate the singular operations of the

I was suggesting to a Houssa-speaking native the undesirability of the permission given by the law to every one to take to himself four wives, which he used was one to which it seemed to suggest any reply. He held up his hand and pointed to the fact that God had made it to serve human society, and that as he had lifted one finger, so he intended one man to be united to four. Canon Robinson has also a good deal that is in on the subject of the malarious mosquito. He believes that the mosquito might be exterminated, and malaria exterminated, but the extermination of giraffes, but Canon Robinson makes a case for his theory.

The author of *A WHITE WOMAN IN CENTRAL AFRICA* (6s.) is a traveller by nature, who enjoys hardship for a thousand mishaps by one fortunate glance at a scenery. But Miss Caddick is not an expert writer. Her relation of the long solitary tour from the Zambesi to Tanganyika interesting by force of her own sunny temperament rather than by any literary skill. Frequent repetitions of the same trivial facts and of proportion in the information we gather from her pages. Yet a lady who can speak lightly of a centipede, and even speaks kindly of a lemur "with chinchilla and beautiful, large round eyes," whose her arm with its sharp little teeth, has certainly capacity for enjoyment, and her book is extremely read.

Two Sons of the North.

In *THE LIFE OF JOHN NIXON*, by J. E. V. (10s. 6d.), and *MORGAN BRIBBLEY: A MEMOIR*, by

the two. Mr. Vincent, who knows all about the coal trade, confines himself to Mr. Nixon's business life. He tells his story well enough, though he is a little heavy and verbose, and his book will interest all who study trade movements. Miss Herley gives selections from her father's writings, which show a well-informed and thoroughly sensible mind with a great variety of interests, but are not otherwise striking. We like best the really pleasant picture which she gives in the first part of her book of life on the Yorkshire moors in the first half of the century.

The Peninsular War.

The third volume of Mr. W. H. Fitchett's *HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE* (Smith, Elder, 6s.) deals with the history of the Peninsular War. The story is remarkably well told. It is not merely that the picture of every siege and every battlefield stands out clearly before the reader's eyes. A further merit lies in the fact that Mr. Fitchett has a knowledge of the principles of tactics and strategy which is really remarkable in a clergyman. He understands the precise significance of Sir John Moore's raid on Soult's communications, a raid which even military writers have sometimes misrepresented; and he is not blind to the fact that at Salamanca Wellington was both outmarched and outmanœuvred by Marmont. It is curious to see how military problems repeat themselves. How is this for a parallel to the recent situation in Natal?—

Ciudad Rodrigo was defended with obstinate courage by its Governor, Herasti, a gallant Spaniard. Wellington watched the siege from the hills of Beira, his outposts being so near the French lines that they could hear the sound of the musketry fire from the walls of the opposite side. The most earnest appeals were made to Wellington for succour. Massena taunted him with abandoning his allies. The British soldiers themselves watching how gallantly the fortress held out were almost mutinous in their eagerness to advance. But Wellington's stern coolness never wavered. Better to lose a fortress than to lose a campaign. . . . So Wellington looked on while Ciudad Rodrigo fell, and by doing so he showed himself a consummate general.

There are considerable slices of Napier in Mr. Fitchett's text, but there can be no other excuse except familiarity with Napier for not reading what Mr. Fitchett has written.

The Sonnets in French.

If English readers have not forgotten in discussions concerning "W. H." and "T. T." the fact that Shakespeare wrote sonnets of remarkable beauty, they may care to see the French version—*LES SONNETS DE SHAKESPEARE TRADUITS EN SONNETS FRANÇAIS* par Fernand Henry (Librairie Paul Ollendorf). M. Henry prefixes to his translation, which is the first complete rendering in which the sonnet form has been adopted throughout, an Introduction designed for the information of the French reader rather than as an attempt at original research. Unlike Mme. Simone Arnaud, in her scanty selection, he has departed from the Shakespearian structure, and adhered to the rules of the French sonnet, as regards the number of rhymes, thus greatly increasing the difficulty of his task. An example (Sonnet LXXIII.), will best serve to commend M. Henry's work to our readers:—

Tu peux revoir en moi ce moment de l'année
Où, tremblant sous les vents de l'hiver, les rameaux
—Naguère tout remplis du doux chant des oiseaux—
N'ont plus pour vêtements que des feuilles fanées.

Tu contemples en moi la fin d'une journée,
Lorsque, dans l'Occident, elle tombe en lambeaux

Cardinal Dubois.

The alleged *MEMOIRS OF CARDINAL DUBOIS*, (trans. the French by Ernest Dowson (Leonard Smithers), are not believed to be genuine by those best qualified. Supposing that they were genuine, one would throw an interesting light on the backstairs history of Louis XIV., and that they show the Cardinal to have been a more wicked man than Mr. Samuel Peep resembles in certain respects, though devoid of redeeming sense of humour. As things are, we may with saying that the memoirs are unfit for general use that Mr. Ernest Dowson, who had considerable ability, have been better occupied than in rendering them in

FICTION.

Mr. Norris as a Short Story Writer.

Mr. Norris is a master of the ordinary in that common round of life is made interesting in his most commonplace reader finds himself agreeably therein. But we doubt whether his talent is so well shown in short stories which make up *AN OCTAVE* (Methuen), a novel which deals with life as a whole. Mr. Norris' sighted, but somewhat colourless view is legitimate. But the short story writer is at his best in dealing with moments, striking scenes, and the flashes of colour up at times the grayest of lives. It is here that Mr. Norris has a little in this volume of stories, reprinted from some magazines and illustrated weeklies. The "octave" does not strike any particular notes hard enough. The stories are much like condensed novels. In "The Daughter of Mr. Norris" tries to take us to the foot of the Pyrenees, remain firmly rooted by the winter fire, more than a blizzard blowing outside our windows. But if he is a colourist and as a short story writer is rather lacking in ideas, Mr. Norris is always well worth reading, especially he can fully display his shrewd and practical knowledge of the world. "Citizens of the World" is a good example of two enthusiasts for international peace engaging in a quarrel—almost a duel—on the subject of the Franco-German war and one of them marries his daughter to a scoundrel of a blood in the French army. There is the same tone in the story of a *Préfet* of the Second Empire, who is happier as a *chef de quier* than as a prosperous *Préfet* to a lady of the too easy virtue of the Court. These stories exhibit the writer's habitual sincerity to actual life. Norris's style is as clear as his observation is close, epigrammatic, what humour there is in his work is objective. He is always engrossing for the moment but does not leave upon the mind any very permanent impression.

The New Ouida.

To any one who did not know the great heart of the Public it would sound paradoxical to say that as Ouida increases in strength and in restraint so does her power wane. Yet this is the truth, and her latest book, *THE ITALIAN VALLEY* (Unwin, 6s.), will have none of the sun-flamboyant earlier works, and yet it is, undoubtedly, the best thing that she has written. It tells the story of an Italian valley, through which the waters of the Eder flow, of a certain peasant proprietor, one Adone, who, like peasant heroes, is beautiful as a young god, lion-hearted, utterly wrong-headed. He loves the valley in which he lived all his life, and the girls that flow by his

through a veil; we hear them, yet always as it were in the next room—but the writing has ease and charm, the emotion is felt, and the reader is made to feel it too.

"The Heart of the Dancer."

In the novels of Mr. Percy White one is always sure of finding brisk movement and plenty of "go." His *HEART OF THE DANCER* (Hutchinson, 6s.) fully sustains the reputation won by "Mr. Bailey-Martin." He has a knack of rendering conversation life-like and natural, and although he constantly appears to be about to lapse into the old familiar situations, he generally saves himself, with happy effect. Thus, when the dancer, a charming girl named Althea Westbrooke, has married the usual Italian Prince, who has succumbed in the usual duel fought because some one spoke lightly of his wife, then the British soldier, to whom Althea the maiden had given her heart, only to find he did not particularly value the gift, comes back on the scene and proposes to Althea the widow. We sighed, fully anticipating that she would sink upon his breast after the manner of most heroines, murmuring coyly "At last, George, at last!" Instead of which this admirable young woman gives him his coup in a very dignified manner, and devotes herself to the upbringing of her infant son. And because of this we can pardon Mr. Percy White both for the duel and the Prince.

Mrs. Walford's Last.

The first few words of Mrs. Walford's new novel, *SIR PATRICK, THE PUDDOCK* (Pearson, 6s.) have all the appearance of plunging us at once into the middle of things. Sophy Gill hates ugly men, Sir Patrick is an ugly man. Anybody can complete the syllogism and proceed to draw inferences. Hero-hatred on the first page of a novel is apt to undergo surprising changes, and though our hero-hater is herself plain, though she walks with a bounce and a bang, and has neither style nor figure (nor, indeed, the affection of "the Puddock"), Mrs. Walford would have us watch her closely for her emergence into an unconventional heroine of an original kind. But all this is a feint. The appearance of Mary Harborough, unspoiled by London conquests, upon the Hebridean Island where the scene is chiefly laid, opens up fresh possibilities, and we soon see that a chance is reserved for the good little laird of winning some one very much more desirable than honest Mrs. Mercer's *protégée*. How nearly he misses it and exactly what happens in the end may be very well left to the reader to discover. The tale is brightly written, and by no means the least able of Mrs. Walford's novels.

In Manx Land.

If the reader who takes up *MIRRY-ANN*, by Miss Norma Lorimer (Methuen, 6s.), will have the patience to work on through the first half of the book he will be rewarded. Mirry-Ann herself will fascinate him—the pretty Methodist with whom, much against her will, most of her male acquaintances insist on falling in love. The mystery of her birth and the story of her life among the Manx fisher folk are well thought out. But the characters take much too long in introducing themselves upon the stage. Through the chapters in which their introduction takes place there is no trace of humour to lighten the way, and Miss Lorimer has quite forgotten to devise those necessary opening incidents by which the judicious novelist develops his characters and holds the attention of his audience. But there is really fine work in the story of the fisherman lover who is struck blind by fire in the service of Mirry-Ann, and whom she thinks it her duty to marry, though she is saved from him at the last. She is a pleasant figure, and the centre of a pleasant story which gains from its Manx setting a local character of its own.

"The Money Sense."

Some minor characters are well drawn. We learn something from the lady novelist and the husband being known as "the novelist's husband," but tired of them very soon. On page 170 they are in Geoffrey Williards, and on page 181 their name has been forgotten by "John Strange Winter," who calls in future.

Athletics.

UNDER PATH TABLES, by Mr. William Richards, 3s. 6d.), told, in the first person, from the view of a college trainer in America, have a certain interest about them. We have no means of judging whether they are fiction or not, but the story of a Virginia college practice cleared twenty-four feet one and three inches would lead us to suppose so. There are conditions for athletic stories as for all others, and Mr. Richards' use of them—the favourite being the downfall of a David, and next, perhaps, the influence of a Goliath combatant. The stories are told in a breezy and unpretentious style which makes us read on to the dénouement, and we know well what it will be. It was, by the way, Dansie who ran the mile for Oxford when Oxford and Yale last year.

Three Translations.

M. Louis Gallet's *CAPTAIN SATAN*, of which the translation comes from Messrs. Jarrold (6s.), is first in a series of "The Adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac," and is one of the many series of adventures in which the French "heroic nose" embarked, and not that episode which has been immortalized by M. Rostand. It is full of incidents, with occasional lapses such as "he turned retainers knelt (i.e., kneeling) in the room." The love affair of his own and is only concerned about his people, and this loses a little in the way of action with duels and carousals, love-making on balcony, and fighting on the high road, there is plenty of fun and no lover of the old novel of cape and sword disappointed.

The name, at least, of Henryk Sienkiewicz is known to English readers, and the translation of *PROMISED LAND* (Jarrold, 2s. 6d.) will no doubt find buyers among the admirers of "Quo Vadis." It is extremely probable that most of the buyers will be a little disappointed with their purchase. The translation is extremely slight, and it may be questioned whether it is worth the trouble of translation. But briefly, it is a story of Polish peasant and his daughter who go to America through the ubiquitous emigration agent, and starve there until they are rescued. It is not uncommon; it is told, as might be expected, with considerable power and pathos; and the gloom is enough to sadden any but the most persistent of readers. It is certainly not a work of genius, and it cannot be called in any way a book representative of its author. It is rather crabbed English, by Count S. C. de Saxe, and is adorned with a photogravure of the author.

It is hardly necessary, at this distance of time, to offer upon a detailed criticism of such a work as M. Zola's *L'Abbé Mouret*, which Mr. E. A. Vize has presented, in English dress, under the style of *THE TRANSCENDENT* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), in the volume in the amended scheme of the great "Macquart" Series, is one of the most imaginative works; perhaps, also, the most finely executed of the author's novels. It forms a most successful

classes should have introductions or not. He goes so far as to say that he would not object to "a little criticism which should stimulate thought and perhaps rouse a pleasant feeling of disagreement in the reader." This is one merit—though by no means the only one—of Mrs. Humphry Ward's prefaces to the two volumes now added to the Haworth Edition of the *Life and Works of the Sisters Brontë* (Smith, Elder, 6s. each vol.). The pleasure of disagreement will not arise so much from what she says about Charlotte as from what she says about Emily. The earlier of the two volumes, *The Professor*, contains, besides the novel, the poems of the father and his daughters, and there is some good criticism in Mrs. Ward's introduction. She points out that "she was trying to put herself under discipline in 'The Professor'; trying to subdue the poetical impulse; to work as a realist and an observer only." And she proceeds:—

According to her own account of it, the publishers interfered with this process. They would not have "The Professor," and they welcomed "Jane Eyre" with alacrity. She was, therefore, thrown back, so to speak, upon her faults; obliged to work in ways more "ornamented" and "redundant;" and thus the promise of realism in her was destroyed. The explanation is one of those with which the artist will always supply himself with on occasion. In truth the method of "The Professor" represents a mere temporary reaction—an experiment—in Charlotte Brontë's literary development. When she returned to that exuberance of imagination and expression which was her natural utterance she was not merely writing to please her publishers and the public. Rather it was, like Emily's passionate return to the moorland:—

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading;
It vexes me to choose another guide.

The strong nature bent reasserted itself, and with the happiest effects. The other volume gives us *WUTHERING HEIGHTS* and *AGNES GREY*. The two sisters who produced these books, Emily and Anne respectively, have certainly suffered at the hands of the critics, for Mr. Saintsbury, in his "Nineteenth Century Literature," attributes to Emily Anne's book, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall"; while Mr. S. Dobell, in "The Palladium," gave both this novel of Anne's and Emily's "Wuthering Heights" to Charlotte. Mrs. Ward in her introduction recognizes the faults which have repelled so many readers of "Wuthering Heights," and which she traces to the German Romantic revolt against classical purism. With Emily (whom with all her ruggedness Mrs. Ward ranks higher than Charlotte) this tendency sprang to life in the vividly-realized atmosphere of the Yorkshire moors, and her love of the horrible and abnormal is atoned by the vigour of her imagination and her power of restrained and felicitous diction. This ingenious "accounting for" the gloomy imagination of Emily Brontë carries to excess the "botanical" method of criticism. Is it necessary to account for it at all? When one thinks of all the works of imagination, more or less contemporary, which do not show traces of German romanticism in this particular form, one is inclined to think that, in the inquiry after causes, the induction is not so complete as it might be. And not many Brontë students, we expect, will be prepared to agree with Mrs. Ward rather than with Mr. Leslie Stephen in their decision as to the relative merits of "Wuthering Heights" and the novels of Charlotte.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Queen's Library at Windsor Castle is to have a new

The collection is in the cottage of Thomas Ellwood, a Quaker friend, whose autobiography has just been re-

Book-lovers in Manchester are about to inaugurate a bibliographical society with a strictly limited membership to be somewhat on the lines of the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society. The committee has Mr. E. Gordon Duff, Rylands Library, for its hon. secretary.

The Hornsey Library is going to keep the lending room open until a later hour on Wednesday evening to enable shop assistants to exchange their books. This is a right direction.

No fewer than four Bodleian catalogues are included in the new list of works in preparation at the Clarendon Press. One is in the Oriental section, one being Dr. Baronian's "List of the Armenian MSS. in the Bodleian Library," and the second part of Ethé's "Catalogue of the Turkish, Arabic, and Persian MSS. in the Bodleian Library." The third is the fifth part (index), of Mr. W. D. Macrae's "Catalogue of the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library," and the fourth is the volume V, and VI, of "A Summary Catalogue of the MSS.," by Mr. Falconer Madan.

The free libraries seem to have incurred the wrath of Mrs. Grundy. A lady delegate from London at the meeting of the N.W.C.A. at Torquay advised the members to shun free libraries. "In large cities," she said, "more harm was done by free libraries than any one was aware of." It is an odd custom for young women to take out "the very worst books they can get hold of." The lady delegate may or may not be correct as to the moral atmosphere of Torquay, but her protest against her indictment of the public library, and the assertion, we think, only shows that Mrs. Maule's criticism of "these vile places" is not yet extinct.

The clan of Lindsay has produced statesmen, poets, bibliographers, and many workers in other fields of knowledge. The late Earl of Crawford was an indefatigable bibliographer in the literary and artistic world, and the present Earl is a scientific but also the author of many privately printed bibliographical subjects. Under the title of "A Lindsay Family," Mr. H. T. Folkard, F.S.A., Librarian of the Wigan Library, has issued a privately printed hand list of books by or relating to members of the Clan. The coming of the Lindsays with Wigan is an ancient one, and in the town of Haigh Hall, on the confines of the town, is housed the private library of Lord Crawford, the head of the Wigan library, by the way, has recently attained its centenary, and in commemoration of this, and of Lord Crawford's having been admitted to the freedom of the ancient borough.

Correspondence.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND HIS CRITICISM.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. Clive Holland writes of Mr. Kipling's "interesting, unpleasant tales" and gives the general impression that Simla—which for many people appears to represent India—is a haven for disreputable

Let me suggest a means of escape which, if paradoxical at first sight, is, at least, literary, and impugns neither Mr. Kipling's veracity nor the morals of Simla. Apply the same method of reasoning (was it not Aulus Gellius who anticipated by means of a dilemma Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry?), the same dilemma to another well-known author, Thackeray is not usually regarded as an immoral or an incredible novelist; mid-Victorian society is assuredly not a hotbed of conjugal infidelity. Imagine Thackeray born into times in which, not serial novels of prodigious length, but episodic short stories were the fashion. Can you not see, at the bare suggestion, some, at least, of the short stories he would have written? The following, among many, seem inevitable. (1) Mrs. Rawdon Crawley and George Osborne at Brighton; (2) The Marquis of Steyne in Besky's drawing-room; (3) Jos Sedley enslaved by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley; (4) Barnes Newcome's lecture on the Domestic Affections; (5) The elopement of Lady Clara Newcome with Lord Highgate; (6) Arthur Pendennis and Fanny Bolton; (7) Beatrix Esmond and the Prince; (8) The seduction of Caroline by Mr. Brandon; (9) Mr. Ringwood's attempt to subvert Philip's married happiness. I might go on. But imagine these episodes converted into short stories, imagine them bound up into a single "Day's Work." The literary form would be different, but the substance would remain the same, and we should be in a position to impugn Mr. Clive Holland on the horns of his own dilemma.

In fact, all Mr. Kipling's stories are not "unpleasant"—his longer ones are less "unpleasant" than Thackeray's. But his literary method brings into harsh relief what, buried in mountains of context, exists in Thackeray, in all writers who try to describe life as it is. It is not a question of Simla society at all, or of Mr. Kipling's veracity. English people in India are very much like English people in the London suburbs, from which most of them came and to which most of them retire, if hard work and a vile climate do not bring them to an Indian grave. Mr. Kipling is not unmerciful. But, if he is to portray all phases of the life he depicts, some of his sketches must be "unpleasant" ones. Perhaps he has made too many of his pictures "unpleasant." But we know that "since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a Man." Mr. Kipling has much of Fielding's power; the short story, and an audience less straight-laced than Thackeray's, have given him an opportunity which it were a pity to spoil by asking (with a certain lack of humour) whether Simla is really so bad as all that!

Mr. Clive Holland also seems to think it pitiable that the author of the "Recessional" should have written "the coarser ballads." Does he realize that the "Departmental Ditties" were scribbled in the scant leisure of an Indian sub-editor, not on the cool heights of Simla, but in the sordid surroundings of the composing room of an Indian newspaper? That Mr. Kipling should have risen from such beginnings to sound the trumpet of his "Recessional" is surely a matter for admiration and gratitude. And, after all, what is a novelist's verse? Those of us who love our Thackeray right, love even his ballads. Does Mr. Holland remember a translation of *Béranger* which dots the *i's* of a versifier who was no prude? But what does it matter? Thackeray will live by his novels, and Mr. Kipling (if his contemporaries may venture to think so) by the incomparable vigour of his stories.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Ealing, February.

J. D. ANDERSON.

And if he has done this, why carp because it is not ours? Correct or not as mere bald facts, question breathe some valuable qualities, energy and resource, besides a certain humour and power usually accompany high spirits. Granted that eye read these qualities into life, nor see comedy in festivities, I still fail to see that to do so is Doubtless he has looked leniently on much that is desirable; but if his soldiers these are apt to when it is heady, they are distinctly funny, farce are good antidotes to any harm such present

As one whose life has been spent in "sneaking of them—" and chronicle small beer," Lowe a d to the writer who can strike a note occasionally heart swell with the pride of life and with some petty and purely selfish. "For there is neither I "The Legion that never was listed," "The Eng all have in their turn roused emotions that too daily dull round and explained a life beyond the and dusting. And a tribute of praise is surely due of Brugglesmith, Krishna Mulvaney, Nungey I rest, broad farce though they are. It is some written farce that can be re-read and still provoke

That some of his critics have overpraised him to a fashion in superlatives, and it is due to humour natural to the Scot that Mr. R. Buchan serious ink at the morals of an interesting psych The man who takes Stalky and Co. for aught more sionist sketch telling more of the sketcher than sketched has lost the gift of observation if he ex There has been but one good story of schoolboy t it is old-fashioned. "Stalky and Co." is not a t life, it is the nightmare impression left on a child, recorded in after life and informed by recollections and knowledge. Besides, the n states that it was an exceptional school and "the wastes" among boys by suggesting that the in him even if it only enables him to kill and die

If literature is to be more than an artificiality it must have the right to be truthful, and all individual. Mr. Kipling has extended Goethe Mousch so lang er strobt," and "Der gute Mann in Drange ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewust," has glorified action of some sort as a mean Hercin lies his charm and his power, as also many. A poet he is not, not even the Recession has a touch of insincerity—but he does write that says the thing it means, and taking his w healthy in tone as the West wind is—it knocks twists your skirts round your limbs as you go, nerves and purifies your blood. This is the opin humble readers of learned criticism and may is worth.

Yours truly,

Glasgow, Feb., 1900.

E. A.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is not my practice as a rule to reply correspondents; nor does, indeed, the letter of your issue of to-day, require that I should do nine-tenths of it are foreign to the ground cavations raised by myself in your columns. It is flat to an author to find that two boys' books perpe decade ago yet survive in the memory of "H. not however to keep the memory of the pen-

exception of Lady Burton, that the authorities he quotes who vouch for Mr. Kipling's accuracy are of great weight. They probably merely vouched for a general "impression" rather than correctness of detail, for which upon broad lines I contended.

I must protest against the mutilated quotations made from my previous letter—"H. F. H." stating I asserted that Kipling "contents himself with depleting the sordid, vulgar, and unclean sides of life exclusively," whereas what I wrote was "But surely no artist" (I use the word in a general sense) "should content himself with depleting the sordid, vulgar," &c., a different thing altogether. And even this was further qualified a couple of sentences later by "such as Mr. Kipling appears to like chiefly" (not "exclusively," mark you) "to depict."

There was, moreover, in my letter a previous qualification by which I excepted from the category of sordid and unclean a considerable number of the novelist's stories, which fact your correspondent in his carelessness has evidently entirely overlooked.

In conclusion (not to occupy too much of your valuable space) I still have grave doubts as to the value of the particular form of "Stalkiness," which I ventured to designate by another name, for which "H. F. H." appears to have so unbounded an admiration. And most sensible people will, I fancy, agree with me rather than with him that this "Stalkiness," which eschews manly games in favour of malodorous and fever-breeding practical jokes, ruffianism, and illicit smoking, is unlikely to produce the type of men—from the boys guilty of such practices—that would prevent such regrettable "incidents" as Colenso, Stormberg, and Magersfontein.

A last word. "H. F. H.'s" position would have possibly been more tenable had he proved less inaccurate and less obviously desirous of creating a wrong impression of another writer's words.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Bournemouth, W., Feb. 24th. CLIVE HOLLAND.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the Literary Year Book which has just been published I see the following statement has been made.

Authors' Syndicate (Director, Mr. W. Morris Colles), 4, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C. This Syndicate is managed by the Society of Authors, and full particulars of its operations may be obtained by applying to the address given above.

As Secretary of the Society of Authors I beg to inform the public through your columns that the Authors' Syndicate is entirely apart from and independent of the Society, and that the Society, while ready to advise its members as to the standing of any agent, maintains a position of impartiality and does not favour any one competent and trustworthy agent above another.

I trust, as the matter is one of importance to the Society of Authors, that you will see your way to publish this letter in your columns.

Yours truly,
Feb., 1900. G. HERBERT THRING.

INTRODUCTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. Austin H. Johnson makes out a good case for "Introductions," at least in the case of those who are so little acquainted with the English classics that they need to be formally introduced. It is, as he says, no bad thing to know something about an author apart from his books

or be content to take his opinions all at second-hand. Great caution is needed there are instances to prove, would be invidious to mention them; and the need for it may be found in the general dearth of original and independent convictions about literature and art.

Yours truly,
Nottingham, Feb. 27.

BRITISH MUSEUM BOOKS MISSING MISLAID.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In confirmation of my letter to *The Times*, of you quoted in your issue of the 3rd inst., I may be following comparatively recent books not in the catalogues of the British Museum Library:—

"Art of Rifle Shooting," Sir Henry Hallford 1888.

"British Colony in Russia," C. L. Johnston 1897.

"Hints on Singing," Manuel Garcia, London, 1888.

"Actions in the County Court," E. E. Wickham 1893.

"Commercial Uses of Coal Gas," T. Fletcher ton (?)

"King's Pilot's Handbook to the English Channel 1898 edition, edited by T. A. Hall, or any recent edition.

"Blast Furnaces," Giesener (place and date of publication unknown).

"Assimilative Systems," J. Sambrooke, 1897-8.

Mr. W. J. Birkbeck's well-known work on the Eastern Churches, published in 1895, is in the library catalogued—or, at least, was not when I wished to re-order it in December last. I have asked a dozen times for one since 1891, but the ticket is always returned marked "Missing." I have asked at intervals of six months for books without success in moving them from "the binders." Perhaps some of the Royal Society of Literature who is also a member of the Parliament will move for a reduction of the Museum on the ground that there can be no need for money for books as the library does not see that it gets all it ought for gratis.

Yours truly,
WIRT GEORGE
Authors' Club, 3, Whitehall-court, S.W.

BOOK SALES IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I notice in *Literature* a comparison between some popular works to the disparagement of our power in England; but, to my surprise, no account of American against 180,000 English, we must remember while our population is estimated at forty millions, the United States verges on eighty millions. Moreover, the States will find English readers in Europe, Canada, &c. as well their sales, while our results are reduced by the fact of printing our popular works in the States.

Yours truly,
A.
Highbury, February 21.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "CROMWELL"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed to refer to the two versions of Rosebery's speech on Cromwell mentioned in your issue

speech "in self-defence," I procured it, and, comparing the two versions of the passage, recognized the necessity.

LOED ROSEBERY'S VERSION.

Nor will I say anything about the execution of Charles I. That was an act which I think was barely justified by the circumstances. But it was an act as to which one or two facts are generally forgotten, if they were ever known, by the critics of the memory of Cromwell. The first is that it was not a willing act on the part of Cromwell. He endeavoured as far as he could to work with the King; and it was not until he found that the King would accept no position short of the absolute ideal of kingship which he had formed for himself that Cromwell was forced to desist from the attempt. You must remember also that he had found from painful experience that Charles held no measure with his opponents; that he was in no respect to be trusted; and you must also recollect what is now better known—that it is not possible for a feudal Monarch to be his own constitutional successor. The two things cannot combine in one man. That was made clear nearly a century and a half later in the case of Louis XVI. of France, who was willing to be a constitutional Sovereign, to be his own constitutional successor, which Charles I. was not. But it was not possible. If, then, you were to have a constitutional Sovereign, you were bound in one way or another to get rid of Charles I.; though it seems to me that as a stroke of policy means much more gentle might have been adopted, which would have prevented the act being, as in essence it was, not merely a crime, if crime you call it, but a political blunder as well. There is only one further remark that I will make on this subject. Happy is the dynasty which can permit without offence or without fear the memory of a regicide to be honoured in its capital. Happy the Sovereign and happy the dynasty that, secure in their constitutional guarantees and in the world-wide love of their subjects, can allow such a ceremony as this to take place without a shadow of annoyance or distrust.

THE OTHER ONE.

Execution of Charles I.—Nor will I say anything of the execution of Charles I. That was an act which I think was barely justified by the circumstances. But one or two facts are generally forgotten, if they were ever known, by the critics of the memory of Cromwell, who yet thought it was no willing act on the part of Cromwell.

You must recollect that he had found out by painful experience that Charles held no measure with his opponents, and that he was not to be trusted, and, what is now better known, that it is not possible for a feudal Monarch to be a constitutional ruler. It seems to me that in the struggle better means might have been adopted. It was not merely a crime—if a crime—but a political blunder. There is only one remark I would make further, and it is this: that you have permitted without fear the memory of a regicide to be honoured in this country.

Yours faithfully,

W. R. LLEWELLYN.

Mr. Evelyn Cecil, M.P., was travelling with his wife shortly before the war and interviewed Kruger on the day on which the Boer ultimatum was issued. He is now in England writing a book on the tour, which Mr. Murrin will publish in two weeks. "On the Eve of the War" is to be the title.

There are one or two other war literature especially opportune is a cheaper re-issue of "Achievements of Cavalry: With a Chapter on the Cavalry," which is to come from Messrs. Bell. It is out of print for three or four years. Cheaper editions have been issued of two of Colonel Baden-Powell's earlier works—"The Downfall of Prempeh" and "The Marston Expedition, 1890," the publishers in this case being Messrs. Blackwood are forming a series of "The Life of a Soldier" at two shillings a volume. Among the volumes included are Sir E. B. Hamley's "Lady Lee's Campaign," George Chesney's "The Dilemma," and Colonel Laskhart's "Doubles and Quits." Two new volumes of African adventures are announced by Messrs. Sands, one by Bryden, and the other, entitled "Thirty Years in the Bush," by Mr. H. C. Seppings-Wright, the artist and author of the *Illustrated London News*. The same publishers are bringing out a volume of letters from soldiers during the present campaign, entitled "From the Front."

Messrs. Dent's new series of international literature is an undertaking of importance. Mr. Leonard Coombe on "The English Constitution"; Mr. Henry Sweet on "The Making of English"; Dr. Hill (inaugurating the series in the month) will contribute "An Introduction to the History of Science"; Professor E. Jenks "A History of the Jewish People"; Israel Gollanez "An Introduction to Shakespeare"; Spence will deal with "The English Church"; Sweet with "The History of Language"; Ramsay with "Modern Chemistry"; Mr. Ramsay with "The British Empire"; Mr. Romesh Chunder with "Civilization of India"; Mr. Basil Worsfold on "Literary Criticism"; Mr. Edmund Gardner will produce "An Introduction to Dante"; and Mr. L. D. Butler on "The History of the Greek Drama." Among the volumes to be published by Messrs. M. Gaston Paris will deal with "Medieval French Literature" and it is hoped that Professor Villari will contribute "The Italian Renaissance."

Messrs. Macmillan are re-issuing Anthony Trollope's "The Three Clerks." This was never a chief success of Trollope's novels with the public, though it was written by the author himself, probably because it was too graphically and authors have a tenderness for their own lives. It also helps to explain a certain John Eamesishness in Trollope's own time. If a word may be coined from Lily Dale's rather than another novel. Certainly the time for a revival of it has come. When Mr. Haggard the other day called on me to write a novel "Dr. Thorne," and an old-fashioned novel complained of the similarity to Dr. Thorne, I wanted to know who Dr. Thorne was. Now Mr. Haggard is to suffer a loss, which the reader will not regret, for the most successful novels of to-day can but ill be written by a man who was not an inspired writer, and injured his genius by his posthumous account of his posthumous composition. Yet writers more inspired have

the past seven years. It should be a fitting complement to Mr. Meynell's forthcoming volume on Ruskin, which is to be mainly critical.

An unpublished manuscript on the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, by Isabel, Lady Burton, is to be issued immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson. It contains a full description of the Passion Play, and is edited with a preface, by Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who, it will be remembered, wrote Lady Burton's life. The new biography which Mr. Wilkins has written, entitled "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen," will be published at once by Messrs. Hutchinson. It tells the story of Sophia Dorothea of Celle, Consort of George I., and contains many hitherto unpublished documents bearing on the fate of that unhappy Princess. The love letters which passed between Sophia and Count Königsmark have been translated by Mr. Wilkins from the originals in the University Library of Lund in Sweden. An account is also given of the secret divorce proceedings which George I. instituted against his wife at Hanover.

The lady who is known under her *nom-de-guerre* of George Paston, has prepared a memoir of Mrs. Delany, whose "Autobiography and Correspondence," issued in 1861-62, has proved of much interest. In 1898 "George Paston" undertook to prepare a popular version of the "Autobiography," and the volume now announced is the result. She has had the assistance of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert of Lanover, who inherited Mrs. Delany's papers, pictures, &c. Among the manuscripts are several interesting unpublished letters and some curious records of the social life of the period. Family portraits and miniatures will be reproduced in photogravure. The volume will shortly be issued by Mr. Grant Richards.

The fourth volume of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* will be published by Mr. John Lane on March 15, and will include "Recollections," by Lady Dorothy Nevill, with some unpublished letters of Lord Beaconsfield; a story by Mr. George Gissing; "Angling Notes," by the Countess of Malmesbury; "A Century of Women," by Lady Francis Jenne; an original drama by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; "What can be done for the Drama," by Mr. W. Archer, and an essay on Macaulay by Mr. Herbert Paul. The binding is described as one of the finest specimens of a Cameroir binding existing.

In "Pictures of the Old French Court," to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, the author of "The Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens" (Catherine A. Bearne) deals with the daily life at Court and in society during the reigns of three more Valois queens—Jeanne de Bourbon, Isabeau de Bavière, and Anne de Bretagne, the wives of Charles V., Charles VI., and Louis XII. There are strong contrasts between the intellectual Court of Charles V., the reckless dissipation of that of Charles VI., and the splendid surroundings of Louis XII. A short chapter introduces two other queens, Marie d'Anjou and Charlotte de Savoie, wives of Charles VII., and Louis XI., of whom less is known.

The two-volume Sterne in the Macmillan Library of English Classics will not include the Letters nor the Sermons; but the volume containing the "Sentimental Journey" will be filled up with Sterne's Memoir of his Life and Family, his Fragment in the Manner of Rabelais, and the skit arising out of a squabble in York Cathedral Close, called "A Political Romance." In the collected edition of 1769 there is an apology inserted for reprinting this piece, and a hint that it was not originally designed for publication. Mr. Pollard points out that an edition printed at York in 1759 contains a prefatory request that this literary offspring should be "filiated upon me, Lawrence Sterne, Prebendary of York." This series of English Classics is welcome as some relief from the too prevailing fashion of little books. Like other series of reprints, perhaps it returns a little

has just begun to publish, will be read over here with curiosity. Great critics, it is often said, seldom added gift of a creative imagination, but, whatever other merits of the book, the style is sure to be admi-

Messrs. Bell's forthcoming additions to Bell includes the first volume of "Gray's Letters," ed. Rev. Duncan C. Toxey. This will contain seven which have only recently come to light. The is accessible, and will be exactly reproduced. Messrs. hope to bring out the long-expected work on Patmore: His Family and Correspondence, by Champneys, at the end of the present season. The of the new edition of Swift, "Historical and Political English," is in the press, edited by Temple Scott III, and IV, of Mr. Shuckburgh's translation of Cicero will be ready shortly.

Several notable reprints are announced by Messrs. being "The Book of Sun-Dials," originally compiled Mr. Alfred Gatty. Other new editions are of Ges translation of the twelve books of Marcus Aurelius and of Professor Gwatkin's "Studies in Arrianism: The of the Reaction following the Council of Nicea" (rev.

Among the books announced by Mr. John Lane Lights on the Reign of Terror," translated from the *Mémoires des Echevannes* by M. C. Balfour; "The Church Fathers," by Cardinal Newman; a new edition of Helps' "The Spanish Conquest in America," in four "Seven Gardens and a Palace," by E. V. B. (the Boyle); "Birds of My Parish," by E. Pollard; and Beauty, and Other Prose Fancies," by Richard L. (uniform with "Prose Fancies.") The date has not for Mr. Le Gallienne's "Rudyard Kipling" (which bibliography by Mr. John Lane).

Besides books previously announced, the spring Messrs. Sampson Low includes "The History of the Privateers," by Mr. Edgar S. Maclean; "The Ancient Philosophy," by Dr. Windeband, translated H. E. Cushman; "The Declaration of Paris," by Gibson Bowles, M.P.; "Oxford: A Retrospect of Africa," by A. E. S. Fremantle, of Oriel and Worcester Oxford; and "The Diurnal Theory of the Earth, System of Constructing a Stratified Physical World," by Andrews.

Messrs. Sands' spring announcements include Life, Reminiscences, and Letters of Robert "Romantic Edinburgh," which will be ready "The Holy Year of Jubilee"; "The Animals of which will appear next week; "Sport in Europe" about the end of May; and "Castle and Mr. St. George Mivart's novel, also to appear. Among their other publications will be "The Amazons," translated from the French of Baron de Nory by Mr. George Humphrey. The late Mr. Costello's volume, "The Gospel Story," will be ready a week's time. In "The Flowing Tide" Madam Bellou has written a book of reminiscences in connexion with the Romish movement in England. Shortly before East Sands hope to have ready "The Testament of Ignatius (the founder of the Society of Jesus), done into English Latin by "E. M. R.," with a preface by the Rev. S. J. "Meditations on the Psalms of the Little "Peregrinus," and "A Son of St. Francis: St. Cantalice," by Lady Amabel Kerr.

Fiction and Poetry.

Mr. Grant Richards will publish next Tuesday a volume of verse by Miss Nora Hopper, whose previous volume "Quicken Boughs," may linger pleasantly in many Miss Hopper is one of the less advertised but no less pleasing of the writers included under the title of Renaissance.

"The Statue and the Bust," followed by Stephen Phillips' "Marjessa," both volumes being illustrated by Philip Connard.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, who has already published one novel with Mr. Fisher Unwin this year, is at work on another tale of the Yorkshire Moors, to be called "Mistress Barbara Culliffe." Mr. Louis Beske has just completed another story of the South Seas for the same publisher, entitled "Arreiffos." A new story of London society by Mr. Percy White is to be published by Messrs. Sands about the middle of next month. Its title is "The West End."

Mr. Grant Allen's last serial, which ran through the *Strand Magazine*, will be published in the course of this month by Mr. Grant Richards. Its title is "Hilda Wade," and it is illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne.

Messrs. Hutchinson announce "The Farringtons," by Miss Ellen Thornycroft Fowler; "A Woman of Samaria," by "Rita"; "The Second Life of Theodora Desanges," by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton; "The Mix," by "Iota"; "Kiddy," by Mr. Tom Gallon; "The Engrafted Rose," by Miss Emma Brooke; "The Last Continent," by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne; "The Temptation of Olive Latimer," by Mrs. L. T. Meade; "The Second Lady Delecombe," by Mrs. Arthur Kennard; "The Whistling Maid," by Mr. Ernest Rhys; "Fortune's Yellow," by Miss Ella MacMahon; and "Tony Larkin," by Mrs. Edward Kennard.

Messrs. Macmillan announce a new novel entitled "The Golden Horseshoe," by Stephen Bonsal, dealing with recent events in America in the form of letters written by two American officers to each other.

Mr. A. E. Housman's volume of poems, "A Shropshire Lad," will be reissued in Mr. Grant Richards' Breviary Series.

Mr. Rowland Ward will shortly publish a finely illustrated volume on "Sport in Central Asia," by Prince Demidoff, the author of "Hunting Trips in the Caucasus."

Mr. Stanley Little is completing a volume of the "Nineteenth Century Series" on the "Progress of the British Empire in the Century."

Mr. Arthur A'Beckett has written his reminiscences, which should prove interesting.

In 1869 no less a number of books were published in Italy than nearly 10,000:—Agriculture and commercial, 1,156; history and biography, 1,039; medicine, 1,031; statistics, 993; education, 961; law, 890; philosophy, 817; fiction, 272; and poetry, 277.

Emigle du sang is the title of a new drama by Hyacinthe Loyson, son of Père Hyacinthe, who years ago with an American lady caused much discussion in the French Catholic Church. The drama treats of the Philippines and the Transvaal.

The "Outlines of the History of Religion," by Misses M. Hope Malleson's "Handbook to Christian Art in Rome," which we announced last week, should be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, not to Messrs. Bell.

Books to look out for at once

- THE ARMY AND THE WAR.
 "Achievements of Chivalry." (Cheaper re-issue.) By Evelyn Wood. Bell, 3s. 6d.
 "History of the Boer War." Part I. Methuen.
 "Campaigns of the Derbyshire Regiment: Colonel General Sir Julius Raines. Sonnenschein.
 CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND THEOLOGICAL.
 "Æschylus" (Oxford Classical Texts). Edited by E. V. Rieu. Clarendon Press, 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.
 "Scientific Papers." Vol. II. Prof. Tait. Cambridge University Press.
 "Epistle to the Romans." Vol. II. Canon Gore.
 FICTION AND VERSE.
 "Castle and Manor." By St. George Mivart.
 "Cease Fire." By J. MacLaren Colburn. Macmillan.
 "Songs of the Morning" (verse). By Nora M. Richards. 3s. 6d.
 "Scruples." By Thomas Cobb. Grant Richards.
 "Without the Limelight." By G. R. Sims. Chatto.
 "Loves' Guerdon." By C. H. Carrador. F. & J. B. Mason.
 MISCELLANEOUS.
 "Experts on Guns and Shooting." By G. T. Sampson Low, 14s.
 "The Autobiography of a Piano." By Twopenny Sands. 6s.
 "The Real Football." By James Catton. Sampson Low.
 "Leaves from a Squatter's Note-Book." By T. M. Claxton. F. & J. B. Mason.
 "The Animals of Africa." By H. A. Bryden. F. & J. B. Mason.
 REPRINT.
 "Works of Sterne." 2 vols. (Library of the Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- My Father and I.** By the Countess Pallua. 7½ x 5½ in., 278 pp. London, 1900. Heinemann, 6s.
C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography. Vol. IV. Compiled by His Wife. 11½ x 8½ in., 388 pp. London, 1900. Passmore & Alabaster, 10s. 6d.
Fleld-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.P., G.C.B. By Horace G. Gosser. 7½ x 5½ in., 144 pp. London, 1900. Melrose, 1s. n.
Notes from My Journal When Speaker of the House of Commons. By the late Rt. Hon. J. E. Denison. 8½ x 7½ in., xii. + 276 pp. London, 1900. Murray, 10s. 6d. n.
The Life of John Nixon. By J. E. Vincent. 9½ x 6½ in., 245 pp. London, 1900. Murray, 10s. 6d. n.
Sir David Wilkie. (Famous Scots Series.) By E. Pennington. 7½ x 5½ in., 107 pp. London, 1900. Oliphant, 1s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Abbotsholme.** By Cecil Reddie. 8 x 5½ in., 649 pp. London, 1900. Allen, 10s. 6d. n.
Livy. (Black's Latin Series.) Ed. by H. C. Laming. 7½ x 5½ in., 170 pp. London, 1900. Black, 2s. 6d.

FICTION.

- The Web of Fate.** By T. H.

- The Loyal Hussar, and other Stories.** By Aton St. Aubyn. 7½ x 5½ in., 355 pp. London, 1900. Higby, Long, 6s.
Nemo. By T. Douglas. 7½ x 5½ in., 341 pp. London, 1900. Smith, Elder, 6s.
The World's Mercy. By Maxwell Gray. 7½ x 5½ in., 210 pp. London, 1900. Heinemann, 6s.
Au Milieu du Chemin. By Edouard Rod. 7½ x 4½ in., 342 pp. Paris, 1900. Fasquelle, Fr. 3.50.
Le Lys d'Or. By Louis Latang. 7½ x 4½ in., 208 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Lévy, Fr. 3.50.
Les Noces d'Yolanthe. By H. Sundermann. Traduit de l'Allemand par N. Valentin et M. Rémon. 7½ x 4½ in., 260 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Lévy, Fr. 3.50.
Le Colporteur. By Guy de Maupassant. 7½ x 4½ in., 314 pp. Paris, 1900. Ollendorff, Fr. 3.50.
Imitations. By Léon Tolstoi. Traduit du Russe par E. Halperine-Kaminsky. 7½ x 4½ in., 200 pp. Paris, 1900. Ollendorff, Fr. 3.50.

HISTORY.

- Du 18 Brumaire à Waterloo.** By J. Michelet. Nouvelle Edition, avec gravures d'après des documents historiques. 7½ x 4½ in., 381 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Lévy, Fr. 3.50.
Le Régent. (Méthuen's Library.)

- A History of Russian Literature.** By K. Waliszewski. 8 x 5½ in., 450 pp. London, 1900. Heinemann, 6s.
Littérature Russe. (Histoire des Littératures.) By K. Waliszewski. 8 x 5½ in., 447 pp. Paris, 1900. Colin, Fr. 5.

MILITARY.

- The Fight for the Flag in South Africa.** By E. Sanderson. 9½ x 6½ in., 130 pp. London, 1900. Hutchinson, 1s. 6d.
From Capetown to Ladysmith. By G. W. Steevens. 7½ x 5½ in., 180 pp. London, 1900. Blackwood, 3s. 6d.

ORIENTAL.

- Ramayana.** The Epic of Rama, Prince of India. Condensed into English Verse. By Romesh Dutt, C.I.E. 7½ x 5½ in., 192 pp. London, 1900. Bent, 12s. 6d. n.

PHILOSOPHY.

- L'Origine de la Pensée et de la Parole.** By M. Moncalm. 9 x 5½ in., 313 pp. Paris, 1900. Alcan, Fr. 5.
Le Problème de la Mémoire. Essai de Psycho-Mécanique. By le Docteur Paul Sollier. 9 x 5½ in., 218 pp. Paris, 1900. Alcan, Fr. 3.75.

POETRY.

- Deanna.** By G. B. Street. 8 x 5½ in., 100 pp. London, 1900. F. & J. B. Mason, 1s. 6d.

- The Works** (Larger Temple) 7½ x 5½ in., London, 1900.
Shakespeare (ford-on-Avon & X.) 6 x 4 in., London, 1900.
The Early Robert Br (Classics.) 6 x 4 in., London, 1900.
Maud, and Alfred Lord (Classics.) 6 x 4 in., London, 1900.
SC d'Or de la Société de Philosophie de Paris, 1900.
SOC Le Markien Bernstein. Traduction de 7½ x 4½ in., 302.
TH One Year of Lessons for By Florence 250 pp. London, 1900.
The Life of H. Mable, 7 1900.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 125. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Professor Courthope's lectures on "Law in Taste" will, we take it for granted, be published in book form. The newspaper reports of them are quite enough to show that they deserve publication; but not quite clear enough to make it safe to comment on them. In his lecture last Saturday he took Pope, following after Chaucer and Milton, as an illustration of what, if we remember rightly, he had before described as the most fundamental law of the fine art of poetry—the creation of harmonious ideas out of contrary qualities. We confess we did not gather quite clearly from the report how he applied this to Pope. It is a principle which gained a more obvious illustration a century later, when classicism and romanticism met in Tennyson. Perhaps the Professor, who seems to be stepping steadily from century to century, will reach Tennyson next time. These lectures will have a special value when published, since Professor Courthope's "History of English Poetry," it will be remembered, does not at present carry him further than 1600. Of Pope's poetry he is specially qualified to speak, as he has collaborated in an edition of the poet's works.

* * * * *

The materials for a just estimate of Ruskin are accumu-

lated in an estimate favourable to the Sage as an influence, and him as a teacher. We are all in favour of feeling that one has suffered more than Ruskin from too effusiveness. But though *Blackwood's* adjectives may be all true, was visionary, violent, inconsistent, and incoherent, these qualities are wholly inconsistent with greatness of Ruskin is epitomised in what Mr. Statham says of "Lamps." "No one, whether architect or not, glowing pages without feeling his sense of the nobility of the art extended and amplified, and his quickened. And this is really the way in which served art. He has little dependable or logical ten in regard to art, but he has made thousands of per it as they never cared for it before, and never for him."

"It is never with impunity that one enters i with Bossuet." Such were the words in which some at Besançon, M. Brunetière foreshadowed his apper version to Romanism. According to the *Croix*, M is once again at Besançon, and there, after a lectur we learn at the school of Bossuet," has taken the de His confession was made at an ecclesiastical "pr presence of some 200 persons. The Archbishop clasped M. Brunetière's hand and assured him t would "echo far and wide throughout France, an in the heart of Leo XIII."

Literary France is exercised over the question w shall be elected to serve on the Committee of th Gens de Lettres. It is not improbable, as there the constitution of the Society to prevent it, that M actually will be elected. In the meantime it is i compare the practice of our own Society of Author find no ladies on the Committee of Management o Sub-committees, but four ladies—Miss E. A. Ormero L. Shaw, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Miss Charlotte adorn that mere ornamental body, the Council.

Mr. Lathbury's new weekly the *Pilot*, so f any new feature, reverts to the long article; i right of the reader to pay attention to one su minutes instead of five. Canon Gore and Canon monopolize two pages and a half, and other articles by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, are longer than is no There are Oxford and Cambridge letters, and the fil of articles on the "Next Age of the Roman Catho by a Roman Catholic who signs himself "Caract *Pilot* is interested in ecclesiastical subjects from th Anglican point of view; in politics it has hardly ye

to find leisure to edit numerous volumes for the Camden Society and its successor, the Royal Historical Society. No fewer than thirteen volumes in this series have already appeared under his editorship, and five more, also by him, are announced as in preparation—viz., Henry Etsing's Notes of Proceedings during the Parliament of 1628; Selections from the Despatches of Alvisio Valaresso, Venetian Ambassador in England in the years 1623 and 1624; the Verney Papers; Petitions to Parliament temp. Charles I.; and some letters of Prince Rupert. These all, like earlier volumes, relate, it will be observed, to that period of our national history in which Mr. Gardiner is thoroughly at home, and all are likely to throw interesting sidelights on its persons and events. Mr. Gardiner was described by the late Sir John Seeley as the only historian who has trodden the controversial ground of seventeenth-century English political history with absolute fairness and impartiality—an opinion to which all who have had occasion to consult his pages will readily subscribe. Few historians, it may be added, can show such a record of sound and painstaking work.

Some regret must be felt at the threatened disappearance of the quaint little house in Park Shot, Richmond, which, forty odd years ago, witnessed the turning-point in the literary life of "George Eliot." "To be let on building lease" is the sentence announced on the board which now stands in the untidy garden, and we understand that as soon as a purchaser is forthcoming the old house, together with Nos. 7 and 9, will be razed to the ground. It was in September, 1855, that Marian Evans and her consort, George Lewes, took rooms at Melross-house, Park Shot (No. 8), and it is clear, from her letters and journals, that they grew deeply attached to them. "It always seems like going home," she wrote, "when we return to Park Shot." It is melancholy to recall George Eliot's description of the place as they found it in 1855, and as they doubtless left it in 1859—"in the pink of order and cleanliness." It would be hard, indeed, to imagine a more neglected-looking building, its only redeeming feature being the ivy which clings to it affectionately.

It was here that George Eliot accomplished some of her most notable work. They were hard-working days for both writers, and the authoress found her labours somewhat handicapped by the fact that they could only afford one sitting room between them. The scratching of another pen, she afterwards said, used to affect her nerves to such an extent that it nearly drove her wild. The new era in her life dawned in the autumn of 1856, when, in her thirty-seventh year, she determined to write fiction. She unfolded her plan of the "Scenes from Clerical Life" to Mr. Lewes while strolling in Richmond Park, and the scheme and the title commended themselves to him. "The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton" was accordingly taken in hand at Park Shot on September 22nd of the same year, and was concluded on November 5th. On the following Christmas Day "Mr. Gill's Love Story" was begun, and while this was in progress Mr. Blackwood accepted "Amos Barton," paying her £52 10s. for the serial rights. The "Scenes" advanced steadily until October 9th, 1857, when she entered in her journal, "Finished 'Janet's Repentance.'" She then determined to close the series and republish

Apropos of "Parson Kelly," Mr. Andrew Lang explains how collaboration was the cause of a inconsistency in that interesting romance:—

Mr. Mason and I owe our apologies to the magazine for making Mr. Wogan "rub his hand and history, had correctly stated that hands rub, having lost his arm at Fontenoy. Now when in Homer, carves a lamb, after being wounded German critics detest a multiplex authorship. I had been wounded a fairly long way back in the I think the poet forgot, or did not care. We excuse, and, as a matter of fact, it was the editor did not write the chapter, that foisted in Mr. hands, regardless of the statement of the other who again overlooked the interpolation.

It is pleasant to find an author so cheerful, which he would probably have made merry over the capacity of reviewer.

Other literary articles in the magazines "Red Pottage," by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred I. National Review; "The Religious Element in the Bishop of Ripon, in the Sunday Magazine; Literature and the Woman Movement," by Frau in the Humanitarian; and an article on Shakespeare the New Century. This is a subject on which Mr. A. Hall writes in our correspondence column. Century writer starts a new hare by making William Hathaway, brother to Ann, but he does beyond the region of conjecture.

With reference to the story about Dr. Martineau culled last week from Macmillan's Magazine, the article writes:—

Will you allow me to correct an error in the current issue of your paper with reference to Macmillan's Magazine which a writer in "Not asserts refers to Dr. Martineau? The story Dr. Martineau about some Scotch professor, introduced into my "recollections" in order that Martineau appreciated a good story as much had a greater sense of humour than some credit for.

There is an expansiveness about some American critics—some, we say, and we do not live in Winchester—which obscures their perception of divides sense from nonsense. Mr. Ebenezer Ch. Cambridge, Massachusetts, writing in the Internationale soars on the wings of rhetoric to heights where the critic quite fails to follow him. He has said "the true explorer and conqueror of the modern is "awakening men and women to the goodness and strangeness and fascination of their kind"; "w down the old barriers of ignorance and aloofness man nearer to man"; who is doing more for to be done by "any of the elaborate schemes of This is indeed good news. And who is this society? The short-story writer! Mr. Black he will not force into the glare of publicity the who are thus devoting themselves to the good "As the strange years go on, and humanity

after all, nothing but a particular literary form of prose-writing. We had certainly not heard of this great spiritual uplifting in the United States. Nor had we noticed that our modest short story writers were in any respect "like the Jesuit missionaries of old." Mr. Black, who talks like this through a good many pages, has really only convinced us of one thing—that the American humourist is a very special type, and that he does not flourish among the literary persons of Cambridge, Mass.

An eminent antiquary of high standing in the North of England has passed away in the person of Chancellor Ferguson, of Carlisle. He was one of the best representatives of the new movement for promoting the study of local history. He was the author of "Carlisle" in the S.P.C.K. Diocesan Histories and of "Westmorland" in the Popular County Histories. He also wrote a "History of Cumberland" for Mr. Stock in 1890; and two years ago he published through Messrs. Isbister a small volume on Carlisle Cathedral.

With reference to Mr. G. Herbert Thring's letter in our last number, denying the statement made in the Literary Year Book that the Authors' Syndicate is managed by the Society of Authors, Mr. W. Morris Colles, the director of the Authors' Syndicate, writes to say that the statement was made without any authority from the syndicate.

One of the two new Academicians, M. Émile Faguet, is not losing much time in turning his election to account, for his "Illustrated History of French Literature," in two volumes, has just been published by Plon. The work is based on the materials available at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the first volume goes down to the end of the sixteenth century, while the second deals with the period from the seventeenth century to the present day.

The law has now authorized the Goncourt Academy. It will be remembered that the two brothers MM. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt left their fortune to endow an Academy of ten members. Some cousins contested the will, but their claim has been set aside, with the result that Paris will now have another literary institution. Unfortunately, the Goncourts exclude all poets from election, and considering the fact that such men as Paul Bourget and Jules Lemaitre, celebrated for their prose writings, are also to some extent poets, this restriction will be a difficulty. The members whom M. de Goncourt himself appointed are:—MM. Huysmans, Mirbeau, J. Rosny, H. Rosny, Hennique, Paul Marguerite, and Gustave Geffroy. At the end of six months the three other members will be elected. It is generally thought that the favoured candidates will be MM. Léon Daudet, Lucien Descaves, and Paul Alexis. M. Poincaré might also have stood a fair chance, but no politician is to be admitted to the Goncourt Academy.

The *Figaro* has been drawing attention to the Herculean labours of the French dramatic censors. In the year 1898 they examined 883 plays, attended 538 first nights, considered 8,000 new songs, and approved the programmes, which vary from week to week and sometimes from day to day, of 817 concert halls. The gentlemen who share this task are four in number, and their salaries are modest. The first and second censors draw £210, and the second and third £140 and £96 *per annum* respectively.

increase the number of members, exclusive of public and libraries, from 100 to 150.

The first important book sale of the year closed at Sotheby's. Some fifty MSS., mostly on vellum, prices ranging from three to three hundred pounds, price paid was £260 for a fine fifteenth-century *H* leaves, with 77 large miniatures. It had an interesting and few manuscripts of contemporary date so fine have for many years. Its price was reduced because "washed here and there" and attempted with disastrous result was another fine fifteenth-century *H* of 172 leaves, with sixteen large miniatures, and many historiated initials, a beautiful example of the illuminator's art of a date art was at its highest, which went for £128. And English-printed books were (Shakespeare) "The Part of the Widow of Watling Streete," the original edition, spurious play printed in the Third Folio, £36; White's of Selborne," a fine uncut copy of the first edition, Byron's "Hours of Idleness," first edition, £3 10s. "Poems," the Edinburgh edition of 1787, £22 15s. price, due to the unique condition of the volume, unbound, perfectly clean, and entirely uncut. Its appearance presented all the peculiarities which mark issues of books, especially poems, at the end of the last century. At the Lamb sale of two years ago an equally perfect copy sold for sixteen guineas, but that had an expensive binding. During the last few years many fine copies of Edinburgh edition, well bound, with cut and gilded edges, changed hands for prices below three guineas. primitive the condition the higher the value of this class.

The modern English section contained a long list of Kelmscott books, the highest prices being paid for "The Glittering Plain" (1891), £20; "Keats," "Biblia Innocentium," £27; "Shelley," £26; and "Alice in Wonderland," a copy on vellum, £44. Among the rest were "The Last Tournament," a fine copy of very rare edition of 1871, £31 10s.; (Kipling) "Services College Chronicle, Nos. 4 to 9, £29; "The Writers," £18 10s.; and "School-Boy Lyrics," a fine and uncut copy, £11. A few books in the sale bore autograph inscriptions by the authors. These form a class for which competition is now very keen. The class sold last week were (Shelley) "Queen Mab," (Browning) "Paradise," £8 15s.; "Sordello," £12; "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," £6 12s. 6d.; "Pae," £5 12s. 6d.; (Whitman) "Leaves of Grass," £14 12s. the surprise of the sale came in the £7 12s. 6d. presentation copy of "Fra Rupert." The first copy usually gone for about ten shillings. From the high price above it may be assumed that Landor is at last coming own with the book collector.

This rage for the "signed copy" is being curtailed at the moment by the laborious duty imposed on Winston Churchill (of America). He is to sign every copy of the new limited edition (1,000 copies) of his "Richard III." But autographs of every kind are in favour just now. The series of the British Museum facsimile autographs has a second edition. Of the 150 autographs that will constitute the first volume a great proportion are of the first edition. Full size specimens of the handwriting are

Mr. Laug has been fortunate, or clever, enough to discover a new literary question of great interest, which he discusses in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It may be de-

The Book—scribed as the question of the parentage of Bowdler, of *Burdell*. Why did we become so suddenly and so scrupulously decent at the end of the eighteenth century?

Mr. Laug's account of this revolution of taste is certainly startling. Up to the death of Smollett (1771) licence prevailed. Indelicacy, and even Inbricity, was tolerated without question in the novels of Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, and, what is still more strange, the edifying example of the virtuous Pamela was not thought to suffer through the graphic details which the highly respectable Richardson did not shrink from importing into her story. But with Mrs. Radcliffe, who published her first book in 1789, all was changed. Life, if it presented anything coarse to the novelist, became strictly bowdlerized; the day of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen dawned, and it was not long before even Pamela raised a blush on the cheek of modesty. Literary historians, as far as we are aware, have contented themselves with explaining the difference in taste between ourselves and our great-grandfathers by the familiar maxim, "Autres temps, autres mœurs." Clearly this is inadequate, and Mr. Laug, though he does not pretend to solve the problem, makes some suggestions which go far to simplify it. If Mr. Laug will pardon us for adopting the manner of a cram-book, we may state them as follows:—(1) The increase of reading among the middle class, and especially among women; (2) the rise of the romantic school and of "the literature of wonder"; (3) the Wesleyan reformation—to which, by the way, Mr. Laug is hardly kind in "Parson Kelly." In his statement both of the change and of the causes that led to it, we believe Mr. Laug to be mainly in the right, and we have, not criticisms, but only some qualifying remarks, to offer. It may, perhaps, occur to the reader that in this picture of "the evolution of literary decency" the figures are rather consciously arranged with a view to effect. Fielding and Sterne and Smollett we know; we have, perhaps, also heard of the numerous writers who followed their lead. But they did not exhaust the world of fiction before 1780. There was Goldsmith—though, perhaps, he may be rightly thought to occupy a field by himself. But the romantic school which had no place for *risqué* farce was already well under way. "The Castle of Otranto" was published in 1764, Clara Reeve's "Old English Baron" in 1777, "Vathek" in 1786. Moreover, if it is to be a question of dates, Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" appeared in 1771, "Evelina" in 1778, and "Cecilia" in 1782. But the mention of Miss Burney's novel reminds us of another point in which Mr. Laug's argument does injustice to his gallantry. He will not let feminine authors have the credit of the revolution, because those of an earlier time, Mrs. Aphra Behn, Mrs. Manley, and Mrs. Haywood, and—he is unkind enough to add—some ladies of a time much nearer our own, take the wrong side. This does not convince us. The latter part of the eighteenth century was the great period of the literary lady. The Bluestockings—proper, if one may say so, to excess—flourished in its third quarter. The list of decorous female writers, beginning, not with Mrs. Radcliffe, but with Miss Burney, is immense. Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, Hannah More, Elizabeth Carter, and many others "participated in conversation with literary and ingenious men"; and Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Barbauld, Charlotte Smith, unread nowadays, must rank with their more famous sisters as representing the new intellectual life which had dawned upon their age. All this, however, is not meant to

Personal View

"IN SELF-DEFENCE."

Lord Rosebery describes the authorized biography of Cromwell as "published in self-defence." Newspapers have called these words a "cryptic phrase." It is a pretty word derived from the Greek, but Lord Rosebery's superscription is not patently a litigation to which a recent publication of his lordship desired to preserve his own copy-right, and to prevent other persons from acquiring copyright, he, as a leader so often had, three courses open to him. In the case of the next speech he delivered, he might have taken one of the prescribed courses and published it. But while wishing to prevent the acquisition of copyright by others, he desired at the same time to induce a disinclination for the publication of his speech. The result are not a matter of inference. He has expressed his intention.

Take another case. Mr. Kipling's preface to "From Sea to Sea" can be found cryptic and obscure. "I have been forced to this action," says he, "by the various publishers, who, not content with disseminating paper work from the decent seclusion of the office, have, in several instances, seen fit to embellish it with interpolations." So he publishes in self-defence.

One more case of another kind. Mr. H. G. Wells's injunctions that no biography of him should be published, and Mr. Blackmore acted on no unreasonable injunction. Readers of biographies will probably be ready to divide biographies into authorized and unauthorized. The authorized biography lies in stone in ill-designed slabs on the memory of the dead. The unauthorized biography escapes this depreciation of price of scandal. Its pretext is the revelation of the real and in biography, as in fiction, the "real" is generally unpleasant. Not that the memory of the dead is so sinister imputations by the authorized biographer. There are instances enough to remind us.

These three cases are contemporary and need I dilate, I imagine, on the danger again directed—the increasing public encroachment on privacy, and encroachments made in the name of the author's control of his own work. But in giving the devil his due, and in this matter of self-defence, it is right not to ignore entirely the other side. For example, for argument's sake, suppose that it were said that there must be no biography. It is a supposition, for even a man so courageous as Mr. Wells have hesitated to leave himself soul and body to Bozzy's discretion, and he knew very well what he was doing. Yet assuming the injunction had been in

amused and charmed us, who has been our friend and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought." Or take the cases where a writer has given an unfair impression in print of his personal character. Thackeray's case is in point; and many, while they cannot but applaud the daughter's loyalty to the father's word, are not without regrets that Mrs. Ritchie did not see her way to disregard it. For it is only lately, since the publication of the Letters to Mrs. Brookfield and Mrs. Ritchie's own biographical introductions to the novels, that the old popular notion of Thackeray as a cold-hearted cynic has begun to grow obsolete. Macaulay's is another case. Most of us must remember the reaction in his favour awakened by the biographer's revelation of the gentler side of the militant reviewer. It would have been a misfortune both for the public and Macaulay himself had any injunction of the uncle stayed the nephew's hand.

Again, as to the author's control of his own work, the public is not absolutely without excuse for encroachment. We owe, for example, to Mr. Kipling's foes, the pirates and resurrection men of America, the publication of one of the most popular classics of the century—"Macaulay's Essays." That, at least, is what Macaulay's preface says, and Macaulay was no victim of meek modesty. Nor is it difficult to imagine cases where the author's will and the interests of literature may be at variance. In his "Life of Donne" Mr. Gosse suggests that the Very Reverend Dean of St. Paul's might naturally wish to keep in the background the erotic poetry of his earlier years. (In so delicate a case one prefers to take a Dean several centuries old.) And just for the sake of argument, suppose that destiny had, in its mysterious ways, decreed a deanery for the latter years of Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne, if I recollect aright, went once so far as to speak deprecatingly to Maupassant, of all people in the world, of some impropriety in the early poems. Imagine the poet converted to the point of silencing, if possible, for ever the magic of the music of "Poems and Ballads." The name suggests a more natural cause in the changing taste of the author with increasing years. A leading case for our own age has been Ruskin's treatment of "Modern Painters." Wisely or unwisely, the world has wanted the book in its original form—the form that made its author famous. Rightly or wrongly, the author determined that the world should not have it, so far as he could prevent it. If we all grew wiser as we grew older it might not matter, but literary faculty does not always flourish in its finest flower to the end.

My personal view (though that is neither here nor there) is all in sympathy with Lord Rosebery, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Blackmore, for the rights of the public seem to me to be nowadays in mighty little danger. Where in the West is the blessed backward land where they do not prevail? Our most popular peer and most popular author are compelled to publish against their wishes, and we shall see, and that soon, a Life of the author of "Lorna Doone."

W. P. JAMES.

contribution to the culture of the English-speaking fact especially is of very cheering import—our writer losing the note of Provincialism. Till lately, John on a woman preaching was the gauge commonly Colonial author. "It is like a dog standing on his hind legs. We are not surprised that he can do it well, we are surprised that he can do it at all!" We are leaving that stage behind us. Good, bad, and indifferent stand on their own feet. What is still more encouraging, they are beginning to write the history of the past. Although of no great literary value, books have lately been published in Canada of more than the various County Histories, "Pioneer Sketches of Settlement," "History of the County of Annapolis of the United Empire Loyalists," and a dozen others appeared within the last year or so. In such of these tentious little books as are devoted to Historic Empire Loyalists we find the "documents of the Englishman can read unmoved of the sacrifices endured by hundreds who preferred any hardship to that of renouncing their right to call themselves British."

Speaking generally, the literary atmosphere of late has been calm. Mr. Goldwin Smith's "The Union" we can hardly claim as a specially Canadian work. Sara Jeanette Duneau and Miss Dougald have both added novels to their lists; but, unless on the principle that a horse if born in a stable, it would be a far cry to contributions to Canadian literature. Mr. Beckles' "The Great Company" has given us the most ambitious novel lately had a Canadian subject for theme. The theme, but, as your reviewer pointed out, there are omissions, and I confess that to me he suggests "Staker" in a Western Camp, who appropriates, by the amount of statute labour, land which he neither prays for himself nor allows another man to explore. Nor has our fiction yet painted for us all sides of life in the West. Gilbert Parker in "Pierre and his People" years ago some fast-disappearing types, and two novel writers, Ralph Connor in "Black Rock" (which was praised by *Literature* a year ago) and W. A. Fraser's "Eye of a God," have both done good work on the "The Eye of a God" is a collection of short stories with life in India and in the Canadian North-West. Lacombe and Sweet-Grass—the heroic Missionary Pierre Indian Chief—will soon only live in Mr. Fraser's priest and his wandering parishioners alike are fast before the incoming tide of civilization; and now our groups dotted about tiny Mission Stations on the dreary of the Arctic Circle can the remnants be found once peopled this whole territory.

It is a far cry from the Wild Lone Land with types to French Canada, where, in the country of people speak the language and follow the customs they learned in Normandy three hundred years ago. Now the world has changed less than this little bit of "The Revolution." To many the French Canadian is a loyal British subject, he yet worships the memory of France; a devout Roman Catholic, guided by his priest as well as in religion, he cherishes at the end of the century the folk-lore and superstition of the Middle Ages. We welcome any book that makes the Habitant more his fellow-subjects. Such a book is "Christmas in Canada." The writer is Louis Fréchette, a Frenchman himself and the Post-Laureate of his Race.

the experiment of writing in English. Now and then one may catch him tripping in an idiom, and the style is sometimes that of a translation rather than of an original composition. But in the essentials of his art, which are independent of the accidents of language, M. Frechette does not stumble, but works with the sure hand of the literary artist. His stories are of various kinds. He is, perhaps, at his best in treating of the weird, or in certain pathetic sketches of child life, such as "Jeannette." But, in all cases, he draws his picture clearly, without verbiage; and though he does not get the melodramatic effects attained by Mr. Gilbert Parker in "Pierre and his People," he is none the less convincing.

The perennial butt of the reviewer—the minor poet—was a shy and almost unknown bird in Canada till very lately, and now those we have sing so true a note that, though their compass is not great, we are proud of them. One of the youngest is Wilfred Campbell, some of whose work has been first published in *Literature*. He is the only one who has given us a book within the last few months. "Beyond the Hill of Dreams." He may not see deeply, but he sees clearly, and he has the power of impressing his idea on his readers. Take this short poem:—

HOW ONE WINTER CAME.

For weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,
Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze,
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,
In those grey, withered days.

Behind a mist the bleak sun rose and set,
At night the moon would nestle in a cloud,
The fisherman, a ghost, did cast his net,
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,
And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,
Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,
Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarled root
The tree-toad trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,
The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and dry,
Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,
And all the world with ominous silence stood
In weird expectancy.

When one strange night the Sun, like blood, went down,
Flooding the Heavens in a ruddy hue,
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and brown,
Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,
But never a wind breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,
A joyous tremor of the ley glow,
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,
While far and wide by withered woods and plains,
Fast fell the driving snow.

Here is a Canadian poet who has distinctly realized and individualized his surroundings. Lamb speaks "of the sanity of true genius," and the phrase might be almost taken to distinguish genius from talent. Tried by that test Campbell would not be found wanting in a spark of the divine fire. Perhaps what Lamb

THE LAZARUS OF EMPIRE.

The Celt he is proud in his protest,
The Scot he is calm in his place,
For each has a word in the ruling and
Of the Empire that honours his race.
And the Englishman, dogged and grim,
Looks the world in his face as he goes,
And he holds a proud lip for he sails his
And he cares not for rivals nor foes.
But lowest and last with his areas vast
And horizon so servile and tame,
Sits the poor Beggar Colonial,
Who feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

He holds no place in her councils,
He holds no part in the word
That girdles the world with its thund'rous
When the fiat of Britain is heard.
He beats no drums to her battles,
He gives no triumphs her name,
But lowest and last with his areas vast
He feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

How long, oh, how long, the dishonour,
The servile and suppliant place,
Are we Britons who batten upon her,
Or degenerate sons of the Race?
It is souls that make Nations, not numbers,
As our forefathers proved in the past;
Let us take up the burden of Empire,
Or nail our own flag to the mast.
Does she care for us, value us, want us,
Or are we but pawns in the game,
Where lowest and last without areas vast
We feed on the crumbs of her fame?

Perhaps the story of Paardeberg will help Campbell's question.

THE DRAMA.

THE COMPLETE "HAMLET"—"THE

M. Maeterlinck speaks of "the august daily life" who has the time to live, inasmuch as he does not. Lyceum just now Hamlet is allowed more time to probability he has ever previously enjoyed. 5 play, presented by Mr. Benson in two instalments nearly six hours in the playing. It can hardly be unreasonably a time in Shakespeare's own doubt the patience of playgoers would then have the ordeal. We know that a century later, in the Playhouse, audiences were accustomed to perform ordinary length. An anonymous poetaster of 1704 R. W. Lowe in his "Life of Betterton"), abusing C

Wasn't not enough that at his tedious

I lavished half-a-crown and half a day
And so late as our own century, in the time of the end of "half price at nine o'clock," the vantage-point lasted some five hours. But in the Elizabethan and the Jacobean theatre of an modern scenery, the fact that the dialogue the continuous declamation uninterrupted by any modern "business" and other processes of re-

though he loved him. Hamlet's injunction to the players, "And look you, mock him not," is another hint of that. Laertes at full length is, on the other hand, seen to less advantage than in the usual kit-cat. His long lecture to his sister before his departure for France has an unpleasantly priggish air. Of Fortinbras we had already had a brief glimpse in Mr. Forbes Robertson's version of the play. His entry in Act IV., now restored, shows him as a foil to Hamlet, and as a pretext for the significant speech beginning—

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge!

This, however, is almost the sole instance in which the restored fragments of text aid in elucidating the central theme of the play. The excuse a valid one for the usual abridgment of *Hamlet* is that it brings that central theme into greater relief by stripping it of extraneous matter, thereby rendering the drama more dramatic. What the intact play, however, loses as drama it gains as romance. It gives the impression which Pater declared to be the very essence of romance, the impression of strangeness in beauty—this heterogeneous collection of kings and queens and princes, University students and strolling players, Court bores and Court fops, gravediggers and common sailors, mad people and corpses and ghosts. And, no doubt, it is this impression which tends to make the play seem more "modern" than ever. The subordinate detail relieves and sweetens the tragic grimness of that revenge drama which carried its mark of primeval savagery; it has the delicate grace of Musset and something even of Hoffmannesque fantasy.

Mr. Forbes Robertson attained this relief and sweetness in another, and, indeed, the very opposite, way, by a process of subtraction instead of addition. He dwelt upon the brighter side of Hamlet's character, upon his innate cheerfulness, his intellectual curiosity and dilettantism, his delight in acting, in fencing, in conversation, for their own sake. In other words, Mr. Robertson relied less upon Shakespeare's text than upon that replica of Shakespeare's own temperament which Hamlet's character undoubtedly includes. Possibly he went too far, sometimes seeming to forget that Hamlet, after all, is a tragic hero. One could wish, however, that the mistake, if mistake it was, had been in some measure shared by Mr. Benson. This actor has so little care to maintain the sweetness, the mansuetude of the character, that it becomes a little difficult to account for Horatio's passionate affection. In his treatment of his mother, of Polonius, of Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern he seems rather to welcome the chance of exercising a naturally sharp tongue than to be crying out in the agonies of a wounded sensibility. An acrimonious Hamlet is not easily reconcilable with any reading of the text, whole or abridged. But the impersonation has nevertheless conspicuous merits. Whenever sheer intellect has to be presented, Mr. Benson is the man to do it. He is at home with ratiocination if not with sweet reasonableness. And as an effort of memory and a feat of physical endurance the performance is, of course, sufficiently remarkable. Hazlitt tells a story of a countryman who, returning from seeing Garrick act in London, said "he had only seen a little man strut about the stage and repeat 7,956 words." Many more words than that are set down for Hamlet, and people who are interested in such statistics will be impressed by Mr. Benson's achievement. When you see him carry off the dead Polonius (some fourteen stone, I should say) on his shoulders, you see that he is not once an ex-University athlete for nothing.

Alternately with *Hamlet* he presents *The Rivals*; but Sheridan suffers severely from the brusque transition. Bath has something of the sturdiness of Bligny, and Captain Absolute

RECENT EDITIONS OF SCOTT

Whatever the pessimists may say about the deluge of worthless books and the tastes of the public cannot despair of the literary republic whilst one can never get enough or any enough of Sir Walter Scott. This publishing season brings us the news of some new editions of the Waverley Novels, and the booksellers' catalogues of old editions are withal very saleable. Some of the latest editions are especially worthy of note, as they are in three degrees of the editor. The Border Edition, cheaper but still beautiful reissue in twenty-four volumes, lately been completed (Nimmo, 8s.), is equipped with an apparatus of notes and introductions by Mr. Andrew Lang. It shows in this congenial work how good a thing an edition can be. He need not repent for that he has, to quote him in a recent number of *Langman's Magazine*, "to the objections and criticisms, between the author and the public, for such work as the Border Edition of the Waverley Novels is quite needless. Still, there is much to be said for a different plan adopted by Mr. Clement Shorter in his edition in forty-eight dainty volumes (Dent, 7s.) towards the close of last year, where the editor's work consisted of the compiling of short bibliographical introductions to the stories. Mr. Shorter's work is well but plainly done. "an author whose books have been sold consistently for many years, the date of their first publication is collected and recorded scarcely any material for the bibliographer." It would be a pity to slight the efforts of Mr. Lang and Mr. Shorter to Scott; yet perhaps the palm among recent editions must go by many to the delightful reprint of the Author's Favorite Novels, as it is called, which was published without any new additions in forty-eight volumes four years ago (Constable, 7s.). This edition gives us all the notes and prefaces which were prepared for the Magnum Opus (as he fondly called it) but which have been seriously truncated, without any hint of the reason, in too many modern editions, although they are only of interest to the immortal tales themselves. Nor must we forget that Messrs. A. and C. Black lately added a quite new edition of the Dryburgh, in twenty-five volumes, to the number of shapes in which they have been issuing Scott for many years. Without any disparagement to the other editions named, we may say that the one which comes from the Constable press in Edinburgh is the best printed one. Further, it has the historical interest of representing the author's own definitive edition of his work, which contributes to remove the burden of debt under which even manhood staggered. We hope that Messrs. Constable will see their way to add Scott's Poems, Life, and Works to their edition of the Waverley Novels, and give a new life to the hundred volumes of the Magnum Opus so rarely and dearly to be bought from the booksellers.

The interest felt in Scott's novels extends also to his life. He is the one great writer among moderns who inspires a love as well as a reverence. The reason of this is not far to seek. "Ah! Walter," said an old uncle on his deathbed, "you are become a great man now, but you were always so. And it is the goodness informing his greatness that has made Scott fresh hearts daily. Perhaps the only man of our age who avoided Scott's spell was Leigh Hunt, who took a great dislike to his excessive Royalism—yet even Hunt did penance for his dislike by writing a life of the author in 1822."

Campbell, we learn for the first time, was in hopes of doing some of it when he should have finished with Coleridge. "Some hundred volumes of Scott material, copiously annotated by one of the most industrious and conscientious literary writers of the century," have been placed in Mr. Shorter's hands by Messrs. Constable and Co., and Mr. Shorter hopes in consequence "to add one further instalment—of the briefest possible character—to the romance of Sir Walter Scott's life." This announcement was dated June 24, 1890; it may reasonably be hoped that Mr. Shorter, during his recent freedom from the cares of the editor, has advanced this work. We shall all be glad to see him apply to a more important subject the conscientious labour which he devoted to Charlotte Brontë. Still, we can hardly agree with him that the accumulation of new material affords scope for "a new biography of Scott of ample proportions." What we should prefer to see would be an edition of Lockhart comparable with that which Dr. Birkbeck Hill has given us of Boswell, illustrating Lockhart's admirable and immortal story with all now light that is available. In the meantime we may welcome such a pleasant little book as Mr. James Hay's *Sir Walter Scott* (Clarke, 6s.), which draws on all the available sources and gives a sympathetic and readable account of Sir Walter's life to such as have not the time to read Lockhart's seven volumes.

Reviews.

MEMOIRS SERIOUS AND TRIVIAL.

DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN DENISON. (Murray, 10s. 6d. n.)

The diary which Viscount Ossington kept when Speaker of the House of Commons was found in a box a good many years after his death, and was privately printed a few months ago. Now that it is published there can be no doubt that it will find many readers. Its value is chiefly for the Parliamentary historian, and those who are interested in the business details of the House of Commons. Other readers are likely to be disappointed with it. It contains no *chroniques scandaleuses* and no graphic descriptions of stirring or tumultuous scenes. It is as little like the Parliamentary diaries of Mr. H. W. Lucey and Mr. T. P. O'Connor as anything well can be. Most of the entries are concerned with points of order, and most of the points of order hinge on Bills relating to tolls, hop duties, the removal of nuisances, submarine mines, main drainage, and other subjects equally uninteresting to the general reader. Now and again there is a touch of humour, as when Mr. Speaker, considering whether his manner should be dignified or deferential, quotes a precedent, and reminds himself that a predecessor of his in the chair was reprimanded for excess of courtesy in taking off his hat too often. There is also humour in the entry that "Mr. Gladstone considered that for members to be confined to a single 'Aye' or 'No' would be intolerable." As early as 1858, it seems, Mr. Gladstone considered that every man should have at least three courses open to him.

The most interesting passages of the Diary, however, are those in which Lord Palmerston is introduced. They give us a pleasant picture of that statesman's robust old age. We read that when Lord Palmerston was eighty there were those who still expected him to live for another twenty years; and we can hardly wonder at the expectation when we read Mr. Speaker Denison's description of how Lord Palmerston spent an

half a glass of sherry at dessert. Lady Palm evening party, and Lord Palmerston stood t evening talking to all the world.

Another interesting historical reminiscence challenge addressed to Sir Robert Peel by Th whom he had called a "mannikin traitor." Lo knocked the Speaker up at the dead of night to a challenge could be accepted. Mr. Speaker, in gown, advised that both to send such a challenge it would constitute a breach of privilege. But as not then sitting he could not use his authority to decided, therefore, to send the Serjeant-at-Ar magistrate to depose to the danger of the breac so that the magistrate might issue his warrant a parties and bind them over.

A further question to which a good deal of sp is the desirability of adjourning the House as a memory of a member who has died. The quest the death of Sir George Cornwall Lewis. To Speaker held, would be to lay the foundati difficulties, seeing that the House could not alw the death of every member, and would therefore the invidious task of sitting in judgment on each who should die, and deciding whether there respect for their memories to induce the House to

I spoke to Mr. Walpole, who quite counse as to the form of the entry, and I have the ent Journals in the same form:—"Notice taken Sir Geo. Lewis; the House adjourned." I Mr. Walpole my objection to the course he ha he defended himself, saying it was an exception to say, in his view it was exceptional. Ind reasons was that he had been a schoolfellow Lewis; but to another member the next cu exceptional case.

It will be agreed that Mr. Speaker acted w acted wisely in settling the precedent of voting when he had to give a casting vote on a question. Indeed, he generally acted wisely when a dec taken. But he did not write a diary likely to sati taste in diaries.

NOTES FROM A DIARY. By SIR MOUNTSTUART (Murray, 18s.)

This further instalment of "Notes from a DI different book from Mr. Speaker Denison's. to find any adequate reason for the p further volumes of these notes. We do the author has nothing to say worth re what there is might, perhaps, furbish forth one v is, there are to be eight volumes, perhaps mor stuart has been a distinguished public servant, a familiarly a great many "interesting people." the prevailing standard of what is interesting "interesting people" at the present day has gro and the number of those who have known them grown by a sort of geometrical progression. A small fraction possess the gifts which might c write anything worth publishing about the interes question, and Sir Mountstuart does not belong t Apart from the flower notes, which may appeal t

solemnly recorded in the morning paper that they were seen in the Park, or that they were shopping in Bond-street. "This kind of reader is well entered for in "Notes from a Diary." As in previous volumes there is an abundance of entries of this kind, industrially transferred from the diary for the benefit of an appreciative public :

I returned this afternoon to York House, travelling from Ottery Junction with Sir Edward Malet, who told me a variety of things, chiefly about persons, which I was glad to know. He was on his way from Endsleigh to Berlin, which he hoped to reach on the 8th, taking *Holmora* en route. Such are penalties of greatness !

Or this, from the notes in Palestine :

Met, near the gate of the hills, my old Balliol contemporary Ridding, who has now developed into the Bishop of Southwell. He was travelling with his wife, whom I had not before seen. I came across him last at the dinner which the Mayor of Winchester gave to Northbrook before he went out to India (see these notes for 1872).

Surely an eminent Indian administrator can find better employment of his time than this ? Who wants to know when he met Bishop Ridding at dinner, or to verify the date by a reference to a previous volume ? It is curious that Sir Mountstuart, who really has known intimately many "celebrities," and, indeed, is one himself, should never have got used to it. He goes on telling the public about it to the last. What they said or did does not matter. The record sometimes gives us the subject talked about, but very little beyond—unless it be a "good story," and the "good stories" remembered by Sir Mountstuart—who is devoted to puns—are very rarely either good or new. He is, in fact, strangely deficient in the art of making the best either of his knowledge or his experiences. He is apparently a well-read man, yet he can gravely write :

Drove up to dine with the Literary Society. Venables, Lord Walsingham, Sir E. Hamley, Coleridge, and others were present. Venables mentioned that Shakespeare had had about £1,200 a year towards the end of his life, fully equal to £5,000 a year nowadays, and Coleridge said that it was the greatest possible mistake to suppose that his claims had not been recognized very early in the day by competent judges. A complete series of laudatory testimonies during the century after his death could be, and indeed, had been put together.

We follow up a scrupulously indexed reference to "Homer." A widely-travelled classical scholar may have something to say worth listening to. We are rewarded for our pains by the story about "another poet of the same name." In the mass of memoirs produced during the last few years we have had three or four in which some of the necessary gifts were apparent—either a faculty, rare enough, for genial and entertaining gossip, quick insight into character, a memory retentive of good talk, a keen humour, a felicitous style, or a happy descriptive power. Unfortunately Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff possesses none of these qualifications. In his book there is no trace of the pleasant geniality which at once puts the reader *en rapport* with his author. He rarely ventures on an estimate of character. We have not found anywhere an acute or witty reflection of his own on life or manners. Of his conversations Sir Mountstuart remembers scarcely anything; the style throughout is bald, almost official; of description of manners, persons, or scenery there is practically none. "The sea was like glass; the view of the mountains of Samaria all that could be desired" is a typical effort in the direction last mentioned. For there is here more

GARDENS IN THE WEST AND E

In these wet and windy months when there is to please the eye in cities, and when the country be dishevelled, it is pleasant to recall what Bacon purest of human pleasures" a garden in its sun. Many people have written of gardens since Bacon, and there is no more fashionable subject for the book. There are few subjects which have shown so little making spirit. Most of our gardening books are full and fresh observation, and none more so than the engaging authoress of "Wood and Garden," who has that work by a second, to which she has given *FLOWER AND GARDEN* (Longmans, 10s. 6d. n.). In no gardening part of this book is concerned, it may be said to owe its existence to the genius of William who led his enchanted followers, as by the m-piper's song, away from parterres and gravelled banks "where the wild thyme blows," by trees set in seas of violets and bluebells, mulleins and foxgloves where the king-cups were growing by the edge. There they waited patiently to catch the spirit of to understand her ways, and then came back to their make an entirely new use of the magnificent material command. There was one, however, who travelled the rest to the end of this delightful journey, and who quietly on to explore a new path by herself. Her own already learnt not to set down plants wherever they to be room, as many do, nor to arrange them all at intervals, as others prefer, but to adopt the tea-wood and meadow as to massing and breadth of and to apply them to their gardens. But Miss Jekyll to be not the slave but the mistress of Nature. Be by bent and inclination, and having received an artistic she set herself to raise gardening to a level with the. The point on which she lays most stress is families of plants are to be grouped together, so that of each in form and colour will serve to enhance that and the whole mass is to be placed in such a settling picture. The idea is well brought out in the illustrations of "St. Bruno's Lily and London "Cuckoo-flower and Sandwort." Colour, too, is to far more carefully than at present. For instance,

The sequence of colour in a long border of h should be a gradual progression of colour harmony of the red and yellow flowers whose members among those we have to choose from, but better to treat blues with contrasts rather than wit

The plants in the greenhouse should be similar and there a still more charming variety of effect obtained, because the subjects can be shifted at refreshing greenery of palms and ferns among the flowers be largely used, and tiles and hot pipes and stags must be hidden from sight by various devices. If possible, there are to be separate gardens for special such as peonies, roses, carnations, and Michaelmas d example, the wallflower garden should be contrived connexion with some old walls or with wall-like structure on purpose, where the seed is to be sown in long drift plants are to remain undisturbed. Miss Jekyll in disclaim any wish to dictate to others the ways to follow, and indeed much must be left to individual

the book may still be of value as the record of a simple and strenuous life.

THE PRAISE OF GARDENS, by A. Forbes Sieveking (Dent, 7s. 6d.), is for those who love gardens themselves rather than the practical work of gardening. The greater part of it consists of a series of prose passages giving a historical survey of gardens; while in the second part, or Historical Epilogue, the writer uses the same materials to give a connected account of the rise and progress of garden art. At first sight there seems to be little room for such a work, since those who are interested in gardening literature would naturally prefer to read the books quoted for themselves, and would not be satisfied with a collection of elegant extracts. No hints are given for practice, and to the man who works in a garden which he loves, the book will be of little value. But its beauties may appeal to dwellers in cities, whom they may help to realize the gardens of their dreams. Perhaps the most charming extract in the collection is that from Pater's translation of Theocritus' Seventh Idyll, which may still be quoted as a matchless picture of a garden:—

Many poplars and elm-trees were waving over our heads, and not far off the running of the sacred water from the cave of the nymphs warbled to us; in the shimmering branches the sun-burnt grasshoppers were busy with their talk, and from afar the little owl cried softly out of the tangled thorns of the blackberry; the larks were singing and the hedge-birds, and the turtle-dove moaned; the bees flew round and round the fountains, murmuring softly; the scent of late summer and of the fall of the year was everywhere; the pears fell from the trees at our feet, and apples in number rolled down at our sides, and the young plum-trees were bent to the earth with the weight of their fruit.

Even those who do not possess a garden have yet open to them the pleasant home industry of "doing the flowers." In the interest of domestic decoration Mr. Josiah Conder has done an inestimable service to society by introducing the delightful Japanese art of floral arrangement to English amateurs. Of course, the first laws of this art are well known to all students of aesthetics, but the author of THE FLORAL ART OF JAPAN (Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., Tokio; Sampson Low, London) writes for a much wider circle. Many years ago we read a series of articles on the subject of Japanese flower work in a Scottish magazine; later, Sir Edwin Arnold told us of the pleasant art; then we saw Mr. Conder's "Flowers of Japan, &c.," and then the articles in the *Studio*. Now that the subject has been canvassed among lovers of flowers and the public is ready to accept the principles of the art, Mr. Conder reissues his work in a complete and more decorated form. Additional outline plates and figures in the text have been introduced, as well as new coloured prints from designs made by Ogata Gekka. In publishing the original edition the author expressed the hope that the Japanese method of decorating with flowers might be found adapted to Occidental uses. He pointed out that the principles involved were derived from a close study of natural laws, and not merely the outcome of a quaint and capricious fancy; and the public have, to some extent, experimented in the art with satisfactory results. "Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity," said Ruskin, and if English people learn from Mr. Conder's agreeable exposition of a delicate, exotic art how to treat blossoms and leaves with decorative skill, they will not only derive from it solace but

colour-reproductions of the beautiful work of Max Lemaire (the price of this is somewhat prohibitive, the expensive edition being £4), and a book which is that of MM. Bellair and Saint Léger, the head gardener of Versailles and of the Lille Botanical Garden, on Gardening, as its name LES PLANTES DE SERRE is, with greenhouse plants, with over 600 illustrations.

EGYPT AND CHALDÆA POPULAR

We welcome the attempt made in the new series on "Egypt and Chaldæa" (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. n. ed.) to publish Egyptian and Assyrian researches. If it leads to a study of the subject it will do good; in any case it is harmless entertainment. Dr. Budge, with his usual lucidity, leads off the series. *Quæ regio in terris* Budge leads off the series. The subject of his EGYPTIAN IDEAS OF THE DEAD is not so hazardous as some of his efforts. He has written pretty well dry in his "Mummy," in his introduction to "Papyrus of Ani," and in his "Chapters of Chaldean Magic." If any one ought to have the "Book of the Dead" it is the vigorous Keeper of the Egyptian Department at the British Museum. Of course the "Book of the Dead" is the main foundation of our knowledge—if knowledge—of Egyptian religion, and the peculiar obscuring and perpetrating document or collection of documents, particularly shy of accepting any theory of Egyptian religion based upon its enigmatic chapters. We do not think Dr. Budge quite sufficiently realizes the speculative nature of his interpretations. However, his long labours entitle him to a hearing on the results; and if we ourselves that the problem of Egyptian religion has been solved, we can at least recognize a bold attempt supported or illustrated by a large number of suggestions from the text as the present stage of Egyptian religion seems to justify.

These books are intended merely for popular use, and we have no doubt they will interest a wide circle. They are lucidly written and fairly full, and contain a mass of curious material which it would be difficult for the casual reader to pick up elsewhere; but the "cocksureness" which irritates the scholar is present when it is a question of instructing the unlearned. Nothing more disturbing to the mere beginner than the "perhaps" and "probably." Dr. Budge does his way. He wisely divides his subject into two volumes, the first dealing with the higher or more spiritual side of Egyptian religion, the second with the grosser or superstitious side. It is, however, a very fine line that divides Egyptian Religion. The one is, in fact, the polytheism of the other, and both no doubt coexisted to some extent in the minds of almost all Egyptians. We are disappointed that Dr. Budge goes much too far when he asserts, with authority it is difficult to imagine, that "the Egyptians believed in One God, who was self-existent, immortal, eternal, omniscient, almighty, and inscrutable." It may have been believed this, but surely the study of the "Book of the Dead" points to a complicated polytheism, indeed to sun-worship, but hardly to the One God. What definition? After discussing this idea of God, Dr. Budge proceeds to deal with the Egyptian doctrine of the soul, and the various gods, the judgment, the

"words of power" which could compel even the gods to serve them. As for amulets, wax figures, and such like, Dr. Budge is an encyclopedia of information. Am-ner's wax crocodile is the best example of its kind on record. They did not put poisons into it, but threw it into the Nile, when it immediately seized the guilty man and kept him alive at the bottom of the river for seven days. If wax was scarce, stone or pottery did just as well, and the proper formulas said over the stone figure would infallibly take effect on its human original in the next world. There are most ingenious and perfectly successful formulas for confounding Apep, the enemy of Ra, the sun-god; but it is humiliating, after a series of complimented curses and magical rites, to read "Such are the men which the Egyptians adopted when they wanted to keep away rain and storm, thunder and lightning, and mist and cloud, and to ensure a bright, clear sky wherein the sun might run his course." We don't believe a word of it. The Egyptians had too seldom any reason to dread rain or storm to invent all these complicated devices for warding them off. However, the book is full of entertainment, and is not confined solely to ancient Egyptian magic, but incidentally touches on the Greek and Roman periods and the adoption of Egyptian sorcery in classical lands.

Mr. Hudge's third book, *EASY LESSONS IN HIEROGLYPHICS*, goes over much the same ground as part of his book on "The Mummy"; but he has since written "First Steps in Egyptian" and "An Egyptian Reading Book," and is therefore more practised in the art of instructing the student in this not very complicated subject. We presume the present volume is to precede the "First Steps," if you can precede "first," as people seem to imagine when they reckon the beginning of a new century. The explanations seem to us very clear and simple, though there is still a good deal of ambiguity about hieroglyphics with which, of course, it is not necessary to trouble the beginner. The long lists of characters, with their values as phonetics and as ideograms, and the numerous examples of their use taken from inscriptions and the "Book of the Dead" &c., will be extremely serviceable to the student of what is really a most fascinating script. The difficulty is that not only has one to remember a bewildering multitude of characters, but one ought to be able to write them, and to write hieroglyphics well is only given to the few; they should be clever black and white draughtsmen, and Phil May would be an admirable instructor in some of these delightfully quaint figures.

Mr. King's sketch of *BABYLONIAN RELIGION AND MYTHOLOGY* has no particular charm of manner, but it does what it purposes; it offers "in a handy form an account of the principal facts . . . based upon the cuneiform inscriptions which have been excavated in Mesopotamia during the last fifty-five years"; and in its pages "the Semitic peoples of the Valley of the Tigris and Euphrates have been made to reveal their religious beliefs and superstitions by means of their own writings." Mr. King has none of Dr. Budge's audacious dogmatism. He claims "no finality" in his conclusions, because the material is fragmentary and much more is being constantly discovered; but his judicious and unimaginative account at least gives us a clear notion of the present state of knowledge on the subject. The legends of Creation and of the Deluge are illustrated by the famous cuneiform inscriptions which bear so interesting a resemblance to the narrative in Genesis, and which Mr. King believes penetrated to Canaan long before the immigration of the Israelites, who doubtless became familiar with them in their intercourse with the older inhabitants. There are some excellent fine tales about the gods and heroes of the Babylonians; and a chapter on a man's duty to

civilization of the various Semitic races. He will deal with the religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians secured the services of Professors Hummel, Sayce, Glazer, Duff, and others for other branches, Sumerian, Assyrian, Arabian, and Hebrew. One specific volume is announced on "The Influence of Semitic Mythology on Western Nations," but its author named. The first volume to appear is Professor Sayce's *ASSYRIAN AND ASSYRIAN, LIFE AND CUSTOMS* (Nisibis), a tastefully bound and well-printed little volume containing an amazingly detailed collection of facts relating to domestic life, education, free and slave labour, wages, banks, houses, trades, correspondence, government, and the ancient inhabitants of the Euphrates and Tigris. Mr. Sayce writes pleasantly on a subject with which he is peculiarly familiar and which he has often treated. His present work abounds in novel information derived from recently edited contract tablets and letters, which shed light upon the most minute details of Assyrian life and society, and make the life of the Chaldean three thousand years ago almost as vivid as the life of the Romans of the present day. This interesting volume augurs well for the success of

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS ON FRENCH HISTORY

Historiographers willingly return to the eighteenth century. To delve in the mass of printed and manuscript documents of this period is never a thankless task. Nor do scholars lose interest in a time in which the two prominent figures, Voltaire and Mme. de Pompadour, Comte Fleury, in *LE TEMPS DE LOUIS XV.* (Plon, 5f.), deals with the latter; the former has fallen to the lot of the keeper of the Versailles. The latter is the subject of *LA BEAUMEILLE ET SAINT-GERMAIN* (Plon, 5f.). In D'Argenson's journal, of which extract is given in *LA FRANCE AU MILIEU DU XVIII. SIECLE* (Colin Clark), we have one of the most instructive and entertaining journals of the period that exists, and MM. Brette and Champion have done it the matter which can no longer interest us.

In Comte Fleury's book the character of the Marquis de Fleury, little more than a hundred years ago, was as alive as Tsar, comes out vividly. Of a sickly constitution when Louis XV., a King at five years old, was suffered to develop the inherited hard-heartedness of the Bourbons, "he is not naturally gay," wrote Mme. de Ventadour to Maintenon in 1716. "He gave some attention to study, showed an extreme timidity." According to her he would sit at the council board without uttering a word, and then with a kitten, "his colleague." "Some august personage would condescend to practical jokes, his valet's ears, aiming a soft chaise at an abbe's nose, an arrow at M. de Sourches' breast." Such he was, and such he remained—a weak, silent, selfish character. Comte Fleury, in spite of his indulgence for the King, is a character who acknowledges that he showed but twice sorrow at the death of a friend. "The Queen is apparently responsible for his misfortune, which he indulged. She declined to receive him at her 'petits soupers,' shocked him by her pious austerity by being superseded in her queenship influence by the Marquis de Pompadour, the true queen of France, who understood character better, being more intelligent. Her reign had been a long record of intrigues to maintain a ha-

scandal. Abbé de Boisgelin has been surprised by her husband with Madame de Cayenne, an ex-mistress of the Klug's. The watch has had to interfere in the ensuing flight, where tongs and fists have been freely used. Maurepas reprimands the abbé, who falters out as excuse the excesses of certain prelates. "Wait till you are a Bishop," wittily retorts Maurepas.

One of the most maligned of Voltaire's enemies is La Beaumelle, the historiographer of Madame de Maintenon. M. Taphanel has endeavoured to reinstate him in the public favour. Born in the Cevennes of a Huguenot father and a Roman Catholic mother, he lapsed into rationalism, and became professor of Belles-Lettres in Copenhagen. There his unguarded assertions and brilliant Southern paradoxes brought him into disgrace. He had to resign, and went to Berlin, where he met Voltaire, quarrelled with him, and wrote against him. After very lamentable adventures we find him next in Paris, seeking documents on Mme. de Maintenon. His Letters and Mémoires of Madame de Maintenon met with some marks of approval from exalted personages. Pompadour, however, and Voltaire were dissatisfied, and La Beaumelle was sent to the Bastille, and some months afterwards ordered to depart, an exile, for Languedoc. That the letters were garbled there is no doubt; but it was unfair to make La Beaumelle the type of the untrustworthy editor, as he has become owing to Voltaire's incessant persecutions. M. Taphanel publishes a few letters from Montesquieu and De La Condamine, La Beaumelle's friends, which are preserved, together with several others, in the archives of the La Beaumelle family. Here is a new store open to the editors of literary treasures. Too much attention, perhaps, is devoted to minute details, such as the baggage La Beaumelle brings to Copenhagen after a journey to France. The "moral" of his life may be given in King Frederic II.'s words:—"Le diable s'est incarné dans nos beaux esprits; il n'y a plus moyen d'en venir à bout." That is why the eighteenth century has interest for students of life.

The appearance of a new edition of *LES LIBERTINS EN FRANCE AU XVII. SIÈCLE*, by M. PERRENS, of the Institute (Calmann Lévy, 3f. 50c.), which it has been the unrelenting task of M. Brunetière to maintain as steadily as possible in oblivion is noticeable. For scholars this cheaper and handier new edition cannot replace the first edition, for the author has sacrificed his bibliographical notes and references. But in this new form the publishers offer us a most timely demonstration of the socialism of those writers and politicians in France who persist in treating as *sans-patries* all the courageous individualists who, as M. Perrens proves, are more really in the French tradition than the "Nationalists." The great fact which is the keynote of French history is just the opposite of that which the official critics in France, with M. Brunetière at their head, have always impressed upon the foreigner. The *libertinage*, as defined by M. Perrens, the spirit, from Montaigne to M. Anatole France, from the *Satyre Menippée* to the *Aurore*, the *Petite République*, and the *Siècle*, which has chafed under authority and has not been afraid to say so, is far more "French" than that polite and exquisite "taste" which the success of the wily Richelieu, protector of the Academy, made for a time the official ideal. M. Perrens' study reminds us that the "Dreyfusists" of to-day are but the *libertins* of yesterday, and the world may well be excused for observing anxiously the various stages of this struggle on French soil between the principle of dogma and authority on the one hand, and of *libertinage*—free thought—on the other.

be drawn out of the quasi-oblivion into which it had been. Welschinger has collated the text of 1789 with the dossier at the French Foreign Office, and added to the letters of Mirabeau and Talleyrand, with elaborate notes, besides an introduction which explains the nature of the secret mission and of the correspondence of Chateaubriand called "the very best Mirabeau," "in every line lay hid the future of Europe."

The somewhat ponderous volume entitled *LA RÉVOLUTION CIVILE DE LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE (1789-1804)* Hachette have published for M. Sagnac, is the corner-stone of a great pyramid of economic facts which the Socialist Party in France intends to construct as a monument to the proletariat during the French Revolution. The direction of men like M. Fournière, M. Jaurès, and others there is being prepared of France from the Point of View of Socialism. "The rise of the people implies a prolonged and a legislation of the Revolution. M. Sagnac has valiantly and laid, in spite of himself—for there we suppose that he knew the project of the Socialist foundation for the builders who are to follow him

This book is an essay in social history. The property was one of the most powerful levers of the Revolution. What occurred was an immense displacement. By what means and in virtue of what theories of the Revolution strive to deal with the question of private fortune? This is the question which is investigated. We have thus written in great detail of the rural classes in France under the Revolution intend to complete later on; it is the chief connected with the struggle against the old against the lords, and, above all, against the clergy.

And M. Sagnac goes on to say that no existing work is able to render him any great service. But he is a work of Taine and Michelet. The importance, indeed, is just this: that, as Taine is really, as a foot-note to Michelet, so his bulky pages may be as constituting one long foot-note to Taine. And he said, needed the foot-note even more than Michelet.

TRAVEL.

FROM SEA TO SEA. By RUDYARD KIPLING (Macmillan).

About the circumstances which have brought forth these two volumes Mr. W. P. James says something in his preface. Every one will be glad to read these earlier journals of Mr. Kipling, and they are not likely to lead to any controversies as have lately been carried on here and elsewhere about later Kiplingiana. They show the making. If his political creed is not quite formulated, and if one meets occasional crudities, there is nevertheless stamped on every page the individuality that we see, for instance, in his later effort, "A Fleet in Being." These papers were written in Indian journals and are almost entirely notes of travels in China, Japan, and America. Mr. Kipling puts the earth in a little less than a thousand pages. They are vivid, racy; that he never stops to speculate, or in sentiment or in elegance of style, goes without saying. He is finding out for himself the method of the new journalism.

some sign of the culture which is not engrossed in the present, but knows the past, and looks forward to the future; which is interested in art, history, folklore, ethnology, and is able to illuminate what it sees by applying to it the lamp of knowledge and reflection; and which can find time to cultivate the graces of a leisurely finished style. But what Mr. Kipling gives us is so good of its kind that we must not complain, and these vivacious sketches, which reveal so masterly an insight into the actual life of many diverse peoples, make a welcome addition to the Kipling Library which Messrs. Macmillan are turning out in a format which as regards binding and type leaves nothing to be desired.

SIBERIA AND CENTRAL ASIA. By JOHN W. BOOKWALTER.
(Pearson, 21s.)

This handsome and expensive volume consists of letters written to a Western American newspaper during a journey in Siberia as far as Tomsk and in Central Asia as far as Samarcand, and it is more lavishly illustrated by the hand-camera than any volume we have ever seen. Indeed, the photographs occupy much more space than the text—which is all to the gain of the reader. The author, who is an American business man, originally issued it privately, but by "frequent requests for its publication, particularly on the part of the Press, both here and abroad," he has been induced to give it to a publisher as a contribution to the literature of the Eastern Question—rather a curious statement, by the way. To be quite frank, Mr. Bookwalter is the veriest tourist as regards all serious questions. His admiration of Russia is boundless, only equalled by his disapproval and suspicion of England, while his ignorance of both countries is pathetic. He praises Russia, for example, for her "splendid common roads." It would be truer to say that there are no common roads in Russia—certainly no civilized country is so badly off for roads. He speaks of Russian agriculture as being "fostered with the wisest foresight and the most jealous care," the fact being that agriculture is roughly pushed aside to-day by the Government's artificial fostering of manufactures. He believes that the Merv-Kushk railway is being "quietly though rapidly" pushed forward to Herat! He is painfully vague about proper names—for example, "Uzun-Ada," "Bairon Ali," "Obb," "Petropavlovsk," "Feraghan," "Nakhehivan"; and even where the sound is approximately right the transliteration is eccentric, as *quass*, *Kriwostchekowo*, *Tscheljabinsk*. On his map we find "Kokan," "Krasnavodsk," and "Kiaghiz," a railway from Petrovsk to Baku, not built at the time he wrote, no railway from Tiflis to Kars, and a railway from Samarcand to Kashgar marked as "probable"! In fact, except for the casual reader, who knows nothing and cares little about the serious questions of Siberia and Central Asia, the text is but the jottings of an uninformed amateur.

Many of the photographs, on the other hand, are capital, and some are quite new and interesting. But here, again, the trail of the amateur is unpleasantly obtrusive, for the most attractive object for Mr. Bookwalter's camera was Mr. Bookwalter himself. We have Mr. Bookwalter in a troika, Mr. Bookwalter in a tarantass, Mr. Bookwalter crossing Tom River, Mr. Bookwalter taking tea with a Russian peasant family, Mr. Bookwalter gazing upon Mount Ararat, and so on *ad nauseam*. On the whole, however, we have never seen a better collection of "snap-shots." One or two paragraphs amusingly show what Mr. Bookwalter would probably call the "true inwardness" of his dislike of England. England, he says, "seems to lack confidence in her own unaided abilities" to check the advance of Russia, "as her search for alliances would seem to indicate." After this

But the joke is that while Mr. Bookwalter's volume is being published, his own country was taking the pains to induce all nations to bind themselves to respect the open market. The much-photographed Mr. Bookwalter is evidently a protected American manufacturer.

SOUTHERN ARABIA. By THEODORE BENT and MARY BENT. (Smith Elder, 18s.)

So far as really accurate knowledge is concerned, Arabia is still one of the almost unknown portions of the world. Some elegant and rather speculative specimens of the geographer's art notwithstanding. Like Tibet or Persia, its borders and coast-line even now present in spite of what has been done by Welstead, Borchardt, and Hurton. Indiscriminate readers of travel books will judge the value of an explorer's work by the amount accomplished, and to such critics the routes of Theodore Bent and his equally enterprising wife are a disappointment. They cannot understand that columns containing a hundred words of Mahri may be worth all the diary of ten thousand leagues. Those who are able to discriminate between the valiant trooper's rush round the world and the careful student's real explorer will find much that is interesting in "Southern Arabia." Able as Mrs. Bent has been in her task, we can only regret that Mr. Bent did not do more for himself. For all the travelling instincts of England are, as a nation, too seldom endowed with such men who are patient, painstaking, and thorough. So far as is concerned, this volume contains records of joint and many separate excursions in the Hadramut, in the Gara Range, and in the Fadhli country, as well as in Bahrain in the Persian Gulf. The authors in their travels at the Mounds of Ali, which undoubtedly yielded Phoenician remains when opened, are of opinion that these islands form part of the land of Punt, whence the Phoenicians, emigrants to the Mediterranean. The Phoenicians certainly had an original birth-place situated on some eastern coast, but usually understood that this was the Dead Sea coast. However, it is inferred that it was the Persian Gulf. Mr. Bent, to consider the only alternative theory is that the Islands were a sacred necropolis, such as Kerbelah among the Persians. But, considering the obscurity of Phoenician origins, and taking into account the characteristics, which have never been paralleled by the Anglo-Saxon, it is hard to say that the Moharok were not themselves colonies. Nothing here suggests necessarily that the Puni were a Phoenician colony.

One point of extreme interest to ethnologists and comparative religions comes out in the journey to Hadramut and Dhofar. What religions were replaced by Mahomedanism are, in spite of much speculation, practically unknown. But as the Kaaba, or Black Stone, accepted by the wise Mahomed, so doubtless many local and superstitions yet exist among the Southern Arabian non-Mahomedan traveller is more likely than one of them to discover what tribal religions, dating from before the Prophet, yet remain. Other countries, such as Daghestan, which are Musulman, yet retain in some traces of the worship of the Sword which held the Teberkess, so great a body of war-like tribes, excitement a tribesman will even now swear by it, where the ancient worship of Gish is being replaced by the worship of Mahomed.

most likely country for an explorer to lose his life in. Mr. and Mrs. Bent doubtless owed their immunity to their caution and their kindness, and to a strict adherence to the rule of never moving into the country of any Sultan or potentate without permission. While at Kossair a very remarkable thing happened, which Mrs. Bent relates with little comment :—

Sultan Hossein told my husband on *February 1st* that a consul had been murdered at Jeddah.

We were most excited about this, and anxiously inquired about it when we reached Aden, but heard that no murder had taken place, nor did it till *May*, when several consuls were murdered.

This proves that it must have been a very long-arranged plan, and that the Sultan knew of it, and thought it had had time to be carried out. No doubt all this accounted for his bad reception of us !

There is a quality of interest in some so-called books of travel which the enterprising authors would be the last to wish for. On opening some volumes it is at once obvious from the style, and more especially from the method in which the preliminary steamer voyage is treated, that the writers know little of their subjects and are incapable of observation, because they are devoid of the most rudimentary notion of selection. If the book is to be read at all it must be read to discover the reasons why it should never have been published. With *A GLIMPSE OF THE TROPICS* (Sampson Low, 6s.) Mr. Hastings Jay would come out fairly high in a competition of this kind. He went on a desperate voyage of exploration in a Royal Mail steamship to those unknown islands, the West Indies, and played deck quoits on the way. He also played deck golf when returning. What happens in between is of no particular interest to any one.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Transvaallana.

THE BOER STATES, by A. H. Keane (Methuen, 6s.), with the possible exception of Mr. Fitzpatrick's work, is the most useful Transvaal book that the current crisis has produced. Within a reasonable compass it gives us not only South African history, but also South African ethnology and geography. A good deal of the book, it is true, is obviously boiled down from Theal; but boiling down was just what Theal wanted; and Mr. Keane has discharged the task in a manner worthy of the highest praise. The things which it is most important to know and remember are summarized by him with admirable lucidity. Particularly good is the summary which tells us just who the Boers are. It can be shown, Mr. Keane says,—

(1) That the great majority of the first arrivals were drawn from the lower grades of Dutch society, with whom were associated a large number of the riff-raff from every part of Western Europe, attracted to the colony by agents, and others known as "kidnappers," soldiers, sea-faring folk, ne'er-do-wells, adventurers, and others greatly predominating; (2) that these were joined later by Dutch immigrants of a better class, and, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), leavened by a considerable body of Huguenots, representing all classes of French society—hence, although numerically inferior, greatly superior to the Dutch in most respects; (3) that the third ingredient was made up mainly of Germans, chiefly adventurers, soldiers, and peasants from

who are of opinion that, provided certain small conditions were made, the Boers may well be left to govern their country their own way, we commend the following brief note.

Finance.—Administration bad and corrupt, with no proper system of audit or control. In 1897 the salaries of officials amounted to £18,500, of which only £1,000 were recovered. Of advances to officials in 1898, £2,308,500 were never accounted for.

THE TRANSVAAL IN WAR AND PEACE, by N. S. G. (Virtue, 7s. 6d. n.), looks as though it had been compiled from the photographs with which its pages are generally filled. There is no better way of reviewing it than to say that the photographs are worthy of the compliment that is paid to them. They are the best South African photographs we have seen, and the letterpress is better than might be expected, showing evidence of first-hand knowledge of the country.

We have also Part I. (1s. n.) of *THE HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR*, which Messrs. Methuen are publishing in nightly instalments. This publication avoids polemics, and the subject in the calm, impartial temper of the author. It is well illustrated and mapped. The instalment leaves off in the middle of the Battle of Talain Hill.

We may, perhaps, add to this list the reprint of *STONE'S MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN AFRICA*, which Messrs. Ward, Lock have published in the Minerva Library (2s.). What Livingstone has to say about the Boers will be read with interest, and bears a striking view above quoted, though the Boer of to-day is, of course, not the same person as the Boer of half a century ago.

WHO'S WHO AT THE WAR (A. and C. Black, 6s.) is a timely selection from "Who's Who," with a list of names such as those of Boer generals, about which information is naturally scanty. We miss one or two war heroes, but otherwise the book is very complete. At the end are lists of officers killed and wounded, and a very useful bibliography (including fiction).

Lord Beaconsfield.

For the Victorian Era Series Mr. Harold E. Fox has written *THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD* (Blackie, 2s. 6d.). He tells the statesman's story, so far as possible, in his own words, with comparatively brief passages linking them together. It is not a bad method, for an important episode in Lord Beaconsfield's career has been told in the shape of a telling phrase:—"A Conservative is an organized hypocrisy," "Imperium in seculo," "The key of India is London," "I had to educate the masses," &c. Mr. Gorst has done his work well, and with a cynicism which is very refreshing. For instance

The Conservative victory of 1874 was a triumph by unjust means than has been generally supposed. It is very fine and elevating to think of the Conservative being exalted to this pitch of Imperial enthusiasm, and to descend to prosaic facts it must be acknowledged that the British workman never has cared, and probably never will care, twopence about anything so far removed from his own life and improved conditions of labour as Imperialism. It was an unhappy one, but nevertheless a fact—was forced upon us by the wire-pullers of the Conservative party in 1874. It was, in truth, no Conservative reaction at all, for the elections were won, not by the actual strength of the Conservative, but by Radical abstention and by the skillful

Spain.

The recent history of Spain which Major Hume tells in *MODERN SPAIN, 1788-1808* (Unwin, 5s.), is a dreary one. All his affection for the Spaniards and his sympathy with them must have been required to make the task of recording the mainly squalid story of their doings since 1788 tolerable. Only the eye of affection would look through the intellectual incapacity, the moral worthlessness, the self-seeking, and the anarchy of the surface, into the fund of worth which lies beneath. Nobody, we think, who reads Major Hume's book will put it down without some respect for the Spaniards, and a great pity. The respect will come from seeing that there must be a considerable force in a nation which has been able not only to bear up, but to grow, in spite of an almost unrelieved succession of bad rulers. A not unkindly scorn must arise from the spectacle presented by a people which has such an amazing incapacity for government. Major Hume does the best he can with the barrack-room conspirators, and parliamentary lobbyists who have represented Spain to the world. There is even an estimate of Prim which is astounding. Yet on the whole he draws these persons without flattery, while he manages to give us an intelligible account of their doings. The author is somewhat of a partisan on the question of progress. One may doubt whether a nation can be said to have progressed merely because it has moved from Godoy to Sagasta, or whether Liberalism has been of much use politically when it leaves a country to the mercy of the politicians who guided it through the Cuban crisis with no more wisdom than the favourite of Carlos IV. showed in his dealings with Napoleon. One could wish for less of the doings of these persons, and more of the social and material changes in the life of the nation. There is notably one passage in modern Spanish history which we could wish to have seen described more fully, and for which we could cheerfully have sacrificed most ministerial changes, or revolutions of the Vicévarist order—and that is the suppression of the religious houses, together with its consequences. How comes it that a people which yet remains intensely Roman Catholic could do such things as the massacre of the Franciscans in Barcelona or the expulsions of the Cistercians from Poblet? The answer to that question would tell us more of what is really worth knowing about the history of the Spanish people than any amount of palace scandal and barrack-room conspiracy. But Major Hume has had a difficult task, and he has achieved it with a good measure of success.

All students of Spanish history will be glad to see a second edition of the very erudite *HISTORY OF SPAIN* (Longmans, 16s.) of Mr. Ulric Burke. It was only published five years ago, and took rank as the standard history of early Spain. Unfortunately Mr. Burke died before he could revise it for a reissue, and this task has fallen to the capable hands of Major Hume, who contributes an historical preface.

FICTION.

Religious.

The temptation to deal, in fiction, with the story of Pilate's wife is no doubt considerable. Few novels sell so well as those dealing with religious subjects; and the period of Pilate's procuratorship in Judæa offers a fine opportunity to authors of any ambition. Mr. Mark Ashton, no doubt, has some power of language, as well as an inventive imagination. In *SHE STANDS ALONE* (Hutchinson, 6s.) he makes Pilate, who already has a wife in Rome, go to Athens and marry Euphrosyne, the daughter of

constant expectation of some want of taste that will its characters are mostly scriptural. Paul is the A and presented not merely as Paul the theologian, the man and fellow-creature. We read the book with interest, and as we got further we ceased to look little unconscious profundities that well-meaning writers kind of book so often blunder into.

THE SKY-PILOT, by Ralph Connor (Hodder and Co.), has many merits and one big fault. It is too too death-bed laden. The young "sky-pilot," with and his sense of humour, is a sympathetic figure: a to death? The wilful girl, Gwen, is a picturesque. Why injure her back and put her on a sofa? Bruce-toper, and the Duke has a touch of Jack Hamlin. Whether an affecting deathbed and make the late. Perhaps we are callous and the "gentle reader" will not willingly abate one hexaceous tear. In that is very little to be said against "The Sky-Pilot."

UNTIL THE DAY DECLARE IT, by Margaret (Religious Tract Society, 5s.), is a cleverly-written against Ritualism, put together something after the such indictments. That is to say, the foolish people are Ritualists, and the naughty ones, Jesuits, and so ever, it is a good story, whatever its worth as a pamphlet. The characters have life and distinction and all. Those of (presumably) the author's doxy whom it would be a pleasure to meet.

Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel *FEO* (Hodder, 6s.), the reader who seeks double-dyed diplomacy and so conquers all difficulties. "FEO" is not a work of but a thousand unconvincing matters pass unnoticed called romance. How FEO, a singer, is wooed and Austrian prince, how she is taken from him, and brought back to him and victory is the story Mr tells, and he tells it in a manner too well known discussion.

Mr. R. W. Chambers has written so many fine one asks a great deal from any new work of his. *THE MASK* (Macmillan, 6s.) is called a romance. It realistic story of the lust of gold. Mr. Chamber women, if somewhat overdrawn, are vivid, and his the reader throughout.

The point, or one of the points, about Mrs. new novel, *THROUGH FIRE TO FORTUNE* (Fisher Uny that the heroine, Enra Leigh, does not pass thro (the actual fire of the first chapter) at all, but survives many a flame herself. The conflagration in question certainly gave an impetus to her fortunes, and stantly to endure the burden and heat of the day—or night—during her experience as a theatrical "star," was on blue water that the chief peril of her life. There is not the slightest possible reason to doubt us good as gold all her life—and as good as a very gold after coming into her rightful inheritance.

A COMEDY OF THE CLOTH, by Mr. Thomas A. Iz Long, 6s.), is a mildish story of cross-purposes, cler Given three men and two women, and granted that women is the widowed mother of one of the men, the four ways of arranging a pair of marriages between them to the exclusion, of course, of one unhappy swa number of possible complications which may occur such marriages take place is apparently almost infinite. Mr. Lewis proved it? He is certainly to be ce upon the ingenuity which has enabled him to cre "situations" into his pages, and if the humour i rather forest, most of the book is sufficiently amusing

Correspondence.

"Stalky and Co.," which must excuse an error in my last - Cradall major should be Cradall minor). Kipling is probably prepared to stand or fall hereafter by his almost faultless correctness of detail, for, as he wrote ten years ago, "accuracy is surely the touchstone of all art." ("Sea to Sea," 1900: Vol. I., 274). Earlier in the same volume (p. 215) we read that on the road to Mandalay, just outside Rangoon, "three flying fishes were sighted," which is a definite reply to the writer in *Literature* some months ago that there were no flying-fish in these regions. Aussi (as Ruskin used to say) the opinion of "Tommy" is probably preferable to that of his officers with regard to delineations of the former genus, since the latter can seldom forgive Kipling's exposure of the weak links in the Service exhibited in "That Day" or "Mary, pity Women." Kipling is as successful in choosing the unique man as the unique word, as witness his fourteen years' unswerving admiration of Lord Roberts, dating from his first book, where he makes Lord Dufferin say:—

They have their Reputations. Look to one—
I work with him—the smallest of them all,
White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging horse
Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,
Gives work we cannot buy;

Hates cats, and knows his business.

When, by the way, can we have "Bobs" reprinted, and the Serjeant of Kitchener "that will maxin his oppressor as a Christian ought to do"? I cannot get a glimpse of either.

The key to "Stalky" is to be found in the spectacled, physically inactive Beetle, "a fiery soul . . . working out its way" through the "Sturm und Drang" of a military school, where he had necessarily to combat "beef" with brains. (Even in Yorkshire "ego in Arendia vixi," and learnt in after years that I was placed in goal in order that the football might break my "spees"—a fairly constant occurrence.) With all respect to your lady correspondent, I think there's a lot of autobiography in "Stalky and Co.," and all boys of like constitution will sympathize with Gigadibs, writing three times in one day asking to be taken home.

As for field games, the battle is to the strong, and they are fast becoming, in their higher grades, specialized into professionalism, while mere physical training can (pace Wellington and Eton cricket-field) easily develop into a curse, as it became to the Germans at Jena, to Marmont at Salamanca, and even, perhaps, to the troops in quarter-column at Magersfontein.

Yours faithfully,

Bournemouth, W., March 6. H. F. HALL (Sheffield).

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

We have several fresh items of war literature to announce. The Rev. J. H. Canon Skrine, the author of "Joan the Maid" and other books of poems, has joined the patriotic songsters, and completed a little volume of verse inspired by the stirring incidents in the campaign. "Kill or Khaki" is a song of the Gordon's pluck in sticking to their kilts; "A Race for the Guns" is based on an incident in the battle of October 21st; and so on. "The Queen's Highway," as his new book will probably be called, is to be published shortly by Mr. Elkin Mathews, who is also responding to the popular taste by issuing new editions of Mr. Newbolt's "Admirals All" (17th) and "The Island Race."

"Sharpshooting for Sport and War," by Mr. W. W. well-known authority, with a preface by Mr. Wirt G. author of "A Bibliography of Guns and Shooting," out the part the armed civilian has played in history.

We understand that Canon Knox Little is preparing an edition of his "Sketches and Studies in Song" (Isbister), with a preliminary chapter replying to one possibly dealing with the developments of the last century. Finally, we may mention that Messrs. Cassell will issue their first weekly number of their cheap "Illustrated His-Boer War" ready on Wednesday next.

Sir William White, as already announced, is preparing a fourth edition of his "Manual of Naval Architecture" intending to re-write some parts of it. We understand that the naval programme and other official duties interfered with this plan, and Mr. Murray has decided to issue a new edition with only the necessary revision.

Mr. Francis Gribble has finished his work on associations of Geneva. It contains much gossip unpublished in English about Calvin, Rousseau, Voltaire, de Staël, the Prisoner of Chillon, and the legend "Cayenn Genevois," and also gives special attention to the case of travellers who went to Geneva in the course of their "grand tour," as did John Milton, John Evelyn, Burnett, Addison, Gray, among others.

Messrs. Isbister announce a volume compiled by How from the notebook of his father, Bishop Walsham, which he gave to him on the understanding that it could be called "Lighter Moments." Bishop How has excellent stories to tell, several of which have appeared in the *Sunday Magazine*. Messrs. Isbister are preparing a "History of the Melanesian Mission" by E. S. Armstrong, who lives in New Zealand and is of the diocese founded by George Selwyn, afterwards Lichfield. The first missionary Bishop of Melanesia remembered, was John Patteson, who was murdered on the islands in 1871, and was succeeded by John Selwyn, the first Bishop Selwyn. The present missionary chief is Wilson. Mrs. Armstrong's book sketches the work of men. A volume to appear shortly is Dean Plumptre's "Dante," edited by Mr. A. J. Butler, and completing the edition of Dante which Messrs. Isbister brought out in two volumes last year. Mr. Butler has incorporated the latest research. Another early work will be "Famous Naval Battles: From Salamis to Santiago," by Kirk Rawson, Prof. U.S.N., Superintendent of the Records, in two volumes. Messrs. Isbister also have in preparation "A Brave Poor Thing," by Mrs. L. "In a Quiet Village," by the Rev. Barling Gould; "Magic Word," by Miss Constance Smith.

Messrs. Hutchinson's spring list includes (besides what we have announced in a former issue), "Disciples of A" (Biographies of Leaders of Medicine), by the late Sir Bernard Richardson, with a Biography of Sir Benjamin Richardson, by his daughter, in two volumes, with portrait; "The Living Races of Mankind," a popular account of customs, habits, pursuits, ceremonies, &c., of the various kinds throughout the world, by Mr. H. M. Hutchinson; "Mr. R. Lydekker, F.R.S., F.G.S., Dr. J. W. Gregory," with over 600 hundred illustrations, to be completed in fortnightly parts; "Justice to the Jew," the story has done for the world, by Mr. Madison C. Peters; of Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., told by Himself; "Patriots of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. Edgar; "Thackeray's Stray Papers," by Mr. Lewis Melville, with illustrations.

The new edition of the late Mr. Traill's "New England" is sold well, and a further edition has been ordered by Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Albert Dickson is about to publish a

edition. This forms the fourth series of the "Westminster Cartoons."

In "The Rhymer," to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next week, Burns is the central figure. The author is "Allan McAulay." On Monday Mr. Unwin will also issue the seventh volume of his Overseas Library, Mr. John Gaggin's tale of the cannibal islands of the Southern Seas, entitled "Among the Man-eaters." At the same time he will publish Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's new domestic romance, "Was it Right to Forgive?"

EDUCATIONAL.—In "First Stage Hygiene," by Mr. R. A. Lyster, to be published by the University Tutorial Press (Mr. W. B. Clive)—an attempt is made to treat the badly-arranged syllabus of the Science and Art Department in a logical and scientific way. The usual plan adopted in the elementary textbooks is to follow the South Kensington syllabus, and to divide the book into two parts, the first containing the necessary physiology and the second the elements of hygiene. Mr. Lyster has rearranged the subject and intersperses lessons on physiology throughout the book. Another feature is the experimental work at the end of each chapter.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace is adapting portions of his book, "The Wonderful Century," which has been selling largely during the past eighteen months, to form a School Reader in the hope that it will lead intelligent boys and girls in our public and private elementary schools "to occupy their spare time with a better class of reading than is afforded by the exciting fiction of the cheap periodicals." Like its predecessor the book will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein.

Among the new educational books of Messrs. Heath and Co., to be published in London by Messrs. Isbister, are Pope's "Iliad," Books 1, 6, 22, and 24, edited, with introductions and notes, by Professor Paul Shorey; "The Connexion between Thought and Memory," based on Dörpfeld's "Denken und Gedächtnis," by Lukens; "Organic Education," a manual for teachers, by Harriet M. Scott, assisted by Gertrude Buek, Ph.D.; "Goethe's Poems," selected and edited by Professor T. Harris; and "French Prose of the XVII. Century," selected and edited by Professor F. M. Warren.

Books to look out for at once

SPORT AND WAR—

- "Sharpshooting for Sport and War." By W. Everett. 1s. and 1s. 6d.
- "Among Horses in South Africa." By Captain Everett. 5s.
- "The Story of the Inter-University Boat Race." Peacock, B.A. Grant Richards. 2s.
- "Illustrated History of the Boer War." Part 1.

FICTION—

- "Was it Right to Forgive?" By Amelia E. Barr.
- "The Rhymer." By Allan McAulay. Fisher U.
- "The Kiss of Isis" and "The Mystery of Castle Captain Arthur Haggard (Arthur Amyand Blackett. 3s. 6d.
- "The Harvesters." By J. S. Fletcher. John L.
- "The Plunderers." By Morley Roberts. Meth.
- "Breaking the Shackles." By Frank Barrett.

MISCELLANEOUS—

- "Among the Man-eaters" (Overseas Library. Gaggin. Fisher Unwin. 2s.
- "Ethics of Aristotle." Edited by John Burnet.
- "North American Forests and Forestry." By E. Putnam. 7s. 6d.
- "Hereditry and Human Progress." By Dr. D. Putnam. 6s.

NEW EDITIONS—

- "The Egyptian Campaigns, 1882 to 1885" (continued to 1890). By Charles Royle, late R. Blackett. 12s.
- "Tenant of Wildfell Hall." (Vol. VI.). Ha Smith, Elder. 6s.
- Cowper's "Task" and Carlyle's "Heroes and Temple Classics." Dent. 1s. and 1s. 6d. each

HISTORY—

- "The History of Edward the Third." By Jan Ph.D. Longmans.
- "Henry Knox (1750-1806): A Soldier of the Revolution." Noah Brooks. Putnam. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
Tasmanian Rivers, Lakes, and Flowera. By A. S. Murray. 15 x 18 in., 57 pp. London, 1900. Virtue. £2 2s

BIOGRAPHY.
Notes from a Diary. 2 vols. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. 8 x 5 in., 190 + 230 pp. London, 1900. Murray. 18s.
The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D. By Arthur P. Stanley, D.D. New Ed. 7 x 5 1/2 in., 548 pp. London, 1900. Ward, Lock. 2s

CLASSICAL.
Demosthenes on the Peace, Second Philippic on the Chersonesus, and Third Philippic. With Introduction by J. E. Sandys. Litt. D. 64 x 4 1/2 in., 220 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan. 5s.

DRAMA.
The Last Feast of the Flanna. By Alice Milligan. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 20 pp. London, 1900. Nott. 6d. n.

ECONOMICS.
Taxation of Land Values and the Single Tax. By H. Smart. Litt. D. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 125 pp. Glasgow, 1900. MacLachlan. 5s.

EDUCATIONAL.
The Intermediate Text-Book of English Literature. University Tutorial Series. By H. H. Lowndes A. J. W. Vall. 7 x 5 in., 257 pp. London, 1900. Clive. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.
Mary Paget. By Mina C. Smith. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 326 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan. 6s.

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise Maude. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 365 pp. London, 1900. Henderson. 6s. n.

The White Terror. By Felix Grass. Translated by Catharine A. Janyler. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 364 pp. London, 1900. Heinemann. 6s.

GEOGRAPHY.
The Boer States, Land, and People. By J. H. Keane. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 313 pp. London, 1900. Methuen. 6s.

HISTORY.
Modern Italy, 1748-1898. By P. Orsi. (The Story of the Nations.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 401 pp. London, 1900. Unwin. 5s.

History of Greece. Part II. By Evelyn Abbott. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 561 pp. London, 1900. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

MEDICAL.
Nordrach at Home; or, Hygienic Treatment of Consumption. By J. S. Lucas, M.R.C.S. 6 1/2 x 4 in., 60 pp. Bristol, 1900. Arrowsmith. 1s.

MILITARY.
The Transvaal in War and Peace. By Neville Edwards. 11 x 8 1/2 in., 381 pp. London, 1900. Virtue. 7s. 6d. n.

The Derbyshire Campaigns Series. No. 2.—The 16th Regiment in Central India. By General Sir J. Rawns, K.C.B. No. 3.—The 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment in Tirah. By Capt. A. K. Steiner. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 84 + 60 pp. London, 1900. Sonnenschein. 1s. 6d. n. & 2s. 6d. n.

Mr. Thomas Atkins. By E. J. Hardy. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 301 pp. London, 1900. Virtue. 7s.

Plea for a Simpler Life and Fads of an Old Physician. By S. Keith, M.D., LL.D. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 173 pp. London, 1900. Black. 3s. 6d.

The Book of Gardening. Ed. by W. D. Drury. 9 x 6 in., 1,198 pp. London, 1900. Upcott Gill. 16s. n.

How Women May Earn a Living. By Helen C. Condec. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 312 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

Ideal Physical Culture. By Apollo. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 141 pp. London, 1900. Greening. 2s. 6d.

From the Book Beautiful. By the Author of "The Hypocrite." 7 1/2 x 5 in., 183 pp. London, 1900. Greening. 3s. 6d.

PAMPHLETS.
Nelson at Naples. A Journal from June 10 '30, 1793. By F. P. Rodham. Nutt. 1s.

PHILOSOPHY.
A History of Modern Philosophy. 2 vols. By Dr. H. Hoffding. Translated by R. E. Meyer. 9 1/2 x 6 in., 532 + 600 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan. 30s. n.

Evolution. By F. R. Jerons, D. Litt. (The Churchman's Library.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 304 pp. London, 1900. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Will Women Help? By F. J. Gould. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 100 pp. London, 1900. Watts. 1s.

POETRY.
Songs of the Morning. By Nora Hopper. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 152 pp. London, 1900. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.
Diana Tempest. By Mary

The Shorter Kents. (The J. P. Briscoe.) 135 pp. London, 1900. Ga.

Poems. By Dante (The Siddal Ed.) 135 pp. London, 1900. ELL

SCIENCE.
Hydraulic Powering. By G. C. Crosby. London, 1900. 390 pp. London, Crosby

An Elementary Practical Zoology. By late T. J. Park. N. Parker, Phil. London, 1900. 2

THEO.
A Handy Book of England. Rev. E. L. Cur. 60 pp. London, 1900

The Book of Genesis as an Authentic Rec. of Greece. 240 pp. London, 1900. The Church

St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans, A.P. Vol. II. By C. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 241 pp.

The Death for J. Brett. 5 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 1900. The Church

The Time of the Hope of the Hyndman. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 241 pp.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 121. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We learn from an authoritative source that the new scheme for dealing with net books is making satisfactory progress. It is too soon to say that its results are striking, for the publishers, who have a perfectly free hand in the matter, are not pushing the system through too fast. One of its practical results, as suggested in *Literature* a few weeks ago, has already been a considerable increase in the number of net books, and the booksellers, for whose benefit the scheme was mainly started, seem satisfied.

English publishers will make a modest but representative display at the Paris Exhibition. Some three hundred volumes in all have been selected from the leading firms by the British Commissioners, the arrangements having been completed under the auspices of the Publishers' Association. All the volumes will be exhibited open, so that the foreigner will be able to see for himself how our books are turned out by the trade.

It is pleasant to read that the British and Foreign Bible Society has made arrangements to present the Boer prisoners with copies of the Scriptures in their native tongue. One of our recent notes suggests the reason why, in spite of their proved piety, they did not take their Bibles with them to the field of

properly built, with a sufficiently large number of wide exits. The old building was a veritable Certain improvements had been introduced after given by the famous holocaust at the Opéra Comique were grossly inadequate; and if the fire had broken the performance few people would have got out alive be added that most of the other Parisian theatres a similar case; and that, so far as the safety of the p concerned, the structure of theatres in France is far be England. Let us hope that the managers of the and other theatres will take the hint and set the order before the Exhibition. The fire has been made of a complaint, in certain quarters, against M management. Perhaps it would be more correct t has brought dissatisfaction with M. Claretie's mar a head. At all events the rumour circulates that will retire, and that his place will be taken by M. C.

The appearance of Mr. Dent's new and handsome works of Victor Hugo may be taken as evidence Hugo's vogue continues in this country at a time practically extinct in France. Why that should be hard to say; but an explanation may be hazarded. conjectures, appealed to French readers because he mentalist, and to English readers because he was a But the sentimentalism of one generation is the next; whereas good stories, from the *Odyssey* down always shown staying power. And Hugo's stories that English writers plagiarize them. What is "The but a refurbished Jean Valjean?"

There are not many persons now living who were acquainted with Sir Walter Scott. One of the last his household at Abbotsford, James Mathieson, has Hawick, at the age of seventy-four. He was a grand Mathieson, Sir Walter's coachman, and when a lad some of the household duties at Abbotsford. There h at Ettrick another of those who were acquainted per Scott—Gideon Laidlaw. In his younger days Laidlaw service of James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd." B and Scott he also knew "Christopher North." At his death he had reached the advanced age of ninety was understood to be the oldest inhabitant of Selkirk

The American *Dial* has taken occasion to corre story which seems to have gained currency on the tinent. The story is that Jane Austen called on the and that Thackeray was so bored that he made his club. The *Dial* points out that Thackeray was a c

vague excuses for his absence afterwards in the drawing room ; but it was not till Mrs. Procter explained the matter to her years after that she comprehended why and whither he had gone. At the time Mrs. Ritchie printed this story first in *Macmillan's Magazine*, a correspondent of an evening paper wrote to contradict it. This correspondent professed to have been present at the party, and protested that Thackeray was not guilty of any such discourtesy. Mrs. Ritchie, however, reprinted the anecdote in her book, so that it may be accepted for true. The company, Mrs. Ritchie tells us, included the Carlyles, Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Procter and her daughter, Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Elliot, and Miss Perry. Lord Houghton had been invited. Had he come, says Mrs. Ritchie, the evening might have been livelier.

M. Jules Huret has had an interview with the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, the greatest living authority on Balzac, and collector of Balzac manuscripts and autographs, at Brussels, and has come home with a large bundle of interesting information. M. Huret saw the original letters to Madame Hanska, and observed that they were written in a microscopical hand in order that the bulk of the correspondence might not arrest the attention of a jealous husband. Then he was shown some of the early contracts with the publishers. For the " *Physiologie du Mariage* " Balzac got 1,500 francs, and for " *La Peau de Chagrin* " only 1,125 francs (or £45) in three bills at six, nine, and twelve months respectively. For " *Clotilde de Lusignan* " he got 2,000 francs, but out of this he had to undertake to pay for half a column of advertisements in half-a-dozen newspapers. The balance remaining to put in his pocket cannot have been large.

A good story is also told to show how Balzac's extravagant habits kept him poor almost to his dying day :—

One evening he met a Russian Prince, whom he invited to dine with him on the following day. Remembering that he had not a proper dinner service he went round to the nearest jeweller and bought one for £160. On another occasion he wanted to go to Vienna to meet Madame de Hanska ; and he did not like post-chaises. What did he do ? He bought a carriage for £600—a sum which he did not possess. He went to Vienna, was admirably received in the most aristocratic salons, and made the acquaintance of Prince Metternich. On his return to Paris he found the gendarmes waiting to take him to prison for debt.

It appears that several unpublished MSS. of Balzac are in the possession of M. de Lovenjoul. They are fifteen in number, including both stories and essays. " There are great treasures among them," said their possessor, " but, unhappily, nothing except an article on modern government is finished." But even their publication as fragments will be welcome ; and it is M. de Lovenjoul's intention to give them to the world.

The library of M. de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul contains other manuscript riches. There are cupboards devoted to Gautier and to George Sand, Sainte-Beuve's papers—the *Arthur*, now being published by the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, is one of these treasures—editions of Chateaubriand de Vigny, Musset, &c.

very much up to date. Mr. Grein, for example, Mann, Miss Emma Brooke on Maeterlinck, S. Modern Spanish Literature, and during the Knight will discourse on " The Undertones of But the past is not forgotten, and " Early L discussed every Friday. Next Friday it will be and Mr. Albany Major, the hon. secretary, will

The *Lex Heinze*, authorizing police courts and plays, has roused great enthusiasm for Germany, and Herr Roerer, who is responsible has obtained for himself an unenviable notoriety in a speech the degenerate tendencies of the literature of the day. At a great public demonstration against the *Lex Heinze*, Sudermann being nearly swept off the platform by the enthusiasm of the audience. On his right sat the venerable Hermann Mommsen, who, in spite of his eighty-three years, braved the fiercest snowstorm of the season to be present at the meeting, at which all the leading Berlin painters, journalists, and men of letters mustered

A story comes from Vatican circles that was approached recently by a deputation of clerical zealots, like Herr Roerer in the Reichstag, for of purity in literature. His Holiness was implored the works of Gabriele d'Annunzio. The Pope replied, " Leave Gabriele d'Annunzio alone. He is about the only man living who knows how to

Mr. G. S. Street, in his *Pull Mall Causes* attacks the methods of parodists, and exhorts them to hit the mark, and make themselves as unpleasant

There is a fashion of insisting that all caricature should be kind and good-natured, and calculated to flatter its object rather than to offend. A stupid and flabby and hollow fashion, and a firm would abolish the arts it seeks to regulate. The art of satire has never been kind and good-natured. Aristophanes, Croker in Thackeray, Tigelli are not good-natured portraits ; in every case a good drubbing. There must be sympathy of feeling, and understanding of him, for the caricaturist to be successful, but the good satirist is, as it were, kind only to his

Perhaps, however, there is room for the parody that the victim enjoys, as well as for the parody that the writer writhes. It really depends on the quality of the parody. Effective parody often consists merely in the trivial subject in a style which is only superior to the original subjects ; and this sort of parody may often be made without giving offence. On the other hand, Martin Tupper must either be parodied cruelly or not at all.

Autobiographies and books of personal recollections are not nearly so common on the Continent as in England. It may be suspected that the supply has by this time been exhausted. But Saint-Saëns' " *Portraits of Souvenirs* " announced by the *Société d'Édition Artistique*

At any rate, the book must be short, for the price is only 4f. An English composer of equal eminence would probably not have been satisfied with less than two volumes at a guinea and a half. There is a chapter on his experiences at Cambridge. He says: "The English like and understand music, and the contrary opinion is a prejudice. As is their right, they like it in their own way; but their way is not so bad, since art owes to it Handel's Oratorios, great symphonies by Haydn, Weber's 'Oberon,' Mendelssohn's 'Elias,' and 'Scottish Symphony,' and Gounod's 'Redemption,' and 'Mors et Vita,' works all of them written for England, and which, but for her, would probably never have existed."

A new light in the literature of modern Russia is Bossjak Maxim Gorkji, ex-baker's apprentice and tramp, who, in the course of his vagabond wanderings over the Tsar's dominions, kept his eyes and ears open, and has since embodied the result of his observations in two volumes of "Sketches and Tales." They are being much read and talked about in St. Petersburg. Gorkji belongs to no school; his *leit motif* is simply hatred, violent and uncompromising, of civilization, not of the excesses of civilization, but of the principles. His pretension to fame is based on his mastery of language and of the jargon of the *cauaille*. Through all the sordidness and vulgarity in which this youthful writer wallows, he shows a consummate faculty of drawing a complete picture in a few terse, trenchant words.

The Parisian press has lately sustained a loss in the death of Monsieur Simond, the director and proprietor of the *Echo de Paris*. The paper will be carried on by M. Simond's sons, who have for years been associated with their father in his work. Père Didon, who died suddenly on Tuesday, had many claims to celebrity. He was the most eloquent French preacher of his time; he was the author of a Life of Christ in which the deficiencies of scholarship usual in the writings of Roman Catholic divines were adorned by a style of singular grace and beauty; his name was anathema (and rightly so) to those who worked for justice to Captain Dreyfus. But he was also an educational reformer, and did something to introduce athletics into the French schools.

The comic Englishman who has long been an object of mirth on the French stage has been more than avenged. After

M. Gabriel de Lautree's article "Definition de l'Humour"—in this month's *Mercure de France*, and French we have no more need to be jealous of the wit of our neighbours across the Channel:—

L'humour vrai n'est pas un produit français. Les modèles sont ailleurs. Ils appartiennent à la race anglo-saxonne. Cette façon de s'égayer ne convient qu'aux peuples du Nord. Hamlet est un humoriste.

Now, for a long time the French have not been able to deny, have, on the contrary, been glad to own, that in "high seriousness" English literature surpasses French. But a similar tribute to our humour was certainly unexpected. M. de Lautree is not ironical. He uses serious arguments in order to deprive his countrymen of their most cherished possession. How does he account for the "éclats de rire" which for centuries have shaken the sides of Europe?

L'histoire du Rire, en France, à de trop fréquentes périodes, se mêle fâcheusement à celle de la plus grossière scatologie. . . . L'esprit français . . . eut pour mère

Moreover, a good many of the best Anglo-Saxon humour would have to be rejected under one or de Lautree's headings. What about Falstaff and Sir as examples of "la nutrition"?

There is a good deal of humour in Molière under neither of the two rejected classes. M. de Lautree's difficulty by depreciating Molière as a humourist. This from a Frenchman is startling:

Même sur la scène comique, Argan non Jourdain ne sont dignes de dénouer les cordons d'Hamlet.

The comparison is not fair. The aim of Molière's of Shakespeare's is entirely different. Molière's social, Shakespeare's universal. Molière takes type, a miser, a hypocrite, or a *poseur*, places him at a definite point of time, and uses every possible device, a special side of his nature appear ridiculous. Shakespeare occasionally done the same—Malvollo and Parol altogether unlike Molière's characters—but only. It is the humour of the Restoration, not the Elizabethan must be compared, and to its disadvantage, with Sir Fopling Flutter, for example, is really a figure comedy; a character devised solely to ridicule a passion in his case the imitation of French manners; not the incarnation of an isolated idea. Molière's characters are extravagant, impossible, but they are overdrawn with To this day, despite M. de Lautree's disparagement an Argan to a Frenchman, a hypocrite a Tartu hypocrite may remind an Englishman of Pecksniff. In its onesidedness Molière's humour is allied to Dickens.

In taking Hamlet as an ideal humourist Molière forgets that the philosophic is, after all, only a form of humour, though it may be the highest. Touchstone and Hamlet no doubt embody a form of humour not by the French; they express universal ideas, particular truths. Shakespeare was a seer in comedy as in tragedy. But the social satirist is necessary in literature of humour as well as the seer, though his of a lower kind, and here, surely, Molière bears. The very characters, Argan and M. Jourdain, Lautree says, are unworthy "de dénouer les cordons d'Hamlet," are really quite unparalleled on the English stage. Moreover, their humour does not rest either on "la nutrition" or on "la nutrition." And is the spirit of Molière extinct in the modern French dramatist? We have read Augier's "Le Postscriptum" to recognize not only wanting in English dramatists, but such a flat upon an English stage. The spirit of Molière is the spirit of Shakespeare is another, and it is hard to compare the two for the sake of depreciating Molière. Types may still be found in the daily life of the twelfth century. Let M. de Lautree take ship to England, walk Regent-street or Piccadilly, straying expectantly into the street. What would he find? Here and there a grave-digger, perhaps, who would require to be introduced before he could display his humour, or a melancholy Jaques; or a labouring bar, a formidable Pistol in khaki, or a deplorable result of "la nutrition." The scene is altogether alien to his philosophic mind; a sense of the hidden, of humour swallowed in a dim smile, of abrupt sincerity unspoken. But he would miss something of the rattle of repartee, the babble of wit and "vins de Montaigne" which are the life of Molière's humour.

IS "WAR THE ONLY THING THAT HAS NO GOOD IN IT"?

[This poem, by Archbishop Alexander, was published in *The Times* of October 31, 1899. There has been a continuous demand for it since its appearance, and it is therefore now reprinted by request.]

They say that "war is hell," "the great accursed,"
The sin impossible to be forgiven—
Yet I can look beyond it at its worst,
And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
Perchance makes battles too!

The life He loves is not the life of span
Abbreviated by each passing breath,
It is the true humanity of Man,
Victorious over death.

The long expectance of the upward gaze,
Sense ineradicable of things afar,
Fair hope of finding after many days
The bright and morning star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside
The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need
Have won a fiery and unequal fray—
No infantry has ever done such deed
Since Albuera's day!

Those who live on amid our houses to dwell
Have grasped the higher lessons that endure—
The gallant Private learns to practise well
His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made
A mighty music solemnly, what time
The oratorio of the cannonade
Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark,
The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,
The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,
The just-recorded name—

The faithful following of the flag all day,
The duty done that brings no nation's thanks,
The *Ama Nesciri*® of some grin and grey
À Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to guard,
The patient strength that is too proud to press,
The duty done for duty, not reward,
The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy w
Some of them, ere they reached the moun
The wind of battle breathing on their cheek
Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers—not like those whose race is ru
Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,
Then no revelle and no morning gun
Shall ever waken more.

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face
Of those who lived, and into it instead
Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,
Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts the Spir
And manly tears made mist upon their ey
And to them came a great presentiment
Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many-coloured flames
At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,
The ascending earthquake dust of battle fram
God's pictures in the skies.

Palace, Armagh, Oct. 28. WILLIAM A

Personal Views.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Books of travel are primarily concerned with getting about; after them, according to the traveller, with men, beasts, and landscape. The troubled little about landscape. Till recently the description had not been invented. Old writers plain path of action fall in a stride or two: "rocks," "huge masses of ice," and other frights become inarticulate. You may read Hakluyt through and scarcely quit the landscape of hours these late days," says Carlyle, somewhere, in his men sit down and say: Come, let us make a deal was the landscape painters who taught Ruskin temporaries and followers to look at the world of to describe it, science helping. The modern tra least, to say something of the look of places long gone. There is plenty of good reading in the but it is mixed in with an immense mass of dull m has attempted to bring together an anthology of a the old writers: the wintering of Barents in N of the Englishmen left by mischance in Spitzber the like tales of adventure. It would be a fascina

Books, such as Cook's voyages, that merely re of geographical exploration, cease to be pop countries explored become well known. A book deal with men if it is to attain enduring popularit permanent interest that attaches to Borrow's writ are alive with men, acting somewhat staggily, but

admirably translated by W. Hazlitt, a work that deserves more general reading than it gets. Why are such books allowed to die, or even to slumber?

The passion for Arctic exploration of the middle and latter part of the nineteenth century produced a multitude of books, but none that have taken rank as permanently popular. Scoresby's "Arctic Regions," of a somewhat earlier date, contains the elements of a popular book. It should be reprinted with large omissions, for it carries a load of antiquated science, a burden that will sink any book. He that writes for the future must eschew science. If any Arctic book survives from the present century it will be one of Nansen's, probably his "Greenland," which tells a first-rate story at no too great length. The kindred subject of Whale-fishing has given rise to much good literature, even in recent years, but none comparable to Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," the parent of more popular writings. The exploration of the West of the United States produced few books that were at any time popular. Yet several were written that deserve popularity. Ruxton's "Life in the Far West" is an excellent story, which appeared in Blackwood and still finds readers. It is a far better tale than most highly popular novels, yet has never, I suppose, enjoyed any corresponding popularity. Clarence King's "Sierra Nevada" is duly esteemed by a somewhat limited body of readers. It is a masterpiece of description, alive with Indians and frontiersmen, and would certainly be enjoyed by the ordinary reader (if there be such a person), could he be made acquainted with its existence. A book of rarer merit is John Muir's "Mountains of California," which belongs to the same class as Thoreau's "Walden," and records the intimate communion of a sympathetic soul with nature. The hills, the big trees, the animals are all human to the author. He feels their moods and lives alone with them as with friends. Some day, perhaps, the book will be raised from the dead, or, rather, brought to life, for it never had any popularity to speak of. It stands on my shelf alongside of Richard Jefferies, Walton, and Thoreau, though it is properly a book of travel and adventure.

The craft of climbing has given rise to a mass of books and produced an organized body of experts to read them. A few have deserved and obtained wider popularity. First came "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," now practically dead; then Whympers' "Serambles," still widely read and destined to live long, if its author would reissue it with the science and the Mont Cenis railway omitted. Another mountain-classic is Leslie Stephen's "Playground of Europe," an excellent book to read in comfortable surroundings, where alone books of adventure should be approached.

Africa has produced a countless series of books, from Livingstone to Gregory, greedily read as they came out and soon abandoned to slumber on library shelves. It is extraordinary how faint is the picture most of them give of the scenery traversed by the line of route. Till recently African landscape remained vague in the minds of home-staying readers. The reason was the overwhelming interest of African sport.

The born writers of books of travel have Cervantes, Defoe, Ruskin, Borrow, Stevenson. If they did not launch forth into the wide, undisciplined world, if Cervantes could have accompanied Columbus, if Borrow had accompanied Stanley to find Livingstone, Stevenson crosses the world with his tales, and his stories they would have had to tell. As it is, the world is not unusually an instinctive writer. He makes what he can of his tale as best he may. Good fortune sometimes endows him with the power to tell it well.

MARTIN

IVAN TURGENEV.

I. THE CONTROVERSIALIST. — The completion of Mr. Garnett's translation of Turgenev's novels is a literary event of no small importance. Like so many great Continental authors, Turgenev has not been coming to his own in this country. From time to time his works have been isolated and, for the most part, unsatisfactorily translated; but until this edition made it possible to form any adequate judgment of the Russian author save from French and German translations, the defects of this splendid edition are trifling compared with its excellences, and we congratulate Dr. and Mrs. Garnett on a notable achievement which has placed them under a deep debt of gratitude. Mrs. Garnett's translation is remarkable for its accuracy and ease. To play with consummate skill the whole gamut, from the most delicate of poetic picturing to the broadest and commonest of prose, and Mrs. Garnett has rendered every shade of his language with the skill of a true literary artist. On Dr. Garnett's introduction it is impossible to bestow such high praise as is lacking in form and continuity. In one preface to the first volume he gives the date of the story and the circumstances under which it was written, of its reception, of its effect, of its inner meaning, while in another the work in question is barely mentioned. Dr. Garnett indulges in a somewhat aimless discussion of the functions of fiction. Several of the volumes have been translated, and this, particularly in the case of "Torrents," is a real loss. The best part of Dr. Garnett's introduction is found in his pictures, which display true knowledge of Russian political and social conditions. The use of these introductions is, however, discounted by the too uniform enthusiasm. He protests too much against his rapturous admiration. To a great extent we believe in allowing the intelligent reader to appraise for himself the power that Turgenev stands on the surface of such works as "A Sportsman's Sketches" and "A House of Gentlefolk."

The novels of Turgenev appeal to two distinct classes of students of history and national psychology and of literary art. To the great English novel-reading public they hardly appeal. That public is not cosmopolitan in its tastes, and Turgenev's novels are essentially Russian in point of view, in their gloom, and in their strangeness. They are a mirror of Russian social and political conditions of the fifties and sixties, those years of enthusiasm that followed the proclamation of the 5th of March, 1861, and stand their significance is to understand the meaning of the reform, of Nihilism, of the strength and weakness

the forerunner of the great men of the Sixties. He is compact of eloquence, of half-formed aspirations, of misty enthusiasms, and of discontent. He belongs to such a "circle" as gathered round the great critic Belinsky, young men of grand and noble feeling, who, assimilating Western ideas and culture, stood high above the sordid materialism of their fellows, but who failed and fell when brought into contact with hard reality. Rudin's epitaph is supplied by his own bitter cry, "Words, all words! There was nothing done." But the words, impotent as they appeared, did their work. They created Lavretsky.

It was from want of any true sympathy with the masses that Rudin failed. Lavretsky, in "A House of Gentlefolk," brings the ideas of the intellectual into touch with the common people. He is a type of the early Slavophiles, a missionary of democracy, who found his life-work in answering Tchernichevski's famous question, "What is to be done?" one of the very few strong men in Turgenev's novels. His strength came from the earth, the strength of the Russian peasant. And when Rudin's "words" were translated to action by Lavretsky reform rose in the horizon. He failed, it is true, but not from an inherent weakness. Fate barred his way, and in his life "there was much to regret, nothing to be ashamed of." Lavretsky, in his own words, "lasted out."

"On the Eve" mirrors the waiting time that followed the first agitation. The action of the story is laid in 1859, and the date explains the prophetic title. Sebastopol had fallen. Russia was shaking herself into activity, gazing in wonder at the progress of the West. Every figure in the novel is typical of a class that was to play such a tremendous part "when the morn broke"—Shubin and Bensenyev, dreamers and intellectuals, weak in their artistic superiority, men of moods and theories, "content to be number two"; Uvar Ivanovitch, the sleepy, slothful Slav, the man of the enigmatical stare; Arsenyevitch, the pompous, prosy nonentity; Anna Vassilyevna, his pitifully weak wife, "an invalid grandmother"; Zoya, the butterfly; Katya, down-trodden Russia longing to escape into "God's full freedom"; Elena, young Russia stretching out her arms to Insarov, the man of iron, of concentrated passion, the avenger, the deliverer. And Insarov was a Bulgarian. "Will there ever be men amongst us?" is the question with which Turgenev closes "On the Eve."

"Fathers and Children" was issued in the organ of "Young Russia" in 1862. They were seething times. The Serfs had been emancipated, and the old and new orders were girding for the conflict. Turgenev, the man who had voiced all that was best in the "Sons" of Russia, was suddenly hailed as a champion by the "Fathers." Russians never tire of discussing Bazarov, the "Nihilist," the man whose business it was to "clear the ground for the builders," the giant central figure of "Fathers and Children." The majority of English critics discover in Bazarov a mordant attack on the new democracy, and regard "Fathers and Children" as bitterest satire. Dr. Garnett does not accept such contentions, and we commend his introduction to all admirers of the great novelist. It is an instructive defence of Turgenev's unwavering sincerity. To us it has always seemed that the novel offers the most remarkable proof of Turgenev's understanding and prophetic insight. Bazarov was an unknown quantity in 1862; a few years later his name was legion. The demand for men created Bazarov, the young sentimentalists and theorists created Nihilism.

"Smoke," published in 1867, reflects yet another phase in Russian history, the period of transition from philosophy to action. Of Turgenev's last novel, in which the "Fathers" and

sons were hidden in "smoke and vapour, smoke nothing more."

Turgenev's last great novel, "Virgin Soil," is to the series of political novels. His swan song is very different from the concentrated bitterness, the "Smoke." "Virgin Soil" is proof enough that he believed to the last that Russia in the fulness of her "man." The novel is a magnificent panorama of life on the eve of the Terror. It pictures—foreshadowing the Terrorist campaign dates from several years—Russia of underground and secret organizations, the "Russia" of the last scene in the book. It cloaks death, imprisonment, banishment. And that "anonymous Russia"—in the seventies, for the Solomin, the man from the people, Nezhdanov, dying for the people, Marianna, the incarnation of liberty, full of enthusiasm and the joy of self—no one who has watched the flowing tide of events can deny that Solomin and Nezhdanov and Marianna in "Virgin Soil" to some purpose. Anonymous Russia is more than smoke.

Turgenev is more than a controversialist. His true novels with a very definite purpose, but they are written with the seal of a true artist. Of the artistic side of his work we shall speak in a further article.

THE DRAMA.

"BONNIE DUNDEE"—"LAVENGRO" AT

In that irritating yet richly suggestive play, "Bouvard et Pécuchet," Flaubert advocates "the historical drama with incisive bite exists," says he, "for the theatre a genre which nothing can destroy. Louis XI. never before the dolls in his hat; Henry IV. is cold as Mary Stuart in tears; Richelieu, cruel; in short, show themselves all of a piece, through love and respect for ignorance, so that the play elevating, degrades; instead of instructing, Flaubert is certainly not refuted by Mr. La Plante's "Bonnie Dundee," at the Adelphi. Through love and respect for ignorance Mr. Irving strips away the contradictions which are the real interest of the play. He is no longer cruel. He reproves his troops for violence and weeps over orphans of his own (inadvertent) creation. This is the precise point where the capacity for affairs has deserted him. He chooses the moment of William's landing and James' flight. The night before Killiecrankie, when, one would somewhat urgently needed in camp, he is off to the front from wicked persecutors. He even brings the tented field in order, presumably, that she may die in a dying speech, which is authentic, by a lament of course, is not. Macanlay's Claverhouse offers opportunity for a competent dramatist, who shall not only bring all the superficial contradictions of the gentleman in Goldsmith's play calls "a concealing." To present him as a barley-sugar hero of history without enriching the stage. There was a time when the "Fathers" and "Sons" were hidden in "smoke and vapour, smoke nothing more."

in a part of sheer romance. He makes nothing of his part of Claverhouse. And that for a very sufficient reason. It is nothing.

A detail of some interest to students of theatrical history is brought to light in Professor Knapp's new edition of "Layengro." The Professor has printed for the first time the passages excised by Borrow from his manuscript when committing it to the press in 1851, and one of these deals with an evening which Borrow and his friend, Francis Ardry, spent at the play. Here is the essential part of the narrative :—

"If you wish to see Kean (said Frank) you had better come with me when he will appear to-night after a long absence. The public are anxiously waiting for him, intending to pelt him off the stage."

"And what has he done," said I, "to be pelted off the stage?"

"What is very naughty," said Frank; "breaking one of the commandments."

"And did he break the commandment on the stage?"

"No," said Frank, "I never heard that he broke it on the stage, except in the way of his profession."

"Then what have the public to do with the matter?"

"They think they have," said Frank.

And then we went out together to see Shakespeare's "Richard," or, rather, we went to see the man who was to personate Shakespeare's "Richard"—and so did thousands—we did not see him, however. There was a great tumult. I remember, in the theatre. The man who was to perform the part of Richard, and who, it was said, was the best hand for interpreting the character that had ever appeared on the stage, had a short time before been involved in a disgraceful affair, and this was to be his first appearance on the stage since the discovery. The consequence was that crowds flocked to the theatre with the firm intention of expressing their indignation.

Borrow goes on to say, the actor prudently keeping out of the way, the manager came forward to announce a substitute. The substitute was loudly applauded, and Borrow asking a neighbour why he clapped, was answered :—"Why, to encourage Macready, to be sure. Don't you see how divinely he acts? Why, he beats Kean hollow." To this incident Professor Knapp assigns the date 1821.

Now, there seemed to me to be excellent reasons for questioning, not only that date, but the whole statement, and I ventured elsewhere to express my doubts. The action "Cox v. Kean," which was the culminating point of the scandal mentioned, was not tried in the Court of King's Bench till 17 January, 1825. It was on the 24th of the same month that Kean returned to Drury Lane "after a long absence" to play Richard III. There was a riot in the theatre on that night. It was excited, however, by Kean's appearance, not his disappearance. He played the part, practically in dumb show. And on several successive Mondays during the season he repeated it—in fact, played on every occasion on which he was announced to play. This is proved by the records, night by night, of the *Weekly Dramatic Register*. Macready did not play, and could not play, being ill in bed at the time with inflammation of the diaphragm. Here, then, there seemed to be a pretty strong case against the accuracy of the restored passage.

The case was, of course, not perfect. No doubt the scandal had got abroad before the trial of the action, and it might be that Borrow was referring to some evening in the spring of 1821.

very unruly audience assembled punctually at 8 when Bunn (Elliston's stage-manager—*The Times*, says Winston, but it must have been Bunn—and this by another report in the *Theatrical Magazine*) came with a letter and medical certificate from Kean. He told that Macready had consented to take the part at 8. Macready did take it, begging indulgence as he was indisposed, and was received with great applause. Borrow's memory and Professor Knapp's chronicle are completely vindicated. Is it not strange that so incident in Macready's, not to speak of Kean's, should have escaped the theatrical chroniclers? And strange the omission should be posthumously supplied by so playgoer as George Borrow?

A. B. W.

Reviews.

MODERN ITALY.

IN MODERN ITALY, 1718-1898 (Story of the Nation, Unwin, 5s.) Professor Orsi has given us a history of the development of the Kingdom of Italy, which differs from the English predecessors by going back to a period when the idea of unity had not yet been conceived. It is, of course, not simply what it pretends to be, "a *roman*," but in a characteristically amiable and Italianic spirit, profound and rarely partisan. The treatment of the reign of Charles Albert is charitable and such as one can sympathise with in an Italian; and in regard to that most grave and important crisis in which Victor Emmanuel quelled the spirit of the Proclamation of Moncalieri, the author shows himself competent to estimate the nature of the conflict on which depended the establishment of constitutional government in Italy. The burning topic of the misgovernment of the States is treated with moderation and exactitude. In later chapters Professor Orsi is now and then inexact, but he has learned the events narrated through the local journals. He says of the Triple Alliance that "on the estrangement of the Latin nations becoming more pronounced, the Italian Government made overtures to Germany, who, in her turn, invited Austria into the league, and thus was formed the Triple Alliance," &c. The alliance between Germany and Austria existed for some years when the events of Tunis drove Austria to make her accession to it, constituting it a Triple Alliance. The history of the African occupation is incorrectly told. "The Italian Government . . . in 1885, with the idea of pleasing and perhaps of intimidating England, then planning the conquest of the Sudan, to occupy Massowah." On the contrary, the occupation of Massowah was arranged with France as a means of securing a triple *condominium* of France and Italy with England, and the military occupation was distinctly declared in the House of Commons to be in disfavour by the English Government. Mancini and his colleagues who were then the ruling spirits of the Italian Government were persistently hostile to the English occupation of Egypt. The questions raised by the Neapolitan Revolution of 1848 and Garibaldi are also misunderstood. The author says :—"Meanwhile Garibaldi's political views had an important modification, owing to the influence

agitation. He had no Republican tendencies to overcome, and the allegiance to Victor Emmanuel had been proclaimed at Salerno simply to make his position beyond discussion. The acceptance of the leadership of the Thousand by Garibaldi is ascribed to "the urgent persuasions of Nino Bixio and Francesco Crispi," though Garibaldi said to Crispi, "You alone encourage me to go to Sicily—all the others dissuade me." There is a persistent disposition to ignore the important part which Crispi took in the revolution in Sicily and Naples, which recurs again in treating the disasters in Abyssinia. General Baratieri engaged in the battle of Adowah against the orders of the Ministry. The Abyssinian policy was inherited by the Crispi Ministry from the preceding Ministry, and was so popular that there was only the extreme Left to oppose it in the Chamber. The order of the day approving it was proposed by the Marquis di Rudini, head of the Opposition, and carried by an enormous majority. There are minor inaccuracies, but they do not greatly interfere with the usefulness of the book for general readers.

SOME SYMBOLISTS.

THE SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE. By Arthur Symons. (Heinemann, 6s.)

A man of culture once disposed of a defence of the split infinitive by saying that he did not like it and did not like the people who used it; and one is tempted to adopt a very similar attitude towards the defence of symbolism in Mr. Arthur Symons' book. As regards symbolism itself, it seems deplorable that a man cannot say what he means instead of saying something from which you can only divine his meaning by doing a sort of literary rule-of-three sum in your head. Goethe was on the right track when he said, "If a man wants me to listen to his opinion let him express himself clearly and unambiguously." But one's objection to symbolism is as water unto wine compared with one's objection to the symbolists introduced to our notice by Mr. Symons, of whom it is not too much to say that, while some of them are ridiculous without being disreputable, and others are disreputable without being ridiculous, most of them are ridiculous and disreputable both. There is Gerard de Nerval, who led a tame lobster through the streets of Paris with a blue ribbon, and hung himself by an apron-string to a lamp-post outside a lodging-house. There is Huysmans, who began his literary career as the author of "Là Bas" and seems likely to end it as a Roman Catholic, arousing the amusement of all those Frenchmen who have not forgotten how to laugh. There is Paul Verlaine, whose vices were too condemnable to be discussed by the polite; and there is Arthur Rimbaud, who is sufficiently stamped by the fact that when he was a young man he was Verlaine's most intimate friend. It is hard to feel much respect for a literary movement of which men of such characters have been the leaders; and it is difficult to take the line that their characters do not concern us when we find Mr. Arthur Symons elaborately arguing that their disorderly lives were essential to the perfection of their art. He does this notably in the case of Paul Verlaine, of whom he says:—

That the exquisite artist of the "Fêtes Galantes" should become the great Poet of "Sagesse" it was needful that things should have happened as disastrously as they did; the marriage with the girl wife, that brief idyl, the passion for drink, those other forbidden passions, vagabondage, an attempted crime, the eighteen months of prison, conversion: followed, as it had to

Our own view of the origin and causes of the French literature was given recently in a review of It is really the symptom of a disease. The disease then pointed out, as a result of the blood-letting of the Napoleonic wars. The anaemia thus produced aggravated to hysteria by the alcoholism which became so increasingly prevalent in France, and, biographical sketches demonstrate, so particularly among French writers of the symbolistic school. They are, as it were, the eruption symptomatic of this social organism. Sometimes it is true that they have the beauty of their own; but it is not an unknown roseola of the most deadly diseases to be beautiful at any rate, a pity that a writer of Mr. Symons' should devote himself to the sympathetic exposition of so many authors whom healthy-minded readers

FLOS REGUM ARTHURUS

One of the first of Messrs. Macmillan's "Lil Classics," which we have mentioned more than once, is that of Malory, who in LE MORTE D'ARTHUR (2 vols.) crystallized for English readers the great Arthurian Malory lives again in Tennyson, and how certain phrases which carry the legend have been preserved through the centuries may be seen by any one who compares Malory with the French romances which he epitomized in the Idylls of the King with Malory. The bibliography of this edition, by Mr. A. W. Pollard, suggests many sources on which Malory drew to disabuse the reader of the too prevalent notion that he is in a sense an original authority for the story of the Arthurian legend. In late years much clearer ideas have been formed of Arthurian romance—from its birth in Britain in the 12th century to its dispersion through Normandy to Italy, its expansion into the Great French and German cycles, its return after change and amplification to its home, and its connexion, still obscure, with the legends in the Mabinogion. It is not Mr. Pollard's province to put into all this, but he has some interesting matter to say of himself and about Caxton's editing of him. He does not say what evidence there is for the theory that the "Morte d'Arthur" is to take its place in the long list of books written by Malory. The only other additions to the text are a glossary and an index. These well-printed octavo volumes are, of course, for the shelf, not for the pocket, and form a valuable addition to the library. A very good sketch of the Arthurian legend has been given by Miss Weston in one of Mr. Nutt's sixpenny "Popular Studies in Romance and Folklore"; and to the same lady we are indebted for an interesting view of the legends of the chapels, as it were, of the great Arthurian Cycle. This deserves a rather more careful investigation. THE LIFE OF TRISTAN AND ISOLDE (Nutt, 4s. 6d.). Miss Weston's edition of Gottfried von Strassburg's early thirteenth-century romance is within reach of English readers one of the most interesting of the mediæval versions of the famous love-story. This is the tale that flew with such rapidity through the Middle Ages that we have almost simultaneous versions in Norman or British, French and German with priority with each other is but ill and imperfectly

of Tristan and Isoult to Cornwall and the drinking of the love-phial.

It will perhaps come as a surprise to many readers to find how much in the poem of Gottfried, as of his authority Thomas of Breiddonne, "The Rhymer," precedes this tragic moment. Even there, where Miss Weston has judiciously curtailed some part of Gottfried's twenty thousand lines, the introductory portion occupies the whole of the first of two volumes and is therefore equal in length to the actual love-story. It tells of the birth of the hero, of the sorrowful death of his father and of Blanchefleur, sister of King Mark, his mother, of his adventures in boyhood, and the discovery of his relationship to Mark, of his combat with Morhaut or Morolt, brother of the Queen of Ireland, and of the healing of his wound by the Irish Princess. In this portion of the tale, Thomas of Britannia, whom Gottfried follows and amplifies, shows the more dramatic instinct, for it is during the year in which Tristan remains in the Court of Dublin, teaching Isoult the arts of minstrelsy and chess and of foreign tongues, that the first dawn of love springs up in both their hearts. Gottfried makes Isoult indifferent to her teacher, and later, when she discovers that he has slain her uncle, her indifference expands into violent hate; there is absolutely nothing between them till the love-philtre changes their coldness into sudden warmth. In the ruder, briefer verse of the earlier singer, "who had read the history in British books," the matter is more delicately introduced. As master and fair pupil they already love, and the tempest that besets Isoult's mind between her first affection for the hero and the horror she feels at seeing in him the champion by whom her uncle fell, finely foreshadows the moral contest between love and duty in which her whole afterlife is passed. The key-note of the poem is admirably struck in the opening portion of the original; Gottfried has not had the fine sense to reproduce it. This is the most important change made in the motive of the expanded poem; but of variations in the incidents of the story there are a large number. The dragon slain by Tristan is in Gottfried's version not a sea-monster, but dwells in a lair in the "wilderness"; when Tristan returns he finds the king at Whiteford (Waterford?), not at Dublin; and so on. What is still more marked is the change in the spirit of the poem. In spite of great beauty of description, the treatment of Gottfried is more cynical and worldly, at times almost flippant. His scoff at women—"It is my firm belief that Eve would never have desired to eat of the tree had it not been forbidden to her," or, again, "For in good sooth women can weep without cause and without meaning so oft as it seemeth them good so to do"; his sarcasm at the successful duping of the Deity by the ruse in the trial by ordeal, "true in the letter, false in the spirit"; his moralizing on the blindness of men when enchained by a woman are unlike the seriousness and the delicacy of Thomas the Rhymer. Miss Weston has omitted one or two incidents distasteful to modern feeling, and has curtailed the repetitions in her original. Her work, which is well and carefully done, closes with the concluding portion of the version of Heinrich von Freiburg, where the poem of Gottfried breaks off.

The story of Tristan shows well how completely Arthur and his knights left the solid earth of fact and rose into the cloudy atmosphere of legend. Arthur is shadowy enough in the chronicles—there is little mention of him for two centuries after his death, while Gildas, who was probably his contemporary, and Bede, who was not much later, ignore his very existence. He became, in fact, solely a fruitful theme for the rhymers, and his very existence is called in question. An interesting little study of what kernel of fact there is at the core of the romance will be

Celtic imagination in that country. The Cornwall ever, he accepts as sound; and he regards the Arthur and the West as not excluding, but on the contrary with, the Arthur of Scotland and the North. The issue of his conclusions is that the last battle between Mordred was not in Cornwall nor, with Malory, "beside Salisbury," but in Scotland. That a great fight at a remote time on the Cornish river Came and Geoffrey of Monmouth places there "the last fight in the West." But even Geoffrey describes Mordred as having consisted of Picts and Scots, and Barry valley of the Tay is known by tradition as Mordred. Dr. Dickinson is, of course, bound also to abandon the burial at Glastonbury, and that of the opening grave told by Giraldus. That Gildas, who lived at the time of Arthur, should have no mention of it is certainly a convincing piece of negative evidence. The whole Dr. Dickinson's arguments are chiefly of the negative kind; and his close investigation of Tintagel does not go farther than to show that it is not the story of which it is the traditional scene. It seems to us to touch the *à priori* difficulties attached to the theory of two great periods in Arthur's life—one in south-west, the other in Southern Scotland. But his useful contribution to the literature of the subject Arthurian student should neglect.

LOGIC: ITS USE AND ABUSE

Every nation and every age has busied itself with the meaning of life. The result is a countless and heavy mass of dogmas, surmises, hopes, and fears. One like the vast congeries stands for those who say that life has no meaning. The advocates of this doctrine labour readily admit, under a great disadvantage in the eyes of the mass of mankind, diverse and even hostile interpretations. The mass of mankind, diverse and even hostile interpretations, are yet all conscious of a mystery around them and they are bound by that mystery which such a consciousness creates. The little band of philosophers mentioned are not able to comprehend this consciousness. They can only explain it as mental imbecility. Most of the creatures they regard as fools. Persons who assert a mental superiority excite distrust, and their attitude towards the juryman's "Eleven more obstinate men I never saw."

But the critic must be careful to see that this position does not unduly influence him in reading a book as *STUDIES IN RELIGIOUS FALLACY*, by J. M. Robertson (Watts, 3s. 6d.), a book "issued for the Rationalist Association, Ltd.," and containing, apparently, reprinted essays. Mr. Robertson is wholly unconcerned with the possible prejudice we have referred to, or of that bias which is of his articles which might possibly be discovered by those who would

The giftie gie us
To see ourselvs as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

This point of view can hardly fail to present itself to the reader who follows with amused astonishment the impressions of persons who are apparently deficient in a reason equal to Mr. Robertson's—the "reasoner" of Mr. Robertson's

need it lead us to forget the value to the progress of thought of reasoned criticisms by a cultured writer from the Rationalist point of view. His criticism on the theology of the late Mr. Henry Drummond is valuable, and much suggestive matter is to be found in the papers on Butler, on Judas Iscariot, and on "The Feeling for Religion."

But logic by itself never has solved and never will solve the most difficult questions of life, whether practical or theoretical. And, curiously enough, while regarding all beliefs other than the Rationalist as founded on "fallacy," Mr. Robertson himself is not so careful as might be expected to observe the strict canons of logic; and, like every teacher who sees in those canons the only universal touchstone of truth, he is sometimes unconscious of the real bearing of the questions at issue. To illustrate the first of these two remarks let us take the criticism of Mr. Andrew Lang's criticism of Hume on miracles. Hume laid down certain conditions which must be fulfilled in the case of the evidence for miracles—publicity, integrity of witnesses, and so forth, and ended his statement of these conditions with the words "all of which circumstances are requisite to give us a full assurance in the testimony of men." In a second passage he details these same conditions as having been fulfilled in the case of the Jansenist miracles, and adds:—"What have we to oppose to such a cloud of witnesses but the absolute impossibility or miraculous nature of the events which they relate?" On this Mr. Lang commented thus:—"Hume first denies the existence of such evidence, given in such circumstances as he demands, and then he produces an example of that very kind of evidence." This astonishes Mr. Robertson; Mr. Lang's view is a pure hallucination, and shows "an entire failure to understand the matter criticized." And Dr. A. R. Wallace "seems to have read it as unsuccessfully as he." What, then, is wrong with Mr. Lang? This—Hume is not inconsistent at all, because in the Jansenist case, "the testimony was not of such authority, or given under such conditions as could 'give us a full assurance of the testimony of men,' *Q.E.D.*" Here is a curious confusion of subject and predicate, of cause and effect. Let us take a parallel. A murder has been committed. An omniscient journalist asserts that the evidence of an eye-witness can never be forthcoming, and it is this alone which will convict the prisoner. Subsequently such a witness *does* appear, and the prisoner, nevertheless, is not convicted. "I admit," says the omniscient journalist, "that the new evidence is that of an eye-witness—evidence which I said would never be forthcoming. Nevertheless, I am perfectly consistent, and to accuse me of self-contradiction shows an entire failure to understand the matter. Why? Because the prisoner was not convicted. *Q.E.D.*" How does the acquittal of the prisoner alter the nature of the evidence?

The shortness of view which inevitably hampers the critic who devotes himself to the rather barren occupation of discovering other people's fallacies is illustrated in the criticism of that "consummate piece of stultification," Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," which we learn was simply written to catch the Tories. "Mr. Balfour was really not appealing to intelligence and honesty at all. He was simply appealing to the Christian interest." This is far the least successful of Mr. Robertson's essays, chiefly because he cannot get away from the Conservative party and the Primrose League. With this obsession in his mind, added to an almost morbid devotion to the quest for fallacy, he does not always grasp the issues raised in Mr. Balfour's "perfectly absurd" book. Mr.

pleasures and of what these distinctions mean has nothing illuminating to say, and prefers to a very low taste in pleasures of the mass of the Com. His book as a whole, however, may be read by thoughtful persons, who will discover for themselves the cautions we have pointed out. Some passages of the remarks on Christian Ethics in the last essay are wholesome medicine to conventional and unreflex

FRONTIER POLICY

THE MAKING OF A FRONTIER. By Colonel ALDINGHOPE, C.B., C.I.E. 1890. (Murray, 16s.)

Ever since the last war on the Punjab frontier a marked inclination in some quarters to regard the British force in Chitral as among the chief causes of the outbreak. Of what is called the "forward policy" has been said by adherents of the opposite school that it was the result of too much forwardness and no policy to speak of. Or it has been argued that had Gilgit and the hill country been left to the Russians, this *propugnaculum imperii* had been left severe. Russian influence by this time would be firmly established and rapidly growing on the southern slopes of the Hindu Kush. Whether the controversy will ever be settled is doubtful, but it is satisfactory to have in this account of the experiences and adventures in Gilgit, Hunza, and the Eastern Hindu Kush "a trustworthy and interesting record of events which led first to the establishment of a Political Agency at Gilgit and later to the establishment of a "paramountcy" in Hunza Nagar and Chitral. "Where Three Empires Meet," Sir Martin Conway's account of his expedition into the Himalayas, Sir George Robertson's account of the Siege of Chitral, and General Churchill in his "Story of the Malakand Field Force" have made even the general reader familiar with the geography of this once untravelled region. But the present volume which only Colonel Durand, Military Secretary at Gilgit 1889-1891, and Military Secretary at Peshawar 1891-1899, could have written with full knowledge.

To those who can read between the lines, the account of the dubious points in our policy will be apparent. The author has not enlarged on them. To begin with, the opinion will surely arise that the Indian Government made a sad mistake when it rejected the scheme drawn up by the now General, Sir William Lockhart for securing the Gilgit frontier. That distinguished officer was sent to Chitral and the States on the Upper Oxus to ascertain the express object of seeing what could be done in view of the expansion of Russian influence over the country of the Hindu Kush. His proposals, however, as Colonel Durand says, on the authority of the Blue-books, "seemed to involve a necessarily large expense"; and Colonel Durand employed, first to draw up a cheaper scheme and then to carry it out. Sir William Lockhart's plan has never been carried out, if the heavy expenditure of money and loss of time and the arrangement actually carried out are the result of the improvident parsimony, those who are responsible for the arrangement have much to answer for. Colonel Durand alludes to "Lockhart's lavish habits of largesse" during his missions. It would be more useful, perhaps, to have a more realistic estimate of the outlay on Gilgit, Hunza Na

had taken them all round India and had practically shown them no troops." His own difficulties in Chitral, he adds, "would have been much lightened had Nizam and Afzul gone through a course of sight-seeing at some big military centres." Then, again, it is difficult to avoid the reflection that whilst we were establishing our influence in the country round Gilgit, more should have been done to win over the chiefs and people of Dir and Bajaur. Colonel Durand himself was most anxious to get into communication with Umra Khan, who later on gave us so much trouble; but the authorities at headquarters somehow missed the opportunity, and, instead of being our friend, Umra Khan became a dangerous enemy. However, it must not be thought that Colonel Durand's book is merely interesting for the criticisms it may suggest on the methods, or want of method, of the Indian Government. It is also, and indeed mainly, a well-told and exciting narrative of military and political service in a frontier region which has been the scene of an exciting contest, and which may again attract the attention of practical politicians when the next move is made in the long but intermittent struggle for Empire in Asia.

CICERO'S LETTERS.

THE LETTERS OF CICERO. Trans. by EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH, M.A. Vols. I. and II. (Bell, 5s. each vol.)

The charm of Cicero's personality, in spite of its faults, has been recognized by all students. Whatever he may have been as a statesman or a man of action (and, we think, he would be generally allowed a higher place if he had seemed less anxious to get it), although his philosophy may lack depth and his speeches may too often show the special pleader, no one will deny him a place among the first as a letter-writer. Many of these letters are formal, it is true, and might have been written by anybody; but when Cicero writes to an intimate friend, especially during the latter part of his friendship with Atticus, his letters are as sincere as they are interesting. They reflect each passing impression and feeling faithfully as in a mirror; and after reading them we can hardly help coming to the same conclusion as Niebuhr—that the secret of Cicero's character is an extreme sensitiveness. He hides nothing; we are often ashamed in the utter lack of reticence. Such letters, for example, as that to Laecceius, in which he frankly begs to be praised in the forthcoming history, must be condemned; but for the most part, it should be remembered, Cicero speaks to a bosom friend. There is sometimes a touch of unconscious humour in his efforts after the good opinion of men:—

When I have praised any one of your friends to you [he writes to Atticus] I should like you to tell him I have done so. For instance, you know I lately wrote to you about Varro's kindness to me, and that you wrote me back word that the circumstance gave you the greatest delight. But I should have preferred your writing to him and saying that he was doing all I could expect—not because he was, but in order that he might do so.

But Cicero was to seek as a humourist; wit, however, there is, and sharp repartee, apt allusion and literary quotation or proverb. There is no need to eulge on the importance of the Letters as a comment on history. As we read it is possible to see that strange hotchpotch of events seething in the pot. Amid that turmoil how could any one steer a clear course? Cicero may be pardoned for his uncertainty; but a genuine patriotism is clear in him, nor does his courage fail, except when he is constrained

who combines an outrageous want of tact with an u life not universal in that age. Cicero's letter to Q principles of government (Ad Q. Fr., I., 1) does eternal honour.

It is strange that a correspondence so important had to wait so long for a translator. There is no copy in English, and those which exist of parts of it, such as are not always accurate even where the text is difficult. In the present translation the letters are in chronological order, which is the most useful way to arrange for practical use; and in point of accuracy nothing to be desired. Mr. Shuckburgh is a competent and an old hand at translation. In the early part of the volume his style is a trifle heavy, but when he warms it improves, and, on the whole, the version is quite to read. He is not, however, a master of idiom; with such infelicities as "to try and secure" or "a Curio being." In the quotations and allusions, a phrases, he does not quite feel his feet. We cannot him that the Greek was often a concession to a mother-tongue was Greek. The plays of Plautus whose phrases were frequently slang at Rome, and the parallels between Plautus and Cicero's letters. Mr. is often quite happy, as when he renders *spoliavit* "the tip"; but he has missed many chances. It is ungrateful to make too much of this criticism, for Shuckburgh's task was a very hard one; but we cannot that racy English to-day seems very much the more old peasants who cannot read. We long for Mr. to translate this book; but he is dead and, we fear, for his books and those of his century might even yet a true translation is often a paraphrase, and that Spongia may fairly become in English John a Nook Styles.

KING ALFRED.

ALFRED IN THE CHRONICLES. By EDWARD CONYBEARE. London, 1900. (Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Conybeare's collection of authorities, edited and annotated, will be found a very useful hand-book for those who wish to follow the national commemoration of King Alfred shortly to be inaugurated. Whether that celebration have taken place last year or would more fittingly be appointed for this, or is justly reserved for 1001, is a question. Mr. Conybeare is of opinion that "a matter of probability" inclines to 1000. The Millennium Committee, otherwise. Mr. Conybeare has given a new translation of the authorities, from the contemporary Asser's chronicle of John of Brompton, who either records Alfred's life with some warrant of accuracy or may have preserved or recovered early tradition about him. His translations are good, though the best editions of the chronicles do not seem in every case to have been employed. The merit of his rendering becomes conspicuous by contrast with the translations in the "Church Historians of Scotland." Mr. Conybeare has been successful in finding the appropriate notes and vigour.

An "introductory sketch" is prefixed, which gives a very full life, covering some eighty pages. This is well done, but we cannot but feel that it would have been improved by a study of the volume of Lectures recently published by the same author.

Mr. Conybeare speaks of the six manuscripts which are our authority for the Anglo-Saxon chronicle. Apparently he ignores the manuscript which was copied by Wheloc. It is true that a great part of it was destroyed by fire, but three leaves are preserved, and show that Wheloc's transcript is very accurate. Mr. Conybeare also ignores the fragment discovered by Professor Zupitza. He seems to rely entirely on the text in the Monumenta Britannica, but he would have done well to supplement it with the edition of Plummer and Earle. In a famous passage which tells how three Irish missionaries sailed across to England in a rudderless boat, he omits the comment supplied by several manuscripts that they were prompted by the death of their master, Suifué. The memory of Suifué is preserved by a beautiful Celtic grave slab at Clannacnoise. There is no authority for the form Maclinnum, which Mr. Conybeare gives as the name of one of the voyagers. He has committed himself to the rash statement that only one manuscript mentions the ship flight at Sandwich in 851. He translates *ludis litterariæ disciplinæ*, the phrase sometimes invoked to throw back the antiquity of Winchester College to Alfred's time, "to the literary discipline of school." It should be, "to a grammar school." One of the cruxes of Alfred's biography is the question, who was the "mother" who taught him to read? Mr. Conybeare might have noticed the Bishop of Bristol's recent citation of the magnificence of Charles the Bald's library, which is still preserved, in favour of the view that it was Judith, and not the probably illiterate Osburga. These are trifling details. The fact remains that Mr. Conybeare has produced a striking portrait of Alfred, alike as a boy at Winchester and Rome, fair of face and eager of mood; as a warrior, charging "with the rush of a wild boar" up the hill at Ascendune; and as King, harassed and worn with pain and trouble, but never losing the winning charm of an entirely beautiful soul.

NIETZSCHE.

Like all revolutionary thinkers Friedrich Nietzsche has suffered in the estimation of the outside public more through the enthusiasm of his followers than from the attacks of his opponents. It is not very long since one might have sought in vain through the literature, which, since about 1880, has sprung up more and more thickly about Nietzsche both in Germany and France, for a clear, dispassionate account of his philosophy. If the cool irony of academic critics was not what we wanted, we had no choice but the illogical enthusiasm of unripe "Nietzscheianer." Then came Professor Alois Riehl's little volume on Nietzsche in Frommann's series of philosophical monographs (1897)—an essay which, though not exhaustive, had at least the merit of being sympathetic and academic. Since Riehl's book nothing better has been published on Nietzsche than Professor Henri Lichtenberger's *LA PHILOSOPHIE DE NIETZSCHE* (Paris, Alcan, fr. 2.50), which appeared in a German translation under the title "Die Philosophie Friedrich Nietzsches," with an introduction by Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche, the philosopher's sister (Dresden, Reissner 4m.).

Förster-Nietzsche, whose excellent biography of her appealing to her reputation outside the circle of Nietzsche's appealing to her, had herself intended, as she tells us, to write a successful of Mr. Nietzsche's philosophy. when M. Lichtenberger's book got away from the C. "All that I had intended to say, all that I With this obsession in pressed in clear, concentrated form, and devotion to the quest I have been able to express it myself. issues raised in Mr. Balfo emphasize how surprisingly M.

impression of being very deep, but, like most of he is a clear and lucid thinker; and his clear excuse for superficiality. He comes, it is true many other critics have done, in his attempt Nietzsche's "system"; but Nietzsche himself enemy of what Carlyle would have called "system." The feature that we like best about M. Lichtenberger of the Nietzschean philosophy is the sense of precision he shows in dealing with it. He does not allow influenced by current popular views. The "the "blonde Beastie," and similar catchwords which we have heard only too much in England undue importance. The real apex of the pyramid thought he rightly sees in Nietzsche's conception "Wiederkunft," the eternal circle of existence, a universe—a conception that was dreamt of in dimly foreseen by Herder in the eighteenth century independently approached by two other thinkers Le Bon, in Nietzsche's own time.

In M. Lichtenberger's account of the historic Wagner and Nietzsche, his criticism is, it seems superficial; he fails to grasp the true meaning between these two men, each of whom embodied European culture and ideas. In Wagner and Nietzsche the inevitable antagonism of an age of pessimism and individualism. But in the general work the concrete common sense of the French comes to the front. He believes Nietzsche's philosophy particularly well suited to exert a beneficial influence upon an age like the present, which is not by an excess of physical or moral energy. Few have been able, as Nietzsche has, to compel men to see they are, to be honest at any price in their dealings. Few moralists have so mercilessly brought little lies with which the soul conceals from itself its cowardice, its impotence and mediocrity. Few have brought more clearly to light the wretched which often hides itself behind the fine phrases "love for one's fellow man," "unselfishness." harsh and unsparring physician of the soul; the prescribes for his followers is a severe and even a but it strengthens; he does not console the complain to him of their suffering; he makes them afresh, but he hardens them against suffering. He radically, or he kills them. Nietzsche is one figures in the history of modern thought; he a great, strong man who has passed through the suffering, to emerge again with no halo of nob stronger, more self-possessed than ever, more jubilant before with "the great C major of life."

The most serious defect of M. Lichtenberger he treats Nietzsche's philosophy as something left thing apart. Of the influence of other thinkers of his influence on them, above all, of Nietzsche's individualistic movement of our time, there is That Frau Förster-Nietzsche, notwithstanding commendation of the book, has felt this defect, in fact that she has added to the German edition which, to the reader who looks for new facts are more valuable than the book which it introduces. here gives a succinct and interesting account of relations to his teachers, to Schopenhauer, W. Emerson especially to the great French thinkers

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The British Soldier.

The qualifications of Mr. E. J. Hardy, the author of *MR. THOMAS ATKINS* (Unwin, 6s.), for writing on the *vie intime* of the British soldier consist (according to the preface) in his having spent many years in the position of a military chaplain. As such he has naturally had peculiar opportunities for going among the rank and file, and learning something of their private mode of life. Mr. Hardy, however, must not flatter himself that his red-coated parishioners have always presented to him that side of their character that their comrades of the barrack-room best know them by. The fact is, the British soldier is something of a *poseur* when in the company of his superior. Especially is this the case when he is being interviewed by a "sky-pilot"—as he somewhat irreverently dubs his spiritual director. As a natural consequence, the confidences revealed on these occasions are not always entirely free from hyperbole. Nevertheless, the author has probably got as near the truth regarding his subject as could be expected of any but one who has himself had practical experience of barrack-room routine. Mr. Hardy has obviously derived some inspiration—if not information—from Mr. Horace Wyndham's volumes—"The Queen's Service" and "Soldiers of the Queen,"—as quotations (not in every instance acknowledged, by the way) are freely made from these. His own observations, however, are eminently readable, and the book is brought well up to date by frequent references to events that have lately occurred in South Africa.

The War of 1792.

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR OF 1792 (Cambridge Historical Essays, No. XI., 4s. 6d.), by J. H. Clapham, is an excellent dissertation on a thorny and complicated subject. The author's account of the state of parties in the French Assembly is accurate and impartial, and his *résumé* of the intricate diplomatic correspondence which preceded the war is remarkably lucid; but the book would, perhaps, have been improved if it had closed with a general summary of the main events narrated and of the motives of the principal actors. The impression which it will produce on most minds will be that war was from the first inevitable, not so much in consequence of the Revolution and the fears thereby excited among European rulers as because almost every party in France, for widely different reasons, evidently desired it. The author quotes a saying of M. Sorel that "war is the classical remedy for internal troubles"; and he gives the Second Empire and "England to-day" as crucial instances. Would it not be truer, by the way, to write, in place of England, "the Transvaal Republic"? But he forbears to add that in the case of France under the Revolution, although she was victorious, the remedy was ineffective, at least in its first stages. One point which he brings out clearly is that the ill-success of the allies was due to loss of time, caused in part by negotiations on the Polish question and by other selfish schemes for the rearrangement of the map of Europe. Russia and Prussia were both suffering from "land-hunger"; and it seems a strange blunder in the statesmen of the latter, who were aware of the Empress Catherine's designs upon Poland, that they should have allowed themselves to be entangled, half-hearted, in a far greater enterprise.

Milton.

save in the title-pages. The edition is in three forms in size and thickness (8s., 7s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.), and there is a miniature edition in which the spelling is modernized.

Some Essays.

The elusive—and allusive—art of the essayist ceased to tempt the brilliant and the wise. Mr. Henry practises it in *FIDELITY'S LACK* (Sampson Low, 8s.) and his essay on that subject—and some other anecdotes—is delicate in feeling but stamped with a certain dull-doubleness in this form of writing. An essay without even if, like Mr. Van Dyke, you write 'tis for it is an end of words—is like a dinner without olives. A crust of literary bread is enough where love is, essayist we ask the best or leave his feast untasted.

FELLOW WAYFARERS (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), by Tylor, is an attempt in a totally different direction. Wayfarers chronicles the events, spiritual and material, that occur to the religious body of which he is a unit. The attempt at wit in these discourses, but although it is as sincere in this attempt as in his moral teaching, result is gained. He does, however, interest the reader in a quaint gallery of men and women he meets in his corner of the world, described as "shielded on the South and anonymous," and he adds a thousand comments on the life of life in general. Notwithstanding the seriousness of the book he quotes Boswell's *Life* to this effect:—"I have tried my time, to be a philosopher; but I don't know how, it was always breaking in," and yet as one reads through eight essays—from that on "The Horologe," to "The Door," one feels that, like a certain German baron in the title of books, Mr. Tylor is only just "learning to be lived."

African Architecture.

The Dutch settlers at the Cape showed no sense in adapting the style of building they left behind them to a hot climate and colonial life. Mrs. Fane Trott has some excellent examples of early Cape architecture in *OLD COLONIAL HOUSES OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE* (10s. 6d. n.). These buildings have a distinct character of their own, and the details are well thought out. Externally the gables are the most marked feature, and the interiors are in excellent taste. At their worst the buildings have a certain dignity notwithstanding the feeble curls which are, no doubt, taken from Belgian originals. This admirable book will help to spread a knowledge of Cape Dutch architecture, and also to curb the almost universal use of corrugated iron in South Africa, and help to carry over the wise traditions of the Dutch architecture into new uses now about to be developed.

The Apotheosis of Woman.

THE TIME OF TRANSITION, by F. A. Hyndman (New Press), bears a title which its author thinks applicable to the present moment. Every decade of the nineteenth century has equally been called "a time of transition," and the name is applied with far more justice. We confess we see few signs of the truth of Mr. Hyndman's familiar statement that "the time is upheaval in all sections of society with regard to religion." Hyndman's hope for the future is in the emancipation of woman, so strenuously advocated by "a lady with whom, the author of this work had the honour of an interview." Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, now Lady Victoria

We have just received from Messrs. Macmillan a second edition of Mr. George Parkin's *LIFE OF EDWARD THURING*. We remember remarking when the first edition came out in two volumes (17s. n.) that Mr. Parkin's thorough work would have had a better chance with the public as a one-volume life. It is in this shape that it now appears, at the reduced price of 6s., and relieved of a good many of the details and of the correspondence of interest only to Uppingham readers.

MICHEL DE L'HOSPITAL, by C. T. Atkinson (Longmans, & Co.), is the essay which won the Lothian prize in 1899. It is a good prize essay, as prize essays go, though somewhat overburdened with footnotes; and it incidentally affords an instructive picture of the French religious wars which preceded the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

FICTION.

Mr. Howells.

The laborious record of the trivial is a distinct novel-form though it is turned to many uses. It sprang originally from the zest of the newborn novel of manners, and it is pursued in these latter days as a protest against sensationalism, or as an assertion of the rights of realism. But it is a practice dangerous for an author who would be read in busy days like these. Miss Austen tried it in more leisurely times and did not fail to please. She did not overdo it. Zola, using it in a very different spirit, has overdone it, and as a result he has proved, as has been said, that, "though he is not a genius, he can at least be dull." Mr. Howells records the infinitely little with a solemnity that appals the reader. In *THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY* (Harpers, 6s.) he deserves the highest praise from the critic for many things, but not for his method. He writes with a powerful magnifying glass on his subject and puts down everything that he sees. At the same time, not having at his command the facile diction of earlier American storytellers, he chronicles the personal and the commonplace with all the dignity of a Stubbs or a Freeman. The Marches, whose wedding journey has, we think, already been recounted by Mr. Howells, renew their honeymoon experiences, twenty-five years later, by a trip to the Continent. Their start-off and journey across the Atlantic, both singularly devoid of what we speak of as incident, becomes, under Mr. Howells' microscope and recorded with Mr. Howells' profound sense of responsibility, a very serious matter:—

He talked of the big mail boat, and said he would like to cross on such a boat as that, and then he glanced at the possible advantage of having your own steam yacht like the one which he said they had just passed, so near that you could see what a good time the people were having on board. He began to speak to the Marches: his talk spread to the young couple across the table; it visited the mother on the sofa in a remark which she might ignore without apparent rejection, and, without really avoiding the boy, it glanced off toward the father and daughter, from whom it fell, to rest with the gentleman at the head of the table. It was not that the father and daughter had slighted his overture, if it was so much as that, but that they were tacitly preoccupied, or were of some philosophy concerning their fellow breakfasters, which did not suffer them for the present, at least, to share in the common friendliness. This is an attitude sometimes produced in people by a sense of just, or even unjust, superiority; sometimes by serious trouble; sometimes by transient annoyance.

she had not known he was staying there when she was to go, and she had not known where to come." But we have, perhaps, to the spirit of criticism, and we do not wish to be too severe of respect for Mr. Howells. He has a manner of his own, and it is true, is not the manner of the perfect stylist, but it has with it many admirable qualities. In "Their Journey" he personally conducts us on a pleasant and interesting reflecting and observing in a leisurely and polite manner, and his usual experiences of Continental travellers, and of his story is woven the thread of an unexciting tale of love. His Americans converse agreeably, with a touch of gentle comedy, and his characters are well drawn. There is a fine tact, too, in his picture of Marches, the silver-wedded couple, who in their thoroughness of each other, touch, but do not rashly hand over the reins. So far from warning the reader to avoid Howells' prolixities, we would invite him to read with a little skipping here and there he will derive much pleasure from "Their Silver Wedding Journey."

LIBRARY NOTES.

The verdict in "Vizetelly v. Mudie" will probably be a warning to owners of libraries, both proprietary and public. The jury, presumably, thought that the circulating library should know every line of their contents, and even be bound to publish notices of them. Such law requires amendment. The decision conflicts with that in *Wills* in an action brought by Mrs. Weldon. In that case the immunity of booksellers, and, by implication, of librarians, was laid down. Are librarians to be continually over-sensitive or litigious persons? It seems that responsibility, as far as books are concerned, is limited to authors and publishers. The Public Library Bill, however, promoted by the Librarian, would relieve public libraries from any such liability after proper notice, they wilfully circulate a libelous work.

* * *

A little time back we referred to Dr. Henry Hall's valuable musical library to Manchester. We have just received a similar gift from Mr. Charles Hall, a solicitor and a Doctor of Music. Mr. Hall's music is given as a supplement to Dr. Watson's "Musical Library." Watson modestly called his library.

* * *

We have received the first number of a new periodical, *Blätter für Volksbibliotheken und Leschulen*, for free libraries and reading rooms of Germany. It is published at intervals as a supplement to the *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*, and under the editorship of Dr. A. Graeser, the professor of the Royal University of Berlin. The public library in Germany has been long in developing, but it seems to be assured. In Berlin the first free library, by von Raumer, the historian, was opened in 1810 in the town to make the experiment—and with great success. The new periodical, in discussing the best method of library, leans towards specializing. Is this altogether a country where the specialist is already well provided for? Libraries should try to interest those who are

libraries. During his last stay, in 1897, he read a paper on the libraries of the Northern States of Europe at the International Library Conference. He has written "Skildringer fra England" (Sketches from England). The promised handbook will contain a short history of the library movement in Europe and America, as well as practical advice on cataloguing, book-charging systems, appliances, &c. The Danish State will distribute the book gratis to the libraries.

The ratepayers of West Ham are to be polled as to their willingness to pay an increased library rate of twopence in the pound. Although working on a penny rate, it is stated that the Town Council have already exceeded this, and the Mayor, at the town's meeting, said that unless the increase was obtained one of the libraries would have to be closed. The penny rate produces just over £1,200.

Correspondence.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Dr. Garnett is probably aware that, although these Sonnets may themselves be silent as to the date of their own composition, we have pretty definite external evidence on the point. I refer primarily to the well-known clause in Meres' "Palladis Tamia" (entered at Stationers' Hall on Sept. 7th, 1598), in which, among his many references to Shakespeare, he speaks of "his sugared Sonnets" among his private friends. And then, secondarily, we come to the fact that, although the Sonnets were thus kept "concealed," as the phrase ran, Jaggard, in 1599, managed to crib two for his "Passionate Pilgrim,"—one of the two being the key-sonnet or *enrol*, as it were, to the principal Sonnet-series relating to the "lovely boy" and the dark lady. It may be taken as certain, therefore, that (to leave aside outlying Sonnets) that series was composed *before* the summer of 1598. With this conclusion Dr. Garnett's interpretation of the "tongue-tied-Art" line agrees very well, and suggests a time-limit later than which a number (not necessarily all) of the Sonnets of the said series were composed. The only objection that strikes me is, that the cited line is linked with ten others of similar construction ("Needy Nothing triumph'd in jollity," &c.), which apparently embody, not individual facts, but the abstract results of general observation; whether, therefore, one line rather than the others should be pinned down to historic precision seems to me very doubtful.

I trust I shall not stir up a nest of hornets if I advert for a moment to one or two points suggested by Mr. A. Hall's *réchauffé* of boneless conjectures. The supposition that, in 1609, and in a but slightly respectful dedication, T. T. should have addressed as a commoner either the Earl of Pembroke or (as Gervinus suggested), with transposed initials! the Earl of Southampton, is, on the face of it, in the highest degree improbable. The further attempt to identify one or the other of these noblemen (in the character of "Mr. W. H.") with the "lovely boy" is, I might say, a demonstrable failure; in the case of Pembroke it is condemned both by the internal evidence of the Sonnets and on chronological grounds; while, as regards Southampton, if the chronology may pass, the internal evidence is, if possible, even less accommodating.

Your obedient servant,

T. LE MARCHANT HOUSE

dramatist, although applied to our St. Winifred in 11 and adopted by several Popes from 418 to 1391; but to the "Benney's Stratagem" of 1707, as revised by the reads "Bonnyface" with two "n's," a totally different the author meant to define a man with a cheerful the typographical "fat-face" and of Falstaffian p Think of Paul Bedford and his *jolly nose!*

Now "mine host," the Innkeeper, was a mere rascal and accomplice of highwaymen, who has to fly from justice a *good worker forsooth!* Later editors have harmed spelling; but the name survives cut down to "familiar dialogues; and then Bailey and Johnson, better, are blamed for overlooking Farquhar!

I am yours,

SHAKESPEARE AT THE "POPS"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—During a capital performance the other Saturday Popular of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Orpheus Late" I was suddenly struck by what seems like a oversight on the part of the composer. He appears in one an extremely beautiful one from a musical point of view mistaken the meaning of Shakespeare's words. The words

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

The meaning is clearly that there is such art in music the sound of it "killing care and grief of heart" recourse but to "fall asleep, or, hearing, die." Kill adjective, qualifying care, and care a nominative governing verb "fall" or the verb "die." But in a purely casual the lines a reader might perhaps wrongly suppose that is a verb and "care" an accusative, and that the meaning

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, &c.,

is "In sweet music is such art to kill care." A second at the whole passage shows that this is not so, yet Arthur's music I am persuaded that he has read this way. Otherwise why does he make the repetition?

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

The repetition of these two lines which only convey the of an idea, completed by Shakespeare in the words, "or, hearing, die," is surely very inartistic. I can only that Sir Arthur has taken the word "killing" as a great beauty of this song as a whole perhaps making while to call attention to this point. I can hardly hope that Sir Arthur will explain his reading.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A LOVER OF SHAKESPEARE

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Mr. P. A. Molteno, the author of "A Fish in Africa," has written a life of his father, Sir John Molteno, who was the first Premier of the Cape Colony and with his name is connected the Molteno name.

Another South African item is included in the announcements of Messrs. Macmillan—"Notes on the War to the Relief of Ladysmith," by the Military Expert of the *Daily News*. Messrs. Methuen also announce a book on the Boers by an American who has lived in the Transvaal, Major E. S. Valentine. It is entitled "In Veld and Laager."

Under the title "Hints on the Conduct of Business, Public and Private," Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are about to publish a little volume by Sir Courtenay Boyle, K.C.B., Secretary to the Board of Trade. The subject is treated under such heads as "Training," "The Opening, Closing, and Keeping of Letters," "Labour-Saving Appliances," "Registry and Record of Official Papers," "Official Letters and Despatches," "Division of Responsibility," "Interviews," "Deputations, &c.," while a final chapter deals with "Adroitness and Cunning."

Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish in their Eversley Series, under the title of "Pausanias and Other Greek Sketches," by Mr. J. G. Frazer, the Introduction to his great "Commentary of Pausanias" and also various passages descriptive of famous Greek scenes and sites selected from the Commentary itself. The volume will further include, by permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black, Mr. Frazer's article on Pericles contributed to the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

The war, which is followed with close attention by foreigners of intelligence, quite apart from the ignorant excesses of the foreign Press, has stimulated the production on the Continent of books on military subjects. The house of R. Chapelot, in Paris, announces "Souvenirs inédits sur Napoléon." Any addition to the mass of Napoleonic literature may well excite mixed feelings, but this is a modest work, edited by Captain Veling, a former professor at Fontainebleau and Saint-Cyr, from a journal kept by Senator Gross, who was a member of the municipal council of Leipzig from 1807 to 1815. The same house is bringing out a French translation of Clausewitz's works on the campaign of 1813 up to the armistice and the campaign of 1814 in France. The Marquis de Gallifet himself is a subscriber to another forthcoming book of considerable interest, both to the strategist and the historian—an account of the campaign in Russia in 1812, covering the military operations from June 21 to July 19, by "L. G. F." Gougny publishes the work at 12s. The "Memoirs of Baron de Dedeem de Gelder (1774 to 1825)," a Dutch general who flourished under the First Empire, just published by Plon, Nourrit, is a significant sign of the interest now taken in the military history of Holland.

Mr. Nutt, evicted from his Strand house by the London County Council improvements, is settling down to his more commodious premises in Long-acre, and announces some books of interest for the spring. Mr. Alfred Nutt himself is adding another volume to the cheap series of popular studies in romance, mythology, and folklore, entitled "The Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare." Mr. Nutt has already contributed volumes on "Celtic and Mediæval Romance" and "Ossian and the Ossian Literature" to the same little series. The latest addition will be ready in about a month. Volume III. of Scottish History from Contemporary Writers, "The '45," arranged and edited by Mr. G. Sanford Terry, will be noteworthy for its complete bibliographical appendix. Another volume in the cheap series of studies in folklore will be "The National Poetry of the Finns," which is opportune in view of the present state of affairs in Finland. Messrs. Putnam, we may add, are re-issuing their English edition of the great Finnish anthology, the "Kalevala," translated by Mr. John Martin Crawford, at one time American Minister to St. Petersburg.

Mr. S. T. Fremantle promises the first English translation of Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe." The translation has been done by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. It will be complete save for the excision of the lives of Napoleon I. and of Madame Récamier, and will be issued in about six volumes with portraits, &c. Meanwhile MM. Garnier Frères have ready the fourth volume of the edition of the "Mémoires

Mr. Murray is pushing on with his com Borrow. "L'Avengro" follows "The Bible in Sp and "The Romany Rye" will be ready in a fo by the original MSS., with the suppressed por time restored. "Wild Wales" and "The Gy are to follow. In the course of the next fortn will publish a revised edition of Smith's "Stu Greece," in parts re-written by G. E. Marin new maps and illustrations.

A volume of selections from the writings of I will be shortly issued by Messrs. Wells Gardner the title of "For Quiet Moments." They announce a little book on "Miniature Garden Allen, intended for those who measure their gr few yards or who are limited to "window-boxes.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein's list includes Mr. Ramsden Balfourth, entitled "Some Soci Pioneers of the Nineteenth Century." He begin Cobbett and the Struggle for Parliamentary gives "The Story of the Great Reform Bill, chapters dealing, among other men and thi Shaftesbury and Factory Reform," "Richard Anti-Corn-Law Movement," "John Stuart M Education," "Charles Kingsley and the Ch Movement," "Thomas Carlyle and the Organiz "John Ruskin and the New Political Economy, Morris, Poet and Socialist." There are sixteen Volume II. of Mr. Budgett Meakin's work on published by Messrs. Sonnenschein next month, with the geography of the "Land of the Moors Menkin's first volume gave the history of th third and last volume will be ethnographical.

Early in the coming week Messrs. Long a "History of the English Church during the under the Commonwealth," by Wm. A. Shaw, 1 the Calendar of Treasury Papers. It pays pu to financial administration and the exercise o contains much documentary evidence which sh county and parochial historians, as well as t constitutional and church history.

Following Mr. Andrew Lang's "Prince C which is to form the next volume of Messrs. G Historical Series," there will be a volume by M dealing with Charles II. Mr. Airy is the a XIV. and the Restoration," and has edited "Bu His Own Times."

In Mr. Nimmo's Semitic series announce some weeks ago, the political history of the dealt with by Prof. McCurdy of Toronto, and religious history by Prof. Duff of Airedale C Prof. Hommel of Munich treats of the history of and Assyrians down to the fall of Babylon; and and Hilprecht of their religious history, an excavations. Dr. Glasier of Munich is to d discoveries in Arabia, and Prof. Macdonald o logical Seminary (in America), with the religio polity of Islam. The series will include other v

ERITIC.—Next week the Society of Ethical P issue through Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein a col by nine writers, some dead and some living, founders or influential friends of ethical societi that an ethical society should be uncommitted the universe; that its relation to theory sh investigation rather than of advocacy. Sir J us not to descend from theory to practice, b moral experience and effort to universal t Sidgwick advises us to keep to the region of m Bosanquet, Dr. Felix Adler, Mr. Saltor, Profes Mr. Leslie Stephen, Dr. Colt, and Professor M upon the distinction between the spreading

recollections of many famous musicians and much space devoted to musical history and the development of musical instruments.

SCIENCE.—The new scientific books announced by Messrs. A. and C. Black are largely zoological. Part III. of the comprehensive treatise edited by Professor Ray Lankester will be devoted to "The Echinodermata," the author being Mr. F. A. Hather, assisted by Mr. J. W. Gregory and Mr. E. S. Goodrich. Dr. Otto Schmell's "Text-Book of Zoology" has been translated from the German by Rudolf Rosenstech, M.A., edited by J. T. Cunningham, and is to be completed in three parts, the illustrations, like the text, aiming at representing living animals in their natural surroundings. There will also be a volume by Mr. J. T. Cunningham on "Sexual Dimorphism in the Animal Kingdom," a theory of the evolution of secondary sexual characters. Dr. D. H. Scott's "Studies in Fossil Botany" will contain lectures delivered at University College, London. Among the new editions announced is "Travels through the Alps of Savoy," by the late James D. Forbes, F.R.S., edited by Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

Messrs. Macmillan are about to publish a third edition of a work on "Micro-organisms and Fermentation," by Dr. Alfred Jorgensen, of Copenhagen. The new edition includes a good deal of new matter relating to yeast and fermentation. The same firm announce a revised edition of the late Professor Huxley's "Lessons in Elementary Physiology," brought up to date by Sir Michael Foster and Dr. A. Sheridan Lea.

An interesting announcement is made in the *Börsenblatt für deutsche Buchhandlung* to the effect that among the papers of the Russian Imperial archives has been discovered a large quantity of literary remains of the Empress Catherine II. It has long been known that Catherine II. was the author of a number of comedies and operas, of which one or two have been widely translated, but this new discovery makes known a number of unsuspected pieces. Among the papers are five complete dramas and a number of fragments, together with a considerable number of translations from Shakespeare and Calderon. It is proposed to issue shortly a complete edition of the works of Catherine II. under the general editorship of the well-known Russian historian and critic, A. R. Pypin.

The late Dr. Hort left behind him a number of sermons in outline used in preaching to his village congregation. A selection has been made by Mr. Arthur Hort and is being published by Messrs. Macmillan under the title "Village Sermons in Outline."

"The Canon Chaucer," with a discussion of the works associated with the name of Chaucer, by Professor Skent, and "Essays of John Dryden," selected and edited by Professor Ker, will both be published shortly by the Clarendon Press.

The title of "Esme Stuart's" new novel has been changed from "The Unknown Quantity" to "Christalla."

We have already mentioned the discussion which took place at the annual meeting of the Society of Authors, when Mr. Mullett Ellis' resolution complaining of the book censorship was negatived. Mr. Mullett Ellis has now sent the following letter to Mr. Anthony Hope:—

To the Chairman and Committee of the Society of Authors.

Gentlemen,—I think it is desirable that the following should be recorded:—

In the summer of 1899 it was suggested by the chairman of your committee that I should move certain resolutions at the next annual general meeting of the society, which should be generally supported, and that every effort should be made to secure their unanimous adoption. Sir Martin Conway, the then chairman, indicated in conversation the general character of these "resolutions." These I formulated and submitted to Sir Martin. He advised their modification. Afterwards I submitted them to him amended, and, finally, he approved them absolutely. He expressed his hope that they would be unanimously adopted and in his last note to me quite

This commended itself to me as an attitude reasonable kind. But, having been led to expect something though it might be silent, I was surprised when one of the committee moved and another member of the seconded a motion with the object of slaying "resolutions"; still more when the chair (which, by the outgoing chairman, had cordially approved my after the most careful consideration and alteration spoke against them, saying that "the opinion committee" was not in favour of them and that they provoke a smile if submitted to business men."

Startled by this sudden change of policy by sprung upon me during the progress of the meeting any notice, I wanted either to approve Mr. Bern's amendment or to entirely withdraw my "resolutions, not there to oppose the committee. On the contrary the meeting to submit resolutions authorized by the through the action of its chairman. But I was not rise to speak again and was ruled out of order with this endeavour of submission to the suddenly change of the committee. I had no idea that the chairman was in direct disagreement with the chairman of 1899.

As I have for both chairmen the highest respect, and have been shown by each very consideration, I trust it may not seem discourteous if I re-quoting Mr. Anthony Hope's own admirable express the opinion that the conduct of the committee provoke a smile if submitted to business men."

I leave it to you to decide whether some explanation due to me.

The following reply, dated March 15th, 1900, received by Mr. Mullett Ellis:

Dear Mr. Mullett Ellis. Mr. Thring has shown letter which you have written to the committee with what passed at the general meeting. Mr. Thring before the committee at their next meeting. With its contents, I will make one or two observations.

(1) The committee have no knowledge of Mr. Conway's attitude on the question beyond what is in your letter. They have not been informed by him approved of your resolutions, although they understand has been in consultation with you as to the form in which views should be submitted to the meeting. Appro resolutions as suitable for submission is, of course different from being in favour of the matter of Mr. Martin is not now a member of the committee, and that the committee will consider that if you desire an expression of his opinion, it is for you to obtain it from him.

(2) The committee as a body did not vote. If they considered that the further discussion of your resolutions serve no useful purpose they were at perfect liberty individual members of the society, to express their views. Similarly, the chairman was, as it seems to me, bound the meeting information as to the view of the committee.

(3) In view of the fact that only five members of the society present at the meeting were of the opinion further discussion would be productive of any benefit unlikely that the committee may not think it desirable to re-open the question unless and until some fresh case attracts their attention.

In the event of my not being able to be present at the next committee meeting, I shall ask that this letter be laid before it together with yours.

Thanking you for your kind expressions towards

Yours faithfully,

ANTHONY HOPE HA

Books to look out for at once

THE WAR.—"Queen or President." By S.M. Gluckstein. Grant Richards. "The Natal Campaign." By Bennet Burleigh. Chapman. "History of the Boer War." Part II. Methuen.

- DRAMA—
 "When We Dead Awaken." By Ibsen. Hefnemann.
 FICTION—
 "The Love of Parson Lord." By Mary E. Wilkins. Harpers, 6s.
 "Two Summers." By Mrs. J. Glenn Wilson. Harpers, 6s.
 "A Sister of Evangelina." By C. G. D. Roberts. Lane, 6s.
 "The Three Clauranalds." By Morar. Fisher Unwin, 5s.
 "Christalla." By Esomé Stuart. Methuen, 6s.
 "The Adventures of Princess Sylvia." (Novelist Series.) By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Methuen, 6d.
 "A Fair Brigand." By G. Harton. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.
 "The Gentleman from Indiana." By Booth Tarkington. Grant Richards, 6s.
 "The Wallet of Kai Lung." By E. Bramah. Grant Richards, 6s.
 PHILOSOPHY—
 Kant's "Dreams of a Spirit-seer." Translated by Emanuel F. Georwitz. Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.
 "Ethics and Religion." A Collection of Essays edited by the Society of Ethical Propagandists. Sonnenschein, 5s.
 VERSE—
 "War Songs." (Canterbury Poets.) Walter Scott, 1s. to 5s.
 "Rhymes Old and New." By Margaret E. S. Wright. Unwin, 3s. 6d.

SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS—

- "Scientific Results of the Norwegian North Polar Expedition." Vol. I. Edited by Fridtjof Nansen. Longmans, 10s.
 "Micro-organisms and Fermentation." By A. J. C. By A. E. Miller and E. A. Lennholm. Macmillan, 10s.
 "History of Politics." By Professor E. Jenkinson. (National Primers.) 1s. each.
 "Care and Treatment of Epileptics." By W. Putnam's, 10s.
 "For Quiet Moments." By Bishop Wilkinson. 6s.
 "Miniature Gardening." By Phoebe Allen. 6s.
 NEW EDITIONS—
 Burnet's "History of My Own Time," Vol. I. Osmond Airy, M.A., LL.D. Clarendon Press, 10s.
 "The Statue and the Bust." (Flowers of Parma.) Robert Browning. Lane, 1s.
 "Romany Rye." By George Borrow. Murray, 6s.
 "Lunsden of the Guides." By General Sir Percy George R. Elsmie, C.S.I. Murray, 7s. 6d.
 "Life of John Nicholson." By Capt. L. J. Trotter

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- BIOGRAPHY.
 Life and Letters of Edward Thring. By G. R. Parkin, C.M.G. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 51s pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 6s.
 Passages in a Wandering Life. By Thomas Arnold. 9 x 6 in., 28s pp. London, 1900. Arnold, 12s. 6d.
 Memoirs and Impressions, 1831-1900. By the Hon. G. C. Brodrick. 9 x 6 in., 41s pp. London, 1900. Nisbet, 16s.
 Memoire of Monsieur D'Aragnan. Part III. The Captain. Translated by Rolf Verill. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 34s pp. London, 1900. Nichols, 18s. n.
 Femmes d'Amérique. By Th. Bentzon. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 33s pp. Paris, 1900. Collin, Fr. 3.50.
 Mémoires d'une Idéaliste. Par Malvinda de Meyenburg. 2 vols. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 43s + 31s pp. Paris, 1900. Librairie Fischbacher, Fr. 7.
 Elsa Napoléon (Bacocchi) en Italie. Par E. Rodocnachi. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 31s pp. Paris, 1900. Flammarion, Fr. 3.50.
 EDUCATIONAL.
 Der Schelk von Alessandria und seine Sklaven. Von Wilhelm Hauff. (Pitt Press Series.) Ed. by Walter Hippmann. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 18s pp. Cambridge, 1900. University Press, 2s. 6d.
 Chatty Object Lessons in Nature and Knowledge. For Standards I., II., & III. By F. W. Hackwood. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 37s pp. London, 1900. Longmans, 3s. 6d.
 Roman History. By Dr. Julius Koch. (The Temple Primers.) 6 x 4 in., 10s pp. London, 1900. Dent, 1s. n.
 Ethnology. By Dr. M. Haberlandt. (The Temple Primers.) 6 x 4 in., 10s pp. London, 1900. Dent, 1s. n.
 Dante. By Edmund Gardner. (The Temple Primers.) 6 x 4 in., 13s pp. London, 1900. Dent, 1s. n.
 Introduction to Science. By Alex Hill. (The Temple Primers.) 6 x 4 in., 15s pp. London, 1900. Dent, 1s. n.
 Specimens of Modern French Prose. (Foreign School Classics.) Ed. by H. E. Berthou. 6 x 4 in., 22s pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
 FICTION.
 Without the Limelight. By G. R. Sims. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 3s pp. London, 1900.

- Cease Fire! A Story of the Transvaal War of '81. By J. Maclaren Cobban. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 314 pp. London, 1900. Methuen, 3s. 6d.
 The Kiss of Iels and The Mystery of Castlebourne. By Capt. A. Haggard. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 336 pp. London, 1900. Hurst & Blackett, 3s. 6d.
 For Three Moons. By Frances Campbell. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 315 pp. London, 1900. Digby, Long, 6s.
 Falsely Accused. By G. Norway. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 250 pp. London, 1900. Digby, Long, 6s.
 Gentleman Pensioner. By Albert Lee. 8 x 5 in., 343 pp. London, 1900. Pearson, 6s.
 Marcelle of the Latin Quarter. By Clire Holland. 8 x 5 in., 319 pp. London, 1900. Pearson, 6s.
 The Harvesters. By J. S. Fletcher. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 288 pp. London, 1900. J. Long, 6s.
 The Dean of Darrendale. By Wynon Eckerley. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 350 pp. London, 1900. Hutchinson, 6s.
 Le Gardien du Feu. By Anatole le Braz. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 322 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Lévy, Fr. 3.50.
 La Petite Bohème. By Armand Charpentier. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 378 pp. Paris, 1900. Ollendorff, Fr. 3.50.
 Rosnhéro. By Maurice Montégut. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 342 pp. Paris, 1900. Ollendorff, Fr. 3.50.
 Les Rénards. By Pierre Cécile. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 264 pp. Paris, 1900. Perrin, Fr. 3.50.
 La Romance du Temps Présent. By Leon Daudet. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 300 pp. Paris, 1900. Fasquelle, Fr. 3.50.
 Fiancée d'Avril. By Guy Chantepleure. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 438 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Lévy, Fr. 3.50.
 Marie-Madeleine. By Louis Lotong. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 370 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Lévy, Fr. 3.50.
 HISTORY.
 The History of Edward the Third. 1327-1377. By James Mackinnon, Ph.D. 9 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 625 pp. London, 1900. Longmans, 18s.
 Histoire du Parti Republicain en France de 1814 à 1870. By Georges Weil. 9 x 5 1/2 in., 552 pp. Paris, 1900. Alcan, Fr. 10.
 Mémoires du Général Baron de Dedem de Gelder, un Général Hollandais sous le Premier Empire, 1773-1823. 9 x 5 1/2 in., 412 pp. Paris, 1900. Fr. 7.50.

- Portraits et Souvenirs. By Camille Saint-Saëns de l'Institut. 8 x 4 in., 242 pp. Paris, 1900. Société d'Édition Artistique, Fr. 5.
 MEDICAL.
 Medicine and the Mind. By Dr. M. de Fleury. Translated from the French by S. B. Collins, M.D. 9 x 6 in., 373 pp. London, 1900. Downey, 12s. n.
 MILITARY.
 The Derbyshire Campaigns Series. No. 1. The Siskin Expedition of 1888. By Capt. H. A. Aggildin. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 116 pp. London, 1900. Sonnenschein, 1s. 6d.
 The Golden Horseshoe. Ed. by Stephen Bernal. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 316 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 6s.
 MISCELLANEOUS.
 Muret-Saunders Encyclopaedic Dictionary. English-German-German-English. Abr. Ed. by B. Klatt. 11 x 7 1/2 in., 1,734 pp. London, 1900. Grevel, 14s.
 The Annual Charities Register and Digest for 1900. With Introduction by C. S. Lock. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 734 pp. London, 1900. Longmans, 4s.
 The Nature and Work of Plants. By D. T. MacDougal, Ph.D. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 218 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.
 The Last Arcadian, and other Papers. By St. John Lucas. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 110 pp. London, 1900. Smithers, 2s. 6d. n.
 Morrison's Chronicle of the Year's News for 1900. By G. Eyre-Todd. 7 1/2 x 6 in., 456 pp. Glasgow, 1900. Morison, 3s. 6d. n.
 Vers la Lumière. L'Affaire Dreyfus. Impressions Vécues. By Secérine. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 462 pp. Paris, 1900. Stock, Fr. 3.50.
 Le Livre des Mille Nuits et Une Nuit. Traduction Littérale et Complète du Texte Arabe. Par le Dr. J. C. Mardrus. Vol. IV. 9 x 5 1/2 in., 330 pp. Paris, 1900. Éditions de la Revue Blanche, Fr. 7.
 ORIENTAL.
 A Concordance to Fitz-Gerald's Translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. By J. H. Tait. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 160 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 8s. 6d.
 PHILOSOPHY.
 The Ethics of Aristotle. Ed.
- The Collecte Samuel L. 340 pp. Oldham
 The Watch 2 and other Poets 7 x 4 1/2 in., 57 pp.
 REF
 Lavengro. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 569 pp.
 The Works of Life and Opl Shandy, Gen Sentimental France and 1 of English Cl 5 1/2 in., 368 + 378 p.
 Shakespeare for-on-Avon 6 x 4 in., 315 + 32
 As You Like speare.) Ed. b son. 7 x 4 1/2 in. 1890.
 SOCI
 Les Escla depuis les de l'Église la dominat Occident. Ed. H. Rev. and 491 pp. Paris.
 ST
 The Story of the University Wadham J. 148 pp. London
 The Art a Hawking. 9 x 6 in., 291 pp.
 THE
 The Little Li By Percy Dear Chas. Robins London, 1900. V Handfuls. H dillon. The 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 1900. W The Clergy D 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 896 pp.
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 Brook Farm

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 127. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, for which *Punch* has appealed for subscriptions, was helped into existence by Charles Dickens. It was started early in the fifties, but in 1858 a want of funds threatened to arrest it, and a public dinner was held as a means of securing pecuniary aid. Charles Dickens, who was elected president, threw himself heart and soul into the project, and Forster tells us that his speech from the chair on the occasion of the dinner was "quite startling in its effect," and that "he probably never moved any audience so much as by the strong personal feeling with which he referred to the sacrifices made for the hospital by the very poor themselves." The proceeds of the dinner added more than £3,000 to the funds, which were still further augmented a few weeks later by a reading by Dickens, on behalf of the hospital, of his own "Christmas Carol." So early as 1852 (the year of its foundation) he inserted in *Household Words* an article describing a visit to the hospital, which was reprinted in the form of a brochure, entitled "Drooping Buds." The author was Mr. Henry Morley, but the name of Charles Dickens appears on the reverse of this

published it but had published it with his own name exists an edition, ignored by all his biographers, and, inaccessible to the present writer, printed at York which, besides some other matter, he adds a letter that this child of his pen 'be filiated upon me, Lawrence Prebendary of York.' When Mr. Sidney Lee recently a new and very interesting First Folio of Shakspeare commented on the extraordinary fact that this copy of important book in the whole range of English literature have lain peacefully in a private library while Shakspeare have been for years exhausting their energies in disseminating similar copies and in utilizing them for the purposes of a ship. The possession of picture galleries has been recognized as entailing a public trust. As the work of the Historical Manuscripts Commission shows, the same thing is growing with regard to libraries. But either through want of will or of knowledge it does not seem to be unwise to be difficult to account for the plaintive admission by the possessor of an English classic that a unique copy of one of his works is "unhappily inaccessible." A commission set up into the private libraries of England would, we believe, be the re-writing of a great many chapters in English history.

* * * * *

The Transactions of the International Congress are to be given to the world by Mr. Fisher Unwin in more than seven volumes—and yet old-fashioned folk used to say that women were not business-like.

* * * * *

Some of the sentiments in Archbishop Trench's poem, "Time of War," which Messrs. Kegan Paul have reissued with a preface by Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers, are rather like those of the *Time of Peace*, serving to illustrate a certain progress in the points of view since the days of the Crimean expedition. The contemporary Archbishop would hardly speak of an attempt to maintain the authority of Turks over Christians as a "policy" "to quell the wrong"; and, if he did, perhaps Mr. Watson would have a word to say to him. But it is not to treat poetry as politics, and it is only politically that the old poems are out of date. Politics apart, they are as acceptable as ever they were, and they have a certain measure of truth which modern war poetry is not invariably distinguished by. The last lines strike the note:—

O life, O Death, O World, O Time,
O grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be.

Pense; and its first number will appear in June. Contributions have been promised by Mr. Swinburne, the Duke of Northumberland, Earl Grey, Sir William Eden, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Newcastle, Canon Rawnsley, Madame Sarah Grand, Mr. Anderson Graham, Mr. J. S. Fletcher, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, and Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe.

The *Loudner* is a hopeful and well-printed weekly of which the first number has just appeared. It favours the signed article, and its matter is both cheerful and intelligent. We are glad that it does not think it necessary to put its remarks on art or literature or society in the form of a letter to Dear Fanny, or Dear Mr. Thompson.

In our article last week on the novels of Turgenev the author of the introductions to the novels should have been spoken of as Mr. Garnett, not Dr. Garnett. They are the work of Mr. Edward Garnett, the son of Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., and the latter writes to us "to disclaim both the praise and the censure bestowed" upon the introductions. The translations are the work of Mrs. Edward Garnett.

Mr. Frosmantle has appropriately bound the new edition of William Penn's "Fruits of Solitude," which he will publish early next week, in Quaker grey. The existing copies of the book seem to be very rare. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who is editing the new edition, advertised and searched all London for a copy, but without success. A French edition was published some years ago, and Stevenson tells us in one of his letters how dear to him was the copy printed in the colony that Penn established, and how he carried it in his pocket "all about the San Francisco street cars and ferry-boats, and found it in all times a peaceful and sweet companion. . . . There is not a man living, no, nor recently dead, that could put with so lovely a spirit so much honest, kind wisdom into words." The text of the present issue is that of the edition of 1718, which Penn no doubt revised himself.

The name of Mr. Raphael Tuck, whose death took place last week, is principally associated with Christmas, but he had also engaged in other branches of the publishing trade. In 1893 he started a series of shilling novels, with covers like the outsides of chocolate-boxes, written by authors of merit. Mr. Zangwill contributed "Merely Mary Anne," and Mr. Eden Phillpotts a collection of short stories. The adventure, however, was not very successful, and Mr. Tuck soon abandoned it.

The proposal to secure the peace of the world by calling an international congress of journalists at Buda Pesth does not, at the first blush of the thing, look very hopeful. If one may judge from their writings, the nature of some journalists is such that they are only prevented from breaches of the peace by the fact that silver streaks and other frontiers separate them; and one can easily imagine circumstances in which the consequences of mixing a number of international journalists in a hall would not be dissimilar to those of mixing a number of international cats in a bag. At the same time it is no doubt true, in a general sense, that the habit of a life of constant contact with one's

Just about a year ago *Literature* made it when so many classics were being reprinted mountaineering ought not to be forgotten. To some extent to have fallen on fruitful ground we then gave of mountaineering classics at a the second-hand book trade one reprint, at all e in the spring publishing announcements. T Forbes' "Travels Through the Alps of Savo 1843. The new edition is promised by Messrs.

We commented last autumn on the enl ment made by Mr. Stead in trying the n literature by means of the penny "Masterpie it is of interest to see how they have. Although several months have elapsed since h Memoriam" and other poems at a penny, h judge whether Tennyson is really popular with The sale has suffered from the accidental circ Tennyson's early poems only went out of cop last, they could not be included in volumes wh every week for forty-eight weeks without a bre makes the sixty-sixth book, and the publisher i it had appeared in the weekly series it would b sale of any of its companion volumes. Mr. propped by coming first, something like 240,0 been disposed of, and it is still selling. developing a steady sale, but the figures are not Scott succeeded Macaulay in the series, and m his "Marnion" especially being in demand. L success; nor were the penny readers slow stories from William Morris' "Earthly Para Shakespearian pennyworths were always safe among the schools alone being sufficient to cus But it is not by any means all profit with t Of course, a very large sale is needed to m successful, and there are comparative failures b Keats, and Shelley were all more or less ne works as Thomson's "Seasons," Keble's "Ch Clough's "Love Story of a Young Man" popular. The Browning pennyworth was another though not, of course, to the same extent as s Yet it is probably the case that more poetry h in England through the penny series than all together. Lord Salisbury was not far wrong wh "Masterpiece Library" as "the most effectiv yet best discovered for making our best literat mass of the nation." In the penny series of Bairns" some astonishing figures have been Fables," for instance, attaining a sale of 350,00

In connexion with the expiration of the l the Société des Gens de Lettres has taken a It has served theatrical managers with notice t continue to pay the royalties the title to whic will be boycotted by the Society, and so prevent any good plays at all. The result of the ch be seen. Should it succeed, the Society will similar line towards publishers; and perpet thus be secured, without the help of the l determined collective action of the persons obtaining it.

opportune. Parliament has this year made a conditional grant of £15,000 towards a British Expedition, and both Germany and Belgium are now fitting out expeditions under Government auspices, so that we may expect additions to our knowledge of these regions at no distant date. The coming work deals with Antarctic exploration from the earliest times to the expedition of the Norwegian steam-whaler, the *Antarctic*, in 1894-95, which closes the history of Antarctic exploration, since the results of the Belgian expedition which left Antwerp under De Gerlaache in the *Belgica* on August 16, 1897, are not yet published. Among the many scientific objects still unattained is the location of the Southern magnetic pole, an undertaking which engaged the attention of Sir James Ross in his command of the Admiralty expedition of 1839-43. In Arctic exploration, under Nansen the high latitude of 86° N. was reached; in the Southern Hemisphere the highest latitude attained has been 500 miles less near the pole than this (78° 10' S.); and a wide field of exploration thus remains open. The new work is a translation from the recent book by Dr. Karl Fricke. It gives an account of the history of discovery, and devotes separate sections to the conformation and geological structure of different localities, with chapters on the climate, the ice, and the flora and fauna, and the future of Antarctic discovery.

* * * *

In view of the contradictory statements which have appeared on the subject of Mr. Andrew Lang's connexion with "The Romance and History of the Historic Families of the United Kingdom," to be published by Mr. S. T. Freemantle, it may be as well to state that, although not acting as general editor of the series, Mr. Lang has written an introduction to the first volume—"The House of Percy," by Mr. Gerald Brennan—and has provisionally undertaken to write the history of the House of Douglas. The first volume will contain many photographs and other illustrations, besides a number of pictures, dealing with the romance of the Percy family, by Mr. Eaton Woodville. The Houses of Howard, FitzGerald, Grahame, and Courtenay are to follow.

* * * *

MM. Plon, Nourrit are bringing out in parts a curious collection of documents of every sort on life in Paris from 1800 to 1900. The book, when completed, will be not less instructive and even more varied than the very walls of the Carnavalet Museum. It will form three large octavo volumes, edited by M. Charles Simond, and be sold at 35f. Each part costs 11. 75c., and is more than worth the price, for the entire life of Paris during this century is here told in a succession of rapidly shifting pictures. Their origin and significance are adequately described either in learned notes or in the excellent running text, which is from the pen of some fifty or more of the most eminent specialists in Paris. We have here literally Paris "day by day," revived in the reproduction in facsimile of more than 4,000 engravings. It is a work which should accompany every handbook of the French history of our time.

Our Paris correspondent writes:—

It is not with impunity that a playwright has to his credit such a dramatic success as *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Yet M. Edmond

Rostand has once more achieved a triumph. His *L'Aiglon*, new play *L'Aiglon* is worthy of the author of *Cyrano*. We need not analyse a play of which every detail has been announced in the journals of two continents. But as for those who have merely scrutinized

conventional grounds, and found it singularly not but the townspeople, fascinated by its exotic chivalric pit and galleries nightly, and posterity has avenged Bizet's *Carman* was a complete failure. Rostand, hard, has known only adulation even in a capital where theatrical canons of taste are the most rigorous. He triumphs, although unable, apparently, to prime him to the traditional exigencies of the stage. What of this? It is not merely that he is a poet with a ingenious poetic diction, fusing into French the fecundity of Byron with the sensuousness of Keats, but that he can account for the burst of applause with which his plays have been received. For if the public likes poetry to sip it as a *liqueur*, *Chartreuse* in a tankard is better than *brandy*. Yet the image seems not so out of place. After the grace and the pungency of *L'Aiglon* ebb, they tend to become insipid. At midnight you begin to yawn. And at 1.30—at 1.30 in the morning! an ancient Greek in your devotion to the maxim. But if M. Rostand's new production is too rich, and if it is not what the French call, or a hitherto has called, a play, how does it win so much success? *Cyrano* held the boards on account of its contrast with the sombre products of those long ages of psychological pre-occupations. Its success, therefore wholly in itself—not due, as was the case with the *Œdipe à Colonne*, to its merits; and similarly contingent is the success of *L'Aiglon*. What it comes to is this: M. Rostand's Alexandrine them wands endowed with the magical power of conjuring up events, and even the atmosphere, of the Napoleonic epoch. It is not a play, it is, at all events, a series of admirably recalling a real drama with which every Frenchman every citizen of the world, is familiar. It thus stands as a sort of long chorus of comment on a certain epoch which every hearer has in his brain. The actor, and it is not—or it would not be so, were it not for the great tragedian who impersonates the rôle of the little Duc de Reichstadt, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt created the King of Rome; but what this enigmatic sort of French Hamlet, would be in the hands of an intelligent actor, one dares not reflect. No, there is no actor, but one rôle, and it is the half-mythical personage of Napoleon the Great. And it is by no means mythical, because, like Hercules for the Greeks, large in the minds of men, that M. Rostand's success is prodigious, yet so natural. He had only to turn ingeniously, repeatedly, to this dread yet luminous rôle his play was made. This seems to have been his intention. Whether he is really a great poet only the years can tell. So long as Napoleon is interesting it would seem probable that he will be taken so. The portrait which has given us of the young Duke is of no importance. The piece is not a historical play on the life of Napoleon. The King of Rome, who is presented here in which the Austrian writers have left him rather the drab unsympathetic garb given him by memorialists, is simply a pretext to evoke the genius of Napoleon I. He is the Virgil who pilots us through the portions of the vast halls of Iblis on which hang depicting the episodes of the incredible Napoleon on one has dreamed of picking a quarrel with the wildest poetic caprices in dealing with the life of the Frenchmen will go to the *Aiglon* to acclaim it.

THE NEW CHIVALRY.

The age of chivalry is past, said one,
 By rudest shock aroused from visions bright
 Of knightly courtesy, and homage done
 To highborn beauty. Yet the old-world knight
 Scorned not to sheath his limbs in complete steel
 While yeomen by his side unharnessed fought,
 But now (save cognizance that may reveal
 A leader to the marksman's aim) by nought
 Distinguished, fight the baron and his men ;
 While courtly dames a gentler influence rain
 From eyes on stricken soldier bent, than when
 They beamed on champion in the tilting plain.
 Shall these things be, and any dare to say
 The age of chivalry has passed away ?

M.

Personal Views.

FIN DE SIÈCLE AND THE NEW CENTURY.

I confess I am somewhat impatient with the pedantry which has delayed for the present the advent of the New Century. Very likely the innovators may be technically right ; indeed I am much afraid that they are. To me it is nothing less than a misfortune to be kept waiting for it, even for a year. Our forefathers, honest men, would not have allowed it we may be sure. When they headed their letters with 1700 or 1800 they felt themselves rid of the departed Century, lost no time in shivering on the bank, but plunged boldly into the unknown waters of the New. Yet they do not seem to have suffered, as we have so long, from that *fin de siècle* craze which excuses our impatience. I do not feel quite sure that the New Century, which is, after all, more than an arbitrary division of time, because it means roughly the three generations of men—father, son, and grandson—who occupy the earth together, will at once turn its back upon the Old and its errors. But at any rate there is a chance that it may, and we who have groaned under them so long are anxious to try a new start for our remaining years. So let us begin the new order as soon as we can.

Alas, it is a quarter of a century since the decadent craze began to afflict us, and English writers bowed themselves down before the frivolities and obscenities of Bohemian Paris. This was the day of triumph for Verlaine and his congeners, creatures sunk not only in disgraceful vice but in actual crime. Those of us who did not go so far began to pipe, in a ludicrous falsetto, endless little foreign artificialities—rondeaux, and trios and what not, till every magazine was made intolerable by these epicean songsters. Now, thank Heaven, all these productions are dead and gone ; there is no paper so humble as to take them at a gift, and the too copious spring has run dry. And yet how large and important was its flow twenty years ago. Then of course there was the Neo-Bernian craze with its *Heure* to

minable sentences half a page long and bristling with innumerable parentheses, and your good for same. From all these plagues we are, I hope, saved, and it is the wind of the new Dawn that has cleansed them. Let us be thankful that none of these offshoots has any heirs. We who write to-day may or may not survive them well, but at any rate we say it clearly and with confidence of our great heritage, whether in verse or in prose.

I am afraid we have inherited from the old age and dead century a worse fault than any of those. I mean the affectation and braggadocio which appear to animate a certain class of writers, trained under a bad master, which reminds me so much as the ferocity of Mr. Dowler in "Pickwick" of a frame of mind which appears to be nothing if not a senseless and say ruffianly, without aspirations or belief, to win a savage struggle, full of bayonet thrusts, and bayonet wounds and throats bitten through and the rest ; or from it a desire for an opportunity for vitriol or the clog. It is all so senseless that in a time when brute force is an unhappy and attracts those to whom mock English with a Saxon element weeded out, woven into a childish and of no assignable date, fails to appeal. This is a fault and seems likely in present circumstances to have more than the other affectations. To write in the choice of Shoreditch, to elaborate squalid tragedies of the variety of the spot, is, however faithful to reality, and nor will any amount of vulgarity make it pass must be is not purged from the sin of pointing a moral and preach the gospel of the great goddess Aselgei, didactic when it speaks for vice as when it speaks for the edifying story of a Nun who has had an accident and has her exceeding great reward, as in Rasselas, a different Gospel that is all. I am glad, too, that the affectation of the sulphurous in cover and contents, with sinister and the ignoble nude, which made one shiver without any reason has come to an end. So let us hope has their end. They seemed to me to exhale fumes happily strong and senses, since the useful invention of Messrs. Hrya.

But one legacy of evil still remains and shows itself in a desire of abatement. The Decadent spirit which made poor Trilby, modelled her feet in butter for the fast-table, and gloated over them on the slow table, has lost its power in this instance. But this can be said, while almost every theatre in the provinces is occupied, with the approval of the Church and Stage Guild, by elaborate dramas all in breach of one particular commandment, which a Frenchman — or for that matter Frenchman — finds difficulty in observing in real life, though, in the habitually on the stage. Young women, ladies of good and of good intelligence and character, are compelled and in the glare of hundreds of misanthropizing eyes with what success they may the low intrigues which end in a Decree Nisi. English ladies, accompanied by their friends, are content to sit night after night watching

of it all, vowing that it was a degradation to sit it out." The man, sordid, ignoble stuff! And yet it is for the most part this or nothing, unless, indeed, it is the cynical pessimism of plays like *Little Eyolf*, relieved by shameless "double entendres," which, let us hope, few understand. The absurdity of the thing is that in Paris, the centre of this particular "culte," no young girls at any rate are allowed to profit by these lessons of the theatre, while it is more than likely that these these exercises are frankly conventional, and not held up as examples of life and conversation, at all.

Surely, if it be something to free ourselves from these plagues, let us make haste to begin the New Century. There is no knowing how much good the change may not do for us. Perhaps it may even deliver us, not only from the plagues I have enumerated, but also from the shame of dishonest criticism now so rampant; bad enough when it disparages or passes by good work, worse still when it goes into hysterics over what is imperfect or downright bad. The hideous sex-problem novels have gone apparently to their own place, a very obvious one. There is room once again for a recurrence to the old English type, of cleanly art, of clear expression, of sanity in language and method, of wholesome motives and aims. It is not too late to retrace our steps. All the evils of the Decadent spirit are the growth of only some five and twenty years. Before that time Obscurity, Ibsenism, Sex-problems, the Pursuit of the Neighbour's Wife, on the stage or in literature, Dead Sea apples, and the Log-roller were as good as unknown. Let us rise to the occasion. There is already among the younger writers more careful observation, greater power of analysis, sounder literary training than of old, and in many cases, a greater mastery of style. Even the poor boys of whom so many, alas, are dead and gone already had often delicate taste, and sometimes unmistakable genius. Let us profit by their errors, while yet the century is young.

LEWIS MORRIS.

MADRIGALS.

There are still some houses in Great Britain where music is permitted after dinner without conversation. The personality of a hostess who, without recourse to the admonitory hush, can inspire silence among her guests while the more favoured of them display an elementary knowledge of singing or of the violin is a great one. In particular, University life, with its "after-dinner rooms," where no song without a chorus is allowed, is a bad training for those who, sooner or later, must qualify as listeners to after-dinner music. They miss the rousing chorus which, somehow or other, never concludes the efforts of the performer. The happiest concerts are those at which there are no listeners. Such an ideal, though it sounds absurd at the present day, was realized in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, when the madrigal flourished in England. Five voices were often required, and, by means of doubling the parts, any number of guests could join in. The astonishing fact is that we know from contemporary authorities that the majority were able to do so. It was as ordinary an accomplishment among the cultivated classes as to write sonnets or to fly a falcon. Mr. F. A. Cox, in his learned introduction to his

The charm of the situation was the same as in the those times. Everybody present could join in. I substituted the pianoforte for the part-song, the Cox ball for the masque.

As Mr. Cox's little book shows us, there is a happier union between poetry and music than in the A perusal of the song books discovers the Shakespeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Sidney, Drayton, William Browne, John Donne, and a host of other poets. It was the fashion to turn poems into madrigals, just to make songs of them. A national occasion while else to a poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to be treated by Sir Arthur Sullivan, was in those days the madrigal. "The Triumphs of Orlanda" is a good example of this use of madrigals. Mr. Cox quotes an interesting account of the genesis of this beautiful collection:—

The Lord High Admiral, Charles Howard of Nottingham, was the only person, during the reign of Elizabeth, who was able to prevail on her to remain in her bed; and, with a view to alleviate the execution of the Earl of Essex, he gave the subject to the poets and musicians of the time the accomplishments of his Royal mistress, and by a libretto excited them severally to the composition of this work.

Another example given by Mr. Cox is Robert Fairclough's "My woe is now my most gladness," supposed by tradition to have been written on the accession of Henry VII. to the throne.

The madrigal is not, of course, a definite literary form more than the song. The madrigalists required no metre from the poets whose words they set. For they chose words of an informal conversational character affording opportunity for passages where the difference between the music could easily imitate one another. The madrigal is generally of a pastoral character. The conventionalities of many of them palls upon the reader. He wearies of the lover who, no matter what the plan or the imagery may be, invariably comes round to the inevitable closing lines. But it is possible to select, as Mr. Cox has done, specimens of the rarest beauty and of great variety. Sometimes their humour is that of the cynic,—

For who his love enjoys can love no more,

or of the worldly wise, as in Ben Jonson's lines:—

'Tis no sin Love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal.

Sometimes they show the metaphysical profundity characteristic of the Elizabethan mind:—

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view,

And anon they sound the grand philosophic note of the age in the madrigal:—

Happy, oh! happy he who, not affecting
The endless toils attending worldly care
With mind repos'd, all discontents rejecting
In silent peace his way to heaven prepares
Deeming his life a scene, the world a stage,
Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

Here is an amusing example of the use of poetry drawn from music. The poem was obviously written with the intention of providing words for the madrigal:—

My throat is sore, my voice is harsh with shriek

melodies against one another, the counterpoint of old Church music, was the essence of madrigals. The source of their quaintness and charm, as well as their durability (for there are still several madrigal societies scattered through the country), is the happy combination of the severity of the ecclesiastical muse and the infinite variety of time and expression introduced to suit the secular character of the words. The composition of madrigals was Palestrina's recreation from mass writings. In our own country Orlando Gibbons, among the greatest of our sacred composers, was also in the first rank of madrigalists. The long roll of English madrigal writers, including such names in musical history as William Byrd, John Dowland, Thomas Ford, Thomas Morley, John Wilbye, is not least among the many testimonies to the greatness of the Elizabethan age. Some of the best of their madrigals, which are precious more for the music than for the words, could not be included in Mr. Cox's admirable collection, compiled as it is from a literary point of view. But should any reader miss some of his old favourites he will find them mentioned in the useful list of the contents of the song books given by Mr. Cox as an appendix to his delightful little book.

THE BIOGRAPHER OF D'ARTAGNAN.

The third and final volume of Mr. Ralph Nevill's translation of "*Les Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan*," which has just been issued by Messrs. H. S. Nichols, is open to the objection that it contains no reference whatsoever to Courtilz de Sandras. Now, but for Courtilz we should have had no D'Artagnan memoirs at all, not to speak of the work that sprang therefrom; and the very name of the dashing Gascon might have remained as little known to posterity as are those of his predecessors and successors in the post of *Capitaine-lieutenant des Mousquetaires Gris*. It was nearly thirty years after the death of Charles de Batz-Castelmore, Comte d'Artagnan, that his "*Mémoires*" first saw the light at Cologne, the undoubted editor being the musketeer's sometime friend and *protégé*, Gation de Courtilz, called "*De Sandras*." Whatever share d'Artagnan himself had in the writing of the reputed autobiography, our obligation to its actual producer cannot be denied; and, for this reason, it seems but just that the latter's name should have appeared on the title-page of Mr. Nevill's translation (which, by the way, seems to have been built upon the inaccurate three-volumed version of the "*Mémoires*" recently published in Paris, rather than from one of the reliable old editions).

Somebody has called Courtilz de Sandras "the French Defoe," and the comparison is not inapt. For, while Courtilz lacked the Englishman's illuminating genius and only lives to-day in the light of reflected fame, he shared with Defoe the power of imparting an intense air of reality to his romantic narratives—his literary style, described as inelegant by Bayle and other classicists of his day, is strongly suggestive of Defoe's—and, as in the case of Defoe, his independence of thought brought him into continuous conflict with the Government. Perhaps, if Courtilz had not been compelled to spend nearly all his working life either in the Bastille or as an exile from France, he would have left something more worthy of his powers than the hurriedly written, badly edited volumes which bear his name. Indeed, among the thirty manuscript books of his which remain at Paris unpublished and unexamined, there may exist material calculated to render Courtilz at least as posthumously famous as Defoe. With regard to the man's peculiar skill at characteriza-

Dumas merely engraved his cardinals' portraits by their contemporary Courtilz.

The average British reader takes his idea of Courtilz from "*Les Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan*," a translation of which is mentioned above. The reader who compares this parent work with "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*" greatly to the disadvantage of the former. The reviewers have found the "*Mémoires*" more interesting, clothed with life by the magician Dumas." The reader apparently forgets the widely different nature of the work. Dumas was writing romance, and writing it with a freedom that he allowed himself, for artistic effect, to borrow from Paris twenty years before that doughty British biographer Now Courtilz described the real doings of M. d'Artagnan, his patron and friend. Rochefort, Aramis, and Miladi were to him actual persons, not romances; and naturally this fact gives the work a dramatic interest of the work. Suetonius is as fascinating as Sienkiewicz, just as Philippe de France is as fascinating than Walter Scott. As an example of the purely romantic vein, let the curious read the "*La Marquise de Fresne*," which is one of the best of the harassed exile found opportunity to print.

The autobiography of Courtilz would make a fine study; pity 'tis that he did not write it. Gation de Sandras—the last his mother's name, which he changed to Courtilz de Sandras—was born in the Rue de l'Église early in 1644. He was cadet of an ancient family of the province of France and the Vexin, his parents being Jean Courtilz, Sieur de Tourly, and the Dame de Sandras. From his elder brother, Jean, springs the family of Courtilz; he himself inherited a younger son's small property of Verger, near the village of Courcy, which is now the arrondissement of Montargis. A Monsieur Coste, who resides in the little château, can show which Courtilz hid from the archers sent to the Bastille. By right of his land, Gation styled himself "Squire of the Orchard" ("Squire of the Orchard") one might have thought he would go to Paris to seek his fortune. Luckily his wife of Claude de Courtilz, happened to be a widow of M. d'Artagnan, then lieutenant-commander of the regiment of Good D'Artagnan took the boy under his wing and gave him a place in the first company of Musketeers. He had him appointed captain in the regiment of the Duke of Beaufort. Courtilz has repaid the honest Béarnais well. Through him, by fosterage of Dumas, the name of Courtilz has become immortal.

The appearance and character of Courtilz are summed up by Père Le Long:—"He was tall and thin, a great reader of books and men. Talent he had in a great degree; but his tastes were for plot and intrigue, and he would gather from his works." It was during the reign of Louis XIV. that these works were published—the earliest being simply satirical ballads aimed at the Montespan. Very soon the Government took notice of the gallant captain's quarters in the Bastille, and in 1683 Courtilz was obliged to resign his office and fly to Holland. At La Haye, in the same year, the publisher Balderen published for him an attack upon Louis XIV. entitled "*Conduite de la France sous Louis XIV.*" There was nothing unpatriotic in the attitude, but the French were greatly incensed, and, ten years he was forced to skulk about the frontiers of the Republic.

memoirs, purporting to be entirely autobiographical, by which he is best known to-day. This was "Memoires de le C — de R —" (i.e., Comte de Rochefort), giving the life history of that interesting personage who acted so long as chief of Richelieu's secret agents. The materials for these chronicles Courtily had from Rochefort himself. The famous spy was his near relative, and they lodged together for two years while in exile at Cologne. Consequently the intimate study of Richelieu herein contained has a decided historical value. Dumas, as I have pointed out, accepted it in full; and the novelist also made free use of Rochefort himself, as well as taking from this book the episode of Miladi and Athos in "Les Trois Mousquetaires."

Between 1687 and 1693 Courtily published five volumes, and continued to edit his *Mercur*. But the longing for home had grown upon him until it became insupportable; and in January, 1693, he dared the wrath of the French Court, crossed the frontier under cover of a protracted snowstorm, and after hiding for two months at his chateau of Verger, at last—moth-like to the flame—ventured into Paris. He was not long unmolested. On April 18, 1693, M. de la Reynie wrote to the Commissioner Labbé:—"In the King's service you are to go forthwith to the Abbé Deschamps's house, Rue de Berry in the Marais; and in the room which Courtily occupies there you and M. Desgrez are to make a thorough search for incriminating papers. Seize everything suspicious, and bring with you all cassettes and locked boxes." On the same evening Courtily was arrested at the Galant Vert Tavern, in the Rue des Fossoyeurs (the old lodgings of D'Artagnan), and committed to the Bastille. I find from the records that "at half after nine on the morning of April 23, Courtily, sieur de Verger, was consigned to Cell L., Tour de la Chapelle." He was accused of "atrocious calumnies against the King and the Ministry." At first his imprisonment was rigorous; but in February, 1694, he obtained leave to see his wife in the courtyard, and in October, 1697, the rules were so far relaxed as to allow of his composing books and sending them (after due censorship) to be published in Holland. Perhaps the King missed his amusing memoirs; perhaps he had gained new friends at Court. At any rate, on Monday, March 2, 1699, at 10 a.m. he was released from the Bastille after an imprisonment of nearly six years. Although ordered to leave France for ever, judicious behaviour secured him a complete pardon in the following year. The "Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan" had been written in prison, and were published for the first time in Cologne in 1700. At a hint from Court, however, Courtily chose rather to write romances during his closing days. The best of these published is "La Marquise de Fresno" (Amsterdam, 1701), the story of a beautiful Frenchwoman sold by her husband to the corsairs. Others of the same sort followed; but the romancing was varied by the translation into French of "The Imitation of Christ." Another of his works which should possess interest for Englishmen and Irishmen remains unpublished at Paris. I allude to "The Personal Memoirs of the Duke of Tyrconnel." During the extra liberty which he was accorded at the Bastille, he had made a friend of "Talbot the Dog," James II.'s Irish viceroy. Talbot, it appears, dictated to him his private version of the events leading up to and following the Battle of the Boyne; and these recollections are to be found in the manuscript remains of Courtily.

The first wife of Gatiien de Courtily was Aimée d'Aramits, niece or cousin of that Henri d'Aramits the musketeer whose name he misspelt "Aramis," so that Dumas took it for a *nom de guerre*, and transformed its owner into the "Abbé d'Herblay," although he was only one of his names. The names of his

de Verger, paroisse de Chaul." His death occurred de Hurepois, Paris, probably at Number 15, which publishing house until the period of the Revolution although the great M. Dumas once talked of erecting his memory, that kindly project was forgotten, and of D'Artagnan's biographer rest in a nameless grave.

GERALD BR

THE DRAMA.

THE QUESTION OF "MODERNITY."

When Mr. Tree lately produced *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Her Majesty's the present writer chanced to take the "modernity" of one or two of the players. Bottom seemed to him too "modern," and the actress Hermia "obtrusively modern." Mr. G. S. Street, *connoisseur* of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, finds the performance at Her Majesty's so entirely to his taste that he will not find strictures, qualified though they were. "If you must have it," he says, "the 'modernity' of a manner, you find that, fashionable affectations, which I do not think the critic in this case, and which were certainly not apparent to me, that it consists of is self-possession and an air of being at home with the surroundings. The actress in question wore a dress a little as though the successor of the late Mr. Tree designed it, and her expression and bearing had something of the demure coquetry in them. But did not Greek girls in Athens complacent in a smart new dress, and were there not among them? Go to. . . . Mrs. and manners, I have no doubt, but probably not so much as we think, a beautiful young woman in general probably a little. . . . The critic further alleged that Mr. Tree was 'modern.' Go to again. The first actor pooh-poohed the vanity which Mr. Tree ridiculed, and the last actor lacked it."

Let us distinguish. Mr. Street really submits two propositions. First: That there is nothing in "modernity," fashionable affectations and an air of self-possession, home. Secondly: That there was nothing "modern" in the performance on this particular occasion. As to the first proposition there is more in "modernity" than is yielded by Mr. Street's analysis. Do we not apply the term not only to fashionable affectations but to everything that carries the peculiar mark of temporary surroundings? When the late Mr. Edwin Booth, as Hamlet, observed to Ophelia that a great man's life "outlives his life half a year," he was guilty of no affectation; he was simply speaking as men speak in the "down town." That is, he was too "modern." Indeed, Mr. Street himself, elsewhere in his *connoisseur* on his own case. Miss Dorothea Baird, he says, "went to the whole just a touch—I mean this for a compliment, and it must be so understood—of the classical idea which was altogether agreeable." The tincture of Giron was Miss Baird's little countenance, what I should call "modernity." Again, says Mr. Street, "Tree as Bottom, 'he burlesqued all actors and was a general, not—and this is a great tribute to his humour—himself.'" He did; and that is my point. In *himself* Mr. Tree was too "modern." It will be seen that Mr. Street, in these examples, contradicts not only his own position, but his own mind. He shows that there is

to be a dream. It is not as an anachronism, an incongruity, that I object to it. Indeed, the peculiar charm, the dream atmosphere of the play, is itself in great measure the result of naïve, unconscious anachronisms and incongruities. You have classical mythology joining hands with Teutonic folk-lore. And you have the Athens of the Crusades (for is not Theseus its "Duke"?) transported to the Warwickshire of Elizabeth. Here is the very chance medley of which our most romantic dreams are made. But introduce one more ingredient, contemporary reality, "modernity," and you are wide awake! And here, too, after all, I think Mr. Street and I are more at one than he will allow. For he complains of "too much acting on the part of the serious or quasi-serious people," who "should have suggested real people and real emotions rather less; should have glided and chanted rather more." He is disconcerted by reality in this play. Then surely he cannot like modernity in it; for what is modernity but reality carried to its highest power, the present real?

The point that the coquetry of young women and the vanity of actors are common to all ages is, of course, undeniable; and equally, of course, irrelevant. It is odd that when reference has been made to superficial changes of fashion and manner one should be so frequently invited to recognize the permanence of the fundamental qualities in human nature. Some years ago Mr. Charles Wyndham countered my objections to the "modernity" of eighteenth-century comedy as played at the Criterion precisely as Mr. Street now counters my objection to "modernity" of Shakespearian *féerie* at Her Majesty's. "How," asked Mr. Wyndham, "am I to laugh without a nineteenth-century ring in the voice; or by what alchemy can I stay the trickling of the anachronistic tear?" The answer is that nobody supposes tears or laughter to change with the ages; but we have every reason to suppose that airs and manners change. "Probably not so much as we think," interjects Mr. Street, "and those of beautiful young women in general probably change but little." For my part, I should say that the airs and manners of young women have undergone more changes than anything else in the wide world. Young women are more quickly responsive to external influences than any other created beings. Why is "The Girl of the Period" a cliché? Because every Period has its own Girl.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

MORE MEMOIRS.

A much less degree of merit is required in a story told at first hand than in one reported by a third person, and in the same way an Autobiography may justify its existence where a set biography would be extravagant. Men whose merits, faults, or achievements are not of national importance may have something of interest to say about their lives, and they may just as well say it themselves—all we ask of them is some grace of style and a becoming sense of their exact place in the scheme of the universe. *PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE* (Arnold, 12s. 6d.) and *MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS* (Nisbet, 16s.) fulfil these conditions, and they claim a recognition which would not be perhaps so readily bestowed upon an ordinary biography either of Mr. Thomas Arnold, the author of the first, or the Hon. George Brodrick, the author of the second. They are both well written and both bring us into the society of agreeable and interesting

distinctive "notes" in his life are the years of educational work in New Zealand and Tasmania, which is of interest chiefly to those who have connexion with Australasia—and his conversion to Unitarianism, which inevitably coloured his view of his life and the direction to his experiences. There is something both of the scholar and the ascetic in the book, and him speaking of "St. Patrick's ball" as a "gathering of time-serving worldly people solely to themselves," or to learn that his sole reason for going to Rome were to visit the tomb of St. Brigit and the place where she lived, and "for a secondary object," to study the topography of the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, that the passage to Romanism can admit of no more than Newman attempted. It is due to temperance that he has any clearly defined reasonings or emotions. Mr. Street describes the process in his own case; but the author gives no explanation. He is conscious of an increase of authority and needs authority; his imagination is fired by the First Epistle of Peter; he studies the "Times" (so often asserted to be above all things); he reads the life of St. Brigit, and notes that on the same day as that on which the passage to Rome so forcibly impressed him. "The final rest was received into the Roman Communion at Hobart, 1856."

The account of his subsequent intercourse with Newman's work at Dublin and daily life at Birmingham is enough by itself to give interest to this book. His connexion with Birmingham in 1861 became a liberal for the Oratorians, but though an ardent Unitarian in politics he has no sympathy with the liberalization of the Church. There are many personal touches, interesting, in the book, but the references to relatives—Dr. Arnold, whose "Life" is an English biography, and Matthew, whose life has never been written—are to cause disappointment. One reminiscence of Newman is quoted for its sequel:—

Cobden's firm, clear, and penetrating mind was in order. I remember meeting him once at dinner—I forget the year—when he talked and I listened. The conversation fell upon commercial travellers, and my brother, who was present, spoke heedlessly of the character of the "British bagman." Cobden matter with perfect coolness. "I was once a traveller myself," he said, "and while so employed I met with many excellent and intelligent men, and that as a class they deserve to be severely reprimanded. I was present were struck by the philosophic calm and moderation with which this vindication was uttered.

And one of a visit to Wordsworth, of whom, as Mr. Arnold has distinct recollections:—

We were shown into the dining-room, which was very plainly furnished. Presently the poet came in with a sheet of paper in his hand; his face was flushed, and his coat in disarray, as if he had been clutching at the stress of fervid thought. "I have been very much," he said. After a few more words, standing up, he recited it to us; it was the sonnet, "The English ground secure from rash assault?" with the intensity with which he uttered the lines he kindled his hearers a contagious fire; and to this he

Cambridge he thinks there is more "intolerance of specious rhetoric."

Again there is a greater disposition among Cambridge than among Oxford students to mind their own business, that of education and learning, rather than to enlighten the world on theology and politics. . . . Partly because it is less overrun by visitors, but partly also because it cherishes old-fashioned traditions of a scholar's life, Cambridge retains more simplicity of habits than Oxford, and is evidently free from a too modern atmosphere of thought and action.

Mr. Brodriek, of course, regards University life from the serene atmosphere in which the head of a college reposes like a Lucretian deity. The undergraduates of Merton will note with satisfaction that he has formed "a favourable estimate of the rising generation," and they will doubtless be grateful for the blessing of a Warden who finds it so easy to associate with them, because he is "known to have lived in the great world," a Warden who can state with modest pride that "I have occasionally taken part in meetings of undergraduate societies in college and presided at bump-suppers when our boat had won special distinction on the river." But a certain urbane complacency does not detract from the merit of Mr. Brodriek's chapters. They are more varied in interest than Mr. Arnold's; they touch a wide circle of subjects, and it may be said with perfect truth that there is no subject touched by Mr. Brodriek which he does not adorn. He has been a barrister, and can discuss the responsibilities of an advocate; a journalist who wrote about 1,600 leading articles in *The Times*, and is said to have invented the term "Home Rule"; a keen politician, though he never succeeded in entering the House of Commons; an extensive traveller; a member of the London School Board; an University official; and a member of important Government Commissions. He is also an author of some note, but was deterred, quite unnecessarily, as it seems to us, from writing a serious history of the "Wars of the Roses" by two considerations—First, that serious works depend for their success "on skill in advertising and procuring favourable reviews"; and, secondly, that an historical writer is disparaged "unless by grubbing up archives never ransacked before, and perhaps barren of interest, he has satisfied the modern craze for 'research.'" The first consideration is certainly not justified; and the second is contradicted by such an instance as Professor Goldwin Smith's "United Kingdom." His book consists less of talk about persons than of sound and well-written comments on things; indeed, he rather humorously admits that "I have never consciously studied the characters of my friends, however eminent, from a literary or artistic point of view."

Still, he has a good many personal reminiscences of interest and, among others, he supplements what we get from Mr. Arnold's book about Matthew Arnold. "What Professor Max Müller well calls 'his Olympian manners' never repelled me, for I soon discovered that they were not in the nature of airs, and did not even conceal his warm and simple heart." He gives good appreciations of Mill, Fawcett, Freeman, Bright, and many others. On Jowett, as a tutor, he passes a high eulogium; and, like Mr. Arnold, has some memories of Jenkyns, Jowett's predecessor in the mastership of Balliol. One story is worth borrowing. When the late Dr. Ogilvy was a tutor at Balliol a fast undergraduate was reported to the master for having gone to Epsom or Ascot without leave:—

After enumerating other escapades, Ogilvy approached the climax—"And, master, you will scarcely believe it, but

Brodriek has had nothing to interfere with the completeness of his sentences in writing these "Impressions," and those who read them are certainly for he has always something to say worth listening to. He writes in good taste and in a good style, and has men, manners, and events.

THE TEMPLE PRIMERS.

Messrs. Dent have conceived the idea of a series of volumes (12, each) from which readers can select the subjects of their own enthusiasms, and which renewed from time to time by sufficient additions. We have already mentioned the distinguished series are to be responsible for these volumes, and we may say that the bindings are neat and fairly strong, if rather small, and the paper sufficiently opaque.

The first volume, AN INTRODUCTION TO SCIENCE, the Master of Downing, undertakes to explain, in a way, some of the problems of the day in natural science. Hill writes in a lively style, well calculated to attract the attention of the "amateurs of science who attend the various learned societies." He is stronger, in his own sphere, where he is discussing the causes of the blood, the functions of nerve centres, and the microbes, than in the handling of general principles and chemical problems. There are some curious slips in proof-reading which have remained. He several times writes Force with Energy. He gives $Fe_2O_3 \cdot H_2O$ as the symbol for hydroxide instead of $Fe_2(OH)_4$. He makes the statement that the molecular weight of any element is directly proportional both to its specific gravity and its specific heat. He fails to distinguish between size of atoms. These blemishes will doubtless be removed in a second edition. Meanwhile any one who wishes to get a grasp of the questions which are chiefly interesting men of science could not do better than take Dr. Hill as a guide.

From an introduction to science to a handbook of Dante seems a violent change from the general to the particular. Dante, the master of all contemporary learning, may embody for us the whole of the intellectual and spiritual mediævalism. Mr. Edmund Gardner has contributed a sound and useful text-book, containing a short history of some account of his minor works, and an analysis of *Commedia*, together with a bibliography, a geography of the Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso, and several of the elucidation of such difficult matters as Dante's and the arrangement of the saints and angels in the Rose of Paradise.

Dr. Koch's ROMAN HISTORY is a model of clear arrangement. It is extremely difficult to find a handbook of Roman history in a pointed and practical way, Roman history from the days of the Emperors. Merivale's hand from being loaded with a style that required an immense amount of space to move in; Pelham's "Outlines of Roman History" reprinted from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is a fine piece of work, but, not aiming at continuity of time, can only be used by those who have a respectable knowledge of Roman history to start with. Of course, Dr. Koch has no space for much detail in 160 small pages. But his wonderful tact and judgment in his selection, and his a brief account of the sources for each period. It

wrapped in Teutonic mistiness. For how much has the translator to answer? Many people will be disappointed when they turn to the section on Indo-Europeans and find it limited to a single page—the last. There are many readers who would have preferred to hear about the home of the Aryans, the origin of the Basque peoples, the skulls of the Auvergnats, or the problematical builders of cromlechs, dolmens, and cairns. But there is this to be borne in mind. Most of these questions are involved in apparently hopeless mystery, and the attempts to solve them have generally proved unfruitful. It is a well-known fact that the personal equation can never be sufficiently eliminated from the results of craniology. Where one man finds a marked type, another fails to see a common distinguishing feature. The discoveries which philology professed to have made in the history of the pre-historic Aryans have proved themselves illusory. But from the study of those peoples which are to-day still in rudimentary or negative conditions of civilization, it is possible to learn much of the early stages of man's development, the beginnings of social organization, and the parts that have been played by environment and by inherent character—"the expression of an inner certainty" as well as "exterior influences," as Dr. Haberlandt somewhat metaphysically phrases it. The author has written in an acute and stimulating way of the developing forces in the life of nations, and of their first steps in culture, as shown in their provision for sustenance and shelter, for physical protection and ornament, as well as in their primitive organization and their primitive religious emotions. The book is copiously illustrated, the prints being well chosen and appropriate.

REPRINTS.

The Literature of Digression.

It is quite fitting that Sterne and Rabelais should come before the public at the same moment. They represent "the Literature of Digression," a happy phrase used by Mr. C. Whibley in an excellent introduction to the latest of the "Tudor Translations," URQUIHART'S RABELAIS, of which the first two of the three volumes have just appeared (Nutt, £2 14s. the three vols.). Sterne, who is now represented in Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics," was not only a disciple of, but a plagiarist from, Rabelais. We have already said something in our Notes of this edition of Sterne, the two volumes of which, bound in the red cover and marked by the very gentlemanly format which distinguishes this Library, contain TRISTRAM SHANDY and A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (7s. 6d.). They also comprise the "History of a Watch Coat," "The Political Romance," which, as Mr. Pollard is able for the first time to show, was intended by Sterne for publication, the memoirs of the Sterne family, and "A Fragment in the Manner of Rabelais," which may perhaps be looked upon as Sterne's public acknowledgment of his indebtedness to the French "humanist."

The Minerva Library.

Messrs. Ward, Lock deserve much credit for the new series now being issued of their Minerva Library. They tap a store of literature which publishers of reprints generally overlook. All that is needed to revive the English classics of earlier times or the great novelists is being done in abundance. It is the great books of the last generation which are in danger of being forgotten. The Silver Library of Messrs. Longmans are helping to keep them alive—a series which includes books by living writers and more or less recent fiction. The Minerva Library

—Dean Stanley's LIFE OF DR. ARNOLD—not a biography but the chief "document" of modern thought and religion. This is an admirable series deserves a warm welcome for the encouragement it gives to a sound taste in reading, and to a study of thought in recent times.

Indian Epics.

We noticed some time ago Mr. Romesh Dutt's translation of the "Maha-bharata," the ancient epic published by Messrs. Dent in the "Temple Classics" in an elegant volume with a cream-white cover, gold with the arms of India. The same publisher has now issued two similar volumes, at 1s. 6d. n. and 12s. 6d., Mr. Dutt's translation of the companion epic, the RAMAYANA, THE EPIC OF OR INDIA. This bears in a degree the same relation to the "Maha-bharata" as the Odyssey to the Iliad, the story of a hero as opposed to the story of a great war. It is a tradition, so dear to the pious Hindoo, of a golden age, the cultured races of the Kasalas of Oudh and of North Behar flourished in Northern India. The work was the work of several hands, though it bears the stamp of one mind more strongly than the Maha-bharata. The warlike characters of the Maha-bharata, the hero Rama and Sita, read like abstract impersonations of fidelity, like Prince Arthur or Una in the "Faery Queen" in his previous translation of the "Maha-bharata" has given us the poem in a very condensed form, with endless repetitions of the original. In his fluent rendering in an English metre, not altogether true to the Indian poem, we get a good idea of the faith, loyalty, and domestic virtue which pervades

THE SHORTER POEMS OF JOHN KEATS is the latest in the excellent little Babelot Series (Gay and Bland) containing, besides the shorter poems, some "Endymion," "Isabella," and "Hyperion," and an introduction by the editor, Mr. J. Potter Briscoe.

The book which made Mr. George W. Cable's name a household word of readers, "Old Creole Days" was soon followed by THE GRANDISSIMES, which has retained its popularity and has come to us in an *édition de luxe* (Hodder and Stoughton, 21s. n.). It is admirably printed and elaborately illustrated by some drawings by Mr. Albert Herter, who reproduced the costumes and manners of 1803, but the atmosphere of Creole days of which Mr. Cable writes with so much sympathy and with so much skill, will not be missed by the readers who first meet "The Grandissimes" in this fine new dress.

THEOLOGY.

THE APOCALYPSE: AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY OF THE VISION OF ST. JOHN. By E. W. BENSON, sometime Canon of Canterbury. London, 1900. (Macmillan, 8s.)

The late Archbishop seems to have had a little to say about the Apocalypse, and this book is the fruit of his study of it. "If it ever sees the light," he writes, "many will think it a very odd book. Folks will read it in such different ways. But it has edified me, and I can tell you how I got it for."

No book by Dr. Benson could fail to show to the student as a critical student of the Apocalypse the Archbishop's acquaintance with Hebrew and the history of thought; nor does he show traces of any special knowledge of Jewish Apocalyptic literature. His work must be

together the persons who take part in the action, the framework and scenery which surround it, the spiritual purpose which underlies it, and mode of expression employed by the author. Practically, therefore, the book is dealt with as a drama, containing the usual elements of tragedy as they are discussed by Aristotle in the "Poetics."

Speaking generally, we believe the Archbishop's point of view to be the true one. He sees clearly that St. John is throughout speaking, not of persons, nor, strictly speaking, of historical events, but of great spiritual principles. He decidedly rejects, with the late Professor Milligan and others, the identification of Babylon with the city of Rome, and that of the Beast (Apoc. XVII.) with Nero. Such an identification mistakes the meaning and function of "Apocalypse." At the same time, though the book abounds in pregnant and striking sentences, and the translation in felicitous and suggestive renderings, the general impression it conveys is that of incompleteness, of a work "rough hewn," and marred to some extent by a lack of simplicity in thought and expression. Doubtless the Archbishop endeavoured by the very form of his work to impress on the reader's mind the truth that the Apocalypse "is no vision rounded off," but an unveiling of forces and principles continuously at work in the universe. Nevertheless, only very patient students will quite follow completely the line of Dr. Benson's interpretation. Yet a book containing so much fine and lofty thought cannot fail to edify even those who are puzzled by its method and arrangement.

St. Paul.

Books about St. Paul continue to pour forth. The last is ST. PAUL THE MASTER BUILDER (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), by Dr. Walter Lock, the warden of Keble, who has lectured on the epistles for a good many years at Oxford. He now gives us four lectures which were delivered to the clergy of St. Asaph diocese two years ago. The first is on the missionary work, a subject which has assumed a fresh importance since Professor Ramsay's remarkable investigations, and should be specially interesting to Anglicans, for "our Church, too, should follow the lines of our Empire." The second summarizes from the evidence of the Epistles a matter of hardly inferior interest—St. Paul as an ecclesiastical statesman. The last two are on his ethical teaching.

Devotional.

THE HEART'S COUNSEL, AND OTHER SERMONS, by John Huntley Skrine, warden of Glenalmond (Skeffington, 3s. 6d.), sets the excellent example of brevity. Indeed, some of the sermons are so short that we suspect Mr. Skrine has doctored them for publication, in which case he has set another excellent example. Most of them are suggested by the day on which they were preached, and will carry on a good many useful suggestions to preachers who are thinking out a subject for the same day. Or is it really the laity who read sermons? Anyhow, Mr. Skrine's are quite worth reading; they are fresh and sensible, written with the simplicity of one who knows how to handle his pen, and containing a certain amount of genuine imagination.

Dr. George Matheson's STUDIES OF THE PORTRAIT OF CHRIST (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is an attempt, in twenty-six addresses, or meditations, or chapters, to set forth the spiritual development of Christ's work. Each chapter ends with what is called an invocation, as—"Meantime, my brother, the words, ere they fade, have a message for you. Mayhap you call yourself an agnostic." Or:—"Therefore, O Christ, I bless Thee for the storm. I thank Thee for the moment of loneliness which I called the sleep of Thy power." The rest of the book is much

Galatians," by Mr. A. W. Robinson (Is. 6d.), by historical introduction, and then explains the text chapter to each section as it is divided by the lecturer. The text is imbedded in the explanatory explanation, not mere exegesis or mere critical informing, and entirely successful attempt to bring meaning of the epistle.

INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT, by F. The collection of the Four Gospels and the G. Matthew, translated by W. Adcock, B.D. (T. and Gs. n.), is a further instalment of Professor Goulet's "Introduction to the New Testament," at which the author is. It is premature to express an opinion on the value of Goulet's conclusions respecting the origin and of Synoptic Gospels. The present volume contains on five chapters which deal with this question. The same learning, reverence, and eloquence to which his have accustomed us. So far as the first Gospel Professor Goulet's view agrees in the main with generally accepted. He believes that the pre-organized in a collection of the discourses (Logia) that this was translated into Greek for non-Palestine and completed by the addition of a narrative of Christ. The translation is satisfactorily done.

The Eucharist.

It is not often that a dissertation written for the B.D. at Oxford will bear publication; but Mr. S. DOCTRINE OF THE REAL PRESENCE (Longmans, 3s.) is a useful contribution to present-day discussions, attempts calmly to investigate the meaning of the term as applied to the Eucharistic presence. Two or three strike us as specially valuable. He makes an effort against the common error of taking matter as the type—an error which lies at the root of much crude argument and some disputable practices. Again, his the copula in the words of Institution, "This is my admirable and convincing. We are grateful also not Strong's remarks on the much-abused term "comprehension" in doctrine, but for his timely warning against theological precision." There is much in the writer's mind, in his penetrating thought and his suggestive recalls the late Dr. J. B. Mozley.

Religious Theory.

The title of Mr. Bailey Saunders' new book, THE FAITH (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.), hardly describes its contents, which consist of some acute reviews on recent theories of one who is a philosophic critic rather than an Agnostic. In the person of Huxley, is first tried; next, the sceptical argument as set forth in Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," which leads Mr. Saunders to the reflection that truth is "a possession which the mystic divide between them." But no mystic to sharpen the edge of Mr. Saunders' criticism. Frazer's "Philosophy of Theism" is the next to his heels follow two other Scotsmen, the Duke of Argyll and too popular Professor Drummond. Gladstone's defence of Butler is next dealt with in an essay that mentions Arnold's criticisms as "too loose and unimportant statement." Mr. W. S. Lilly and Mr. Wilfrid Warburton as the representatives of Roman Catholicism, and Crozier brings up the rear with his "History of Development." Mr. Bailey Saunders, who always

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The War.

QUEEN OR PRESIDENT? by S. M. Gluckstein (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), is a vigorous but ungrammatical indictment of Mr. Kruger. We are disposed to think that the author is generally in the right, but his incoherent sentences destroy our confidence in his arguments. The man who could write such a sentence as "Expressed succinctly the Boers are biting the hand that fed them," is not readily accepted as a guide and philosopher in high political matters. We are glad to hear from Mr. Gluckstein that the Uitlanders are perfectly capable of paying the cost of the war undertaken on their behalf, but when he prophesies that "they will foot the bill cheerfully," we have our doubts. Mr. Gluckstein's book cannot be compared in interest or importance with those of either Mr. Fitzpatrick or Mr. Keane.

Mr. Spenser Wilkinson is a lucid, if too academic, military expert, and he is, we think, first in the field in collecting his weekly comments on the war, which appeared in the *London Letter*. They are reprinted under the title **THE LESSONS OF THE WAR** (Constable, 2s. 6d.).

Mr. A. Madd's **THE BOER IN PEACE AND WAR** (Digby, Long, 1s.) holds the heroes of the Transvaal up to ridicule and contempt in a style that seems to be modelled on that of Mark Twain. We read for example that the Boer has a reputation for untruthfulness; "when he cannot think of any more lies he starts on the truth, but in this he is a decided failure." Then we are told that the Boer is not particular in the matter of cleanliness:—"It suits him just as well to be dirty as to be clean." And we are told many other things to the Boers' discredit, and each of them is backed by a remark or aphorism of this character.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR, of which we have received part I. (Id.), is written in the lofty style of the penny dreadful. As for example—

It was a bright October morning, the Sun rose over the hills and veldt, the rocky and mountainous country in the Northern corner of Natal, shedding its rays upon a scene at once awful and inspiring. For there 8,000 men were gathered to strike the first blows of that contest which should decide whether or not the British race, &c., &c.

Among Horses.

As Captain Hayes possesses an unapproached practical knowledge of horses and writes a rollicking Irish style, his horse-travel books are popular with all horsemen, while his more serious ones are standard works. **AMONG HORSES IN RUSSIA** (Everett, 10s. 6d. n.) belongs to the former class, but in addition to much entertaining gossip there is not a little solid information, never available before, about the horses and horsemanship of the Russian army, and the remount depôts of the cavalry reserve, which the author was the first foreigner to visit. He went to Russia to teach his simple methods of subduing wild horses and breaking them to the point when they could be mounted, but though he had official Russian credentials and Grand Ducal influence, he hardly flatters himself that he has left much result behind him. When he first asked a hundred guineas a month and his expenses as his fee for going round all the cavalry headquarters he was told that this was more than a field-marshal gets in Russia, so he finally accepted eighty guineas. But the Russian officers looked upon all he did as a kind of superior circus show, and nothing was further from their minds than trying to do it themselves. When "a few

best way to open a horse's mouth, they became so they all walked out of the manege." The account remount system gives this book much military description and history of the famous Orloff breed, and excellent. Captain Hayes reports:—"I find no trace of enmity against the English, either officials or people."

A second book by Captain Hayes, **AMONG THE HORSES OF AFRICA** (Everett, 5s.), a revised edition of part of a book now out of print, is rather a thin chronicle of his own experiences while giving horse-breaking "shows" much gossip of a personal nature, and a good deal of comment of the slap-dash kind. Captain Hayes on the surface, he writes with a curious shallow bitterness at least of his charges against South African sportsmen have been omitted. The book, in fact, is uninteresting and horse-knowing writer. Every one who sympathizes with him, however, when he says, "A good horse makes me regret that all our young men should shoot and ride."

Strong Men.

IDEAL PHYSICAL CULTURE (Greening, 2s. 6d.) is the promise of a contest much more terrible in its nature than any such literary tiffing as has lately been proceeding. The book is by Apollo, the Scottish Hercules, who, with H. Bostock, of Bostock and Wombwell fame . . . has lifted twenty-two hundredweight from the shoulders of the Philistines. The introduction is couched somewhat in the style of Harapha to Samson, and quotes a challenge addressed to Sandow when he came into the Philistine camp at the headquarters of the Scottish Hercules at Ghent, "as others have done, send the Sandow was many miles away, but waited until he came to the city." The letter suggests as an alternative to the grim kind of combat known as wrestling in the east, a certain terrible connexion between gunpowder and the catch-as-catch-can. The letter ends with these apologetic words:—"I hope to hear from Sandow per return, and, if possible, strongly, Apollo (The Scottish Hercules)." Sandow, of old, maintained a dignified inactivity. The book contains two statements such as it is the privilege of a strong man to make; the pictures given of Apollo being sufficient to sober criticism. A competition took place through the pages of a Physical Culture Magazine, Sandow as a referee, and a statue of Sandow was erected according to Apollo, an extraordinary, an unsuitably strange competition. After criticizing the arrangement strongly, "This is done, of course, to increase the number of subscribers to the magazine." Then Sandow rings out again on several notes. Apollo in the patent exercisers which Sandow has made. Yet we think that in some of the exercises he has made he is indebted to Sandow. Without wishing to detract from two strong men, we would suggest anonymous exercises for developing the abdominal muscles, the same as Sandow's. But there are a good many pictures in the book which athletes will do well to follow. Thought is a list of articles of diet with the best to digest them. Whereas it takes only three hours to cook a mutton, roast park requires five hours and a quarter.

Egyptian Journals.

talent of Syrian writers, who have very little scope for its exercise in their own country under Turkish rule. The French Arabic organ, *Al-Ahram*, "The Pyramids," was founded in 1876 by two Maronites of the Lebanon, and the English organ, *Al-Makattan*, is edited by Syrians from the American college at Beirut. On the other hand, *Al-Muqattad*, the organ of orthodox Islam, the *pietist* conservative paper, is edited by a Chirene, and its 6,000 subscribers range from Morocco to India. As Mr. Hartmann says, *Al-Muqattad* is "a power to be reckoned with"; and it may be added that it is written in much better Arabic than its half-Syrian contemporaries. It will surprise even Chirenes to find that there are, or have been, no less than 168 Arabic journals published in Egypt, daily, weekly, bi-weekly, or monthly; but of these about thirty are known to have failed, and Mr. Hartmann has been unable to obtain information about a good many others. The large majority of these papers are printed and published at Cairo. There are special Arabic organs, of very poor quality, for all the factions of the most distressful Coptic Church, and also for the Syrian sect. Especially interesting are the four ladies' journals. It is needless to say that they are not directed by genuine Muslim, and still less Coptic, women, though exceptional ladies like the Princess Nezli Khanum or Mrs. Zyneh Fawwaz would be quite capable of undertaking the task. The lady journalists of Egypt are Christian Syrians. The first ladies' paper, "The Girl" (*Al-Falah*) appeared at Cairo in 1892; "Beauty's Mirror" (*Mi'at al-Husna*) followed in 1896, and two years later, "Paradise" and "The Bosom Friend" (*Anis al-jalis*) astonished Alexandrian society. The last is edited by Mrs. Avierino, is written wholly by women, and is much the best of its kind—though, perhaps, that is not saying very much. Still, the publication of Arabic journals written by women for women is one of the most promising symptoms in the social progress of modern Egypt. It is amusing to find a defunct Journal of Medicine, *As-Sihha*, formerly edited by one "Wilkuks,"—who is, of course, Mr. Willecocks, the well-known irrigation engineer, who drew the plans for the new Philae reservoir.

The Derbyshire Regiment.

THE 95TH (THE DERBYSHIRE) REGIMENT IN THE CRIMEA (Sonnenschein, 1s. 6d.) is the first of a series in which the military history of the present Derbyshire Regiment is to be presently given in full. It is written by an officer of the 2nd Battalion, Major H. C. Wylly, and deals only with the story of the Derbyshires—then the 95th Foot—in the Crimea. Considerably more than half of its pages are devoted to "appendices," in which are somewhat laboriously chronicled long lists of officers and men who served in various capacities during the campaign. The four chapters devoted to the story of the regiment's service in the war, however, make interesting reading. Major-General Maurice, C.B., furnishes an "introduction" to the book, which contains some useful maps. The four other volumes of the series which have so far made their appearance, continue the story of the regiment from the Mutiny Campaign of 1857, down to the Titch one of just forty years later. They are all written in much the same style as the first number, and are, respectively, from the pens of General Sir Julius Raines, Major E. A. G. Gosset, Captain H. A. Iggulden, and Captain A. K. Slessor.

Annuals.

THE OFFICIAL YEAR-BOOK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND (S.P.C.K., 3s.) is complete as usual, and full of interesting matter for any one who studies it closely. The ordinations for 1899 show a slight increase on the previous two years but a

THE ANNUAL CHARITIES REGISTER AND DIGEST (3s.) is a book of great importance, and far more that of reference. It is an indispensable guide for any one not only to engage in charitable work, but to do a charity. It is issued for the Charity Organization Society whose practical working has been much criticized justly, but which unquestionably recognizes as no one does the true principles on which charity may be administered. These principles are expounded in a readable introduction by Mr. Losh, and other experts. Introductions to many of the sections. The full list given of all charitable institutions in the country is a fraudulent. There is an exhaustive index and a list of books bearing on charity.

Among annuals we have MORISON'S CHRONICLE OF NEWS, 1899 (Morison, 3s. 6d. n.), by Mr. George F. A useful publication now in its second year. It forms a record of the first stage of the war, which resolves into a chronicle of the unexpected. Thus on Oct. Duke of Devonshire "says the most hopeful sign is that the Transvaal Government does not appear to precipitate any act of aggression." On October Transvaal ultimatum. On October 12 "the Boers in

THE NATAL ALMANAC AND DIRECTORY, 1900 (Pietermaritzburg) is a very exhaustive publication in demand when the inevitable exodus to South Africa after the war.

FICTION.

The British Empire Business.

THE PLUNDERERS, by Morley Roberts (Methuen) Morley Roberts showed from the first, to the discerning had the faculty of the story teller. But his popularity delayed because he had not, at the beginning, chosen the right story to tell. He seemed to come down by a too close study of morbid anatomy jurisprudence; he was too fond of analysing the favourite hero was the abnormal man at war with ment; and a good many unsympathetic readers enough to take the view that these abnormal men were at large, and to refuse to be interested in the tragic eccentric souls. It is a phase that a good many have thought, and Mr. Morley Roberts took longer in passing it than most. It was at its worst when he wrote "The Plunderers"; he had not escaped it when he wrote "Maurice Quain." But then, like a blue, came "A Son of Empire"; and one perceived author had given up morbid analysis for a plain, straightforward narrative of the love of a man for a maid, and both for the expansion of England.

"The Plunderers" belongs to the same category of story of a sort of Jameson raid on the Treasury of Shah, undertaken by a millionaire, a mad doctor, a war correspondent, a dare-devil skipper of the mercantile and some others, because it has been hinted to them that the Foreign Office could make political capital out of an adventure. They succeed by the help of the manager to throw the blame upon the Russians. It is a story, and goes with a gallop from start to finish. "The Plunderers" the paragraphs are as short as in a novel and the method of Dumas is also followed in

raid of Kurds upon a friendly capital would be a scoundrel for whom hanging would be a lenient punishment. To write as if it were an heroic deed, illustrating the best qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, is to overdo the British Empire business, hold up false ideals, and afford a certain colour of justification to the hysterical sermons of the *Echo de Paris* and the *Libre Parole*.

Dickens in Diaguia.

There is a belated Dickens' flavour about Mr. Buchanan's latest novel, *ANDROMEDA* (Chatto, 6s.). This has nothing to do with the period described by the author as "early in the fifth decade of the present century, when the quaint fairy Crinolina was waving her wand over Merry England . . ." but it is obvious in every part of the book that the less attractive mannerisms of the master have been used in the present work without good effect. The main scene of the story is one that would have delighted Dickens—Canvey Island on the mud banks of the Thames not far from Southend. The "characters," too—the old stage innkeeper, Endell, his wife, and the mysterious Andromeda—are all in the old manner. The hero and heroine and the others are the lay figures of the stage—Mr. Buchanan reserves the right of dramatizing the story. The sub-title to "Andromeda" is given rather grandiloquently as "An Idyll of the Great River."

Among the Boers.

There are those who will not read history, however thrilling, unless it be presented in the guise of fiction. By such *CEASE FIRE!* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), a story of the Transvaal War of '81, by J. Maclaren Cobban, will be welcomed. By taking as his hero a young civilian who is ready to carry any one's despatches the author is able to get most of the events of that disastrous campaign on to his canvas, including both the Battle of Ingogo and the siege of Potchefstroom. We make the acquaintance of Sir Owen Lanyon, Sir George Colley, Piet Joubert, and Cronje, who is represented as kicking an innocent man to death. As generally happens in books of this class, the fiction is a mere superfluous exercise on the facts. By reason of its subject the novel invites comparison, which it is not good enough to sustain, with Mr. Rider Haggard's "Jess," in which fact was kept in its proper place as the handmaid of fiction. It is written, however, in a duly patriotic temper.

Mr. Wells' Hunting-ground.

PHARAOH'S BROKER (Pearson, 6s.), by Mr. Ellsworth Douglass, is one of the many novels of the day which takes us to another and still stranger planet, "being the very remarkable experiences in another world of Isidor Werner, written by himself." Dr. Hermann Anderwelt (note the subtle wit of his name), invents a "gravity projectile." There is a farewell to earth, various adventures, and a final chapter to the first book dealing with no less delicate a subject than "The Mystery of a Minus Weight." In the second book we are in another world—Mars, of course—and the writer promises us another such book which shall deal with his and Dr. Anderwelt's experiences in yet another world. After his next journey he will send back a "thorough account of the evolution of life and the advancement of civilization on Venus, so far as Earthly eyes and wits can see and know it." Those who appreciate M. Jules Verne cannot fail to be pleased by Mr. Ellsworth Douglass.

"Comethup."

On the question of probability, we have a quarrel with a recent novel by Mr. Tom Gallon, *COMETHUP* (Hutchinson, 6s.). Making every allowance for the waywardness of the fates, it is hard to believe that they would have allowed any woman

let some sun through to his last pages. He has perfectly possible by fresling 'Ludin, and the glo unnecessary as it is disappointing.

The Purple Patch.

SOUL GRAPES, by J. F. Cornish (Chatto and by no means a thoroughly bad book. There are about it that command attention: the plot is rather hackneyed lines; the story is never dull that the writer had a good grasp, in his own mind characters. The failure lies in his power. Probably Mr. Cornish is an inexperienced writer he has not yet learned the wisdom of abstaining patch. Time will show him how to lay on his color perhaps, and then it is possible that he may novel. At present everything is overdone; the warm to the verge of absurdity; the descriptively marvels of fine writing; the dramatic moments melodramatic. A touch of restraint would be difference in the world to the artistic value novel. Whether it would have improved the question. "Soul Grapes" will probably an amount of popularity.

Essays in Romance.

The author of "The Adventures of Capt always be relied on to produce an exciting st addition to his list of books *THE LOST CONTINENT* lacks none of his qualities, but the environment is romantic. Mr. Cutcliffe Hume tells in his preface who blunders, in a cave at Grand Canary, a valuable historical manuscript that the modern sense," and then he has the courage to give us the "flud," a wonderful story written in the Atlantean, Deucalion. The nerve and energy of the adventures, plots and heroic actions—exc affairs on the Lost Continent—will please all read in a go-as-you-please romance.

"Palermo is like a night blossom which ope first breath of evening," says Mr. E. Phillips O new book, *A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS* (Ward strikes at once the note of Sicilian romance, w story with gay and startling colours. Sicily romance; and of all the romantic aristocr Marionis were the most jealous and the best hat a family, whose beautiful daughter loves an En he guessed that the author of "As a Man necessary ingredients for a conventional rom the most of his materials, and has produced o novel which will be widely read and greatly quickly forgotten. The book is very badly illus

UNCLE PETER (Unwin, 6s.), by Sena Jeb suggests Mr. E. B. James—is called by the aut the nineteenth century. It would be more cor as a novel of about 1850 written by an amateur fo have seldom met with a less mature piece of wor one or two pleasant ideas in it. There is s humour, but to quote it would be too severe a t to apply to so simple a book.

In *THE SUEB'S WEN, A Romance of Lou Annie Thomas* (Mrs. Pender Cudlip) (Chatto 3s. 6d.), we have our old friend the "three approved pattern, cut down and mangled and modern tornado-catcher—in other words, as a

For Boys.

THE RED MEN OF THE DECK, by John Finemore (Pearson, 6s.), is a story which might do for boys. It will not do for grown-up people, if they are in the least critical, for the simple reason that it is a seventeenth-century story related, in the first person, in nineteenth-century English. The anonymous heroes are robbers with red hair who only operate after dark. One of the robbers, not being a bad man at heart, is eventually given £100 to set up in business as an honest man, and lives happily ever afterwards. The scene is laid in Wales, and the story has the usual melodramatic ingredients: fights, elopements, and the pervading impression that if any one is discovered he is lost. Other people may find more pleasure in reading it than we did.

THE FUGITIVE, by J. R. Spears (Downey, 5s.), is a book for boys, and seems to us a good and honest piece of work. The youth of the hero on an American farm, and his subsequent life on board ship, is well and vividly described; it is interesting without the forced, improbable incidents and the ghostly villainies which those who write of adventure so often think necessary to introduce. The latter part, when he is lost on the West African Coast, fails off, losing the touch of life. Nevertheless, Mr. Spears has much promise if, as we suppose, this is an early work, and if he will "stick to his last." We desire particularly to hear more of "the Parson," the sailor in the white linen coat, who bears comparison with John Silver, though a far slighter character. Some of his sayings are good; for instance, this: "The besettin' sin of youth is its eagerness for work when it has hold of a tiller." So is his doleful sailor's song, with the refrain—

But, brethren, in China's the arrack tree,
Come, tap it; come, drink of its sap with me.

"Purposes."

"Labour is always at war with its oppressors," says the hero of Mr. Albert R. Carran's novel, **THE PREPARATION OF RYERSON EMPIREY** (Unwin, 3s. 6d. n.), and his phrase is the *motif* of a rather dull book. The labour question as it presents itself to a young gentleman of "the Canadian college-town of Ilhaca" is dealt with pretty freely, and when that subject wanes in interest there are the loves of Ryerson and Grace to engage the reader. Mr. Carran boldly calls his novel "A Purpose," and, therefore, it should perhaps not be criticized as a work of art.

POLLY OF PARKER'S RENTS, by G. P. Kimmins (Sister Grace) (James Bowden, 3s. 6d.), may be supposed to have a purpose and may be said to accomplish it. The purpose, we presume, is to excite interest and benevolence towards the unfortunate children of the slums of South London. The writer evidently knows them well, and her description has merit. Without in the least glossing over the miseries of their life, she contrives to avoid the pessimism of, say, Mr. Gissing, and to impress, not only the need, but the success, of such efforts as are made to help them. There is no preaching, and the story is well worth reading apart from its subject. Polly is a good and sympathetic character, and several others are well sketched.

Correspondence.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT BILL.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. G. Herbert Thring appears to have taken the new Copyright Bill under his protection, and I observe with great

draft, and in the papers laid before Parliament in connexion with the Berne Convention it is stated that delegates that this draft scheme "would form a basis for a Bill to be prepared by the Government."

From 1881 till 1897 the Copyright Association busily occupied in improving this draft, and called together a composite committee, representing interests involved in copyright, to revise it once more.

The Authors' Society were invited to join in the Thring and two colleagues attended the first meeting, but formally withdrew on the ground that they did not "the time was ripe for taking any steps with consolidation of the Copyright Acts." We read their decision, and requested them to reconsider it, but to do so.

I was chairman of the joint committee which laboured for many months and in the end produced a Bill was introduced by Lord Herschell in the House of Lords and the Authors' Society's amending Bill referred to a strong committee, of which Lord Thring was chairman. Lord Herschell, however, was shortly appointed President of the British North America and Lord Monkswell, who has rendered valuable service on the subject, succeeded him as chairman of the committee. The Bills were thoroughly examined, much new ground was taken, and in the end the committee decided to recommend the literary and artistic copyright, and Lord Thring undertook to bring forward both Bills, giving precedence to the literary part.

It would be presumptuous in me to praise the Bill thus done; I can only hope that all who are interested in literary property will appreciate as highly as does the Copyright Association the inestimable service which he has done for them.

The Bill prepared by the Copyright Association has been withdrawn (as stated by Mr. Thring). It has passed through various successive stages, and has finally been re-introduced, greatly simplified by Lord Thring, but the main principle (such, e.g., as the division of literary property into different branches) were first introduced by the Bill which I had the honour of presiding over.

Last summer, when the Bill was in the hands of the House of Lords, Professor Mavor, of Toronto, timely arrived, bearing a proposed compromise-standstill Canadian difficulties on behalf of the Canadian Authors' Association. At the request of the Copyright Association he gave this point to the committee, and his proposal is embodied in the Bill which was reported by the committee to the House of Lords last summer, and during the Recess has been referred to the H.M. Government to the Colonies for their opinion and approval.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN

50, Albemarle-street, March 19, 1900.

TRISTAN AND ISEULT.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The review of "Tristan and Iseult" in the 17th inst. contains the strange statement that "Arnold in celebrating Iseult of the White Hands forgot the Iseult of Ireland." My impression of the poem is that, in a setting of great beauty in which Brittany plays her somewhat pale and ineffectual part, has placed one of the finest jewels of English

devoted to her, though less in number, exhibit her as a figure really more significant than the gentle Iscult of the White Hands.

Yours faithfully, W. G. WATERS,

7, Mansfield-street, Portland-place, W., March 19, 1900.

LIBRARIES IN QUEENSLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, In your issue of January 6 is an extract from the *Library* stating that "in Queensland there are at present no public libraries at all." This is misleading when taken in conjunction with particulars given in the same note of the totals of books contained in libraries in N. S. Wales, Victoria, &c. Libraries in the Australian colonies are located in institutions variously entitled School of Arts, Mechanics' Institute, Athenaeum, public library, &c., and the figures quoted must have included such books to arrive at the totals given. Why, then, when making a comparison exclude such institutions in Queensland? For in that colony there are a considerable number of libraries located in the same manner (over sixty, to my knowledge), several of which are supplied with books by the firm of which I am the Sydney manager. All these are open to the public on payment of a subscription precisely in the same way as in the other colonies, which, however, have the two exceptions of the Melbourne Public Library and the Sydney Free Public Library, which are free.

Brisbane now has a public library, established over two years, although not yet in its permanent home. Whether this is free or not I do not know—but it probably is.

Yours faithfully, J. A. OGLE.

333, George-street, Sydney, N.S.W., Feb. 13, 1900.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND HIS CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—First of all, let me confess that I am a great admirer of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's prose. Whether it faithfully reflects Indian life or not, his prose has in it many of the elements which go to the making of literature that is really great. And I fancy that in fifty years' time we (that is, those of us who have the good fortune to live so long) shall find at least two living writers of fiction taking their place amongst undying English classics. One of them will be George Meredith; the other Rudyard Kipling.

And now perhaps I may be permitted to indulge in one little bit of fault-finding. I never pick up "Plain Tales from the Hills" without a feeling of regret that in it Mr. Kipling should have spoken contemptuously of the man who has done more than any other Englishman to make this nineteenth century for ever memorable in the annals of thought.

In the little tale which chronicles "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin" Mr. Kipling tells us that McGoggin the atheist "had read some books written by a man called Comte, I think, and a man called Spencer. (You will find these books in the library.)" I should rather think you *would* find in any library worthy of the name the works of the most eminent of all English philosophers—Herbert Spencer. And it is a great pity Mr. Kipling himself did not "find these books in the library," and look carefully into them before committing himself to ludicrous misrepresentations of their contents. These works, he tells us, "deal with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs"—that is, they deal with religion from the point of view of men who have no vestige of religious feeling. They gave McGoggin, we are informed, "a rarefied religion" which "was not much of a creed," since it proved

everywhere manifested, to which [the man of science] find nor conceive beginning or end. Amid the besome the more mysterious the more they are there will remain *the one absolute certainty* the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from proceed." The Italics are mine. Here is another "Principles," which we will take down in order. Spencer says of that atheism which Mr. Kipling upon him. "Thus" (we read in § 11) "the is not only absolutely unthinkable, but, even if it would not be a solution."

The grossness of the error of bracketing Sp. Auguste Comte as an opponent of religion was realized when we remember that about sixteen years ago Spencer engaged in a battle royal on this very most brilliant of Comte's disciples—Mr. Frederic Mr. Kipling will accompany us, we will seek the ing the reviews, and will take down the *Nineteen* 1884. There we shall find our great thinker dealt with Mr. Frederic Harrison and Comtism significantly entitled "Retrospective Religion," had attacked Spencer under the heading "Religion," and in his reply (page 7) the famous "I may say that he [Mr. Harrison] has with weapon through and through the 'Ghost of Religion' it is only the ghost; the reality stands unscathed."

Mr. Kipling's reference to the most famous "a man called Spencer" reminds me of an experience I had, not long ago, on board an Or. widow of a late Indian official asked me why must be such an unpleasant country to live in. I had gathered the impression from the works of B. Whereupon she administered a mild rebuke "believed the reports of 'this man Kipling,' never heard! Evidently this unfortunate lady with current literature was very limited indeed. Kipling's acquaintance with current philosophy.

In conclusion, I earnestly hope I may be forgiven for spoken somewhat strongly in defence of a philosopher whom I admire and revere above all men. Mr. Kipling exceedingly popular; hence the exceptional injury they misrepresent another man's religious views.

Yours faithfully, GEORGE

Newlyn, Chester-road, Erdington, Warwickshire,
March, 1900.

MR. "W. H."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your correspondent seems to be unaware that the Earl of Southampton really lived as a commoner for a long time, and was restored to his rank by a new creation, as a result of official acts of King James I. in England; he had been created in 1598 by Queen Elizabeth. But I do not assent to "W. H." with this earl, preferring to regard him as representing the real dedicatior, leaving "T. T." in a subordinate position as sympathizing "well-wisher." In the case of the Dowager Countess, would come of her personality, possibly including the only poem "Sonnets" then in existence. The Countess died in 1792, her retention till then of the MSS. will fairly account for a delay in their publication. As to the "lovely boy" only in the *envoi* or concluding sonnet, No. 21.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The sixty-second volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Williamson-Worden) appears on Monday; the sixty-third and last volume (Wordsworth-Zuleistan) is due on June 26th. It has been generally supposed that there would be two supplementary volumes to include the names of notabilities who have died since the publication of the series began, sixteen years ago; but Messrs. Smith, Elder think it possible that three supplementary volumes may be needed to complete the work.

Mr. Murray has two new volumes of the "definitive edition" of Byron in the press, one being the third volume of poetry, including "The Glour," "Bride of Abydos," and "Corsair;" and the other the fourth volume of letters, bringing them down to the end of 1820. The first volume will probably appear before Easter, and the other a week or so later.

Yet once again among Mr. Unwin's list of announcements we find "The Welsh People: Their Origin, Language, and History," by Mr. D. Brynmor Jones, Q.C., M.P., and Professor (and Principal) John Rhys. The book is now at last to appear. It has been forthcoming ever since the publication of the voluminous Report of the Welsh Land Commission, wherein the impatient may seek, it is understood, the substance of the coming treatise. Another welcome work from Professor Rhys' pen is announced by the Clarendon Press—"Celtic Folk-Lore, Welsh and Manx," Wales' share in the Celtic Renaissance lags somewhat, and there is at present no adequate collection of Welsh folk-lore.

We gave in an earlier number some account of Mr. W. H. Mallock's book, to be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, on "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption." Many of Mr. Mallock's admirers will perhaps prefer to meet him more in the vein in which they first made his acquaintance, in his forthcoming version from Lucretius in the metre of FitzGerald's Omar, announced by the same firm. The idea is a happy one, and well adapted to Mr. Mallock's gifts. The title of the book will be "Lucretius on Life and Death, in the Manner of Omar Khayyam."

An important book on the war announced this week is an illustrated narrative of "The War to Date" (to Majuba Day), by Mr. A. H. Sewie, which Mr. Unwin expects to have ready in about a fortnight, and it will be followed by one or more volumes dealing with the later developments of the campaign. It will contain casualty lists, "Who's Who at the Front," a summary of Boer history, and memoirs of Kruger, Joubert, Cronje, and other Boer celebrities.

On the 25th March the first volume of Francisque Sarcely's "Quarante Ans de Théâtre" will appear. It will contain a series of essays and studies on the Comédie Française from Arsène Houssaye to Jules Claretie. These recollections will fill seven volumes, dealing with modern dramatists from Dumas père to Sardou and Pailleron, le Théâtre Libre and Ibsen, and the great actors of the century.

Mr. H. F. Wilson, of the Colonial Office, had undertaken to write the volume on "Sir Stamford Raffles: England in the Far East" for Mr. Unwin's "Builders of Greater Britain" Series, but, having been called out to assist Sir Alfred Milner at the Cape, he has handed over his materials to Mr. Hugh E. Egerton, the author of "A History of British Colonial Policy."

Of the library edition of the works of Gilbert White, including "Selborne," edited by Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, and "A Garden Kalendar," with an introduction by Dean Hole, which Mr. Freeman is publishing, 150 copies (the whole of the large paper edition) at £7 net for the two volumes, have been disposed of before the date of publication. The ordinary edition will be ready at the beginning of May.

The *Periodical*, the chatty trade circular of the Clarendon

of Bushman Folk-Lore," by Dr. W. H. J. Bloek and Lloyd (containing text and translation, with a picture of George McCall Thoin; Vol. III, of "A Dictionary of Quotations (French and Italian)," by Colonel P. H. Le and T. B. Hachette to be ready next month; in the Library of Philosophy, "A History of Ethical Professor E. Albee, and "Phenomenology of the S. W. F. Hegel, translated by James Black Badde, M. "A History of Contemporary Philosophy," by Dr. translated by Professor W. Hammond, of Cornell Vol. III, of Professor W. Windt's "Ethics," by Professor E. B. Titchener, of Cornell University; Records of the Nativity," by James Thomas, who in next volume in the Social England Series will "Chivalry," by F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Course of Industrial Empire," by R. W. Cooke. "The English Manor," by Professor Vinogradoff.

Among the spring books of Mr. Fisher Unwin announced in *Literature* are "Shakespeare the Professor Goldwin Smith (an attempt to indicate personality in the text of his plays), and "The Comp. Mathilde Blind," edited by Arthur Symonds, with an by Dr. Garnett. This will be the first complete published of Mathilde Blind's poems, and will run pages. The next volume of the Story of the Nation probably be "Norway," by Professor Hjalmar H. "Modern Egypt," by Sir John Scott, as origin Sir John Scott's volume will follow later. Mr. Alpine book in hand by Mr. George Yeld, editor of *Journal*. It is entitled "Scrimides in the East and includes the author's contributions to the *Alpine* the district in question. Mr. Unwin's books will the "Diary of a Dreamer," by Mrs. Dew-Smith (an blindness of an Amateur Gardener"), and "The Life of Susan B. Anthony," by Ida Husted Harper. She was born in Massachusetts 80 years ago, and practically amounts to a history of the evolution *status* in the nineteenth century.

SPORT. A timely book on Oxford rowing, by a Rev. W. E. Sherwood, is about to be published by Mr. Sherwood rowed No. 6 in 1873, the year in which were first used, and No. 3 in 1874, the last year run of Cambridge wins. The history is followed the racing, giving the chart of the eights and hen from 1821, which goes back thirteen years earlier "official chart." Full details are given of the skulls, clinker fours, trial eights, and all Henley with a list of University crews and of members of committee. Many of the facts are published for the

Mr. Grant Richards announces two sporting Great Game and How It is Played: a Treatise of Tales," by Mr. Edward Spencer ("Nathaniel of "The Sport of Kings," by "The British Year *Sporting Times*, Mr. William Searth Dixon, which hunting man's year from January to December.

The April number of the *Captain* will publish a poem called "A Lay of Boat-Racing," by "Tom Brown's School Days," the late Judge describes, in swinging "Macaulay" style, how men beat eight Cambridge men on June 21, 1843.

Mr. Arnold has in preparation a critical study by Professor Walter Raleigh.

The next two volumes of Dent's International probably be "The Greek Drama," by Mr. L. Assistant-Keeper of Oriental MSS. in the British "A History of the English Church," by Dean Spe

Messrs. Methuen are publishing a new volume, of Mr. Collingwood's "Life of John Ruskin published by them in two volumes. The work has been and brought to the date of Mr. Ruskin's death.

and Swan, of Newcastle-on-Tyne) are bringing out a work on Lower Egypt, to be entitled "From the Egypt Rauleh," by the Rev. Alexander A. Boddy, the author of "With Russian Pilgrims."

A volume of collected poems, by Miss Arabella Shore, called "First and Last Poems," will be published by Mr. Grant Richards on April 3rd.

Professor Hugh Walker, St. David's College, Lampeter, has just left for America to deliver a course of lectures on English literature in the Universities of the Eastern States.

With reference to the correspondence on a bookstall censorship which appeared in this column in our last issue Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins writes from the office of the Society of Authors:—

Will you allow me to state that it was not by any action of the Committee of the Society of Authors or of my own that Mr. Mullett Ellis' letter to the Committee and my reply to him appeared in your last issue? I have no authority from the Committee to enter on a public discussion with Mr. Ellis, and permission to publish my letter was neither sought nor obtained.

Mr. Mullett Ellis sends us the following letter, which he has addressed to Mr. Anthony Hope, under date March 20, 1900:—

Dear Sir, You have been good enough to inform me that you have written to the editor of *Literature* respecting the publication of our last week's letters without permission.

No permission surely was necessary. The correspondence is a development of earlier correspondence published in the *Author* and the *Academy* upon intended "resolutions" that were printed and widely circulated by the committee of the Authors' Society. Your letter was not marked "private" nor were the contents of a private nature, but related to occurrences at a public meeting of the society.

Your letter of March 13th, though it almost disarms me by its courtesy, is, however, no explanation of the inconsistent action of the committee. It is undeniable that I was the exponent of the policy of the committee, my resolutions having been framed in collaboration with the then chairman of your committee, and approved by one of the most eminent lawyers upon your council. And yet, at the annual general meeting, the committee, speaking through the Chair, suddenly abandoned its policy and threw me over.

I have forwarded a copy of this to the editor and I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

T. MULLETT ELLIS

To Anthony Hope Hawkins, Esq.

Books to look out for at once.

- HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—
 "France Since 1814." By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Hall, 6s.
 "History of Scotland." Vol. 1. By Andrew Lang. 1s.
 "Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. 63. Smith, Elder.
 "Shakespeare: the Man." By Prof. Goldwin Smith.
 THE CHURCH AND THEOLOGY—
 "Popular History of the Church of England." By the Rev. Murray. 6s.
 "The History of the Book of Common Prayer." By the Rev. Pullan, M.A. Longmans.
 WAR AND SPORT—
 "The Natal Campaign." By Bennett Burleigh. Chapman.
 "On the Eve of War." By Evelyn Cecil, M.P. Murray.
 "Oxford Rowing." By the Rev. W. E. Sherwood. F. and J. B. Scott.
 SCIENCE—
 "The Echinoderma." Part III. By F. A. Bather, M.A., J. W. Gregory, D.Sc., and E. S. Goodrich, M.A. Black, 15s.
 "Sexual Dimorphism in the Animal Kingdom." By J. M. H. A. and C. Black. 12s. 6d.
 "Advanced Inorganic Practical Chemistry" (Organized by W. B. Clive. 2s.
 "Outlines of the Comparative Physiology and Morphology." By Joseph Le Conte. Gay and Bird. 7s. 6d.
 FICTION—
 "The Green Flag and other Stories of War and Sport." By Doyle, Smith, Elder, 6s.
 "Arden Massiter." By Wm. Barry. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
 "Trials of the Bantocks." By G. S. Street. Lane. 9s.
 "The Kings of the East." By Sydney C. Grier. Black.
 REPRINTS—
 "Some Fruits of Solitude." By William Penn, with an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Freeman, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.
 "The Life of Ruskin." By W. G. Collingwood. (2 vols. revised). Methuen, 6s.
 "Tilbury Nogo." By Whyte-Melville. Ward, Lock.
 "Guide to London." 20th Edition. Ward, Lock. 1s.
 MISCELLANEOUS—
 "Early Childhood." By Miss Macmillan. Sonnenschein.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
Correggio. Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. By Selwyn Selwyn. 8½ x 5½ in., 117 pp. London, 1900. Bell, 5s. 6d.
Art in Needlework. By Lewis Day and Mary Buckle. 7½ x 5½ in., 272 pp. London, 1900. Batsford, 5s. 6d.
- DRAMA.**
The Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau. By the late Isabel Lady Burton. Ed. by H. H. Wilkinson. 7½ x 5½ in., 226 pp. London, 1900. Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.
- ECONOMICS.**
Monopolies and Trusts. By H. T. Ely. Ph.D., LL.D. 7½ x 5½ in., 278 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 6s. 6d.
- Democracy and Empire.** By F. H. Giddings. Ph.D. 8½ x 6½ in., 323 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 8s. 6d. n.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
English Poetry for Schools. Book II.—Secondary. Ed. by G. Cookson. 7½ x 5½ in., 346 pp. London, 1900. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
- FICTION.**
The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. 7½ x 5½ in., 364 pp. London, 1900. Grant Richards, 6s.
The Wallet of Kal Lung. By Ernest Bramah. 7½ x 5½ in., 337 pp. London, 1900. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Hearts Impertunate.** By Evelyn Dickenson. 7½ x 5½ in., 307 pp. London, 1900. Heinemann, 6s.
Roy of Roy's Court. New Ed. By H. H. Stall. 7½ x 5½ in., 287 pp. London, 1900. Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.
Le Roman d'un Petit Vieux. By Madame Lescoq. 7½ x 4½ in., 351 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Lévy, Fr.3.50.
Réhabilitée. By Henry Monnoyeur. 7½ x 4½ in., 312 pp. Paris, 1900. Plon, Fr.3.50.
Contes Briards. By Le Caldine. 7½ x 4½ in., 302 pp. Paris, 1900. Société Libre d'Édition des Œuvres de LeVrois, Fr.3.50.
- HISTORY.**
A History of the English Church, 1640-1660. 2 vols. By W. A. Shaw. 11½ x 8½ in., 284 + 707 pp. London, 1900. Longmans, 39s.
A Brief History of Eastern Asia. By I. C. Hanna. 7½ x 5½ in., 303 pp. London, 1900. Unwin, 7s. 6d.
The Rise of the Russian Empire. By Hector H. Munro. 9s. 6d., 336 pp. London, 1900. Grant Richards, 10s. 6d.
Year-Books of the Reign of King Edward the Third, Year XVI.—Second Part. Ed. and Translated by Luke Owen Pike. 10 x 6½ in., xiv + 453 pp. London, 1900. Spottiswoode, 10s.
- The Official Year-Book of the Church of England for 1900.** 8½ x 5½ in., 600 pp. London, 1900. S.P.C.K., 3s.
L'Amour du Prochain. By Pierre Gaidagne. Dessins de Lucien Métivet. 7½ x 6½ in., 271 pp. Paris, 1900. Glendortz, Fr.3.50.
- PHILOSOPHY.**
Les Causes Sociales de la Folie. By G. L. Duprat. 7½ x 4½ in., 203 pp. Paris, 1900. Alcan, Fr.2.50.
L'Évolution du Droit et la Conscience Sociale. By L. Tanon. 7½ x 4½ in., 191 pp. Paris, 1900. Alcan, Fr.2.50.
- POETRY.**
Three Clanranalds. Highland Tales. By Morar. 7½ x 5½ in., 110 pp. London, 1900. Unwin, 6s.
In Time of War. By R. C. Trunch. D.D. 7½ x 5½ in., 41 pp. London, 1900. Regan Paul, 6d.
Rhymes, Old and New. Collected by M. E. S. Wright. 7½ x 5½ in., 124 pp. London, 1900. Unwin, 3s. 6d. n.
- Rosemary Songs and Sonnets.** By Edith Robinson. 7½ x 5½ in., 61 pp. London, 1900. H. Marshall, 1s.
- POLITICAL.**
Queen or President? By S. M. Gluckstein. 7½ x 5½ in., 178 pp. London, 1900. Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.
- REPRINTS.**
A Shropshire Houseman. 6½ x 3½ in., 100 pp. Grant Richards, 1s.
SCIENCE.
The Theory of Dissolution. 8 x 5½ in., 280 pp. Grant Richards, 1s.
SOCIOLOGY.
La France au Moral. By A. J. A. 6½ in., 406 pp. Grant Richards, 1s.
Du Rôle Colonial. By Colonel Lyautey. 40 pp. Grant Richards, 1s.
La Nation et l'Un Colonial. 7½ x 5½ in., 100 pp. Grant Richards, 1s.
SPO.
Pink and Scar. A School for Scar. By J. J. Col. E. A. H. 9 x 6½ in., 217 pp. Grant Richards, 1s.
THEOLOGY.
A Textual Commentary on the Holy Gospels. By St. Matthew. By St. Mark. By St. Luke. 6½ in., 118 pp. Grant Richards, 1s.
Ethics and Religion. By Secley, Dr. Felix. 7½ x 5½ in., 334 pp. Grant Richards, 1s.
Outlines of the History of Religion. By Secley, Dr. Felix. 7½ x 5½ in., 334 pp. Grant Richards, 1s.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 128. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We are criticizing, in another column, various books about the war. The rapidity with which they have been turned out is characteristic of the age in which we live. It is obviously important for the writers to get their books on the market before the public begins to think of something else—of the Senussi, for example, or of the Indian famine, or of the French Exhibition. Very different were the methods of Kinglake and Napier; and very different also were their writings. That we shall ever get back to the old leisurely style of writing the histories of wars is, perhaps, too much to hope for; but there is an alternative hope in which the sanguine may indulge. Possibly, as organisms adjust themselves to their environments, we may develop a new type of writer who will be able to be judicious on the spur of the moment, and to give the results of mature reflection without stopping to reflect. We have hardly developed him yet.

* * * *

The price fetched by the First Folio Shakespeare (£1,125) at the sale of Mr. Daly's library at New York this week was not, as stated in Reuter's telegram, a record. A remarkably fine

copy is now in the possession of the Cape Town Free Public Library, having been presented (with many other rare volumes) to that institution by Sir George Grey at the time of its foundation.

Mr. Henley in the *Pall Mall Magazine* touches an unusual point and learning on Parsy's appropriation of Seaman. Mr. Seaman is our leading master of parody; had done nothing else he would have established a reputation for the line which Mr. Henley quotes, crystallizing for a moment in the manner of a certain lady who is somewhat too exacting in her phrases:—

The vital movement of grass is towards reticence
than greenness.

Mr. Henley skims some of the cream off English parody; we do not always like his quotations. Surely the "grinder" of "The Antijacobin" sinks into dulness!

Oh, who hath seen the mailed lobster rise,

Clap her broad wings, and, soaring, claim the sky!

And if he takes us back to Shakespeare, might he not have started from Chaucer? Shakespeare on the English is quite as happy as Shakespeare on Marlowe. Then the "gulling sonnets" of Shakespeare's day, and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* and *Rehearsal*. Also the rich output of the Universities in our day—Thackeray, "The Light Green" and the "from which sprang Mr. Owen Seaman himself; another shop," the *Oxford Spectator*, the "Shotover Park" the *Oxford Magazine*. All these we miss. But to a five pages is perhaps exacting. Mr. Henley runs quick space requires, through many of the chief parodist quotations from them, avowing all the time that he has not read each of them by. This, we suppose, is the trick of style of the vivacious *causeur*. But why, when Mr. Henley says "Somebody whose name I do not remember," "Somebody—dout je ne scays plus le nom" instead?

* * * *

The French Ambassador was the guest of the Australian on Monday. Lord Monkswell proposed his health in English; Cambon replied in French. He naturally did not talk of the war, but there was perhaps some political implication in the mention of the men of letters of the two countries as the pillars of the religion of thought, and in his appeal to them to guard the flame of that essentially pacific cult from the storm of the war. It would have been too much to expect the Ambassador to mention the newspapers in whose columns those storm-tossed letters often do manage to remain at harmony when the two nations are fighting. As we once pointed out

said that Napoleon's memory was cherished by English no less than by French authors owing to the fact that he once hanged a publisher. And he made haste to add that the susceptibilities of neither people could be hurt by the recollection, seeing that the publisher in question was a German publisher. In addition to Lord Monkswell and Mr. Bigelow, the company assembled to meet Mr. Cambon included Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Percy White, Colonel Taylor, Mr. Bradbrook, C.B., Mr. J. M. Lely, Dr. Tom Robinson, Mr. Francis Gribble, Mr. Horace Wyndham, Mr. Carlton Dawe, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, and Mr. Charles Garvice.

Our pleasant contemporary *Country Life* has been struck with sadness, and we regret to say that we are the cause of it. We said that Mr. Nutt's establishment in the Strand was going to be transplanted to "what *Literature*—yes, *Literature*—calls 'more commodious premises' in Long Acre." Our contemporary gives vent to its sorrow at our use of the "hideous phrase," and tells us that "commodious" is "a painfully commercial synonym for comfortable," and that "houses are not premises until they have been described in the earlier part of a document, and that premises may be anything rather than houses. We looked to *Literature* to preserve the pure well of English undefiled. It is very sad." We hasten to offer consolation to the writer in *Country Life*, and to assure him that he need not be depressed, for, as a matter of fact, none of his statements are correct.

Commodious is not a "synonym" of "comfortable," for it bears the special meaning (see the Dictionaries), which the latter has not, of "roomy, spacious." Nor is it painfully commercial. It is an old English word used continuously from the fifteenth century, and used of places or buildings at a much earlier date than "comfortable." As to "premises," no one, of course, can be ignorant of its derivation. But it is not true, even in legal phraseology, that "houses are not premises until they have been described in the earlier part of a document." The word has long been used in its derivative sense both in legal documents and Acts of Parliament; and judicial decisions have sanctioned its use as implying land, &c., "in immediate connexion with a mansion," even when nothing has been mentioned "in the earlier part of a document" to which it could refer. But whatever its legal use, no one can doubt that it is absolutely justified by the "jus et norma loquendi." As a word in common speech it means, as the Century Dictionary defines it, "a house or building and the outhouses and places belonging to it." It has been so used universally for at least fifty years; and, in default of other instances to hand at the moment, we may fortify ourselves, as the "Century" fortifies itself, by the authority of Hawthorne, in "The House of the Seven Gables." To refuse it this meaning at this time of day and to call it "simply hopelessly wrong" is surely, to use the mildest term we can think of, pedantic. Having thus conclusively proved ourselves in the right, we cheerfully agree that the expression is not a very good one, and thank our contemporary for calling our attention to it.

Messrs. Hutchinson have had to increase the first English edition of Miss Fowler's forthcoming novel, "The Farringdons," to the large number of 25,000. It will reintroduce, we learn, some of her readers' old friends in her former book, "Concerning

Arthur and Lancelot and Tristram. This, no cry from "Isabel Carnaby."

It is very good news that Mr. Henley's "Tudor Translations," published by Mr. Nutt with Erquhart's "Rabelais" as originally intended, include that famous classic Lord Berners' selection was made recently for Messrs. Macaulay Series by Mr. G. C. Macaulay, with the not inapt title—*«Nouveau traductions»*. But Lord Berners' English classic that bookmen will not be so selections. Of the whole work there has been the early years of the century, and that, as I said, was at a high price and in an inconvenient form. Henley's promised edition will fill the gap. The room for a complete and more accurate translation from the fine, scholarly, new French edition of Lettenhove.

Under the pseudonym of "Rosemonde" Cécile Edmond Rostand published previous to her maidenly verses, entitled "Les Pipeaux." Also appeared "Les Musardises," an early collection of the now celebrated author of *Cyrano* and *Le Tourneur*. Rostand is also a gifted reciter. I recently admired the unaffected charm of her recitation at literary evenings in the Boulevard St. Michel. Gernod's clear, musical voice was often heard in her own graceful lyrics. During their engagements poets exchanged much poetry. In some lines by Edmond Rostand I plended his cause with him summing up in favour of a poor artist possessing love and his verses he adds:—

Mais celui pour lequel je plaide,
Peut-être savez-vous qui c'est,—
En revanche, si l'amour l'aide,
Peut un jour devenir—qui sait ?

Lors ma gloire, vous l'aurez fait
Si je suis un poète, un vrai,
Vous pourrez vous en faire fête
C'est à vous que je le devrai.

The symbolic name of "The Eaglet," by the gift given to the young King of Rome by Victor Hugo in "L'Aiglon" he treats of the downfall of Napoleon to the headlong descent from the heights of a

Chacun selon ses dents, se partagea la
L'Angleterre prit l'aigle et l'Autriche

Since writing our note last week on the subject of exploration, the announcement has been made that a Scottish expedition is about to be organized to work in conjunction with the British and German expeditions. Its sphere will be the Weddell Sea Quadrant of the Atlantic Ocean, while the British expedition will direct its energies to the south of the Pacific Ocean, and the German to the south of the Indian Ocean.

Messrs. Newnes, as well as Mr. Stead, are publishing a penny public with Tennyson's poems. They have made a selection in their "Monster" Series about a hundred poems. We understand that the masses have taken it up

Mr. Alfred Nutt writes:—

Allow me to correct a singular error into which the writer of the article entitled *Plotæ Regum Arthurus* has fallen. He states that the Thomas whose lost Tristan poem was used by Gottfried of Strassburg is Thomas the Rhymor of Kerdonne (who lived, as a matter of fact, some 150 years later than Gottfried), instead of Thomas of Britannia, the latter word connoting in all probability Britain and not Brittany.

We are glad to see that Mr. Hutchinson has resumed the practice of publishing translations of the works from which M. Imbert de Saint Amand has collected the gossip of the various French Courts. "Napoleon III. and his Court" is principally concerned with the Crimean War, and we note with satisfaction that the author does not exalt the military exploits of his own countrymen at the expense of those of their companions in arms. "Louis Napoleon and Mlle. de Montijo," translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, is a biography of the Emperor and Empress to the date of their marriage. The account of the Empress's earlier days is so pleasing that it seems a pity that the story should break off just when it becomes most interesting. The Empress, however, demands a much larger canvas than Mlle. de Montijo. The book is valuable chiefly as a biography of Louis Napoleon before he came to the throne. M. de Saint Amand's book is that of a sympathetic and—sometimes candid—friend who is willing to excuse what he cannot admire. Still, it is hard to judge a man who "looked like a sphinx, and not always able to guess his own riddle." To do justice to him one needs a review of the state of France from 1815 to 1848, but the book does not include any such survey. The translation is idiomatic; but we do not speak of "affronting tempests" in English, but of facing them, and we do not use the word "*souvenirs*" when recollections, traditions, or old associations are intended. Nor is "Count Eglington" an English title. Why does not Mr. Hutchinson give us translations of some of M. de Saint Amand's earlier works? The one, for example, which tells the story of the romantic adventure of the Duchess de Berry in La Vendée would be very welcome. It reads like a novel, and relates an episode that is very little known to English readers.

Many of the books submitted for the Publishers' Association's exhibit at Paris have been rejected by the British Commissioners—as announced at the annual meeting of the association the other day—owing to the strict limits of available space. The selected books have been catalogued and forwarded to Paris. All told there will be 267 books, as well as twenty-four Bibles and Prayer-books which are catalogued separately and thirty-two musical publications. Messrs. Macmillan have the largest number of books in the list (twenty-nine), being represented, among other things, by three of their editions of Shakespeare (the "Cambridge," "Eversley," and "Globe"); the *édition de luxe* and the illustrated edition of Tennyson's works; and the *édition de luxe* of Kipling's "The Day's Work." Shakespeare very properly occupies a leading place in the exhibit, there being three other editions of his works besides those sent by Macmillan—the Kelmscott edition, printed with the original spelling, the illustrated edition published by Messrs. Dent, and Messrs. Constable's edition, edited by Messrs. Doubleday, Foster, and Elson. There are several other Shakespearian items, notably the *Life* by Sidney Lee, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, who will also be represented by the "Dictionary of National Biography," the *Etchingham Letters*, and six other works. Mr. Murray naturally sends his editions of Byron; and among his six other items is the romantic

Sir H. Maxwell's "Life of Wellington"; Messrs. Constable seven (including "Select George Meredith"), and Messrs. Methuen seven ("Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson"). Fiction is a very prominent part in the exhibit, though there are specimens of shilling editions from various publishers and fifty-six publishers and fifty-three printers are

One might have thought that, with so much war daily papers, people would have wanted reading character in the weekly miscellanies. *Propheetic* magazines. If editors gauge their taste *War-Stories*, however, they are still insatiable for the salient literary feature of the moment is which forecasts the issue of some war that may break out in the immediate future. Several such appearing serially at the present hour in publication in their general tone and tendency as *Pearson's Macmillan's Magazine*; others are announced. doubt, we shall be pelted with them in volume to meantime it is interesting to note their gradual eye list begins, of course, with Sir George Chesney's "Dorking." This was really a pamphlet put in the form because that was the form in which it seemed to attract attention. It was, in fact, a novel with a purpose being to show how inadequate and slipshod military organization, and how weak our second line. It had, as it deserved to have, an enormous sale; in part in bringing military reform within the range of politics. Another book of much later date which has slighter, claims to praise was by Mr. William LeC author was hardly to be called a military expert; studied his subject with some care, and pointed out success, in what respects England was vulnerable. Himself is said to have expressed a guarded approval. It set a fashion, however, for a number of writers particular interest in military reforms, and, in ignorance than knowledge of military subjects. They write to instruct but to startle—sometimes to quicke with pride, and sometimes to make our flesh creep. Mr. Louis Tracy's "The Final War" from the first last was written to the tune of "Rule, Britannia"; the most impossible things happen. Our Indian example, invaded Russia by way of Central Asia. To a prophetic story of a Boer War by Mr. George G was of an even more amazing character, and full of absurdities which recent experience has put to the first care of the British in that war was to arm the treat heavy naval guns as field artillery; and their was to capture President Kruger with a lasso. There could be said of this sort of thing, however, was that it was all done in such blatant high spirits that the victims of Anglo-Saxon prowess could hardly take unless they were very thin-skinned indeed. Not so the lucubrations in which French writers are now. The author of "La Guerre Anglo-Franco-Russe," before us, does not write to promote military reform he write for the fun of the thing. On the contrary, deadly earnest, and hounds his countrymen on to w off the face of the globe. His preface shows his hand, he assures his readers with all the emphasis of it easily become a reality:

Tout menace de croquer dans l'édifice anglais; l'étoile et la charpente croque La Guerre

Personal Views.

TWO NOVELISTS OF MANNERS.

The fiction of past generations is a prevalent subject for literary gossip wherein Miss Austen receives due attention, attention which has increased since the note of disparagement recently sounded by a daring essayist. A select few still read her from preference, and advertise this preference freely. Others read her—with much skipping—because it is a correct attitude, and these are equally vocal. References have recently appeared to another novelist of manners who has fallen into undeserved neglect—Anthony Trollope, but his commentators are too youthful to appreciate one who appeals chiefly to men on the downward slope, those who read "The Three Clerks" and "Barchester Towers" when they first appeared and longed for the instalments of "Framley Parsonage" and "The Claverings" in the *Cornhill Magazine*. It is easy to understand how those who could find the doubles of the Bertrams, the Woodhouses, and the Bennetts amongst their acquaintances, and could fit upon certain of these the caps of Miss Bates or Mr. Collins or Mrs. Elton, fell under Miss Austen's fascination. Fifty years ago they were a larger body relatively than they are now, but that the band of her worshippers is still a goodly and a distinguished one proves the vitality of the charm which is potent, even when delineating a social picture foreign to anything our experience can supply. We, as general readers, may marvel at the skill with which such figures as Mr. Darcy and Mr. Collins and Mrs. Bennett are presented; but we cannot feel and live with them. We contemplate them across a gulf wider than any that ever divided the same number of years, and can only regard them as curious specimens in a human menagerie. The mediæval puppets of Scott move with a more natural gait than Miss Austen's, perhaps because hers are the faithful presentments of originals which have vanished, and therefore evade comparison, while Scott's are cast in the mould which still serves the purpose of his imitators. Thus arises the paradox that, while we believe in the actuality of Miss Austen's pictures, we cannot realize them so vividly as we can the conventional figures of the historical romancer. We have no more acquaintance with one than with the other, but with the mediævalist we can turn the flank of the difficulty by comparing one set of puppets with another, and by taking it for granted that Mr. G. P. R. James has been completely outdone by his contemporary followers.

But there are thousands yet living who, if they delay not, may begin to read in Trollope of a world the counterpart of which memory may yet recall on very slight provocation or which experience discover. Trollope, fortunately for those who may heed this counsel, wrote his best of a phase of society which is little changed. His most famous types still persist, modified slightly in externals. The life of the big county places, of which he wrote so much, has no doubt suffered change. Some have passed to alien owners or give shelter to a shooting tenant, and the madcap humours which, if report be true, now infest Acready in the autumn months find in him no chronicler. The canons in

for though famous hands drew the pictures, toilettes depicted will now provoke doubts whether personal charm would be operative in such matters as clothes. But the times Trollope describes differ from our own; indeed, some may think that too much is claimed for stories dealing with scenes we can picture and may prefer to be carried into an unfamiliar world a question of temperament, but surely most people derive pleasure in looking at a landscape of which they have heard or in reading descriptions of some favourite ancient ruin and stories dealing with familiar types. And Trollope's are not exceptional ones; they give the average of every class. Though his characters are not without a certain amount of commonplace realism, they are, as a rule, not marked with the labels of the conventional artifice. His barristers in dingy chambers poring over musty papers, but with a certain variety. Witness such men as Mr. Furnivall, Mr. Chaffanbrass, and Felix Graham; and Mr. ... is one of the best pictures of the Judge in ... drawn. His physicians are not all smooth, silky dukes and earls are not all cold and distant, women present in his pages vastly more variety of real life. To praise his parsons and their houses would be to write a volume.

When Trollope again becomes popular the question as to which of our two writers holds the title of delineator of manners, and it is probable that no one would be found capable of enforcing a decision. Let it be granted that the lady had the finer art, that her insight was more acute, her pencil neater and more precise. Her vision was more penetrating and the result of this minute observation was a more accurate and the result of this minute observation was a more accurate dozen or so of types which are treasures of observation, inimitable, but it is possible that they are more accurate through Miss Austen's consummate skill in portraiture than that they mirror less faithfully their age than Trollope's pieces. We realize with delight the amazing lifelikeness of the men of Meredith's fancy, but we do not find that the parts swarm in society, and the future historian of the age may take note that his narrative will not grow more true to life through their inclusion. This warning may be given, though in lesser degree, to Miss Austen.

Trollope certainly drew with a blunter point than Miss Austen, springs of action and the more delicate palpitations of life were themes which interested him little, but what he does are generally correct in their presentations. His characters may have been coarser, but it was more certain and independent on transient humours than Miss Austen's. He had the art, now ignored by novelists, of settling down to a subject with absolute precision. He made his characters like human beings; the style, if not distinguished, is perfectly clear, and there is never any need to investigate how this or that situation could have arisen. Miss Austen, Trollope is most at home in the domestic and it would be incorrect to say that he ever dealt fully with tragic incident. Still there are touches of Mr. Crawley and of Lady Mason which reach

sayings. The Stanhope family in "Barchester Towers" was surely a masterly performance, and could only have been achieved by one with a wide knowledge of the world and a keen and dexterous touch in delineation; but with the vast majority of Trollope's readers not one of these has claims for the first place. This belongs to Mrs. Proudie, and to her alone.

W. G. WATERS.

Australian Letter.

THE POETRY OF PROVINCIALISM.

When Lord Tennyson arrived at Adelaide as Governor of South Australia it was feared that in his first public oration his Excellency had made something of a diplomatic blunder. Hearing the greatest English poetic name of the age, the new Governor, in that spirit of harmless all-round adulation which is the note of post-prandial oratory, was beguiled into praising certain of the local verse-writers of South Australia, which he emphatically declared to be "the Colony of Song." Now, such partial adulation (coupled with the great name of Tennyson) was enough to set on foot an agitation in every one of the other Australian provinces whose bards had apparently been belittled or ignored. It was also to arouse fierce ire in the breasts of the dimmer South Australian lights who had not been immortalized on the Tennysonian roll of fame. Luckily South Australia has quite as good a claim to Adam Lindsay Gordon as the rival province of Victoria, which usually monopolises the one widely-recognized Australian poet—who happened to be born at the Azores and educated at Cheltenham.

So sheltering himself under the broadening fame of Gordon, Lord Tennyson, being a man of vigour and resource, fled far away into the remote northern territory of his gigantic province, where he and his charming wife made themselves quite at home with the poor remnants of the aboriginal race whom we have dispossessed. And who shall censure his Excellency for preferring the strange but not unpoetic utterances of these rude sons of the desert to the remonstrances, rhymed and unrhymed, of the tribe of petty provincial poets, whom so unwittingly he had slighted.

This little unrecorded gubernatorial experience has led me to a further consideration of these Australian local poets, which may not be untimely at this hour of the great island-continent's federation into a vast united Commonwealth, when it may be hoped that this "provincial note" shall disappear, both from its poetry and its polity.

The mixture of poetry and provincialism will be found, I fear, sadly disquieting, not to say misleading to the ordinary fair-minded, but colonially inexperienced, English critic. He will naturally wonder what the artificial political sub-divisions of Australia have to do with its alleged indigenous literature of which he may have heard such gigantic rumours. "Why," he may well ask, "should a poet be recognized in Victoria and be unknown or ignored in New South Wales?" Why, in fact, with the solitary exception of Mr. Brunton Stephens, whose poetic reputation has for years been broadly Australian, and of the pair of "Bush bards," Messrs. Lawson and Paterson (with whom I have already dealt in these columns), should the residue of Australian verse-writers be limited, as to their fame, to the particular province in which they may happen to be domiciled?

(*Bulletin*) galaxy—Messrs. Daley and Ogilvie! What impartial Englishman, vainly trying to form a correct opinion of this new indigenous growth of antipodean jossy, could contribute as Professor Tucker's, after he had seen the perforce Sydney cliques that the only genius to be found on their side of the River Murray!

Mr. O'Hara is, indeed, a meritorious and painstaking of good "minor" imitative verse—some of it perhaps with that of the Sydney bards who have been contrastably with Milton and Dante! He has also this superiority over both of his Sydney rivals, of being, I believe, an "native"; whereas Mr. Victor Daley and Mr. Wilton are "mere importations," and not, in any sense, "indigenous"—the former being an Irishman educated in England and the latter a native of the Scottish borders who came to the colonies only a few years ago! So far, Mr. O'Hara may be said to "speak" over his Sydney rivals who are the loudest to proclaim some special high Australian birth and up-bringing. It is a singular fact of this narrow provincial Australian creed that Mr. O'Hara is by far the best of their new "Australian School" poets should in no sense be Australian at all. Truth be told, Professor Tucker's article in praise of Mr. O'Hara is written in a more academic style almost than the *Bulletin* itself as a display of the Parochial Spirit.

And yet it must be admitted that some few of our local singers of the various Australian provinces without a certain charm, and, in fact, display at times a poetic merit, which entitles them to a wider measurement. Of these Mr. Roderic Quinn and Mr. E. J. Bracken are the "Bulletin School," have distinct quality as verse-writers and may be said to represent New South Wales. Arthur Adams, the "newest" of Antipodean bards, is, I think, the best—may now claim to be the Poet of New South Wales. Taking three of the other provinces—South Australia, Queensland and Queensland—it will be found that each of the provinces has its poetess who has sung some remarkably pleasing and original strains. In South Australia, as the too temerarious Mr. O'Hara so rashly boasted, they have Agnes Neale (now Mrs. Stephens) who has been styled the "Adelaide Proctor of Australia"; in Victoria there is Miss Jennings Carmichael, whom Mr. Stephens once described as the "Jean Ingelow of Australia"; in Queensland there is Mrs. Mary Hannay Foot, upon whom I prefer not to bestow an English nick-name, but to regard her merely as a true, unpretentious Australian poetess. I have a short piece by this Queensland lady which is a good ballad, and may fairly stand comparison with anything written by Mr. Paterson.

Let the English reader bear in mind that in the "The Bush, especially of Northern Queensland, the phœnix the phœnix builds her nest" means the unknown and unexplored regions, as it is said that this bird's nesting-place has recently been discovered.

WHERE THE PELICAN BUILDS.

The horses were ready, the rails were down,
But the riders lingered still—
One had a parting word to say
And one had a pipe to fill.
Then they mounted, one with a granted prayer
And one with a grief unguessed.

"We are going," they said, as they rode,
"We are going, as they said, as they rode,

The creek at the ford was but fetlock deep
 When we watched them crossing there ;
 The rains have replenished it thrice since then,
 And thrice has the rock lain bare.
 But the waters of Hope have flown and fled,
 And never from blue hill's breast
 Come back—by the sun and the sun is devoured—
 Where the pelican builds her nest !

To any sympathetic reader with personal experience of the strange magic and mysterious uncertainty of the Bush, the gifted writer of these simple lines needs no English poetic label to ensure her a warm welcome.

A. PATCHETT MARTIN.

IVAN TURGENEV.

II. THE ARTIST. Ivan Turgenev is one of those rare writers whose manner is never marred by their message, whose message is lifted out of the common rut of controversy into the high realms of art by the manner of its delivery. The censorship which has been, and is still, such a force in Russian politics has done much to shape and mould Russian literature. The man whose thoughts and ideas are not to be circumscribed by the bounds of the moment's orthodoxy is compelled to deliver his message in more or less allegorical form. It is conceivable that in a country of free presses Turgenev's fiery feelings might have found vent in pamphlets and newspaper diatribes. But the ever vigilant censorship compelled him to hide every syllable of his message to contemporary Russia in the robes of fiction. Twice he failed to wrap the cloak closely enough ; once in an article on Gogol's funeral, which cost him a month's imprisonment, and once in " Virgin Soil," when, at the end of his career, he dared to speak out and was for ever exiled. And the first proof of his wonderful artistic power is that many read his novels without the suspicion that they have any depths of meaning, read them and enjoy them for the sake of their surface story and their surface beauty. As Prince Wolkonsky once said—" The whole of Russian critical literature in regard to Turgenev is nothing but an effort to discover the thinker under the enchanting vestments of the artist."

The literary excellencies of Turgenev's novels, their psychological subtlety, their wonderful wealth of word-painting and Nature pictures, these have been so often insisted upon by the greatest critics that it would almost be impertinent to attempt any addition to their encomiums. We would rather draw attention to what appear to us to be the three salient features of Turgenev's artistic genius—his realism, his idealism, and his sadness—illustrating these by references to his little-known but most characteristic short stories, the admirable translations of which form such a valuable part of Mrs. Garnett's edition.

Turgenev's realism and idealism must be studied together, for they are so fused and welded that it is almost impossible to separate them. Turgenev is a realist in method and choice of subject. His work all belongs to the " note-book " school. His self-criticism that he was wanting in imagination was, therefore, not altogether unjust. All his characters are taken direct " from the life " ; he combines the skill of the reporter and the photographer with the genius of the literary artist. He spent his days in observing and, so to speak, labelling humanity. He was for ever making notes of some passing snatch of conversation, some peculiarity of speech, some idiosyncrasy of character, and his stories are but amplifications of such notes. Every figure in

for its effect upon accumulation of detail—and not only produce a picture, but, at the same time, the breath of life. His characters are never mere mouthpieces ; even those who have no known life recognize them immediately as flesh and blood. Turgenev is a realist in his choice of subjects, in part nor lot in romance. His object is to present itself to him, a man of super-sensitiveness and imagination. He draws his characters from the peasant life and from the heights of culture, for he is as wide as humanity, and he paints all in the of every-day existence. Yet he is never dull.

Turgenev's idealism was the outcome of a sympathy with kindness. It has always seemed to us that the message of the works of Turgenev and Dickens, in manner and even in message, is a literary curiosity which has received due attention. Like Dickens, the author of *Man's Sketches*, especially in his earlier work, some soul of goodness in most unlikely surroundings, and some men and women who figure in his pages are lifted to the best that is in them. Turgenev is always offering his characters in circumstances, always pitiful to the weak and oppressed, sympathetic, looking through another's eyes into another's heart. Such pervading kindness must colour into the most sombre realism.

Turgenev was a writer of sorrows ; almost all his stories are sad reading. We cannot be surprised that he lived in exile, watching hope after hope sink. Failure was stamped on every phase of Russian emancipation of the serfs failed to accomplish what the progressives failed to fulfill his hopes. He was despised and reviled by friend and foe. Like the hero of *Souls*, harsh was his destiny and bitterly dreary his loneliness. Towards the end of his life he suffered exquisite physical agonies. It was then that he wrote the remarkable " Poems in Prose," which are unlike anything in Russian literature, and also " The Song of Love," " Clara Milchik," " Phantoms," and " The Swan Song." Those weird and wonderful stories of anguish and despair whose swan song was penned in June, 1882. " In days of dreary musings on my country's fate, the stay and support, mighty, true, free Russian spirit, how not fall into despair seeing all that is in the world? But who can think that such a tongue is not the gift of the people?" It was, at least, the gift of a very great

THE DRAMA.

"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN"

The 20th of this month was Henrik Ibsen's birthday. As Professor Rubek in *When We Dead Awaken* says to his wife, " One grows old, one grows old, Frau M.," not the theme of the play, but a comment suggests itself. " How is the Bishop?" asks some one in *The Bishop's Wife*. And the Bishop's wife answers, " Old, very old, and unseemly to linger over the point. At the same time, I am disingenuous, after reading Ibsen's new play, to say that, in any case, the great dramatist is assuredly not the greatest. For it was the mark of Ibsen at his greatest, and in equal perfection realist and symbolist, to form fitted accurately to the symbolic context, away the doctrine, the underlying interpreta-

author's, touched upon in several of his plays, notably in *The Master Builder* and in *John Gabriel Borkman*. It is the sacrifice, conscious or unconscious, of human lives by the Idealist in the pursuit of his ideal. Solness, to become the master builder, sacrificed his wife Aline. "All this," he says to Hilda, "I have to make up for, to pay for—not in money, but in human happiness. And not with my own happiness only, but with other people's, too. That is the price which my position as an artist has cost me—and others. . . . For Aline—she, too, had her vocation in life just as much as I had mine. But her vocation has had to be stunted, and crushed, and shattered in order that mine might force its way to to a sort of great victory." So Borkman, in his ambition for power, "killed the love-life" in Ella Rentheim, as she puts it. In plain English, he bartered his sweetheart for a directorship. He committed "the great, unpardonable sin," which "is to murder the love-life in a human soul." So, too, Rubek, the sculptor, in *When We Dead Awaken*, another type of idealist, has sacrificed Irene in the pursuit of his art. "I gave you," she says, "my young, living soul. And that gift left me empty within—soulless. It was that I did of." Irene had been Rubek's model for the work which made him world-famous, "The Resurrection Day." She had posed to him, unclothed. But he had never thought of her as a woman, a beautiful woman, a loving woman—or he had stifled all such thoughts. For he was an artist, sick with the desire to achieve the great work of his life, utterly dominated by his task—in a word, the "absolute" artist. The work of art was first—after it the human being. When the work was done, they parted. The man thanked the woman. "This," he said, "has been a priceless episode for me." But the woman, who had had a life to live and a human destiny to fulfil, and who had given it all up just to perfect the man's work of art, was henceforth dead, and soulless. All this happened, of course, before the play begins; Ibsen remains faithful to his retrospective method.

The action of the play, which takes place years afterwards at a Norwegian bathing-station, is brief, rapid, catastrophic. Rubek, illustrious, wealthy, middle-aged, has married Maia, a commonplace "womanly woman." The pair bore one another and bleker together. The woman is wholly out of sympathy with the self-centred, unsociable "artist temperament" of her husband. She wants excitement, the realities of life, not art. She cannot help her husband, and he sorely needs help. For, though the "artist temperament" survives in him, the productive artist is dead. He merely turns out portrait-busts, maliciously amusing himself by caricaturing his sitters in the likeness of ignoble animals. (One "glimpses" a passing symbol; but what does it mean?) His inspiration vanished with Irene. And now Irene reappears, "shadowed" by a Sister of Mercy. Irene glides and talks as one not of this world. Evidently she is half-crazed. She speaks of herself (we have seen what she means) as dead. And the Sister, I suppose, symbolizes Death, dogging her footsteps. Another strange person comes on the scene—one Ulheim, lauded proprietor and bear-hunter, half brute and all boor. Ulheim's of course is the very antithesis of the "artist temperament." He is just the male animal—a fawn without the grace, and Jane Eyre's Rochester without the brain. This is the very man to fascinate Maia.

And now there is an instantaneous and almost automatic interchange of partners. Maia goes up the mountain with Ulheim to help him hunt bears and to live the free open-air life according to nature. Rubek, glad to be rid of her, turns to Irene and reviews with her their past lives. He sees what a mistake he made, and begs her to help him repair it. Of the casket

still dogs her footsteps. There is symbolism here, the symbolism has got out of hand. Why the dagger-flower-strewing? And what has become of reality? Life do couples perform this *chambermaid* and "lancers" as unconsciously as in a quadrille?

In the final scene Rubek and Irene, ascending peak, meet Ulheim and Maia descending. The boor, has been behaving like one; but though Maia is cowed by fear. The life according to nature is had expected; but she must make the best of the the pair go their way. And the other pair go the to hold their marriage feast, says Rubek for once its uttermost before they go down to their graves next moment a clap of thunder is heard, and a sweeps them away. The Sister of Mercy appears for to make the sign of the Cross before her in the a "Pax vobiscum!" This act, of course, is all she wild, symbolism. All pretence of life represent abandoned, for, externally, the scene is melo-dramatic. You are reduced then to enquiring significance as a piece of life interpretation. For which the artist has lost himself and killed in and no resurrection. That may be so, but the en- play hardly serves to convince one of it. Symbols be fantastic when they dispense with the ordinary cause and effect. When Solness fell from the tower th was rationally explicable; it was the inevitable forces at work—Solness's own nature and Hilda's a But avalanches prove nothing.

It may be that what appears weak in two di cease to seem so in three. The performances of reported to have been received with enthusiasm. fact that one can never be quite sure of Ibsen until the present case I confess to no very sanguine hope. him, in the phrase of the French theatre, *à la cham- be* that the tragic figure of Irene will give the spec- thrill," and that the bear-hunter will acquire a roma- not perceptible to the mere reader. We shall see. I, for one, am not very sanguine. Indeed, the doubt me when I read the French translation by Count Pe- mented rather than diminished by the perusal of Archer's evidently more accurate version of the or- book, I should have said, is published by Mr. Heine-

A. B. WA

Reviews.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

A SHORT HISTORY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By K. V. (Heinemann, 6s.)

LITTÉRATURE Russe (Histoire des Littératures WALSZEWski. Paris. (Colin, Fr. 5.)

The latest volume of the "Short Histories of the of the World," edited by Mr. Gosse, is a translation manuscript of the newly-published volume "Littérature published by Armand Colin, of Paris. We have bestowed upon M. Waliszewski's work, and we may call those who have introduced it to the British public must first make certain criticisms. Those versed in of the spelling of Russian names would not require t of a Sherlock Holmes to detect that the book

is no such poet and no such poem; Zhukovski translated the story of Nala and Damayanti from the Mahabharata, as Sir Edwin Arnold and many others have done. Shaman, in Catharine the Great's "Siberian Shaman," is not a proper name; it is the native word for a medicine-man, well known to folk-lorists. Lal is the impostor's proper appellation; and M. Waliszewski looks rather foolish when he alludes to Siberia playfully as "the country of Shaman" (*le pays de Chamane*). In naming among Maikov's "more ambitious compositions in the epic style" a poem called "Clermont Cathedral" (*la Cathédrale de Clermont*), M. Waliszewski throws some doubt upon his prefatory remark, "I have not chosen to speak of anything save that which I personally know," unless it is to be regarded as a mere slip of the pen; for Maikov's "Klermontski Sobor" has nothing to do with the cathedral. The Russian word *sobor* has the double sense of cathedral and council, and the poem deals with the great Council of 1055, at which Peter the Hermit induced the assembled potentates to proclaim the First Crusade.

For some other errors the translator must be held responsible. The oddest of them is the title "The Stone Landlord" given to one of Pushkin's "dramatic fancies." The ingenuous reader will suppose that this title metaphorically indicates the stony rigour of some implacable rent-collector; but in point of fact the subject of Pushkin's sketch is the tragic visit of the commandant's statue to Don Juan's last supper-party, and it is correctly given by M. Waliszewski as "L'Hôte de Pierre," the Statue Guest. If the translator had refrained from interfering with M. Waliszewski's pronouns, we should have missed a charmingly perplexing anecdote about Pushkin and Gogol on p. 219, in which it appears that Gogol knocked at his own door and found himself asleep inside. "Perhaps the truth had revealed itself to the young novelist on that morning when he knocked at the great poet's door, and learnt to his astonishment that Gogol (*il*) was still sleeping." Unfortunately, Pushkin was the poet, and Gogol the novelist. The time-worn derivation of *tuens a non lucendo* is nothing to the derivation given on p. 31 of the Russian *Palcia* "from the ancient Greek *παλαία*"—no doubt a reconstruction of M. Waliszewski's *παλαία* by way of the transliteration *palaya*.

But, putting aside all "dry-as-dust" considerations, this new volume, with all its faults, is far the best general survey of Russian literature which has yet appeared in England. M. Waliszewski's knowledge is prodigious, and he has the art of imparting it attractively. He has a good sense of proportion. A dull man would have loaded the first 200 pages with a conscientious survey of the dreary utterances of monastic learning; but M. Waliszewski, with excellent judgment, leaps from the primitive age of popular epic straight to the Renaissance; deals with *Lomonosov*, Sumarokov, and their kindred in a few short chapters, and brings us quickly to the nineteenth century, the golden age of Russian literature. All the important facts are here, all the connecting links in the chain of evolution. As a popular historian of the literature—apart from all questions of criticism—M. Waliszewski has hardly been surpassed even in Russia.

As a critic, however, he has narrow limitations—perhaps inseparable from the nature of a brilliant historian. Though himself a Slavonian, he has failed to penetrate thoroughly the spirit of the Russian people and the Russian literature; he has not one-half of the sympathy shown by the Frenchman Melchior de Vogüé whose essays on Russian literature are among the classics of criticism—or even of some of our English writers with a tenth of his information. As an historian, with an appetite for facts, he is deficient in

died on the way to it. Nor could a careful reader called Bazarov—of "Fathers and Sons"—"dictions" because he "sacrificed his life for he meets"; for the fact is that Bazarov died a *post mortem*. M. Waliszewski knows all the controversies, what Katkov said, and what to Mr. Ralston, but he does not know Tur. The kindly Russian sympathy for sinners is to him. Korolenko's "doubtful portraits of are for him "a mere passing error"; Dostoev for the criminal classes—"a mere echo of school"; in Gogol "the trait is derived. Most of Russian literature is to him like Tel to the "scientific musician," who traces Ger influences in the counterpoint, and misses all th of it. These ascriptions of writers' principles an "Romantic School," "the influence of Dickens," a kind of algebra used by the newest school of li without any sufficient provocation. It would b to ascribe drinking to "the influence of school" as to ascribe Dostoevski's habit of m but the character of the man and his nation.

Literature in Russia began brightly and c the unconscious objectivity of the ancient C was unkind, but man triumphed over Nature of Murom, the epic hero, is the type of the young nation. He finds a stone at the cro Fate's own ordinance, "This road leads to wedlock; this to death." He finds riches them; a lovely woman, and destroys her; a ba and masters them; and on the stone he writ way and am poor; this way and am unwe; alive." But with the Tartar invasion began a new literature. The resistless strength of and the resistless strength of the Monarchy w the necessity of stemming the barbarian tide to Russian mind as the *ἄδελφον* which no man For eight centuries the Russians have been unco "Life is an evil which we must endure by es belief that the man, the individual, can nel He must endure, bewildered. Cold, hunger, ty ment—these are the common enemy. God is the Enemy is over all. We starve, we freeze prison; it is all necessary, it is Fate; God an trouble will befriend us, and we must not co is the key-note of Russian literature. If knew this, he would understand why D brothers in thieves and murderers; he w the wonderful beauty of Korolenko's "Dir which he so pitifully misinterprets on p. 3 even understand why in Ostrovski's plays action never really closes; it is broken off." characters on the stage is "broken off," turn every-day, because the poignant tragedy of ev and its highest consolation, is that nature insensible Juggernaut progress, in spite of all th man may feel and suffer. Hamlet and his fr stage with their corpses, but Fortinbras, wit from Poland, bids his attendants "take up th the affairs of Empire march on.

fashion of the military expert. Moreover, he writes better than do the war correspondents of an older generation, and succeeds in giving the impression of a real man describing a real thing that he has seen, instead of that of an ungrammatical rhetorician piling up the agony. Of the operations of Lord Methuen's column, which he accompanied, there has appeared no more vivid and acceptable account than his. What he has written derives a further interest from the fact that he is an American. In the days when there is talk of an Anglo-American understanding, one looks with a particular curiosity to see what an American thinks of the British officers. He draws a vivid contrast between them and the Johannesburg refugees whom he saw at Cape Town. First come the officers:—

"Been to Government House?" I asked one of these men yesterday.

"No," said he, "and I'm not going. I am afraid they might send me somewhere out of the thick of things. I don't want them to know I'm here. I'm going to wherever its five-hiest."

And that was the man who told me that out of a hundred men with whom he studied for the service, seventy-five are dead already—fifteen of illnesses, and sixty of bullet wounds and spear thrusts.

Then the picture of the refugees:—

• They are pulling their long faces all over the place, and shedding their tears wherever you meet them. It is enough to make a statue ill to have to hear and see them and move among them. Why don't they equip a regiment of rough riders or make up a battalion of volunteers among themselves? Why don't they fight? The war has jeopardized their property, and they have a keener interest in it than any Tommy or any officer now at the front. How can they see the cream and flower of England's manhood rushing down here to spill its precious blood for them, and never feel a blush of shame, or a pang of any emotion except grief over their personal losses which will still leave many of them rich?

Mr. Ralph's is distinctly one of the war books to be read.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, who writes *THE NATAL CAMPAIGN* (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), is, in contrast with Mr. Ralph, the most experienced of the war correspondents. He writes in a heavy uninspired manner; he is not always grammatical, and he is seldom picturesque. But he knows things, and has standards of comparison; and he is not afraid of speaking out. He had the wit to clear out of Ladysmith before the circle of investment was complete, so that he is able to throw light upon a somewhat neglected period of the war—the period when Estcourt was isolated, and General Buller had not yet arrived. He gives a good account of the fighting which decided General Joubert's retirement to the line of the Tugela; but his book, which is too long, will probably arouse interest mainly by reason of its criticisms, of which Mr. Burleigh is by no means sparing. He draws attention to a good many things which seem to need inquiry—among others to the fact that the officers operating in Natal were unprovided, or at any rate very imperfectly provided, with maps of the country; and he speaks strongly about General Barton's handling of his brigade at Colenso, and about the abandonment of Spion Kop. As regards General Buller's manipulation of his command he does not say out-right much that is unfavourable; but he succeeds in leaving the impression that he "thinks the more." His most eloquent periods, however, are devoted to the treatment of war correspondents—a subject to which he recurs in nearly every chapter. It

that distance to and from when telegrams have to order to get the Press Censor's sign-manual for permissible upon the wires.

These things being so, it is not, perhaps, surprising what the French call "une bonne presse" has no to the lot of General Buller.

ARMY ADMINISTRATION, by Centurion (Constable a reform to which we lately devoted a leading article heading "Education and War" to wit, the better of officers. He shows that the legitimate economical subaltern in a cheap regiment come to a year more than his pay, and that this necessary numbers of the best available men out of the pamphlet is the more timely owing to the fact moment, difficulty is being experienced in distribution missions offered to University candidates for more than because the majority of undergraduates cannot take them up.

Our thanks are due to the few Continental public written pamphlets to show their countrymen that existing but advancing civilization by breaking Republics. M. Démotins' pamphlet on the subject already noticed. Two others of which translation sent to us are *THE TRANSVAAL QUESTION*, by Edouard Geneyan professor, and *THE RIGHTS OF ENGLAND IN AFRICAN WAR*, by G. Pétavel, a Genevan pastor (Blanch). Both pamphlets are very lucid, and both are very indignant at the comparison that has been made between the Boers and the Swiss. They should be good because there has been lately a good deal of talk based upon ignorance of the questions at issue, in South Africa.

THE "DAILY NEWS" HISTORY OF THE WAR (1d.) is clear, and has portraits and maps. It is a product in such an ephemeral form, as it would be worth keeping.

THE COMIC HISTORY OF ROSS

Of all the varieties of literature none imparts a more sense of dreariness than history—especially local which an attempt is made to relieve the tedious flippancy and the use of modern slang. In his *HIS ANCESTRAL PROVINCE OF ROSS* (Dingwall: The Peff Ltd.), Mr. Robert Bain has resorted so freely to expedients that it is difficult to deal seriously with the and conclusions, enforced as they are by violent outcries of writers of such sobriety as Pennant, Skene, and Anderson. How is it possible to compare with the authorities an historian who records Malcolm II "passed over to the majority in 1031," and his grandson, Duncan, "by all accounts was a feeble person" (p. 31.) The antiquity of the bagpipe source of much disputation, and is a subject very consideration in the annals of a Highland county, seems to indicate the fourteenth century as the era of appearance in Ross, but he does not strengthen our case stating that "on the introduction of the bagpipe met a long-felt want that the Gael 'froze' to" (p. 51). Here is another example of infelicitous jest. Bain is telling of the reasonable compact between Malcolm of Ross and Edward IV. in 1161:—

Quite in keeping with what our American call this "wild-cat" project were the Earl's towards giving it effect. . . . Unhappily "Reporter" had not arrived upon the scene suffi-

Such being the tone of narrative which Mr. Bain considers not inconsistent with the spirit of history, let us test his notion of the kind of courtesy due to previous writers with whose conclusions he feels it necessary to differ. It would be hard to find a more patient and temperate historian than the late W. F. Skene, and most students of early Scottish history recognize with gratitude the light thrown by him upon a very dim scene. Not so Mr. Bain :—

Skene, who is nothing if not positive, hazards the assumption that Macbeth had no connexion with Ross, and states in a contemptuous manner that the notion originated with George Chalmers—a far more reliable historian than himself—and he seems to think that he settles the matter for all time when he adds :—“ We have seen that Macbeth was connected with Moray.” So have we, but we cannot see how one fact neutralizes the other. . . . It may be stated in this connexion that the relation between Chalmers and the Skenes was notoriously strained ; the position of any historian, however, who, under the influence of personal spite or professional jealousy, takes to controverting historical facts with the view of damaging the reputation of a rival does not call for imitation.

Now, as Mr. Bain does not give the reference, we have been unable to judge of the “ contemptuous manner ” of Skene towards Chalmers ; but we are of opinion that the passage quoted above, so far from detracting from Skene’s character as an historian, reflects very injuriously upon the reputation of him who cared to pen such a charge. By-the-by, when Mr. Bain quotes authorities he studiously avoids giving precise references. We will print exactly as it stands in his text the bewildering list of authorities referred to for the death of Malcolm II :—

Marianus Scotus, the Irish annalists, the Chron. in Innes, the Chron. Elgiacum (*sic*), and the Chron. of Melrose, give one locality—Glamis, and a quiet death.

As an example of Mr. Bain’s excursions in original research, let us take the strange theory he starts about the chief residence and deathplace of Earl Thorfinn. It is well known from the *Chronicon Regum Mannie* that Thorfinn, who succeeded Earl Melkoff, or Malcolm, at Whithorn, “ lived long at Gaddgedli, the place where England and Scotland meet.” Now Gaddgedli is generally acknowledged to represent Gallgaidhel or Galloway, a province long subject or tributary to the Norse jarls, in which Whithorn is situated. But this does not suit Mr. Bain at all, who is indignant that any district other than Ross should have the honour of being the chosen seat of the greatest of the jarls. “ Where England and Scotland meet,” he exclaims, “ a very large order indeed ! ” and proceeds to explain that Gaddgedli *must* have been the original name of Dingwall, although he cannot bring a shred of evidence in support of this extraordinary hypothesis.

We really cannot command the patience to follow the lucubrations of this most combative of annalists much farther. Misspellings occur on nearly every page ; we would fain call them misprints, but many of them are repeated again and again. Thus “ Giraldus Cambriences ” (p. 5), “ Ptolmey ” (who, by-the-by, we are informed, flourished in the fourth century and was “ no doubt a Roman official ”) (p. 6), “ interrugnium ” (p. 13), “ Fermannah ” (p. 14), “ Brethons ” (p. 61), “ Douglass ” (*passim*), “ exemplary ” (p. 313), “ blurr ” (p. 314), and so on. On p. 65 we are confronted by the assertion that after the death of the Maid of Norway Edward I. “ dubiated ” upon the rival claims ; but we

numbered at most 1,200 men ; two of the 4th (the author does not explain that the 10th was the only regiment of British cavalry excellent, and on these the burden of the other two functed (*sic*) it badly, so that action Major Huddleston, the commander of heard crying out “ Where is my regiment ? ”

With that we take leave of Mr. Bain, although his volume resembles as closely as possible, and lettering the excellent County History published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, we will receive more worthy treatment than he has hands of Sheriff Rampini, who is announced as trusted with the shire in that series.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Omar.

The cult of Omar, or rather of FitzGerald, is in Mr. J. R. Tutin’s *CONCORDANCE TO FITZGERALD’S RUBÁIYÁT* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.). FitzGerald is called in to bless the volume with a quotation page :—

Waste not your Hour, nor in vain pursue
Of This and That endeavour and dispute

a quotation which might, perhaps, like the proverb he used for a purpose exactly the opposite of that of Tutin. But the book is beautifully got up, in fact, by Messrs. Macmillan’s “ Four Editions of the Rubáiyát ” (though it may not be very instructive to record seventy passages in which the word “ a ” occurs) may certainly be often useful to be able to look up a moment’s notice.

The “ Ethical Movement.”

ETHICS AND RELIGION (Sonnenschein, 5s.) is a volume of addresses and essays by “ founders or influential members of ethical societies.” They were, most of them, written long ago, a fact which rather blunts their point—case of Sir John Seeley, who finds loquacity, serious hysterical weakness among the chief characterists. But the idea is to put on record the views of the “ propagandists,” and as among the propagandists (John Seeley) men like Professor H. Sidgwick, Mr. and Dr. Bernard Bosanquet, there is much work of any one interested in the “ ethical movement” enrolled in the movement will, we are afraid, be finding that the propagandists, always, and with good intention, stop short of the really interesting questions, “ should I do right ? ” When this question is put to those who seek the guidance of an ethical society, they find it difficult,” says Mr. Stanton Colt, “ to give an answer which will satisfy them.” The result is that there is a great deal of general essays on ethics, a great deal of large and a good deal of repetition. The main subject is indicated in the title—the relation of an ethical movement to orthodox theology, on which the writers hold various views, though all agree that in the main it is independent of the other. The absolute supremacy of the movement is a position urged in the most lucid and closest manner in the whole book, that by Mr. G. Von Gizycki, “ Theology.”

companions. Your smiles have the old power, as well as the added archness which a finer wit creates. And the curls that wreath your brows have not lost in fascination because the eyes over which they droop speak of a mind more richly disciplined than that of your ancestresses.

We do not care about Mr. Gould's style when he is very polite; nor about some of his proposals, as that ethical group should assemble for the reading of Ruskin, Arnold, or Emerson. We thought that was all done with twenty years ago. But though definitely non-religious, Mr. Gould is reverent; and he illustrates the higher aims which the modern Secularist now puts before him. The orthodox theologian can lose nothing by the free discussion, to which this treatise contributes, of the Bible teaching in relation to social progress, and especially to the position of women.

The Story of the Diamond Necklace.

In the course of Carlyle's well-known apostrophe to the memory of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette there occurs the following passage: "Oh, is there a man's heart that thinks, without pity, of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy;—of thy Birth, soft-cradled in Imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy Death, or hundred Deaths, to which the Guillotine and Fouquier Tinvillo's Judgment-bar was but the merciful end?" This question has now to be answered in the affirmative. Mr. F. de Albin has thought it a becoming thing to rake up all the contemporary scandal which gathered round the Queen's name in the affair of the Diamond Necklace, in order not to prove anything, but to ask us if, after all, it is not likely that there was some truth in the foulest things that the libellers and blackmailers could invent of Marie Antoinette. The title of his book, *MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE DIAMOND NECKLACE FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW* (Sonnenschein, 5s.), indicates his disagreement with the verdict of the historians, from Carlyle to Taine. It is true that the affair of the Necklace has never been made thoroughly clear. It is still almost inconceivable that a Grand Almoner of France, a man of the world and a scion of a princely house, like Rohan, should not have known the impossibility of the Queen signing herself "Marie Antoinette de France." It is decidedly suspicious that the Queen should have been so ready to fall a victim to the blackmailing tactics of the Mottes and their hangers-on, that she more than once paid large sums for the suppression of the pamphlets in which they threatened to tell the real facts of the Necklace affair. And the disappearance of the larger part of the Necklace itself from the world of jewelry has never been adequately explained. Still, the generally accepted theory that the affair of the Necklace was a swindle devised throughout by the *soi-disant* Countess de la Motte and her precious husband, in which the infatuation of the Cardinal de Rohan gave them a means of triking the jeweller, and in which the Queen had no part whatever except as a victim, appears to us to be so firmly established that only the production of new and startling documentary evidence could disturb it. Mr. de Albin is of a different opinion. He has thought that the contemporary belief in the Queen's guilt cannot have existed without a solid foundation, and he has set himself to show that Marie Antoinette was so depraved a woman that there was nothing surprising in her having wished to steal Boehmer's necklace. This is not a very pleasant task, though he does not seem to have felt anything disagreeable in it. Most people would have rather let it alone, unless there was some very strong historical need for its being performed. We cannot see that,

heaped on her name and her family in the years post-Revolution. Happily, he has spared us the worst calumnies.

The Bible Modernised.

IN *FROM THE BOOK BEAUTIFUL* (Greening, 3s. 6d.) of "The Hypocrite" attempts to add picturesque incidents to a set of stories from the Bible. "Ever the author) is not gifted with such vivid imaginative will present sacred events for him in a clear picture, therefore tried to make "these Bible studies as real as possible," and owns that in the attempt "a certain note" has crept in here and there. From the assured remarks it is clear that the writer does not realize ordinary combination of powers necessary for his task who accept these Bible stories to the letter will incidents thrown into them by the novelist. These them in a symbolic light will shrink from the realism thrown upon them. Those to whom makes only an aesthetic appeal will be shocked by gruity between the style of a novelist and of the Version. The incident of Joseph and Potiphar's wife incident which of all others should have been left severe is fully enlarged upon, and ends like a French grand figure of Goliath, storming at the Israelitish hero that of a foul fiend with "thick, crafty lips overhanging nose," who falls "with blood and brain-matter on a dead face." The author has at times a graphic touch has got up the local colouring of Egypt, Babylon Palestine with care. But his talent is misapplied. stories never been told before they would be well off it is, they are a fruitless attempt in a field which the would fear to enter.

Diet.

A PLEA FOR A SIMPLER LIFE AND FADS OF AN OLD (Black, 3s.6d.), by Keith, are two popular medical works up together. The author's notion is that if we all ate we should all be better, not only in health, but also in character. If this proposition were correct it would follow that the classes were also those by which the greatest number were committed. Although we have not the statistics we rather imagine that this is not the case, and we do not agree with the author's proposal to limit the diet of boys with a view of thereby raising their moral standard. Boys are a very hungry class of the community, and cannot get enough meat they will eat too many grains which will be worse for them.

While Dr. Keith commends under-feeding Mr. J. Lucas in *NONDRACH AT HOME* (Arrowsmith, 1s.) commends over-feeding in cases of consumption. This book is a manual of directions for those who wish to try the fair cure for consumption at their own homes.

Tasmania.

TASMANIAN RIVERS, LAKES, AND FLOWERS, by A. (Virtue, £2 2s.), is a large book—18in. by 13in.—of the same author's "Twelve Hundred Miles on Murray." The numerous water-colour drawings by though not highly artistic, give a good idea of the scenery. The text is very readable. That Mr. Murray is well to write on Tasmania, and is also not without humour, is shown from the following:—

The Hentys, Batman, and many successors of this hardy Tasmanian pioneering class, occupied an

obliged to defend themselves; and described the hardships, the dangers of an early settler's life. For years it was necessary to carry arms, these blacks being most aggressive and bellicose, differing in origin and character from the Tasmanians. I listened with interest, with respect, he being an elderly man (and my father).

Hunting in India.

If Mr. C. E. M. Russell, the author of *BULLET AND SHOT IN INDIAN FOREST, PLAIN, AND HILL* (Thacker, 10s. 6d.), had not succeeded in his aim of supplying beginners in Indian sport with sound and detailed information, the fault could not have been laid to his want of experience. When a real sportsman has spent some twenty years in Assam, Sylhet, and Mysore he has had chances greater than those which fall to most men, and this volume is the proof of it. "Bullet and Shot," as its rather cumbersome title might imply, is almost an encyclopædia of Indian hunting, for Mr. Russell has included in it trustworthy accounts, taken from other sources, of those animals which he has not himself killed, few as they may be. The chapters on elephant and tiger hunting are especially valuable, and some of the stories of the author's own adventures with which he illustrates the main themes are very exciting. The appendices on the Thamin or brow-antlered deer and the Tsine of Burma, written by Mr. Radmore and "Tsinegalat" respectively, deal with two highly-interesting and little-known animals. There are also appendices on the game laws of some Indian provinces. Had the book been illustrated it would have been more valuable. At the very least there should have been photographs of typical heads of the Indian antelopes. It is, we imagine, the plain duty of every sportsman to rouse the envy of all other men who hunt; and mere measurements, though valuable from the scientific point of view, are unsatisfactory to the amateur in trophies unless those details which make a head perfect are rendered visible to him by the aid of the camera.

The Growth of London.

ACTS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL, 1590 (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s.), the nineteenth of the new series, covers the period of six months from Lady Day to Michaelmas, 1590, and, like the others, has an admirable preface by Mr. J. R. Dasent. The political events of the year were of no great importance, either in Ireland, which was always a source of trouble and anxiety, or on the Continent. There are, however, a good many interesting entries as to domestic matters, such as the unsatisfactory condition of Wales, then nominally controlled by the Welsh Council, the suppression of recusancy, and the growth of London. Recusancy, of course, was a chronic difficulty towards the settlement of which Elizabeth's Ministers made little or no progress. No measures had any effect on the number of the recusants, especially in the northern counties. The campaign against the Catholics was now in full swing. Priests were hunted down and executed; ordinary lay recusants were imprisoned, though not with any excessive vigour; but these severities were not as yet at an end. A more remarkable difficulty, to which the resources of the Privy Council were not less unequal, was caused by the alarming growth of London. It is strange that so able a Government as that of Elizabeth and her advisers should have adopted a short-sighted and impossible policy in regard to the principal City of the realm. One hardly knows how to explain it, except by an extreme fear of the plague, and of fire, and by the absence of all sanitary engineering. The original proclamation against new buildings in London was issued in 1580, and seems to have been practically ignored, if we may judge by the letters sent by

workmen's dwellings, and the dispersal of the v former homes; and a similar letter to the master o is intended to check building in the Tower Hau Hatton, and their fellow Councillors might mind the legend of Canute and the rising tide.

An Educational Experiment.

It will be remembered that Monsieur Dénou demonstrated the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon insisted that that superiority was mainly due to methods of a certain Mr. Cecil Reddie, an out-master who "runs" a school on interesting but of whom the majority of Englishmen had heard. In *ABBOTTS HOLME* (Allen, 10s. 6d.) explains what his educational methods are. The important respects from those of the ordinary Book work, in fact, is only a small portion of the curriculum. Lessons are only attended to there. In the afternoon, the boys are turned out o gardens, tar gates, paint buildings, build pig-st poultry, and engage in manual labour generally. Instead of preparing their lessons, they read Sh to lectures, rehearse plays, and have a little readily understand that a school which adopted would be very popular with schoolboys. What produce good educational results is another ques that the headmaster of Abbots Holme does n prepare his pupils for competitive examination that he does not feel himself in a position to g His view that the French and German languag discipline comparable to that secured by the st Latin is also doubtful; and the doubt is pronounced inclination for the Gouin syste languages. The principal objection to the Gou as our observation goes, is that people w languages on this system very seldom kno composition is deplorable, and they are hopele the proper inflection of past participles and th the subjunctive. Can Mr. Reddie or any one really first-class linguist trained upon Gouin lin

Indian Proverbs.

The Rev. A. Manwaring has done a useful s ing and preserving nearly 2,000 *MAHĀTMI PRAOY* Press, 8s. 6d.), which will probably in the slow development pass out of the common speech, much of the character and life of a people and preserving for study if not for entertainment. large collection is only a selection after all, for are "coarse" or "worthless." As a missio line, but we may say that a book of Eastern coarseness can scarcely be called representative editor has given us so much that we ought not t scruples. He arranges the proverbs under subje animals, nature, food, relationship, &c.—and p text with a literal translation. He seldom goes find European equivalent proverbs—a troubles useful task—but here and there he gives an and when the point of a proverb is obscure always) explains it. "The castor-oil plant gets sugar-cane does" means clearly enough to a poor gain by association with the rich; bu looking gourd and its four feet open" would pu The idea is that a dry gourd supposed to hold

observes "However many days you keep a dog's tail in a pipe it will remain crooked to the last." There are a great many interesting deductions to be drawn from so large a collection of hitherto unpublished proverbs, and students of comparative paræmology will not neglect Mr. Manwaring's researches. Marathi, it must be remembered, is not only one of the most important of Indian vernaculars spoken in the Western districts south of Gujarat, but has a considerable literature of its own both in prose and verse.

Political Economy.

Part I. (21s. net.) of the DICTIONARY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY (Macmillan), edited by Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, completes this work of reference which has no competitor of the same scope in the English language. The list of contributors includes the most eminent specialists not only in England, but also in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Holland, Canada, and the United States; and it is, therefore, a book which it is difficult to review otherwise than by deflating its range. That scope is very wide indeed. There are articles not only on the obvious subjects, but also on such financial subjects as the National Debt, the Budget, Income-tax, and the Octroi Duties, and also on such practical subjects as Banks, Clearing Houses, Commercial Crises, Docks, Railways, Insurance, and Bills of Exchange. There are also biographical articles dealing with the eminent economists of all ages from Plato to Arnold Toynbee, and even including some persons such as Jacques Necker, whose connexion with Political Economy is not particularly obvious. The book is not in the least views. The writers present all sorts of view for our consideration, but do not in any case that we have noticed attempt to thrust fads down our throats. There would have been an opportunity for this in the article on Political Economy and Ethics, but Mr. Sedgwick, who writes this section, is calm and judicious, as every one who knows the works of Mr. Sedgwick would expect him to be. What for instance could be more judicious than this?

We may say generally that the wider view of consequences which Political Economy has opened up has tended among educated persons to check the old unqualified approval of so-called "charity," and has even led to tolerably wide-spread condemnation of indiscriminate alms-giving and other kinds of philanthropic encouragement of improvidence. On the other hand it has also exposed the fallacy of the old comfortable view that the luxurious consumption of the rich is indispensable in order to provide the poor with work and wages.

This work of reference may be cordially recommended, it does for English readers what Messieurs Léon Say and Jos. Chailley did for French readers in their "Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Economie Politique."

In writing of THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES AND THE SINGLE TAX (James MacLachlan), Dr. William Smart may seem to be flogging a dead horse. He explains, however, that he is not writing for political economists, but for politicians and more particularly for Glasgow politicians who do not study political economy, but are apt to be carried away by their own rhetoric and the cheers of their supporters. These, of course, may read his book with advantage; nor should they fail to note his point that, in the event of the reform which they desire being carried into effect, "the class hit would be very largely not only the comfortable, but the poorer classes whether directly or through the great corporations in which they are deeply interested, such as churches, charities, insurance offices, and friendly societies."

Science.

The first volume announced by us the other day of the great Treatise on Zoology which is being issued by Prof. Ray Lankester

will find it extremely valuable. It is marked by three titles, which indeed may be regarded as now indicating any scientific work of value—perfect lucidity in the id which are numerous and of course specially drawn in the direction of, the author; a careful exposition of the development of life-forms; and complete bibliographical branch of the subject. There are to be ten volumes in this treatise, for the most part written by graduates. The introduction on "Protozoa" is to be the work of Ray Lankester himself in conjunction with Prof. Verrill, and will be looked for with interest.

The name of the late Professor Miller, of Cambridge, well known in association with the system which he introduced into crystallography, its mathematical foundation, and the fitness of things to find in A TREATISE ON CRYSTALS (Cambridge University Press, 14s.), by Professor W. L. Bragg, his pupil and successor, a thoroughly sound and a book written in perfect accordance with present the teaching of Miller the importance of symmetry received adequate expression. Consequently the publication in 1895 of Professor Story-Maskelyne's "Modern Crystals," giving the substance of his Oxford lectures had been characterized by much originality in the treatment of a particular subject, marked an epoch in the history of the subject. It is almost inevitable, therefore, that Professor Bragg should challenge comparison with the work of Miller, a Professor which so closely preceded it. The main difference between the two books will be found in the manner in which they deal with this important subject of symmetry. Maskelyne in his scheme of classification gives consideration to *planes* of symmetry, and regards symmetry as owing their origin to them, even in triclinic and monoclinic forms when these planes may be in a regard to other symmetrical effects. Professor Bragg, on the other hand, adopts the more recent methods, as in the treatises of Liebisch and Groth, by which the idea of symmetry as a fundamental law is definitely abandoned, and forms are divided into thirty-two classes according to the number and planes of symmetry. It is to be regretted that throughout the book, the author so rigidly restricts the purely geometrical aspect of the subject, and gives only a brief reference to the recent researches on molecular forms homogeneous structures which help to theoretical explanation for the thirty-two possible crystals. The care with which the book has been written meets the requirements of students whose knowledge of mathematics is not high is evident on every page. This the student will scarcely be attracted by such a title as that on Symmetry, which is thrown into the form of problems, the significance of which he will hardly understand until he comes to the discussion of the systems. In his of the latter the author begins with the least symmetrical system with a somewhat too zealous reaction against the older classification, gives no prominence in each system to the "symmetrical" or "normal" class, as it is called in the of Dana's "Text-Book of Mineralogy." An admirer of this part of the book is the large number of well-chosen examples of minerals belonging to the different classes, how to connect mutually angular measurements and construct stereographic projections, and to make crystal drawings. The chapter on twinning also contains explanations of the commonly occurring twinned forms of known minerals. Altogether the book is to be recommended as a perfectly reliable and up-to-date treatise on a somewhat abstruse subject, which it is, unfortunately, impossible to present in a very attractive way before a mathematical reader.

HYDRAULIC POWER ENGINEERING (Crosby Lockyer) by Mr. G. Croydon Marks, who published a smaller work on the same subject nine years ago. It is a good practical treatise on the transmission of power by water, giving a full account of its recent applications in such cases as the Niagara Falls, Tower Bridge, &c., and will assist engineers in making

FICTION.

Arden Massiter.

Since reading Mr. Hewlett's "Little Novels of Italy" we have not come across a book to stir us to so much admiration as Dr. Barry's new novel *ARDEN MASSITER* (Unwin, 6s.); indeed, to be truthful, until "Arden Massiter" fell into our hands, out of the scores and scores of stories which we have lately read, we have not come across many to stir us to much admiration; for the waste lands of contemporary fiction are arid and wide-stretching, the green places very few and far between.

Mr. Hewlett's book dealt with medieval Italy; Dr. Barry's deals with the Italy of to-day, and with the medieval survivals which drag on a strange existence there. Both authors possess an admirable style; both are blessed with the sense of beauty. Mr. Hewlett's Muse sings the beauty of earth and sky and spring, of gorgeous raiment, of the pride of life, of lovely women—women with the sweet breath of cows, and with the cow's amiable stupidity. Dr. Barry's vision embraces all physical beauty, too, intensifies it by an adequate perception of its opposite, and reaches up to the higher and more splendid beauty of the soul. In *Costanza dei Sorelli* he draws a saint, and gives her just that one touch of humanity which saints usually lack, namely, the comprehension of human love, and this will make her adorable even amongst sinners.

The story tells the adventures of Arden Massiter, a young Englishman of good family and fortune, who, having taken up with the Socialistic ideas to which the generous-hearted in youth are ever a prey, is temporarily estranged from his father, and is travelling in Italy as correspondent for the Socialistic newspaper the *Clarion*. Being in Rome he thinks it would be profitable for his work to resume the acquaintance of an Italian refugee whom he had known in the neighbourhood of Soho-square, an individual in those days insignificant, impecunious, out-of-elbows. In Rome he discovers him to be leading a life of luxury, the mysterious possessor of much money, wielding a sinister power. But before the finding of this Tiberio Sorza—owing to the search for him, indeed—many important things have happened to Massiter. He has had thrilling adventures and has become himself an innocent, or an almost innocent, murderer. There is a subtle, psychological point here, when Massiter, striking his would-be assassin in self-defence, falls him to the ground, and then, overcome by the fury of the natural animal man, gives him a last, unnecessary blow with homicidal intent. His fury past, he feels on his brow the brand of Cain, and asks himself, with anguish, is he, or is he not, like his victim, a murderer, too. In consequence of this affair he has to go into hiding in the wonderful old castle of Roccaforte, belonging to the ducal family of the Sorelli; and it is from Roccaforte that he writes the first half of the book in the form of a letter to two ladies in England—which sounds a very old-fashioned form, a very dull form, does it not? But in the hands of our author this threadbare form acquires all the freshness, all the interest of an absolutely original method; something of a literary miracle, surely. We cannot sufficiently praise the art of this book—which makes you feel that out of all the thousand ways in which the story might have been told, the true one, the most beautiful one, has been selected. The writing has those qualities of richness, of depth, of restraint which proclaim the artist, who gives you of his best but leaves you with the conviction that he gives but a small part of what he withholds.

And fine as the book is, strongly as it will appeal to the few who know and love good work, we can see no reason why it should not be a popular success as well. For the odd thing is,

Ballantrae," so here in "Arden Massiter" we have the most exciting kind, with bandits, vendetta murders, halfbreadth escapes, and hideous; so interwoven with the greatest skill, so that every character, every event has the appearance of reality. The book is a long book, too, which again adds to its popularity, since we understand that length is a merciful test of merit. But no reader will read "Arden Massiter" is long until, having closed the volume, he may turn back to note the closeness of the number of the pages. Therefore, let us indulge in a great popular success for a novel which has filled the nation, and become a permanent addition to the book.

By Order of the Company.

Miss Mary Johnston's novel "The Old Dominion" to us a rather strained, if conscientious, piece, but the stirring incidents of the tale won general approval; the author has thus been encouraged to write in somewhat the same manner of conventional romance. *OF THE COMPANY* (Constable, 6s.) has enjoyed a great success in America, and will, no doubt, be equally welcome here; a remarkable number of psychic and material mediums have beheld the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, a beautiful ward of a noble family, and her heroic husband—he is characteristically the best swordsman in Virginia—Captain Ralph Perceval, is the Virginia of the time of James, and there is a lord, an Italian physician, Indians, and an heroic heroine; the story should it seem to flag. But Miss Johnston's great quality of the "historical" novelist, she never lets the story flag, but heaps situation on adventure on incident until the reader is in a fair way to be lulled by lavish imagination and fluency, and follows the hero and heroine with unreasoning delight. We supposed that "By Order of the Company" was a work of art; it is at best a sublimated form of artifice.

"Dorothea Gerard" gives us a tragic little story, *ONE YEAR* (Blackwood, 6s.). The scene is laid in the book is well worth reading if only for its descriptions of comparatively unfamiliar scenes. But this apart, the plot is one which gives full scope to Longard de Longgarde's considerable powers of invention. Indeed, stripped bare of its romance, the book is described as a careful study of the mutual relations of other of character and environment. Jadwig, a lover, and the little society surrounding them are well felt, and the *dénouement* has the literal probability. Those who object on principle to the book take heart on hearing that the dark clouds are with a silver lining. But what is gained by an excellent lady who tells the tale so extremely "governessy"?

In *THE TWO MISS JEFFREYS* (Hodder and Stoughton) "David Lyall" gives us another proof, if proof be needed, that there is yet room in the world of fiction for the simple. The stories are all grouped round the firm of Scottish solicitors. Those walls heard in the tale, and more than one crisis in the fortune of the family, successfully faced in the inner sanctuary of tenderness of heart (underlying a precise formal memory). To those writers who would fain succeed without the aid of "excitement" the book is encouraging.

The detective story even in its crudest

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Public Libraries Bill, introduced in the House of Lords by Lord Windsor, has passed through the Committee stage. It remains to be seen whether its progress in the Commons will be quite so expeditious. Lord Ashbourne said that there did not seem any great desire for libraries in Ireland, where only twenty out of 120 towns having the power had adopted the Acts. We are glad to note that the Londonderry Corporation has decided to set apart premises for a public library, to which the Irish Society has been asked to contribute.

Although many people are heartily tired of it, the controversy still rages on the question of "open access to library shelves," into which so much unnecessary feeling has been introduced. Mr. E. Foskott, librarian of Camberwell, has published a pamphlet in reply to an article advocating the system which appeared in the *Library*, and was referred to by us at the time. The March number of this periodical contains a further contribution on the same topic by Mr. W. E. Doubleday, librarian of Hampstead, who states impartially the merits and demerits of the system.

Annual reports have reached us from the public libraries of Cork and Wigan. In the Irish city the use of books in the reference library has increased by 161 per cent., a wonderful development. The readers have evidently been attracted from the lending department, for the figures there are reduced. The Wigan report gives a long list of important additions to an already extensive collection. The donors to the library believe in giving of their best, for the presentations have been both numerous and valuable. The library is just twenty-one years old. We have also received the journal of the Bootle Free Library, Museum, and Technical School, a quarterly publication giving interesting notes on books, as well as items of news about each department. The quarterly record of the Manchester Public Libraries makes its wonted punctual appearance. It embraces classified lists of accessions, and also—a very timely feature—an annotated list of books and magazine articles on the subject of "Conscription."

The *Globe* recently bewailed the decline and fall of the small circulating libraries, asserting that "progress" in the form of the public library had reduced many of these establishments to impotence. To complain that an inefficient institution has been replaced by an efficient one will scarcely commend itself to reasonable persons; and to explain, as the *Globe* immediately does, that the stock-in-trade of these "victims of free libraries" is practically worthless, and that few of them did much business, is really to give up the entire case. Mrs. Partington's efforts were pathetic, but not dignified, and since public opinion has determined upon educational progress by the road of the public library it is not of much use to oppose it.

We have received from the author, Mr. E. M. Borrajo, of the Guildhall Library, a pamphlet on the selection of books for a reference library. He urges the desirability of seeking the assistance of experts in preparing special lists of books. In illustration of the writer's ideas, the paper which is reprinted from the *Library Association Record* gives some titles of selected scientific works which should give material aid to librarians.

Hampstead—and Highgate, in a less degree—has always been a literary centre. The association of the former with seventeenth-century writers is especially close. At the annual meeting of the Hampstead Subscription Library Dr. Richard Garnett delivered an address upon "Encyclopædic Literature," in which he referred to the fact that Coleridge, when living on Highgate-hill, had edited the first edition of the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," in 1818. There also that treasure-house of

the Southampton Libraries Committee. The project of the library on Sundays was ultimately carried by a majority.

The Peterborough Book Society has transferred its library, as a gift to the town, its library of about 4,000 volumes. The collection was begun as far back as 1730, and besides a good number of modern works, many early printed books of some rarity, and one or two illuminated manuscripts of considerable interest.

A committee of the inhabitants of Saint George's square, with the Duke of Richmond as chairman, has placed a portrait of the late Duke of Westminster in the George's Public Library, Buckingham-palace-road, a place of the many benefits he conferred upon the parish. The portrait itself stands upon a site which was the gift of the Duke.

Considerable advance has been made in the last few years for the erection of public libraries at Lambhouse and East London still keeps its place in the vanguard, and the larger and wealthier parishes in the western district are a land of intellectual darkness.

Correspondence.

DOES ANY ONE READ SHAKESPEARE?
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, I wonder whether any of your readers could tell me how many as half-a-dozen among their acquaintance would read any of Shakespeare's plays? I put the question in this form, out of respect for what are, presumably, the habits of the regular readers of *Literature*. They are the know enthusiasts who call themselves, without a blush, the readers of the English classics. But putting aside the professional and also those who have edited Shakespeare or some of his plays—the latter no inconsiderable portion of the population—I wonder how many so-called literary people would on a searching inquiry to have read more than, say, one play right through. I believe, even on this basis, that I could count on half the fingers of one hand those acquaintances who could stand the test.

Of course they may have read some of the plays at school. The "native wood notes wild" may have been part of the discipline of the class-room—and it has been regarded as "lessons" ever since. I had a schoolmaster, and I never met a public school boy who could read Shakespeare out of school—except one, and he was connected by name and descent with one of the great names of the century, was admittedly the blockhead of his time, and years ago I met an American lady who had resided for many years at Athens. She surprised me, I confess, by telling me about Homer. He was, she said, as popular to-day as he was two thousand five hundred years ago. Even I had read and enjoyed him; and, as for the Greek school-boy (they know him "as thoroughly as well, as your English school-boys know their Shakespeare!"). So great a knowledge of Greek boys really seemed incredible.

Perhaps the knowledge in both cases was really superficial. I all know Shakespeare—it is part of a liberal education, the equipment of a man of culture. In the same way we know Gray, Scott, Miss Austen—it is one of the polite accomplishments of the society—but very few of us read them. As for a knowledge of Shakespeare, we have certainly not acquired it by reading, nor do we refresh it by reading in the present day. A superficial acquaintance with him may be picked up from the newspapers and magazines, and the so-called

spontaneously in beautiful diction. But this is by the way. It does not alter the fact that, while every one respects Shakespeare, nobody reads him. He, like virtue, "laudatur et alget." He is "like a robe Pontifical, ne'er seen but wondered at." He is much less quoted than he used to be; even the professional writer and the journalist are nowadays quite unfamiliar with his language. A provincial reporter is even said to have closed his report of a speech thus:—"The right hon. gentleman, in conclusion, observed that the quality of mercy was not nuduly strained. It dropped, if he might use the expression, like the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath. He would even go so far as to say that it was twice blessed, inasmuch as it conferred advantages both on the donor and the recipient." Clearly a knowledge of Shakespeare is not part of the stock-in-trade of the journalist, any more than it is necessary, save as the politest of tictions, in ordinary society. Try a Shakespearian allusion on your neighbour at dinner, and she will hedge by asking you if you have seen Benson at the Lyceum.

It is commonly said that the plethora of magazines and of new fiction elbows out the classics. This is true, no doubt. There are only three classes of people, I believe, who read—in small doses—the English classics, viz., a few elect spirits who frequent the free libraries, a small number of inquiring ladies who live in the country, and here and there a young bachelor who is able to read at his meals. I have known a "man in the street" convicted of having a Shakespeare in his pocket, but I would not impair the already damaged reputation of that much-abused personage. Is this, then, it will be said, the entire public for whose benefit new Shakespeares are continually pouring from the press? Is it for them that more than a page in the "English Catalogue" for 1890 is filled with new editions? No, it is not for them only; in fact, it is not for them at all. The enterprise of the publishers in issuing reprints of Shakespeare does credit to their knowledge of human nature. It is based on the inexhaustible capacity for self-deception in the minds of men. It flatters the public by persuading it that it likes to read Shakespeare. And the public, taking itself at the publishers' estimate, sees no necessity for altering its habits. It has always been interested in Shakespeare, but has seldom read him. It will now be still more interested in Shakespeare, and it will read him still less. The new editions encourage in the buyer a firm belief that he knows his Shakespeare, and confirm his unalterable conviction that some day he will read him "again." So the books are bought and placed respectfully on the shelf, or generously presented to a friend who has the same belief and the same conviction. But the man whom we can picture to ourselves as seriously sitting down to read Shakespeare stamps himself at once as either an eccentric or a prig.

Yours faithfully, ONE OF THE PUBLIC.

THE POSONYI COLLECTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed to point out that your report on the recent sale of the celebrated Posonyi collection of autographs was somewhat misleading? There has not been an auction, but the whole collection, containing about 66,000 autographs, was bought by Mr. Friedrich Cohen, bookseller, Bonn a. Rh. The figures mentioned in *Literature* (p. 86) as the most notable bids are the prices which now Mr. Cohen asks for some of the autograph MSS., as, e.g., for the original fair copy of Goethe's lecture on Shakespeare, or for two unprinted dramatic sketches by Schiller.

The collection contains two autograph letters of William Wordsworth, one of them a letter of condolence on the death of

nature of Walter Scott is fully discovered in a sketch by Ballantyne, the publisher—"Dear John, I have just received the family Shakespeare, or I should have done so. I have thanked the editor for his attention. . . . I have never received a gilded Shakespeare." Of two autographs in the collection: a letter to Signor Rossi, who talks about politics, "England at present will be beaten there will perhaps be no foreign war at present, but it is a problematical." The other is the draft of a document probably written by his secretary Lega, with one in his own hand, two in English, one in Italian; it is an answer to an inquiry of the Italian Government, Neapolitan, Giuseppe Gigante, to whom Byron wrote *doppie effetre*. Passing to more recent and interesting letters from Charles Boner to Professor Schlegel at Munich, to whom he communicates four in German and one in Bavarian "Schmadahüpfel," the first I have seen in English. One of them runs as follows:—

A brook is no river,
It grieveth not me;
A milkmaid's no duchess,
Nor need she to be.

The well-known novelist Thomas A. Trolopp has written by a letter and three autograph poems—(1) "The Cockade," written at Sienn, August 4, 1847; (2) "The Woman" (Milan, January, 1848); and (3) "The Man" (Rome, February 2, 1848). Admirers of Wilkie Collins' "Armada" will be pleased to find a copy of a printed stage adaptation, entitled "Miss Gwynne's Present Copy has a great many alterations and additions, the author made in his own hand for the purpose of being performed into German and a performance at a Vienna theatre. The portrait of Ralph Emerson, with his own signature, given on a European tour, gives us a remarkable description of a poet-philosopher—"Age, 25; height, 5 feet 6 inches; complexion, fair; eyes, hazel; hair, chestnut." Five of the 20 French and Italian Consuls may help to tell us whereabouts of his Continental travels. Of Baron von Bülow's *Faust*-translator, we find three letters. In the first, jestingly of his countrymen:—"Wir Amerikaner sind sehr stolz auf unser Land und möchten gern wissen, wie die Leute in Frankreich aussahen und wie sie in ihr (sic) Politik sind. Politics are also the subject of three letters from the same Consul, all of them directed to Count Pulszky; about the corps of volunteers, who meant to support the Hungarian cause, he tells Pulszky, "My poor fellows are much distressed, and indeed I can hardly see the possibility of their being sent by the steamer." Another American, George B. Palmer, presses his sympathy with the Hungarian cause to the same Count Pulszky. There are also letters from Lytton Bulwer (the novelist), Washington Irving, and Sir Robert Peel (1843), Jan. 1844, and four autographs by Benjamin Franklin. Of the autographs of celebrated scholars I only mention those by Sir John Herschel. The latter writes about Schiller's "Spaziergang"—"I find to make room for the name of Schiller in line 85 . . . ought to be written 'Cybele' the welcoming streets in her lion-yoked chariot." Another letter to Professor Bonn, of Heidelberg, dated 1844, contains valuable additions to his work on the "Orchids" (1862), and a curious drawing by Dar-

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Several new war items are announced. Mr. Fisher Unwin, besides Lady Sykes' volume on "Nursing Tommy Atkins in South Africa," is preparing a revised edition of a "Little History of South Africa," by Dr. G. M. Theal, bringing the history of the colony down to the present time. The story of the Natal campaign has been told in book form by Mr. J. B. Atkins, the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, as well as by Mr. Bennet Burleigh, and his narrative of the fighting with Buller's force, entitled "The Relief of Ladysmith," will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

A curious addition to the literature on the war is included in Messrs. Penzance's list "The Real Kruger," by an Englishman, a Boer, and an American. The idea is to give a sketch of Kruger's life from three different points of view, so that the reader may form an impartial opinion of the president's career. Another book inspired by the war is a story of adventure in South Africa entitled "An Imperial Light Horseman." The tale is interwoven with real incidents in the present campaign, and is from the pen of Mr. Harold Blore, who knows South Africa well.

The second part of Messrs. Newnes' "Pictorial History of the Transvaal and South Africa" gives the story of the present war to the occupation of Bloemfontein. Following on their series of "Celebrities of the Army," the same publishers are starting another collection of portraits, to appear weekly, under the title of "Souvenirs of the War."

Next month Messrs. Chapman and Hall publish the first and only authorized collection of speeches of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, forming a consecutive account of South African politics for nearly twenty years. The speeches are accompanied by an account of Mr. Rhodes' political work by "Vindex."

The Austrian historian, M. Wertheimer, has written, and will shortly publish, a detailed biography, based upon authentic documents, of the Duc de Reichstadt. The letters upon which the book is founded are those addressed by Napoleon II. to Neipperg, now in the possession of Mme. Josephine de Foresti, the daughter of the Duke's tutor. They show that the Duc de Reichstadt was not a fool as is generally supposed, but a young man of bright intelligence, and that Neipperg implored him to study the glorious exploits of his father at the very time when he was supplanting the fallen Emperor in the affections of Marie Louise.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. have a work in preparation entitled "Masters of English Literature: Biographical Sketches of Great English Writers from Shakespeare to Tennyson." The author is Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp, of the British Museum, and the volume will deal with four-and-twenty of the greatest names in English literature, two American authors (Emerson and Longfellow) being included on the ground that their work forms an integral part of the literature of the language. The writer has endeavoured to convey an impression of each author's personality, often so difficult to disentangle from the detail that surrounds it. Each of the chapters will be illustrated with a facsimile from an original MS. of the author in question, reproduced from the collection preserved in the British Museum, and as a rule bearing upon some point in its writer's life.

It has been decided that Mr. Edward Clodd's Memoir of the late Mr. Grant Allen shall appear as a book, and not, as originally announced, merely as an introduction to a posthumous volume of Grant Allen's "Scientific Essays." Mr. Clodd, besides being an authority on subjects to which Grant Allen

the other writers were J. A. Froude, T. W. Bowdler, Pattison. The work has been out of print for some time, and a new edition is being edited by the Rev. A. W. Hutton, Rector of Salop, who was received into the Rue Church by Cardinal Newman in 1870, and who resided in the Church of England as curate of St. Westminster, in 1898. Mr. Hutton wrote the life of Newman in the series of English Leaders of Religion. The series will run to six volumes to appear at the volume each month. Vol. I will contain the life of Stephen Harding," and "St. Wilfred, Bishop of York."

The late Dr. Kennedy prepared for publication before his death, his recollections of "Old Highlanders" they will be published under this title in the *Literary Digest* beginning with the May number. These reminiscences of the Perthshire Highlands eighty years ago, supplied by sketch of Dr. Kennedy's life and work in Aberdeen, London, from his son's pen, will be published in an illustrated volume by the proprietors of the *Literary Digest*. Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy will be grateful for letters or other biographical material which may be sent to Curlingford-house, Hampstead.

Miss Fiona Macleod's forthcoming book is to be "Divine Adventure: Studies in the Spiritual History of the Middle Ages." Besides the essay "The Divine Adventure," which in the *Fortnightly Review*, the book will include a version with additions of the "Lion," appearing in the number of the same review and in that of April, and studies called "By Sundown Shores."

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing a new book by Lockyer, F.R.S., called "Inorganic Evolution as Spectrum Analysis," containing the author's inquiries into the chemistry of the stars.

The editor of the "English Dialect Dictionary" to issue early in May Parts IX. and X., the two halves for the year 1900. These parts complete the second volume of the work, and bring the dictionary down to the end of the year 1900.

Next week Messrs. Pearson will publish "Edward Fitzgerald," by John Glyde, with an introduction by Edward Clodd. The volume includes incidental notices of Fitzgerald's friends, a selection of letters, and a frontispiece from an unpublished portrait.

Messrs. Cassell announce "The Life of Lives: I. The Life of Christ," by Dean Farrar. Among their coming publications may be mentioned "A Course in Painting in Water Colours," by J. McWhirter, "Dante in Paradise: Readings from the 'Paradiso,'" "Selfe," and a volume of reminiscences by H. Sutherland.

Messrs. Smith Elder and Co. expect to have the last volume of Dr. Fitchett's new work "How Europe: The Story of the Great War, 1793-1815," ready to deal with "Waterloo and St. Helena," and containing portraits and ten plans.

The Poet Laureate's next volume is announced under the title of "Spring and Autumn in Iceland." It will be published by Messrs. Blackwood.

"Government: or Human Evolution—Part I," by Edmond Kelly, M.A., F.G.S., sometime Lecturer in Government at Columbia University, to be published by Longmans, is a book which owes its origin to the "Government Clubs" founded to oppose Tammany, and to their political principles.

Mr. George Paston, the novelist, has prepared a popular version of Mrs. Delany's autobiography, a work which has long been out of print, which will be entitled "Mrs. Delany (Mary C. Delany, 1700-1788)," contains seven portraits and unpublished matter. It will be issued by Mr. George Paston on April 3rd.

Miss Caroline White has been engaged for a new work entitled "Sweet Hampstead and its Associates," which covers the history of the northern suburb for the

said to be authentic. In the next volume of the Shilling Library of Useful Stories, "The Story of the Alphabet," Mr. Edward Clodd gives some account of the primitive stages of the art of writing, availing himself of the recent researches in Egypt and Crete.

Mr. Gardner, of Paisley, will publish shortly a "Popular History of the Highlands and Gaelic Scotland from the Earliest Times till the close of the Forty-Five," by Mr. Dugald Mitchell, M.D.

FICTION.—Mr. Crockett's new romances, "Joan of the Sword Hand," will be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock on Friday next. Messrs. Pearson's list includes "Nell Gwynne, Comediant," by Mr. Frankfort Moore. This will appear in May.

Mr. Friederick Carrel, the author of "The Progress of Pauline Kessler," which has just gone into a ninth edition, has finished a new novel to be published by Mr. John Long in the autumn.

Miss Violet Hunt has written a new novel for Mr. S. T. Presnamtle.

Books to look out for at once.

THE WAR.

- "The Relief of Ladysmith." By J. B. Atkins. Methuen, 6s.
 "The Boal Kruger." By An Englishman, a Boer, and an American. Pearson, 6d.
 "From Veldt Camp Fires: Stories of South Africa." By H. A. Bryden. Hurst and Blackett, 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

- "Joan of the Sword Hand." By S. R. Crockett. Ward, Lock, 6s.
 "The Tiger's Claw." By G. B. Burgin. Pearson, 6s.
 "Becky." By Helen Mathers. Pearson, 6s.

"The Experiment of Dr. Novill." By Emorie John Long, 6s.

"His Prentice Hand." By Sydney Phelps. John Long, 6s.
 "Austlic's Ju-Ju: a Romance of the Hinterland." Bindloss, Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.

"The Sport of Kings." By Wm. S. Dixon. Grant Spencer, Grant Richards, 5s.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
 "Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville): A Memoir, 1717-1784." George Paston. Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.

"Life of Edward FitzGerald." By J. Glyde. Putnam, 6s.
 "How England Saved Europe," Vol. IV. By Smith, Elder, 6s.
 "Charlemagne." (Heroes of the Nations.) By Davis. Putnam's, 5s.

"Rudyard Kipling: a Criticism." By R. Le Gallienne.
 "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen." By W. Hutchinson, 36s.

MISCELLANEOUS.
 "Hints on the Conduct of Business." By Sir C. K.C.B. Macmillan.

"New and Old." By Canon Scott Holland, F.R.S.
 "First and Last Poems." By Arabella Shore, Grant Temple Primers:—"South Africa." By W. English Church. By Dean Spence. By Lionel D. Barnett, M.A. Dent, 1s. 6d.

"Moscow." (Medieval Towns.) By Wirt Gerrard.
 "More Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories." Harland, Putnam's, 12s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
Renaissance and Modern Art. By H. H. Goodyear. 8x5 1/2 in., 310 pp. London, 1901. Macmillan, 6s.
- BIOGRAPHY.**
The Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LXII. W. H. Lambson—Worden. Ed. by Sidney Lee. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 451 pp. London, 1901. Smith, Elder, 15s.
- Journal Intime de Cuvillier-Fleury.** Publié avec une Introduction par Ernest Bertin. Vol. I. La Famille d'Orléans au Palais Royal, 1823-1831. 9x5 1/2 in., 351 pp. Paris, 1901. Plon, Fr.7.50.
- Napoléon et sa Famille.** By Frédéric Masson. Vol. III. (1806-1807.) 9x5 1/2 in., 416 pp. Paris, 1901. Ollendorff, Fr.7.50.
- CLASSICAL.**
Greek Mello Poets. By H. W. Smyth. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., cxiii.+564 pp. London, 1901. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
- The Andromache of Euripides** With Introduction and Notes by A. H. F. Hyslop. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 130 pp. London, 1901. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
- DRAMA.**
When We Dead Awaken. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by W. Archer. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 160 pp. London, 1901. Heinemann, 5s.
- Andromache.** By Gilbert Murray. 7x5 1/2 in., 116 pp. London, 1901. Heinemann, 1s. 6d.
- ECONOMICS.**
Mathieson's Handbook for Investors. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 249 pp. London, 1901. Mathieson, 2s. 6d. n.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
Lysias: Eratothenes and Agoratus. (University Tutorial Series.) Ed. by J. Thompson and T. R. Miles. 7x5 1/2 in., 118 pp. London, 1901. Clive, 3s. 6d.
- A History of Politics.** By E. Jenks. (The Temple Primers.) 6 1/2 in., 164 pp. London, 1901. Dent, 1s. n.
- Pope's Essay on Criticism.** A Sister to Evangeline. By C. G. D. Roberts. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 289 pp. London, 1901. Lane, 6s.
- The Love of Parson Lord.** By Mary E. Wilkins. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 233 pp. London, 1901. Harper, 6s.
- The Son of the House.** By Bertha Thomas. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 232 pp. London, 1901. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- A Fair Brigand.** By George Norton. 8x5 1/2 in., 377 pp. London, 1901. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.
- The Bishop's Secret.** By Fergus Hume. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 324 pp. London, 1901. J. Long, 3s. 6d.
- The Acrobat.** By J. D. Barry. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 339 pp. London, 1901. Lane, 6s.
- All Fools.** By Marmaduke Pickthall. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 381 pp. London, 1901. Sonnenschein, 6s.
- Christalla.** By Esme Stuart. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 292 pp. London, 1901. Methuen, 6s.
- The Disenchantment of Nurse Dorothy.** By Florence Bancroft. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 210 pp. London, 1901. Skeffington, 3s. 6d.
- A Loyal Lover.** By Mrs. L. Cameron. 8x5 1/2 in., 312 pp. London, 1901. Pearson, 6s.
- The Accused Princess.** By Allen Upward. 8x5 1/2 in., 200 pp. London, 1901. Pearson, 6s.
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- The Green Flag,** and other Stories of War and Sport. By Conan Doyle. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 348 pp. London, 1901. Smith, Elder, 6s.
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- Pantalonie.** By Camille de Sainte-Croix. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 365 pp. Paris, 1900. Editions de la Revue Blanche.
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- LITERARY.**
En Flanant. Les Idées, les Faits, et les Œuvres. By André Hallays. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 413 pp. Paris, 1900. Société d'Édition Artistique, Fr.6.
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- MILITARY.**
The Natal Campaign. By Bennet Burleigh. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 418 pp. London, 1901. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
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The Rights of the South Africa (Transl. Canon St. John) 62 pp. London, 1901.
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Report of Injunctive During the Year 1900. 2nd Series. A. Ormerod. 9 1/2 in., 51 pp. London, 1901.
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Sharp Shooting War. By H. 5 1/2 in., 173 pp. London, 1901.
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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 120. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Four war correspondents have impressed the popular imagination—Sir W. H. Russell, who is happily still living, O'Donovan of Merv, G. W. Steevens, and Archibald Forbes. Forbes was not a pioneer like Russell, nor did he ever exercise the power which Russell wielded at the time of the Crimean War. He did not write so well as Steevens, and he did not travel so far afield as O'Donovan, but he had a combination of physical and mental gifts which make him as romantic a figure as any of his rivals.

It was, perhaps, for his feats of physical endurance that Archibald Forbes was most famous in the profession. His great ride of 110 miles with the first news of the battle of Ulundi is only one instance among many. Another, recorded by the chronicler of his life in the *Daily News*, is nothing less than marvellous:—"In order to be present at the first Russian attack on Plevna he rode 80 miles. He was on horseback throughout the day of the battle. He went that day and night without food or drink. He galloped another 40 miles next morning with his

singularly vivid. Among later correspondents only Steevens surpassed him; and Steevens never wrote of physical difficulties which Archibald Forbes faced. No man requires the stimulus of excitement in order to write well. His military biographies—he wrote several—were clear, and sympathetic; while as a lecturer he had few superiors.

The work of the modern war correspondent has been changed by the newspaper syndicate, the military code, and the telegraph. The general belief is that the first war correspondent was Sir William Howard Russell, but that quite accurate. Sir William was only the first correspondent to become famous. He had two predecessors—Charles Gruneisen and Henry Crabb Robinson. Gruneisen's story in a lecture, republished a good many years ago, in 1837, writes:—

I was connected with the *Morning Post* since 1831, and I came much into contact with the supporters in London of Don Carlos. One morning, in March, 1837, the manager of the *Morning Post*, Mr. C. E. Michele, who became afterwards a great success at St. Petersburg, called on me, stating that he certainly intended the intention of the Carlist army to be Madrid. He asked me if I would undertake to accompany an expedition as correspondent. Without a moment's hesitation I accepted the mission, and two hours sufficed to get my instructions at the office and to get my passport, and to get with the night mail to Dover.

This is quite in the modern style though it happened more than sixty years ago, and Mr. Gruneisen had adventures which any modern correspondent might be proud to have. He saved his life by knocking the heads of his captives about with his stick. He was arrested as a spy and nearly executed, but saved his life by seizing the Commander of the firing party by the throat and threatening to throw him over a precipice if he did not promise to spare him. He also swam a river up

Henry Crabb Robinson was not so adventurous. He was sent to Corunna in 1808. He stayed there till the end of the battle in which Sir John Moore lost his life. He did not, however, accompany the expedition into the interior of the Peninsula, but, as his diary shows, contented himself with reporting operations from the base. In one respect Henry Crabb Robinson's method differs appreciably from those of his successors in the profession. He hesitated to criticize military operations which he did not understand. "Of the merits or demerits of the retreat," he writes, "and the mode in which it was conducted, I will not pretend to speak. Professional skill and

Sizeranic in the *Magazine of Art*, who discusses the question "Is Ruskin out of date?" from the point of view of the technique of art, the artist-craftsman, and art in relation to life. This article is side by side with a valuable criticism by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, illustrated by a number of extraordinarily fine drawings by Ruskin. Mrs. Ayseough Fawkes has some pleasant letters from him, and some reminiscences of his visits to Farley, in the *Nineteenth Century*; Mr. Frederick Wedmore discourses of his literary style in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*; Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes to the *National Review* one of the best appreciations we have yet had, speaking of "Modern Painters" as "the only book in the language which treats to any purpose of what is called aesthetics"; and Professor Patrick Geddes vindicates the Master "as Economist" in the *International Monthly*.

There is also the first outcome of the Ruskin Union in the *Ruskin Union Journal*, No. 1, Vol. 1., a publication only issued to members of the Union—which has been widely supported throughout the Kingdom—and to certain Libraries. The most interesting thing in it is the publication, after a quarter of a century, of Ruskin's letters declining the honour of the Royal Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He says in one of them, written to Sir Gilbert Scott, from Assisi:—

The primary object of all such Associations is to exalt the power of their own profession over the mind of the public, power being in the present century synonymous with wealth. And the root of all the evil and ruin which this century has seen (and it has destroyed already more than the French Revolution did of what *that* had left) is summed up in four words, "Commission on the Cost." And, from any body of architects, however small, who will bind themselves henceforward to accept a given salary (whatever amount, according to their standing, they may choose to name) for their daily work, and to work with their men (or at least with their own hands, on the sculpture of the building) while they take such salary—from such a body I will take a medal to-morrow.

And at the end of the letter is this very characteristic note:—

Private.

My dear Sir Gilbert,—I have written the enclosed this morning, under unusual irritation caused me by the ravage of the lower Church and miserable re-painting of the higher one under the orders of Signor Cavaleaselli, and the destruction of one of the loveliest scenes in Italy, the fountains between the buttresses of Santa Chiara.

Mr. Herbert Paul, who, for the reader who probably knows but little of Selden, makes a most attractive figure out of that shrewd and witty political thinker in the *Nineteenth Century*, has also in the *Anglo-Saxon Review* a very able defence of Macaulay, in which he pleads for partiality as a virtue in a historian. It is with some satisfaction, we confess, that we find both Mr. Paul and Mr. Lang in *Blackwood's* taking a side against "scientific history." Mr. Paul is a writer whose style it is impossible to mistake:—

No historian (he writes), not even Gibbon, went through a more conscientious training than Macaulay. Singularly powerful and retentive as his memory was, he verified references with the most punctilious care. There were, no doubt, some fields of knowledge and more fields of speculation which

that he can worthily support the responsibility of discipleship.

At the moment of his death Dr. St. George, widely known as a Roman Catholic who presumes Cardinal Vaughan. The question at issue was, the right of the Church to control the scientific Churchmen; and it was the opinion of the Impar, the best of the argument. He certainly embraced one advantage over his opponent—the advantage having examined the matter in dispute from the point of view. His real advantage, was done as a biologist. He had been Professor of Biology at the Roman Catholic University of London, one of the most formidable critics of Darwinism. He dealt with Darwinians fairly, with the result that he had in his recent encounter with Roman Catholic Powers. It may be presumed that it was because as a man of science rather than of his notoriety as a universalist that the Authors' Club had invited him to the evening at their dinner last Monday. It may, however, there is something pathetic in the fact that death overtook him at the time when he was about to deliver a speech which he intended to deliver on the public recognition of his great services to science.

Some friends of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton wish her memory should be perpetuated at Keswick, and wish to present her portrait (done in oils by Collier) to the museum there. As others may wish such a memorial, Mr. G. S. Layard, of Lorrain Malvern, who is writing Mrs. Linton's life, will receive subscriptions towards the fund. Subscriptions be sent to Mr. William Toyntee, 1, York-street.

Mr. Vernon Rendall writes from 123, Gower-

Will you allow me to point out, as one of the front page last week that Mr. Seaman sprang from is not accurate? I remember well the inept and I remember also "Œdipus the Wreck," a Cambridge Greek play of 1887 by Mr. appeared before the "Granta" was then published in 1888 a collection of verses from *Review* and elsewhere under the head of "Piper." Your comment would be fairly true but Mr. Seaman's reputation dates from an e-

The North London School for Girls, founded by Mary Buss, celebrated its Jubilee this week. It is generally known that Miss Buss was the daughter of William Buss, who succeeded Seymour as ill-fated artist, "hastily filling the vacancy caused by the death of Dickens, whose name will ever thus be associated with Dickens' immortal work, did not long retain the therewith, as the two plates executed by the number did not prove satisfactory. During the experience a severe struggle for a livelihood daughter came nobly to his assistance by establishing a seminary for girls, then called the North London School for Girls, which was the origin of the present

ishments, has effected so much in promoting the Higher Education of women and girls.

Olney is making much preparation for celebrating the centenary of Cowper's death on the 25th inst. The Cowper Museum in Cowper's house (lately presented to the town by Mr. W. H. Collingridge) will be opened at 2.30; there will be a public meeting at 3.30, and a service in the church at 7.30, when the sermon will be preached by Dean Farrar. The town hall will be decorated, and everybody will wear Cowper's colours, buff and green. Mr. Thomas Wright, principal of Cowper School, Olney, and author of the life of the poet, who acts as secretary to the centenary committee, has issued a circular to the children of "Cowper's Town." "They will assemble," he says, "at half-past one in front of Cowper's house, where, after a short address, they will be asked to sing Cowper's beautiful hymn, 'God moves in a mysterious way.' Every child will then receive a copy of the biography of Cowper, kindly presented by the Religious Tract Society. Olney children should learn to love Cowper, and should be proud to belong to his town. You will like to know that on the Sunday before Centenary Day, Cowper's hymns will be sung in churches and chapels all over England." Mr. Clement Shorter, who, by the way, is understood to have a "Life of Cowper" in hand, will give an address at the public meeting. All facilities will be provided for visitors to come and visit Weston Lodge (Cowper's residence for nearly ten years), the "Wilderness," and "the nutshell" of a summer-house which is *my verse manufactory*."

Following up their inquiry into the deterioration of paper used in the making of modern books, the Society of Arts has decided to appoint a committee to report upon the subject of leather for bookbinding. In a paper read before the society the other evening Mr. Douglas Cockerell explained that early last year a meeting of about a dozen persons interested in the matter took place at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, in Regent-street, under the chairmanship of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, and formed itself into "a committee to encourage the production of sound and durable leather for bookbinding." After some investigation it was found that the subject was too large for such a committee to deal with, and so, on the motion of Lord Cobham, it was decided to approach the Society of Arts, with the idea of inducing it to go into the matter. The council of the society approved of the suggestion.

Mr. Cockerell stated that inquiry had shown that much of the leather now in use for bookbinding is not likely to last for a reasonable time; that one of the chief causes of its early decay is the use of sulphuric acid in cleaning and dyeing; that aniline dyes, as now used, are mostly fugitive and therefore unsuitable for dyeing leather to be used for permanent bindings; and that excessive finish is not only useless, but injurious to the leather. "This," he said, "is a very serious conclusion to have come to, and would be more serious were it not that the leather manufacturers have already to some extent met the difficulty by producing, at great trouble, leather they can guarantee to be uninjured in the process of manufacture." It is curious to find that Parliament, as far back as 1601, tried to meet somewhat similar difficulties by passing "An Act concerning tanners, carriers, shoemakers, and other artificers in leather," of which part of Clause 16 reads:—

And whereas divers tanners for greediness of gain do overmuch hasten the tanning of their leather, and for that

The statue of Alphonse Daudet by M. Falguière has been transported from the sculptor's studio to Nîmes will stand in the Square de la Couronne, near the Pradier. It is to be unveiled by the Minister of Education, Lévygues. At last the sympathetic creator of "Jack" a historian of the "Nabab" and of the "Rols en Exil" official recognition. Mme. Alphonse Daudet had hoped French Academy would be officially represented at the unveiling. The appeal, perhaps, was somewhat curious, and the widow of the author of the satirical "L'Immortel" Academy, at all events, has decided that there is no room for the official participation of one of its members in the honour of an outsider. In fact, the Academy made a refusal to do honour to George Sand. Frederic Mistral, author of "Mireille," the poem in Provençal, which is the "Lettres de mon Moulin," the poet was wont Daudet, has been well chosen as chief spokesman of the occasion. Nîmes is preparing to give to its great son a warm welcome. No doubt something of the spirit of Tartarin a flourish to the *fête*. M. Falguière's statue is described as representing Daudet as he was in his latter years—pensively the marks of suffering on his face, the head supported by the hand, and the elbow resting on a table.

The telegraphic reports published in London and New York were very unsatisfying. It is not to think of such national treasures as a First Folio of Milton's own copy of "Paradise Lost," the original Dr. Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, a Thackeray volumes containing the Brookfield correspondence being dispersed in an American auction room. Mr. Morgan bought the Thackeray volumes, and it is reported that he may possibly publish the whole of the correspondence. The sale was \$16,200, a record for the United States. The letters in the collection were published in 1887, and in the sale catalogue, the originals of these, and many contained in the volumes, including all the letters to Brookfield declined to make known to Mr. Daly at the sale. The Dublin edition of the Douai Bible, which with the help of over 8,000 illustrations, had enlarged original form as a single quarto volume to forty-two royal folio, realized \$5,565. It is worth recalling that Thackeray volumes cost Mr. Daly \$6,000 and the enlarged \$20,000. The extra illustrated edition of Cunningham of Nell Gwynn," which the collector had enlarged volumes with some 800 portraits and autographs, was \$1,300. Another interesting item was a portrait of Thackeray himself, with a letter, hitherto unpublished, addressed to Molesworth. The portrait, it is said, was sold with worth collection before the discovery of the letter concealed at the back of the picture. The lot was bought by Charles Scribner for \$350. The American Art Collection which the sale took place, were packed with people and the library fetched by far the largest total yet realized at a book sale in the United States. The preliminary estimate was \$200,000, and the result was less than three thousand short of that amount. Even \$200,000, however, is but much below the sum which the library must have cost.

A lady correspondent writes to us to complain that the "Smith" seriously inconvenience" country readers occasionally require copies of literary weeklies by mail always on hand a sufficient stock to meet their occasional

multipled again by the number of people who may possibly require the particular journal in a particular week, and who have not taken the precaution to order it beforehand,

There have been of late some signs of a coming resuscitation of Trollope. He was discussed in our last issue by Mr. W. G.

Waters—a writer who has done something to introduce *Old and New* to the English public the novel in its earliest form. *Authors* as it existed in mediæval Italy. The old Italians were "novelists of manners" as much as were Miss Austen and Anthony Trollope. They are, moreover, not so very much further off than is the former, at any rate, of these two writers. When we turn our backs on the present, a century or two makes little difference. It is the style, not the subject, the manner, not the matter, that tells when a book has turned its fiftieth year. Its success at the birth may be due to one cause, its vigour to the third or the fourth generation is certainly due to another. The book of the present and the book of the past make a wholly distinct appeal. The public will never be dissuaded from reading what, in defence, perhaps, to some quite transitory fashion, it wants to read at the moment. The critic may hold up his inflexible standard of right and wrong, he may commend the well-doer and scourge the offender, and in so doing he may help to build up a wholesome body of doctrine. But, nevertheless, the public "*securus judicat*"; it will read and enjoy what it reads, and forget it. Mr. McCarthy talks about "Disappearing Authors"—mainly novelists—in the *North American Review*. It is an agreeable, but rather aimless, discourse. All authors, save the very elect, must disappear, or, at any rate, be obscured, when their brief day is done. There is simply not room for them; and, instead of recounting the authors who have disappeared, it would be simpler to say that of the novelists of the century all have disappeared save Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and, shall we add? the Brontës. On behalf of present authors a writer in *Longman's* of this month raises a protestant cry against literary dogma. We are as protestant as he is in our desire to vindicate the right of private judgment, and to let an indulgence be granted to those who at present pay, in the words of Mr. Balfour, a "hollow devotion, a withered orthodoxy, divorced from living faith to the memory of the immortal dead." He is right in disputing the *dictum* of Mr. Frederic Harrison that "the world has long ago closed the great assize of letters and adjudged the first places everywhere." There is no ground for such an assertion. There may be generations yet to come for whose representatives seats in the august circle will have to be found; nay, it is possible, so much has taste changed in the brief period which separates us from Johnson, that those who are seated in the places of honour will engage in something like a "general post." We do, nevertheless, believe that we have now certain irrefutable principles by which the critic should be guided founded on a surer taste and a wider knowledge than was possessed by Johnson. But these principles act more surely and precisely on the productions of the past than on those of the present. If, as the writer in *Longman's* asserts, we lose something by the flight of time and cannot appreciate a classic as we ought when manners and even the meanings of words have altered, yet that something which we lose is not the quality which gives an author his claim to greatness. We need not always, of course, criticize "with the aid of a telescope," but we can place the object of our criticism with much greater certainty when we are not quite close to it. The danger of not appreciating old authors enough is nothing to the danger of our appreciating new ones too much. The knowledge that the latter are talking directly to us, dominating and illuminating our life,

"WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE

Whate'er the field the fates for us have plann'd
—Swift War to harass; Inggard Peace
Death with a lightning shock or lingering
Whether a bugle or a muse inspire—
Each in himself hath power to make it grand

Banish all shade of envy from thine eye,
Brother of Peace! Though one may
Raising the patriot shout, on shoulders high
Britons have other ills than Boers to
Win over these thy silent victory!

For he who with an iron heart withstands
The thrusts of hunger; or, with front
Can stretch his bow and view with stedfast
His arrows breaking on the shield of
May without envy shout for "khaki" rank

Personal Views

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS

The three-volume novel, now extinct, has antiquity to justify its prolonged existence. At least to the days of Fielding and Smollett and that three volumes were then by no means they sometimes ran to six or seven volumes. A hundred years since the father of my late party published many novels (now in my possession) in three volumes—e.g., "*Marchmont*," a novel in four volumes—Charlotte Smith, in duodecimo, 1796; "*Morano*," by the same author, in three volumes, 1795; and many others. The price of these works was, I think, from 4s. to 6s. according to their thickness. As these works were before circulating libraries were much in vogue, it is supposed that they were bought, not borrowed, and was certainly the case with the early editions of Scott. For many years past, however, the circulating library buyers have been the only buyers, and the public has been the only readers. When, some years ago, a great fuss was made about the three-volume novel was held up to scorn as being monstrous price of 10s. 6d. a volume—quite ordinary buyers—but the truth is, nobody wanted them. They were made to lend, not to sell, and so the price was quite unreal and factitious, for a reader could and read a dozen novels published at 31s. 6d. for the price of one. He could have bought one of them for, if published at 6s.

As a matter of fact, this three-volume novel is a good test of the merits and value of the book. Borrowed in three volumes the reader and more

success in a cheap one-volume form. I fancy it was this certainty of a large sale in a cheap form that precipitated the fall of the three-volume issue. The publishers, aiming to catch a buying public while it was in the humour, brought out their cheap editions too quickly on the heels of the three volumes, and so crippled, and, in a measure, destroyed, the second-hand market which hitherto the libraries had depended on for the disposal of their surplus stock. Naturally, the librarians did not like this state of things, and when they found their warehouses crowding up with spent and unsaleable stock they revolted. They insisted, and quite reasonably, that they should have a clear run of at least twelve months with their three-volume editions before they were brought face to face with the same work in a one-volume and more saleable form.

This decision of the libraries to discontinue and discourage the production of novels in three volumes was conclusive; they, being the only buyers, were masters of the situation. Since that time the three-volume novel has become a thing of the past—dead, buried, and already almost forgotten; but that its extinction is to be regarded altogether as an unmixed blessing is not quite so conclusive. There are four parties interested in the question—the librarian, the reader, the author, and the publisher.

That it has been a distinct advantage to the librarian is unquestionable. He now makes one volume do the work of three at far less cost to himself, and it may be questioned whether, as a rule, he buys even as many copies from the publisher in the one-volume form as he formerly used to buy of a work of equal merit in the three-volume form.

Whether the subscriber is satisfied to get his new novel, fresh from the author's pen and from the press in the necessarily cramped form and small type of a one-volume work instead of the same work in three handsome volumes of large type, light and pleasant to handle, is not a question for me to settle. He gets three novels each in one volume instead of one novel in three volumes, which, I suppose, is an ample set-off against the loss of the more luxurious form, and so one might assume that he is satisfied.

As to the average author, or, indeed, as to any author, it is not so easy to see that he is greatly benefited, if he is benefited at all by the change. Of course, one hears occasionally of phenomenal sales of original six-shilling novels running into editions of twenty, thirty, or fifty thousand in almost no time, and these successes—few and far between though they be—are regarded and quoted as unquestionable proof of the advantages of the new system. It seems to me, however, that these exceptional successes are only on a par with similar exceptional cases in the good old palmy days of three volumes. I am inclined to doubt whether these wonderful successes of to-day really bring more grist to the mills of their authors than the giants of old were accustomed to receive into their garner.

One wonders if Dickens, or Thackeray, or Wilkie Collins, or Anthony Trollope, or Charles Reade, or William Black, or R. D. Blackmore would have lived and died any the richer if they had started their careers on a one-masted cutter and a six-shilling

there is just as much rubbish published in the one as there formerly was in three volumes. The new work finds its own salvation in course of time, but in the meanwhile much rubbish has flaunted itself into temporary success, many a really good novel by young authors of merit having fallen absolutely flat and dead which in the old form would have found its way to success. Novel readers, as a class, are not novel buyers; they will no more think of giving shillings for a novel than they would of giving thillings. They infinitely prefer to borrow, but they will not borrow books by an unknown author, and I think it can be said that young authors, however brilliant their talents, have a far less chance of being "discovered" in the new system than they would have had under the old system. The new work must and does find its way into the more profitable channels of the cheap periodicals, and thence sometimes into the permanent form of a six-shilling volume. Publishers are not more likely to think worse of a novel because of its first appearance in a popular penny magazine than they were of the *Tousons* and *Lintots* of other days, who, as Charles Lamb said, "never maintained that Pope could not produce the *Iliad*." They were wise in their generation, and believe me, the French bookseller believed, or is said to have believed, that *plus on lira—plus il fait, plus il faudra de livres*.

E. M.

Foreign Letter.

FRANCE.

A pathetic figure, lingering in old age at the stage where he had once played so great a rôle—late Count Benedetti. He suffered much, but amid calumny and abuse which fell upon him always with dignity and reserve. His declining years were spent in writing his memoirs, and now that he is dead we may look for their publication before long.

The Empress Eugénie is probably the only person living who is really acquainted with the inside of the leading up to the Franco-German War. It is pretty well known that the proofs of Count Benedetti's memoirs will be submitted to the Empress as well as to the Count's old friend, Prince Louis Bonaparte, in whose house he died. The book, now so much edited by the family with that kind of care inherent in the French character, should be of great interest. The chapters on the Hohenzollern and the famous Ems telegram will be interesting to everyone. The account given in Busch's book. The memoirs will have much to say on things literary and political of the thirty years.

Count Benedetti's death must have been a great loss to the aged Princesse Mathilde. Modern France can find no figure half so stately as this great lady. In her life and see reflected the finer manners and ideals of other times. She is the only Bonaparte who still lives in France, and her mother, Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, she is connected with many of the Royal families of Europe known that Napoleon III, when a youth, wanted

Paris without any disguise in full state, and for her reward was acclaimed most respectfully by the mob, notwithstanding the great part she had played in bringing about the Second Empire. Before the marriage of Louis Napoleon, his cousin acted as hostess at his receptions, and by means of her literary *salon* attracted to his cause a group of brilliant writers whose sympathies would naturally have been Republican. She could not, of course, help arousing certain jealousies on the part of those who remained faithful to the principles of 1818; and on one occasion Lamartine, who had been thrown over by the poet Nadaud for the sake of a dinner at Princesse Mathilde's, wrote a very bitter stanza which ran round the town:—

Hier le vaincu de Pharsale
M'offrait un dîner d'un écu ;
Le vin est bien, la nappe est sale :
Je n'irai pas chez le vaincu.

The literary coterie of the Princesse included in the fifties Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Gautier, Flaubert, and de Musset. She had at an early age displayed a great taste for painting, and she illustrated Théophile Gautier's "Enamels and Cameos." Sainte-Beuve has left an imperishable portrait of her:—

She has a proud forehead, made for a diadem; her blonde hair is knotted so as to show the lines of her perfect neck. . . . The entire face expresses nobility, dignity, and, when animated, grace united with strength, and that pure joy of living that comes from perfect health combined with perfect goodness.

Later on her circle included such men as Augier, the brothers Goncourt, Octave Feuillet, and Taine—though when the last-named wrote his uncomplimentary account of the great Napoleon the Princesse called and left her card inscribed "P.P.C.," to the huge delight of literary Paris, who did not love M. Taine. Princesse Mathilde seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Even now her keen interest in every fresh literary movement of consequence seems inexhaustible. She was among the first to recognize the talent of de Maupassant; and she contrived to be on good terms both with Renan and with the French clerical world. She remained—an even greater triumph—on good terms with both the literary Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards!

Among the *jeunes* she has welcomed Hervieu, Lavedan, and the very latest star, Rostand, and, as a proof of her breadth of mind, as an old woman she made friends with the Duc d'Aumale. Her principal charity is "L'Asile Mathilde" for incurable children, to which Edmond de Goncourt left the property which he intended for the Académie de Goncourt, in the event of that institution coming to naught.

In the comments on the fire at the Théâtre Français I have not seen any allusion to the fate of the manuscripts, read and unread, of which there must have been stacks in the building. The Comédie and the Académie are the two institutions in France which receive the most astonishing communications. The Académie is particularly favoured just before an election is going to take place, when the most impossible persons apply to be numbered with the Immortals. The story goes that on one occasion when a particularly illiterate applicant, who spelt "académie" with two "e's," sent in his claim, Dumas *fit observer, il veut nous prouver, Messieurs, qu'il est un homme de lettres!* Similarly, the Théâtre Français is overwhelmed with rubbish from all parts of France, and the news of the fire must have struck a chill into the heart of many a young poet and playwright. It would perhaps be too much to say that every play

for her in it, and their attention naturally went to the finish the author is fortunate if half-a-dozen are, so to speak, in at the death, though, of course, uncivil as to leave the room. Then follows the done by ballot. The fate of the play is submitted to the *sociétaires*, and the director has a casting vote whether known or unknown, receive fifteen gross nightly receipts; but in the budget of the Théâtre Français an annual sum of about £1,600 is put for *rétributions* and *suppléments*. The *suppléments* are in the allegiance of eminent *sociétaires* who might leave the house of Molière; while the *gratifications* from £10 to £400, are paid to the best-known who would otherwise not be content with a bare The Théâtre Français is a most conservative institution. A play submitted must be written in a large round engrossed deed. No such new-fangled innovations in writing are allowed, and even if the play has been printed it must be copied back into large round

In spite of the attention which the war has brought to France, the output of books has been hardly affected. Few of the new books have any direct bearing either on South Africa generally. Fiction, of course, holds its own in respect of number. Paul Bourget's "Drame" (Plon) has only just come out, having been postponed owing to the great demand. He is almost the only writer who has secured a large American audience. Critics at home consider that this has somewhat lowered the quality of his work and given him a literary reputation which he does not really deserve. In Boston, however, he speaks, one eye being fixed on decorous Boston. Paris. The house of Plon has also brought out a volume of the *ville's* "Zoby." This industrious writer has a generally high level of excellence, and proves a good place in France for thoroughly wholesome fiction. By the author of "Demi-Vièges" is an even more scandalous *chef d'œuvre* was not really so new a literary point of view as his first book "Scorpion" which is nearly so well known. His latest work, "Félicité" will appear at the end of this month from the house of Calmann Lévy has just published Max O'Rourke's "Femme et Artiste," an experiment which will interest in three continents. Fasquelle has just published volumes of notes—two novels and a play. "L'Asile" by Maurice Barrès, is quite a new departure in imaginative and poetic author of "Le Jardin de la Vie" he describes it as a "roman de l'énergie nationale." Daudet's "La Romance du Temps Présent" remains a literary gift is often hereditary. Last but not least "L'Aiglon" is out to-day (April 7).

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC "PREPARATION" AND "REHEARSAL"

It was a saying of Dumas the younger, who was never tired of quoting, that the art of dramatic preparation. Mr. Walter Frith, who is a dramatic critic, and must, therefore, have read Sarcy, has failed to take this significant saying sitting down to write his *Man of Forty*, now to St. James'. The play is clever in many ways, and in the way of fitting the talents of the St. J.

writing at one o'clock in the early morning with the printer clamorous for the last slip of "copy." I am glad to have the opportunity of repairing my injustice to Mr. Aubrey Smith now. Altogether the play is well acted, and, in a sense, well written. Mr. Frith has tact and taste—that is to say, he writes like a gentleman. I wish I could add that he writes like a born dramatist, but, with that saying of Dumas in my mind, I cannot. If the art of drama be, indeed, the art of preparations, then it is an art which Mr. Frith has yet to learn. Briefly stated, the Dumasian statement comes to this—the art of drama consists not merely in inventing incidents, but in foreshadowing them and in inducing an eager desire in the spectator for their occurrence. The dramatist has to provoke a demand as well as to furnish a supply. To this law there is an obvious corollary. Having created a demand you must satisfy it. You must not "prepare" an effect which never "comes off." You must not put your spectator on a "false scent." There is a similar law of "preparation" and "resolution" in music. You must resolve your dominant seventh into your common chord, or you will mar my pleasure. You might trace the law in other arts. It has, in fact, a physiological basis; the need for relief after tense expectation.

You will find a very elementary instance of "preparation" duly followed by "resolution" in this very play. Lewis Dunster, a vicious person, whose existence blocks the happiness of virtuous persons, on his very first appearance reels from an attack of heart disease. From that moment you know what to expect. This vicious person will ultimately be removed from the path of the virtuous persons by sudden death. The expected duly happens. But now turn to Roger Dunster, Lewis' brother. The brothers (played by the same actor) are as like as two peas. Just before the curtain has risen one has been mistaken for the other. Again and again the resemblance is insisted upon. Here, clearly, is a "preparation." You are on the look-out for some consequence of the resemblance. When, for an act or two, you find nothing following from it you make up your mind that the consequence is reserved for the last. You reflect, "'Tis all very fine for you, my friend, to call yourself Roger Dunster, but I know you; your real name is Roger Dénouement." This is the train of thought always aroused by the prominence of an apparent superfluity in the earlier stages of a play. Let me give some other examples. Throughout *Forget-Me-Not* Stéphanie de Mohrtvart is shadowed by a silent young Italian with a knife. The young Italian has nothing to do with the main action of the play, which shows how an adventuress forces herself upon a respectable family. But you see why he is there; fear of his knife has to drive the adventuress out of the house in the last act. He is Signor Dénouement. In *The Dancing Girl* the hero rescues a girl from a carriage accident. She has nothing to do with the main action. She exists simply to dash a poison phial from the hero's hand in the last act. She is Miss Dénouement. In *The Benefit of the Doubt* you hear much throughout the earlier acts of a certain Bishop. The Bishop has nothing to do with the main action of the play, which turns upon the indiscretion of an all-but-divorced woman. He exists simply to appear for five minutes at the end, and receive the indiscreet lady back into unimpeachably respectable society. He is the Right Reverend Bishop Dénouement. It is impossible for the spectator not to see in Roger Dunster, with his extraordinary resemblance to his brother, on which so much stress is laid, a personage of this description. Something at the last moment, something very important, is surely to follow from that resemblance? What follows is this and nothing more: the young girl who had

has to "prepare" not only developments but and not only evolutions but revolutions. Conversely certain "preparations" which announce a resolution of the sort which Aristotle called *καταρσις*. His (*Poetics*, XI.) is well known. "Ἐὰν δὲ καταρσις ἰσχυρίων τῶν ἐπαρρηθῆναι παραβολή—" A revolution into the reverse of what is expected from the close of the action." And Aristotle gives an instance well familiar to everybody. "Thus, in the *Œdipus*, the meaning to make Œdipus happy, and to relieve the dread he was under with respect to his mother, by uniting to him his real birth, produces an effect directly the reverse of his intention." Now, it seems to me that a clearly "prepared" in the earlier acts of Mr. Frith's eponymous hero, the quadragenarian, is presented between the *jolie de jeune* which he had not sufficient in his youth and the duties of middle age; he would be a lover, but finds that this leads to the neglect of his daughter. Much is made of his frivolity (a scene with M.P., otherwise superfluous, is introduced to that pleasure-loving temperament, of his determination of wealth to confer happiness on all and sundry—a woman of his heart, and not excluding himself. A man made of the difficulties in the way—his daughter, who would run wild, and gets into mischief; his advancing a daughter by the necessity for the spectacles which he is too old to wear. Here, I submit, is the announcement of a theme. At the man of forty, chastened by experience, abandons his youth once and for all, and resigning himself to be a father. I merely indicate the vague outline, of a theme, not for me to write the play. Think of the sud-Bear Farintosh in *School*, of Brigard in *Frou-Frou*, see (in its crudest form) what I mean. I will, however, to hint how the *καταρσις* might have been brought about. A man who dies from heart disease is at once the suitor of the hero's daughter and the husband of the woman who desires to marry. It is a struggle with the hero to prevent the immediate cause of the man's death. Thus the hero's daughter, the hero of the undesirable suitor for his daughter (ought to be) a bar to his own hopes of marriage with the woman of his choice. For it is he who, however unintentionally, dealt her husband his death-stroke. Here, if ever there is a change into the reverse of what was expected, a resolution of the action." But there is no such resolution in Mr. Frith's play. He calmly lets the hero marry the woman whose husband he has helped to kill. And there is no change in the hero's character. He is not sobered; there is no change from philanderer to father. The significance of the exhibition of the hero's character in the opening of the play has come to naught. We have had a "preparation" and "resolution."

A. B. W.

Reviews.

MR. LANG'S "SCOTLAND."

A HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FROM THE ROMAN OCCUPATION TO THE PRESENT. BY ANDREW LANG. Vol. I. (Blackwood, 1898.)

The work on which Mr. Lang has been known to the public for some time has been looked for with some curiosity and eagerness in dealing with an isolated historical

chronicle in everything except diligence. With no faltering hand he steers us out of the twilight of antiquity through reefs of conflicting evidence and round shoals of partisan assertion. The light is often faint, for the helmsman wisely disregards spurlous flares. It must have cost many a pang to an author so keenly sensitive to romance to turn a deaf ear to the plausible Fitzscottle and Hume of Godseroff. We may not always concur with his fluting, and English readers occasionally may suspect his summing up of patriotic prepossession; but he is never betrayed from vehemence to violence, as happened even to the judicial Hailes.

Take as an example Mr. Lang's treatment of that cardinal event in the destiny of Scotland, whereof there is only a single circumstance upon which all writers, contemporary and subsequent, are agreed—namely, that John Comyn was slain in the Greyfriars Church at Dumfries by Robert Bruce. Neither of the two latest writers upon this tragedy—Dr. Hume Brown and Professor Goldwin Smith—shrinks from dealing with this affair as *chose jugée* in all its details; each of them dismisses it in a single paragraph. Mr. Lang is more conscientious, yet less arid. He balances the opposing accounts given by Sir Thomas Gray, Hemingburgh, Matthew of Westminster, and Fordun, and then sums up for the verdict—Guilty, with extenuating circumstances.

While Fordun's tale is a *Märchen*, Gray's version implies deliberate murderous intention. . . . We may suppose that a sudden quarrel broke out between men who, long before, had flown at each other's throats (in Selkirk Forest, 1296), and that Bruce's act was an unpremeditated but not unrepented manslaughter. The inveterate waverer was thus baptized into heroism by blood; he redeemed his character by a crime; and a life of strenuous excellence began in a sacrilegious homicide.

The circumstances and habits of the time considered, we are not inclined to demur to this view as over-charitable, but we are unable to follow Mr. Lang when he supports it by observing that "it is clear that Bruce had made no preparations for holding out against Edward." Had he not? What, then, was the significance of the secret compact he had made with the Bishop of St. Andrews eighteen months previously, whereby each bound himself to assist the other in all time coming against all persons whatsoever "in view of future dangers"? We cannot doubt that throughout the year 1305, even when in September he accepted from Edward the trust of Kildrummie, Bruce entertained the resolve that the Rubicon was to be crossed; only the precise manner in which at last it *was* crossed was unpremeditated.

Writing although he does from a Scottish standpoint, this author is neither *borné* nor prejudiced. Deeply versed in the literature of many lands, parallels in their history present themselves as he traces the course of that of his own from a time when written record there was none. For him the illumination of the Book of Kells recalls the decorated ceiling of Orhomenos; Maoshowe is a humble counterpart of Mycenæ, and the bending pastures of Bannockburn irresistibly send his thoughts to marsh-girt Marathon. Historical pedants may carp at the levity of such literary allusions as that suggested by the English spy's description of the meeting of Scottish chiefs in Selkirk Forest:—

Wallace's brother, Sir Malcolm, gave Graham the lie;

Comyn took Bruce by the throat; Buchan seized the Bishop of St. Andrews; dirks were out—it was the deadlock scene in "The Critic"; but they came to an agreement.

The muse of history cannot afford to disdain her livelier sisters. "Aha!" exclaimed Robert Bruce's contemporary, even at

which the Emperor of Britain (Eadgar) was rowed eight vassal kings." As substantial reason for cites the English chronicle, where the tributary as six, the number being raised to eight two of Florence of Worcester, and speaks afterwards Scotland, "who stroked the apocryphal eight to those unversed in aquatics."

Mr. Lang is not merely a conscientious chronicler in reviving the seeming and sentiment of the past. We do not remember to have read a synthetic conditions of any given period at once so faithful as that of twelfth-century Scotland, from which the following:—

The men of the middle ages, of course, were to plundering and to being plundered, to burn to seeing their own houses burned. Every man warrior, just as the Highland clansmen were in the rest, the life was coarse. There was occasional foray, a sufficiency of popular feasting, the rural rituals of harvest and of Yule; culture was oral; there were songs, some of events, sung by girls as they danced; there were *Märchen* told in the ingle-nook; in the Celts were heroic ballads chanted, proclaiming the legendary heroes. Jongleurs and harpers sung romances, told romances, conjured, as they walked the land. The court, always moving about from place to place, brought colour and spectacle, the sight of seals and of the sea. As to book learning, it was not a common thing, probably exaggerate the popular ignorance of the time. Long before St. Margaret, the educational system of Scotland had the grades of *scolar*, *rector*, *scholar*, *leiginn* or lecturer. . . . Ailred of Rievaulx was at Kirkcubright on St. Cuthbert's day. (A bull dragged by ropes from the field "to be of use and oblation to St. Cuthbert." The *scolars* had good opportunity for a bull-baiting in the church; remonstrated with, one of them denied the presence of the saint, "for all his well-built chapel," and pinned this advanced thinker, to the general contempt.

Now the materials for this kind of delineation are up and down a hundred authorities. It is no 'prophet' has sorted them so deftly; no pedant's craft has sifted them of all smell of the oil.

Into character and motive Mr. Lang has been. In his preface, like George Buchanan, he anticipates many and contenting few," especially by the dark he has painted the descendants of good Sir John. But in truth the record, if it is to be made, is charged with shade. In regard, however, to one across the haze of centuries, we venture to think done less than justice. We will not enter into controversy about the Scottish homage. Mr. Hailes and Robertson that the English claim Scottish kings for their realm was a baseless one, was claimed from and paid by them fairly enough for estates. Questions of suzerainty are notably a point of view and provocative of heat; but this is the doubt thrown by Mr. Lang upon the honest belief in the validity of his claim. The terms in which that great ruler pushing his claim are very which President Kruger's friends might apply to him. We should have liked the author to be

in dealing with the Scots, finds no echo in these pages. The facts are all against it. Until the final, unpardonable treachery of Bruce "Edward, on the whole, showed a sagacious clemency . . . With Wallace alone did Edward decline to make terms." After that "his vindictiveness did not exceed that of the Hanoverian Government in the age of Hume, Johnson, Horace Walpole, and Voltaire. . . . Edward had pushed the policy of clemency and trustfulness very far; he had invariably been met by perjury and revolt."

We have noted wonderfully few misprints in this complex and closely printed work. "Fialth" is no plural of the Gaelic *fath*, but a variant, the plural being *flathain* or *flaithean* (p. 82). Machentagar should be glossed *mac an t-sagairt*, not *Mac in Sagart* (p. 129), Henry II. stands for Henry I. (p. 128), *ferleiginn* for *ferleiginn* (p. 156), Sir John the Steward was of Bonkill, not of Bonhill (p. 186), whence the feebly punning heraldry of his descendants, who carry a buckle (buncke), in their arms with the motto—*Suffibulatus majores sequor*. For one serious hindrance to the reader's convenience we must hold the publisher, not the author, to account. Who is there that does not prize foot-notes, wherein sometimes are stored the richest nuggets in the mine? But they ought to be at the page foot, not at the chapter end as in this volume. One is entitled to the easement of picking up references and asides as one goes along; it is heartless to make one turn perpetually to a page far ahead.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing the latest history of Scotland to be the most readable, and, taking account of the use that has been made of recent specialist research, the most complete.

VARIOUS BROOK FARMERS.

BROOK FARM. By LINDSAY SWIFT. (Macmillan, 6s.)

A great mass of Brook Farm literature is in existence. Mr. Swift's bibliography of the subject covers ten pages, and does not pretend to be complete. There was room, however, for his own volume on the subject which sums up the contents of the previous Brook Farm books, succinctly tells the story of this interesting American experiment, and enables us to look at it through the spectacles of the principal members and visitors of the institution. It was originated by George W. Ripley, whom Carlyle has described as a "Socialist Master who left his pulpit in order to reform the world by cultivating onions." His purpose, as expressed in his own language, was "to ensure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labour than now exists, to combine the thinker and the worker as far as possible in the same individual, to guarantee the highest mental freedom by providing labour adapted to their tastes and talents, and securing to them the fruits of their industry; to do away with the necessity of menial services by combining the benefits of education and the profits of labour to all." With this end in view he got a number of sympathetic persons to join with him in the purchase of Brook Farm. All sorts and conditions of people desired to join him there. Among them, Mr. Swift tells us, were political exiles, tradesmen in a small way who had failed elsewhere, needy widows, and ministers without parishes but generally with good-sized families. Most of these applicants had to be rejected, but even when the farmers had been chosen with discrimination, success did not attend the enterprise. For one reason or another, all the members broke away. One of them took to drink and another to gold-mining; a third became a

the slink. We read of the treatment of invalids by cure, which was applied as follows:—

Thirteen barrels of ice-cold water were yielded a spring, and this supply was dammed until a patient for it; then the sluices were opened and the water pour down an inclined plane and fall a distance of feet upon the back of the shuddering victim.

We also see how the lack of organization brought philanthropic efforts of the farm to grief. Educational department which, apparently, suffered most defects:—

It frequently happened that a teacher who on the farm would leave his work to meet an engaged pupil; but the pupil, being absorbed in the pure chunks, either forgot his appointment altogether or appearance an hour late.

Of the members and visitors of the institution the most are probably Ralph Waldo Emerson and Nathaniel Emerson was not entirely in sympathy with the work he did not hesitate to speak of it with a quiet satire writes Mr. Swift, "as he said of a certain new Transcendental Club that it was like going to Heaven so he playfully compared Brook Farm to a French restaurant." Hawthorne's association with the Brook Farm to every one from his famous Blithedale Romance, his opinion of it is perhaps better given in his letters enthusiastically by breaking a machine for chopping then devoting his energy to the spreading of manure fields. He also wrote home proudly to the effect milked a cow, and he seems to have regarded this as the more important because the cow in question had an intelligent face" and "a reflective cast of character four months later he was tired of agricultural labour up his feelings thus:—

In a little more than a fortnight I shall be fabled bondage, free to enjoy nature, free to think and labour is the curse of the world, and nobody can do it without becoming proportionately brutified. It is a worthy matter that I have spent five golden providing food for cows and horses? It is not so.

It is well known that the Brook Farm experiment of Fourierism under the auspices of Albert Brisbane is a branch of the subject on which Mr. Swift has no to say. His book on the whole, however, is an account of an interesting experiment, not merely history of Brook Farm, but also carefully giving the careers of the principal people connected with it, such as Charles Dana, George P. Bradford, William Henry and some others.

MALAY FOLKLORE.

MALAY MAGIC. By WALTER WILLIAM SKEAT. (Macmillan, 21s. n.)

Mr. Skeat, who is a Civil servant in the Federated States, has done a valuable piece of work in this true he is not the first to write of the Malays in the Marsden and Newbold laid the foundations, and in Sir F. Swettenham and Mr. H. Clifford have done much interest in the race. But Mr. Skeat has struck out a line of his own, which is indicated by the title. It

observe the social and natural history of the northern Malay States. The Government has given him leave of absence, but, with characteristic stolidity, withholds his pay.

Some fault may be found with the method of the book. Mr. Skeat quotes too much, and this, too, even where he can speak from his own knowledge. We do not suggest that he should have confined himself to what he has seen; but it would have been better had he combined reading with experience, and put the result in his own words, giving, of course, his authority for any second-hand statement. The fault is formal; we would not wish any of his information away, but long quotations give a scrappy look to the work. In nearly all cases Mr. Skeat has something of his own to add; and this is usually the charm used by the operator. These charms are given in a literal English translation, the original text being reserved for an appendix, which covers nearly a hundred pages of small print. We regret to add that parts of this are left untranslated, whether to bowdlerize or not does not appear. Seeing how few know the Malay dialects, the whole should certainly have been translated, though it might have been necessary to use the decent obscurity of a dead language for parts of the text.

It is clear that Mr. Skeat has the confidence of the people he helps to govern. All collectors know how shy men are of telling a superstition; yet he has managed to persuade magicians and medicine men to show him their rites, to dictate their incantations, and in some instances to lend their magical books for copying. The great mass of these charms are clearly older than the present religion of the people, though there are many traces both of Hindu and of Mahomedan influences. Birth, marriage, and death, agriculture, hunting, and mining, wind and weather, the forest and the sea, each yields its own store of charms and ceremonies. Many of these are familiar elsewhere. Sympathetic magic, for instance, is common. To make rain a Malay woman "puts on her head an inverted earthenware pan, and then, setting it upon the ground, fills it with water and washes the cat in it until the latter is more than half drowned." Wax images are used for bewitchment, as in our own country. Even among these familiar practices, however, Mr. Skeat often adds some new thing. Thus the Malay image, we learn, must be of the length of a footstep (doubtless measured by the victim's foot); it must be made like a corpse, and the burial service must be said over it. Mr. Skeat gives a picture of three of these images, which belong to his collection of models. And beside these more commonplace things are a host of others quite new to us. Some of the most curious are the traditional methods of hunting. Thus to catch wild pigeon, a hut has to be built after a prescribed model, with a railing before it which encloses what is called "King Solomon's palace-yard." Elaborate ceremonies and charms are required for each step of the preparations, and a special language has to be used, new words being applied to everything that the pigeon may be deceived. The hut is the Magic Prince, the tube used for sounding a call-note is Prince Distraction, the decoy bird is the Squatting Princess. The pigeons are addressed in royal style, and invited to perch in the Ivory Hall, carpeted with silver, and so forth. Tiger hunting and other kinds have their own prescriptions and taboos, in which there is often a kind of grim humour. The Malay language is taboo in searching for camphor. Tin miners, too, have their language and their rules, one of which is that no shoes or umbrellas may be taken into the mine for fear of offending the tin spirit. Certain animals must never approach the mine; and if it is necessary to speak of them, they must not be named. The clearest, for example, is always a "tall leaf" among miners.

and other problems of ethnology another time given us is a very valuable contribution to the lore, the more welcome because such things are fresh to the face of the earth.

SYMBOLS.

SYMBOLISM OF THE EAST AND WEST. By Mrs. MURRAY-AYNSLEY (Redway, 21s. n.)

Symbolism is a word which has gained strength in these late days, and the symbolism of Mrs. Murray-Aynsley must not be confused with the symbolism of Mr. Arthur Evans's historical study of symbols as part of the science of prehistoric archaeology, very attractive one, and it would seem to possess a special fascination for the feminine mind. Three of the thorniest subjects are women—Mrs. Jameson, Miss Murray-Aynsley, and Miss Margaret Stokes—and now we must add Mrs. Murray-Aynsley to the list. We do not forget "Golden Bough" or Comte Goblet d'Alviella's "Symbols," delightful if somewhat temerarious. A large share taken by women in this branch of research is not surprising—the more so since there is a good deal of symbolism which would not occur to a woman's mind. No doubt, "fearful joy" in tracing out appropriate symbols and allied rites and superstitions, and the discovery of meeting between Mexico and Mandalay, Coromandel, Denmark and Mysore. Picking out these strange Scandinavian bracelets, or Brittany dolmens, or like dram-drinking—it grows and overmasters its ground, probably no more dangerous study to be pursued than the one which easily leads one into the error of confusing numbers with lineal derivation, and accident with intention. In parallel we can think of is etymology in untrained hands. For instance, Mrs. Murray-Aynsley finds similarities in ornament on objects in Scandinavia and on a bracelet from the Niger country, and immediately draws the conclusion that the people who made the bracelet must be of the same race as the Scandinavians, we are forced to conclude that similar causes produce similar results everywhere. No reason on earth why a simple form of decoration should have been evolved independently in Sweden and in the Niger. Symbolists are much too prone to assume that man is one, and that two men cannot hit on identical inventions independently seen the same rashness among comparative mythologists.

After this protest, however, we have nothing to say against the laborious work which Mrs. Murray-Aynsley has done, not live to see published. She was a born student, a linguist, and gifted with many rare qualities of observation; and during twenty years of a life of travelling, largely spent in India, she has accumulated a vast store of knowledge of her favourite subjects. The great merit of her work is that it is not a mere gathering of facts partly from books and the records of travellers, but mainly from the mouths and customs of the people themselves, with whom her linguistic talents enabled her to converse, and from whom she drew much curious information on superstitions, customs, and symbols. Though the object of her book is to show points of close analogy between the East and the West, it includes a great deal of material on those who are not bitten with the taste for symbolism. It is soled by finding in her pages a remarkable collection of folk-lore. Indeed, the two are so intimately connected

Selborne) of passing sleek children through cleft pollards, the origin of maypoles, and a dozen kindred subjects. It will be seen that Mrs. Murray-Aynsley's researches cover a wide and fertile field, and imply a vast amount of careful study. The book is a collection of authenticated facts rather than a thesis (like Count Goblet d'Alviella's) on the migration of symbols and superstitions, and this is its special virtue. We shall not undertake the ungracious task of pointing out trifling errors, but we may just remark that Tavernier certainly did not visit India during the reign of Akbar, and that there is no "mosque of Umar" at Cairo. Sir George Birdwood, himself an ardent student of symbolism, contributes an interesting and suggestive introduction to the subject, in which he also pays a sympathetic tribute to the author's gracious personality and remarkable powers; and the volume is illustrated by numerous drawings. The omission of an index in a work of this character is so serious a defect that it ought to be remedied at once.

PAUL DE KOCK.

MEMOIRS OF PAUL DE KOCK. (Smithers, 16s. 6.).

That amusing though styleless and somewhat rascally novelist, Paul de Kock, has pretty well lost his once considerable vogue in this country. It is "Gyp" and M. Anatole France and M. Henri Lavedan that the Pendants of to-day reads with the accompaniments of a domesticated sofa and a cigar, in order to acquaint himself with the onward march of literature. But we remember that once it was Paul de Kock who served this noble and elevating purpose, and we have a kindly feeling for an author whose name we know so much better than his work. That feeling will not be diminished by the perusal of his memoirs, of which a fairly good translation is now offered to the English reader. The main facts of Paul de Kock's life are already familiar to those who care to know them: in this genial autobiography he fills up what has hitherto been a mere outline with sufficiently entertaining details. Born in 1793, he began life (unconsciously enough) by saving his mother from the guillotine. Even the stern Fonquier-Tiville was softened by the "baby laughter" with which the infant Paul greeted those who came to bear Madame de Kock before the Revolutionary Tribunal which had just condemned her husband. There are, as M. de Kock smilingly congratulates himself, "few cases of filial affection which can be compared on the ground of precocity with that." In 1799 Madame de Kock married again. Her second husband was a good fellow enough, but a confirmed gambler, who wasted his substance at the roulette tables which were so common in Paris during the first third of the century. Oddly enough, this weakness of his helped his stepson into the ranks of authorship. When the boy was eighteen he wrote his first novel, on the model of Miss Crawley's favourite Pigault Lebrun. No publisher would accept it, so he naturally turned to the young author's second resource, and decided to print it himself. But he only had 200 francs; so he took his stepfather into counsel as to the possibility of increasing this small capital at the tempting wheel. The stepfather played with the proverbial luck of the novice, and brought back 1,200 francs, of which he would only accept a quarter as commission. It is interesting to see the budget of a French author in 1811. Kock's book was in two volumes—he had not the courage to test his reader's patience by extending it to the usual three.

Each copy of the five hundred, including stitching and

The selling price of the book was six francs a copy, and sellers demanded a third of this as discount. The four dozen copies were sold, and the young author's exultation threw up his clerkship. But the total was more than a hundred copies, and he had to pluck backwaters of literature, "sink or swim." His name was for the stage, for the simple reason that it too work to write a novel, whereas a three-act play could in three weeks. In the course of his literary career he amusing acquaintances, to whom we are duly introduced; the oldest of all was the vaudeville writer, Martainville, a lazy but clever person. On one occasion he had to write a vaudeville by a certain time. On the appointed day he turned up at the theatre with a roll of MS., read the first act aloud with the greatest *éclat*, drew his cheque, and went to write the third act. After he was gone the manager turned up the MS. to take a look at some of the best jokes, and found the paper blank; indolent Martainville had improvised the first act. Six months later, when he actually written, those who had heard the reading of the first impromptu version was the better of the two. There is no space for further quotations, but enough has been said to show that these memoirs are really worth reading, though not for edification.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Delany.

IN MRS. DELANY: A MEMOIR, 1700-1788, compiled by Mrs. Paston (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.), we have before us a book which could, if she liked, have been the wife of John Wesley, the intimate correspondent of Swift; who knew and corresponded with the most notable of the "Blue Stockings"; and discussed, on their first appearance, the works of Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Chesterfield, Miss Burney, and Sheridan; who was a social celebrity for three centuries, and who, in the quieter days of her old age, could say that she saw "very few people besides" King Queen Charlotte, and their children; who admitted she "refused to know," Dr. Johnson; and who, on the death of the magnanimous Doctor himself, was described as "a truly great woman of fashion. . . . not only of fashion of the present age, but the highest bred world, and a woman of fashion of all ages." No wonder when her correspondence was published in 1861 by Lady Macaulay in six volumes at £5 the set, discriminating reviewers found it, if they murmured a little at its bulk. At that time of reconstituting the actual life of a bygone day, Macaulay, hardly recognized in England, though it was a great acceptance in France. Nowadays no one is likely to be such a "document" as Mrs. Delany's letters. The book is still for those who will be at the pains to hunt them up; the general reader knows not Mrs. Delany. "She was," Mrs. Paston says, "no professional wit, no publicly-toasted woman, she never published a book, exhibited a picture, nor herself the heroine of a scandal." She achieved notoriety, but the invention and execution of a curious paper herbarium. She attained celebrity solely by her wit, her culture, and her charm. It is this which gives quality to Mr. Paston's book. There is social gossip, including a most agreeable picture of the household of the time; there is much that will detain the reader; and the notabilities of the eighteenth century; but even

to read, and we cordially thank Mr. Paston for his skill in compressing the record into so agreeable and readable a volume. But he ought to have given us an index.

A Bishop's Humour.

No profession—unless it be the legal—is so prolific in humour as the clerical, which is, perhaps, the reason why so many celebrated wits have been clergymen. Jests on matters more or less closely connected with religion are often easy, and, therefore, cheap, and they sometimes offend the more sensitive brethren. We are not sure that this circumstance should not have been recognized in the apologies made by Mr. F. D. How in the preface to *LIGHTER MOMENTS* (Isbister, 2s. 6d.). But the book represents the lighter moments of a Bishop whom no one could accuse either of want of industry or of reverence—Bishop Walsham How; and his son need not really have apologized to any one. He gives us from his father's note-book an immense store of clerical stories almost all of them quaint and many of them very, very funny. Bishop Walsham How was all the better Bishop for these "lighter moments." He worked hard, and, with all his humour, was thoroughly earnest and sincere. He could well appreciate the suggestion made by one of his colleagues overwhelmed with the pressure of engagements that the final clause in the Baptismal Service should be changed to "Ye are to take care that the Bishop be brought to this child to confirm him." The revival of church ordinances was a serious reality to him; but this did not blind him to the humours of the Bishops of the old school, one of whom he recalls as beginning his confirmation charge thus:—"My dear young friends, we have been engaged in a very interesting, and (as I hold it to be), a perfectly unobjectionable ceremony." But we are beginning to retail his good things, and that is far too tempting a pursuit. We will only quote one more, characteristic of the Bishop's love of children.

A very little girl, when taken to church, always knelt down reverently to say a short prayer when she went in. Her mother, not having taught her any prayer to say at that time, asked her to tell her what she said. The child answered that she always prayed that there might be no Litany.

Tennyson.

A very delicious little book is *THE LYRIC POEMS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON* (Dent, 2s. 6d.), belonging to a series called "The Lyric Poets." It has graceful borders and head lines here and there and contains, with others, those early gems of poetry by which, after all, Tennyson is best known to this generation and which justify Mr. Ernest Rhys in saying in his introduction to the book that "if Tennyson, like Keats, had died at twenty-five, we should still have had a rare legacy to English poetry from his hands."

Another Tennyson volume is the *IX MEMORIAM* (Is. 6d. n.), in Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library," edited with his usual taste by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, who writes an introduction and the briefest notes.

Letitia Bonaparte.

A certain interest is always taken in the mothers of great men, which accounts for the production of *MISS CLARA TSCHUDI'S NAPOLEON'S MOTHER* (Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.), which has been translated from the Norwegian by Miss or Mrs. E. M. Cope. In herself, Letitia Bonaparte was a very ordinary sort of woman; her claim to the notice of the world is solely dependent on the remarkable career of her son. "Good Corsican Letitia!" cries Carlyle; "while thou nurdest thy little Napoleon, and he answers thy mother-smile with those deep eyes of his, a world-famous French Revolution is getting ready to man-

absorbing ambition of Napoleon," though she translated many passages in which Miss Tschudi's approval of the "Corsican monster." We find at this point of view was as extinct as the seminar Miss Pinkerton. In the character of "Madame" the most curious feature was that thrifty care for which led her to accumulate the fortune which was afterwards useful to her family. At the zenith of her son's fame she was tormented with constant anxiety lest the edifice should one day melt away. Consequently she rid herself of the parsimonious habit of life which her children all the more for the ugly prognostication which it seemed to imply. "We Corsicans have no revolutions," she used to say. "All this pomp and end, and what will become of my children? Tell me, and it would certainly be better to go to the grave than to strangers who would reject and betray the wisdom proved her wisdom.

Hawking.

THE ART AND PRACTICE OF HAWKING, by (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), is, we think, the second of this fascinating sport published during the last year; the other is, of course, the "Hints on the Management of Hawks" by the well-known authority, Mr. J. E. Harting of the Linnean Society, of which a second edition has just appeared. We hope this means a continuance of interest in the pastime which, since the death-how dealt to it by the Government, has never been what it was, and yet has never been extinct. At present there are about thirty establishments in England, chiefly engaged in the sport. Mr. Michell agrees with Mr. Harting in the opinion that hawking spoils a moor for game. The book is written, exhaustive and thoroughly practical, with illustrations, partly photographic.

Spurgeon.

Vol. 4 of C. H. Spurgeon's *AUTOBIOGRAPHY* (Alabaster) brings this colossal work to a close. An interesting chapter is that containing a collection of his sermons in which the eminent Baptist gave expression to his views on various subjects of general interest. Here, in common sense, his prepossessions—we may say his ignorance, placed in striking juxtaposition. On temperance, for example, he writes wisely:—

I do not want you to wear a lot of pennyworth putty meals; not to be always trying to be moderate drinkers, but to go in for winning the

But when he comes to the subject of grocers find nothing better to say than that he had a grocer who had not deteriorated by the act of his views of evolution were also somewhat "Darwin," he wrote, "has never been able to find Archbishop of Canterbury in the body of the billy goat, and I venture to prophesy that he will publish such a feat as that;" and he was apparently under the impression that this argument disposed of Darwin. We have once before remarked with reference to this on which it is conceived and the manner of its presentation, not to be judged by quite the usual standard. Undoubtedly, in both these respects it commends itself to a immense number of people who admired Spurgeon's teaching. And we can cordially congratulate him on having so successfully completed the record

"Gotteschalel et Predestinarii Controversie" (1631), which is here included, was long believed to be the first Latin book published in Dublin; but Part I. of this useful compilation showed that Dr. O'Meara's "Pathologia Hereditaria" was issued there as early as 1619. Sir Thomas Overbury's poem, "The Wife," received a twelfth impression in the Irish capital in 1626. There are many proclamations by Viscount Falkland and Lord Deputy Wentworth, while in the years under notice two editions of Edmund Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland" came from Dublin presses. The work is done with great care, the collations and other bibliographical details being very minutely reported. Mr. Dugan's notes contain a good deal of illustrative and explanatory matter in brief compass.

Mr. Evelyn Cecil landed in Cape Town on September 12 and went on to Bloemfontein and Pretoria. He was at Ladysmith when war broke out, and stayed a further three weeks in Natal. Then he went round by the way of Beira to Rhodesia. His opportunities of acquiring information were exceptional, and he gives the upshot of many interviews in *ON THE EVE OF THE WAR* (Murray, 3s. 6d.). In a level-headed way he takes the Rhodesian view of the situation, and tells some good stories convicting President Kruger and those about him of corruption, though he has nothing to say that those who have made any study of the subject did not know perfectly well already. His photographs are rather good.

The latest addition to "The Philosophy at Home Series" (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. each) is a translation by Mr. E. P. Goerwitz of Kant's *DREAMS OF A SPIRIT-SEEKER*. A lucid introduction and some notes are added by Mr. F. Sewall. Kant's satire on the spiritual philosophy of Swedenborg must be read with his later works, for example, "The Lectures on Metaphysics" and "The Lectures on Psychology." For Swedenborg's theory in the "Arcana" of the spirit world, so mercilessly satirized by Kant, considerably influenced the later philosophy of Kant himself. He never believed, like Swedenborg, in the communion during life with spirits, but he admitted the possibility of a *mundus intelligibilis*, a world of rational beings, in which after death, without leaving this earth, spirits might commune with one another. Mr. Sewall helps the reader to estimate the extent of Swedenborg's influence upon Kant by bringing together the recent utterances of German and other philosophers on the subject. Mr. Goerwitz has fought manfully with the difficulty of rendering Kant into good English, and produced a very readable translation.

The Rev. Arthur Dimock's contribution to Bell's Cathedral Series on SAINT PAUL'S (1s. 6d.) is very carefully and well done, and has many excellent illustrations. He is quite polite to and appreciative of Sir William Richmond, and does not enter into the decoration controversy. In the same series comes *CARISLE: THE CATHEDRAL AND SEA*, by Mr. C. King Eley.

THE BOOK OF WHALES, by F. E. Beddard (Murray, 6s.), is the latest addition to the Progressive Science series. The author does not write as a whaler but as a natural historian. One must not search his pages for fish stories, but only for physiological facts. His book will be of great value to those who wish to make a serious study of cetaceans, but it will not attract the general public.

That well-known *note-mecum* of the field botanist John's *FLOWERS OF THE FIELD* has for its twenty-ninth edition been entirely re-written by Prof. G. S. Boulger (S.P.C.K.). The main alterations seem to be that the description of the individual flowers is more detailed. The Sedges and Grasses are added at

to the perfect execution of his task, and, in fact, his so large and complex that he might just as well have more than 274 pages while he was about it. The book contains some interesting remarks on the subject of colonialization together with an anecdote which merits

In Tientsin a German concession has recently obtained and laid out, but the German residents perfectly satisfied with the British concession a move out of it. For many years a German named M was chairman of the British Municipal Council, but for colonial expansion seems to come almost entirely Government at home. The German residents in the whole, certainly not in favour of it.

We must protest against the price charged for *Seeing* that it is very short, indifferently bound, and very bad paper, 7s. 6d. is too large a sum to ask for it.

THE LAST ARCADIAN, by St. John Lucas (Smithers) is a collection of essays on various subjects by undergraduates. They are clever enough but hardly of importance to have been printed. The writer's lamented tendency of the University of Oxford is to become co-

We no longer drink new port far into the new day of us at certain periods of the year undergo the death without death's pence, known as training. To improve our minds overmuch in the Chapel, at any not enfeeble our bodies in the tap-room or elsewhere enter an examination room, we do not even cover our with dates and declensions. No, we are very ordinary novelists have given us up in disgust and had their heels and Cambridge.

Educational.

In Macmillan's "Classical Series" Dr. Sandys publishes the last four of Demosthenes' Philippic Orations, to wit, *PEACE, THE SECOND PHILIPPIC, ON THE CHERONESOS, THIRD PHILIPPIC* (5s.). The edition is thoroughly satisfactory as those will expect who have used the Public Orations works. The preface is specially interesting for its concern certain passages in Demosthenes with others written by Balfour, Brougham, Fox, and Pitt. It would be interesting to carry out the parallel further by analysis of the methods shown in some famous English speeches, and a few of these with Demosthenes. That is not for a school true, but in good hands it might turn out an instructive piece of literary criticism. The historical introduction of the piece in its proper surroundings, and analyses the argument of the text Dr. Sandys mainly follows Blass, but he has improvements of his own to suggest. The text of "Philippic" comes in for a special discussion. The edition of the shorter version as probably Demosthenes' original representing the speech as it was delivered, while the other is the orator's own revision. The two versions are distinctly different types. Critical notes are placed at the foot of the page. The commentary is remarkably full - too full, indeed, for a book, although some of the more advanced notes are in small type as a hint that they may be omitted by the student. But the student who wishes to master these speeches everything he wants. The book contains a select bibliography and indices.

Mr. Nairn's Pitt Press Edition of *HOMER, ODYSSEY* is evidence of careful work. There is the usual good introduction and appendices dealing with the "A" subjunctive and optative, *καὶ* and *δε*, the infinitive, a licence. All are clear and useful, though Mr. Nairn's

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS, edited, in the "University Tutorial Series," by F. G. Plaistowe and T. B. Mills (Olive, 2s. 6d.), is commonplace and does not go deep enough. Thus the metrical part of the introduction is not clear; terms like "irrational iambus" are used without explanation. The reader is not told why Attic poets used the Doric dialect in choruses. The notes are sometimes trifling, as "supply *dei*" (500).

Messrs. Blackie send us two more of their "Latin Series," *Illustrated—HORACE, Odes III.*, edited by S. Gwynn (Is. 6d.), and *LIUV V.*, by W. C. Laming (2s. 6d.). The former contains the life of Horace, illustrated by quotations in full, which we commended in reviewing the edition of Book IV. in the same series. Mr. Gwynn, no doubt rightly, sees a distinct political purpose in the six noble odes which open the book. The notes contain some good illustrations from English poetry—another good point; and an appendix gives Sir Stephen de Vere's vigorous translation of the sixth ode and part of Dryden's paraphrase of the twenty-ninth. There is, we think, too much translation in the notes. What a boy wants is paraphrase. The grammatical notes, too, are not quite thorough. Thus *capitis minor*, v. 42, may be an echo of legal phraseology; but it is certain that *dammatus capitis* understands *crimine* (*sozōny* is dropt in Greek), and Horace's fondness for a Greek genitive of separation or loss must be taken into account. The genitive of price is not in point here; and, if it were, the editor should explain that it is really locative. *Te docilis magistro*, again (xl. 1), is not grammatically the same as *doctus a te*. The pictures from vase paintings are well chosen and effective. Mr. Laming's "Liuy" is prefaced by a clear and interesting essay on the "Credibility of Early Roman History." He comes to the orthodox conclusion, of course, that it is not credible in detail, and we are with him so far; but we feel here, as in other cases, that the most is not made of the early legends. These were not true, doubtless, but the Roman belief in them was true, and they give valuable evidence as to national ideals; besides, they embody many traditions of manners and social history which may be taken as true. The notes are good. A few exercises for re-translation complete the book.

Candidates for London Matriculation will find the *MATRICULATION DIRECTORY*, No. XXVII., 1900 (Olive, 1s.), useful. It contains a set of papers with full solutions, and recommendations as to books and study.

Three more of Murray's "Handy Classical Maps" lie before us—*BRITANNIA, HISPANIA, ITALIA* (paper, 1s. each). Mr. Grundy's name as editor is sufficient to guarantee that they have been drawn with all possible care. Their chief merit is the use of four colours to distinguish heights above sea level; this makes them at once superior to the classical maps now in general use. The names are perfectly clear, and the look of the maps most pleasing to the eye. Considering how closely history is bound up with geography, these are a valuable aid to historical work. A glance shows the physical character of each country, which in the old maps had to be reasoned out and learnt by heart.

FICTION.

RESURRECTION. By LEO TOLSTOY; translated by LOUISE MACDE. (Henderson, 6s. 6d.)

It is curious to trace the influence of an artist's own critical theories on his creative work. Critics of Wagner and Zola have derived no little amusement from the process. Wagner, no doubt, sometimes overlooked his theories to good purpose, and Zola in his happiest moments seems to have mislaid his notebooks. Here, however, is a novel, "Resurrection" (translated with great care and sympathy by Louise Maude), which is apparently modelled upon the author's own critical teaching in "What is Art?" "What is Art?" was a powerful but strange work, in which Shakespeare, Sophocles, Milton, Raphael, and Beethoven went to the wall. The technicians of the great masters

sake of his sincerity. The main plot is a powerful "resurrection" is that of a beautiful young heroine, Máshova, who is wronged by a prince, Nekhlúdorff, falling to the lowest depths of degradation, unjustly of murder, and condemned to hard labour. She is saved by her seducer, who frees her from her prison and finally obtains a mitigation of her sentence. Her resurrection is complete when, though she loves him, she refuses to sacrifice his future by marrying him. An excellent theme, a man and woman, once actuated by selfish motives, transformed by unselfish affection into the heroine of the highest order. But how does Tolstoy do it in the first place. It takes him 500 pages to do what he has dealt with in such a plain-spoken way as to be read by the circle of his readers, and to confine the book to the smoking room, whence it cannot be carried off to the room table. Another defect is a purely artistic one: the main business of the writer is not to tell a story, but to write an indictment of the prison system. The book is a revolutionary treatise. While the reader looks for the fate of Máshova, he is treated to a chapter written for a purely didactic purpose. For endless accumulation of detail, he ceases to be interested and what is not. Characters are introduced in number to fill a whole library of novels. For they are of little human interest, being either proud or effete aristocrats, and therefore labelled "prisoners," and therefore labelled "wronged." To the author, it is an "incomprehensible delusion to punish one another." A sombre veil is drawn over the book. Scarcely a detail is chosen but to heighten the gloom. Here is a sample:—

Nekhlúdorff listened, but hardly understood what the old man was saying, because his attention was attracted to a large, dark grey, many-legged louse that was crawling along the good-looking man's cheek.

The "good-looking man's cheek" is an example of the kind of detail which an author who abjures technique indulges in. Casual characters upon whom the plot depends are brought on the scene merely, one after another, to disgust the reader. A landlady is mentioned who has an "extraordinarily fat, white neck," and another because she is "a horribly ugly, little, bony, snub-nosed woman." "Yellow" is quite a normal color for a peasant's face. But they are as often as not green.

Yet a perusal of this ill-proportioned and over-long book is not entirely fruitless. The character of the heroine is a faultless piece of work, and we would gladly excuse the dull in the book for more about the heroine. Her conversion of a peasant by conversion—gives us more than one glimpse of peasant life. Some of the scenes in prison are well drawn, and the reader follows the exiles to Siberia under the guidance of a closely observant eicerone. But the picture is painted with an unsparing brush. Even the writer's habit of sacrificing to his care to emphasize only what he has seen of a suffering criminal class, oppressed by a vicious society. As a special pleader Tolstoy has weakened his case by partiality, and as a novelist he has incurred a powerful total disregard of artistic proportion.

In Acadie.

Round the name of Grand-Pré, like that of "Le Grand-Pré," hangs a perfume of some withered flower. The

Caundlan. *A SISTER TO EVANGELINE* (Lane, 6s.) is a novel, it is true—that is the modern form—but it is also a poem, full of delicate feeling, of graceful people, and moving pictures. It is a tale which touches war and politics, but is not overweighted by them as, so it seemed to us, the last notable novel which reached us from across the Atlantic was, as a work of art, overweighted—we mean "Janet Meredith." There are no *longueurs* in "A Sister to Evangeline," no matter that does not forward the personal romance. So far as politics come in, Mr. Roberts is very kindly to the English in his description of the stern policy of banishment and devastation; and his English officers, too, are touched in with a true sympathy and discrimination. The story has not the subtlety of *Evangeline*, though the heroine Yvonne de Lamouric—a name to fall in love with—does, like Longfellow, pursue her lover when the day of exile comes. It is just a wholesome, pleasant story of love, told with a fertile fancy, in a style graceful and imaginative, and with touches here and there of power in characterization. We admire Mr. Roberts for his thought of another excursion into Acadie, that world of old romance, no less than for the skill and taste which has shown that he is worthy to make it.

The French Revolution.

THE WHITE TERROR (Heinemann, 6s.) is another volume in M. Félix Gras' series of admirable novels concerning the French Revolution and afterwards. It is admirably translated from the Provençal original, as were the two former books, by Mrs. Janyler, who, as translator, has the rare advantage of thoroughly understanding, and being in close sympathy with, the author she translates.

The time of the story is '95, when the Red Terror was over, and Sansculottism was dead; and the place is the country about Avignon, where truculent "Companies of the Sun," and "Companies of Jesus," aristos, and fanatics, took their revenge for past sufferings, and assassinated Jacobinism wherever they met it, flinging its corpse into the Rhone. The whirl, the violence, the savage cruelty of those days is strikingly presented to us; and no less well done is the love story of the exquisite little heroine Adeline, and Pasalet, the peasant boy. "My Pasalet," was the way she always spoke of him, and her fidelity to him was not to be shaken until, to escape a harder fate, she took the veil in the convent of St. Ursula, and never saw him again. The book is a real book, not a mere simulacrum of a book, and having been read and enjoyed should be given a permanent and honourable place on the bookshelves. A word of admiration is due to M. Gras' pretty and original Prologue, which rapidly places the reader in possession of the necessary facts for understanding the story before the story itself begins.

"Scruples."

SCRUPLES (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.) is a good example of the ease and rapidity with which Mr. Thomas Cobb manipulates an intricate intrigue without puzzling the reader. This he manages to do almost entirely by the conversational method, with scarcely any explanation on his own part. Mr. Cobb has had an apprenticeship as a writer of detective stories, and the spirit of Sherlock Holmes still hovers over him when in the presence of Amaryllis. Brides are led to the altar in much the same way as pawns are translated to queenhood by a skillful chess player. Nevertheless the characters have life and a glimpse of romance here and there. Wray Waterhouse is a bit of a prig, but Amabel, the good-hearted flirt, who in fiction runs all risks without danger, is amusing. Mr. Cobb has no high ideals, but he works cleverly within his own sphere.

in externals. But externals are popular with the modern historical romances, and the author has gained of his public with considerable perspicuity.

THE HARVESTERS, by J. S. Fletcher (John Leo), a very pleasant little story, not without a note of true background of village life. We do not believe "Archer," the poacher, who says "Hey for the merry and who lived in a cave whence he defied the law, other village folk are sympathetically, if not veiled drawn. Mr. Fletcher knows how rustles both the and there is a real charm about the setting and the rural romance.

The scene of *JAMES COPE*, by Uothbert Barmby (3s. 6d.), is laid, among other places, in South California—a story of murders, mysteries, and forged wills. The piece is the District Attorney, who prosecutes a truly innocent man, and gets him electrocuted, himself a scoundrel of a far deeper dye. Retribution overtakes him at the last, and he ends his days in a lunatic asylum—a retreat in which there is every supposition that he would feel at home. The book is well written, and even the criminal classes, to whom the appeal, might find the manner tedious.

In *TEMPEST-TOSSED* (Digby, 6s.), Mrs. Wine shows that she possesses a quick eye for dramatic effect; her method of narration is tedious and her point of view is rather difficult to take seriously at this time, but many readers, we believe, admire it.

In *THOU SHALT NOT* (Pearson, 3s. 6d.), many characters are skillfully drawn and the incidents deal with things thou shalt not do—steal, murder, and so forth. The attempt to reproduce the cockney argot—what London life would be complete without it?—is not happy. There is far too much unnecessary detail, an amount of "go" about the book which will help many otherwise weary hours.

Correspondence.

LORD MONKSWELL'S COPYRIGHT TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have read Mr. John Murray's letter in the 24th of March.

One reason for its being written seems to be a desire to correct a misstatement made by me in the March *Fortnightly* and the *Daily Chronicle* respecting the Bill adopted by the Copyright Association with regard to Lord Monkswell's Copyright Bill.

He states as follows:—

The Bill, although in form it owes its chief merit to the skillful re-drafting of Lord Thring and to the suggestions which he has bestowed upon it, is in substance the work prepared by the Copyright Association.

The real point at issue seems to arise out of the certain phrase used in Mr. Murray's letter. I have carefully studied the original draft Bill put forward by the Copyright Association. I have seen and carefully studied the Bill approved by the Select Committee of the House of Lords.

The latter, no doubt, "in substance" contains the suggestions of the Copyright Association. The latter might also, with equal justice, be said to contain "in substance" the suggestions of the Copyright Association of 1876, and also "in substance" the full Consolidating Bill incorporated in the Copyright Act of 1886, which was drafted by the Incorporated Society of Authors in 1886, and put forward by that same body under Lord Monkswell's name.

ENGLISH HUMANISTS IN ITALY IN THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Last year a very interesting collection was published at Vienna under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of Sciences—*Reden und Briefe Italienischer Humanisten, veröffentlicht von Dr. Karl Müller*. It consists of a number of orations on literary subjects delivered on public occasions or as introductory to their courses of lectures by the most distinguished scholars of Italy during the fifteenth century, with an appendix of epistles, all hitherto unpublished. Among the contents is an oration pronounced by Ludovico Carbo of Ferrara on the death (December, 1460) of the famous Guarinus Veronensis, professor at Ferrara. In this discourse Carbo names every one of the interesting band of English scholars whom Bishop Creighton in his *Rede* lecture on the "Early Renaissance in England" (pp. 22-24, 26-30) mentions as having studied the humanities in Italy about the middle of the fifteenth century. All of them, with perhaps one exception, had been hearers of Guarinus, and Carbo brings them into his oration, along with other foreign pupils, for the sake of magnifying the fame of his own teacher. He does not, except in the case of John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, add anything to our information; his words, nevertheless, seem of sufficient interest in connexion with the history of English learning to deserve republication in England. The oration was known to Rosmini, the biographer of Guarinus, but his references to it are so slight that I need not fear to be proffering *carboneum pro thesauro*:—

Quot homines natura barbaros a loquendi barbarie liberavit eosque in patriam lingua et arte Latinos factos remisit! Cujus rei testis est Anglicus ille Eliensis episcopus Wilhelmus Gray ex inelita et serenissima regum Angliæ stirpe progenitus, philosophiæ theologiæque scientiæ egregie præditus; Robertus Fleming, decanus ceclesiæ Lincolnensis, qui ob singularem in studiis humanitatis præstantiam atque exercitationem ineliti Anglorum regis procurator Romæ factus est; Johannes Fresa, Johannes Gunthorpe, Anglici, fidiissimi amici mei et homines doctissimi, et Johannes ille Pannovius inter celebres poetas recensendus, multique episcopi ac summæ dignitatis homines, quibus Guarini litteræ non mediocrem honorem addiderunt. Guarinum etiam audire desideravit illustrissimus princeps Johannes Anglicus, ino angelicus, Vigorniae comes, ipse quoque ex antiquissima regum Angliæ prosapia ductus, qui paternam sapientiam imitatus anno ætatis suæ quinto et vicesimo, quod ante eum accidit nulli, maximus Angliæ thesaurarius creari meruit, quod summo apud Anglos honori ducitur, secundo post regem. Qui cum mare Britannicum prudentia sua et rei militaris peritiâ peccatum resdidisset, Hierosolymis rediens Musarum dukesine captus triennium jam in Italia commoratus est, qui etiam nunc studiorum causa degit Patavii Venetorum humanitate detentus, qui litterarum avidissimus omnes, ut ita dixerim, Italiæ bibliothecas spoliavit, ut pulcherrimis librorum monumentis Angliam exornet, quem ego mitissimum dominum meum appellare possum et debeo. Vellet enim nescio qua bona de ingenio meo opinione permotus me secum in Angliam ducere, cui certe libens parebo si in me fuerint Ferrarienses ingrati.

This passage as regards John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, appears to settle a point in his life which his biographer in the "Dictionary of National Biography" has been obliged to leave uncertain. In August, 1457, he was appointed to bear Henry

Tiptoft is said to have pronounced before Calisto Pius II., it is possible that this may have been the date of Carbo's own discourse and that of Tiptoft's in England. We first hear of him at home in 1457, and it is likely enough that he may have put on his laurels assured of the triumph of his party, the Yorkists. Fourth's victory at Towton on March 29. It was Carbo's opinion that Carbo does not say that he actually visited Guarinus, but that he desired to be.

I remain, Sir, yours very truly,
Hampstead, April 2. R.

SHELLEY AND ARCHBISHOP TRENCH
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your issue of the 24th inst. you quote Trench's lines—

O Life, O Death, O World, O Time,
O grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe.

In penning these optimistic and somewhat gloomy did Trench forget the Lament of that sweet singer—

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood firm
When will return the glory of your prime
No more—oh never more.

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh Spring, and Summer, Autumn,
Move my faint heart with grief,—but
No more, oh never more.

Shelley's perfect expressing of regret in a time of war and bereavement, as the cheerless woe makes our lot sublime; and, what is of more importance from a literary point of view, the comparison between the poet and the verse-maker.

Yours faithfully,
Lowlands, Bungay. ART

"A HISTORY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE"
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With regard to your review of Mr. Murray's "History of Russian Literature," may I be allowed to say that the book was written expressly for my series of "The Literatures of the World," edited by Mr. Murray, as it might seem from the first paragraph, for Colin et Cie.? It forms for them the first volume adapted for French readers, and the second volume is a translation of the editor's own volume on English Literature, which appeared here as long ago as October, 1891.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
21, Bedford-street, W.C., April 2. WM. H.

COURTILZ DE SANDRAS
TO THE EDITOR.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Intending visitors to Paris for the forthcoming Exhibition will soon be turning their thoughts to guide-books. A fairly good crop of these is ripening among the publishers. "Baedeker," as might be expected, will appear in a new edition, and a new edition of Grant Allen's historical guide to Paris is ready. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. are preparing an "Exhibition Guide to Paris," mainly devoted to the Exhibition itself, but serving also as a handbook to the principal sights of the city. This will be distinct from the volume on "Paris" in their shilling illustrated series. Messrs. Cassell are also bringing out a cheap handbook (including a plan and guide to the Exhibition), and yet another, "Clarke's Pocket Paris," at half-a-crown, is promised by Messrs. Sands. A more important book, though scarcely a guide-book, is a history of Paris by Mr. Hilario Belloc, who wrote the life of Danton published last year. His object has been to explain the historical development of Paris. It is a history of the town from the Roman period to the present day, and, while it deals mainly with the buildings, there is in each chapter a sketch of the society of the period and a description of the aspect of the city. The book will be published by Mr. Arnold.

To this list should be added a handy little work by Katherine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid, which Messrs. Methuen have just published. It is entitled "In Paris," and is chiefly intended "for those to whom the French capital is unknown, and who have but a short time to spend there."

The publishers of the *Art Journal* announce "The Paris Exhibition, 1900," to be published in twelve parts, fully illustrated, of the size and character of the *Art Journal*, and dealing with the Industrial Art of all countries, and with the chief Galleries and Buildings on the banks of the Seine. The first part will appear in May.

Mr. Edward Arnold writes:—

There is an interesting note in your last week's issue about the Publishers' Association exhibit at the Paris Exhibition. As you name the number of books accepted from various publishers, and we are rather proud of our share, considering the small total accepted, will you permit us to point out that we have been allowed to contribute ten volumes of our publications, which gives us, I think, excluding Bible houses, a share only exceeded by four other firms?

Dr. Mivart's books were always sure of a sale. His "Genesis of Species" (1871) has gone through several editions, and Messrs. Sands have just published his novel, "Castle and Manor." Messrs. Kegan Paul issued one or two of his works, including "The Origin of Human Reason" (1880). His "Groundwork of Science" has been one of the most successful volumes in Mr. Murray's "Progressive Science Series." Mr. Murray also brought out Dr. Mivart's "Elements of Science," now out of print, and "The Cat: an Introduction to the Study of Back-boned Animals," which has had a fairly steady sale for a thirty-shilling volume.

An article by Dr. Mivart on "Roman Congregations and Modern Thought" will appear in the forthcoming *North American Review*. *The Times* has given the following interesting extract from a letter written by Dr. Mivart a few weeks ago:—

The various articles and few books I have written have always represented my convictions at the time as accurately as I could represent them. My last work, "The Groundwork of Science" (John Murray), has undergone no ecclesiastical supervision, my convictions when I wrote it being almost fully what they now are. I have no more leaning to atheism or agnosticism now than I ever had; but the inscrutable, incomprehensible energy pervading the universe and (as it

Reports from New York about the affairs of Mess and Co. seem to show that the Appletons had been for years of borrowing sums varying from \$100,000 from Wall-street to tide over periods in which they looked up—e.g., in the very costly work encyclopedias or dictionaries. No publishing house has yet kept on hand a large enough sum to meet all of its business, and the credit of the old house is good. But after the failure of the Harpers, though it of the firms in each case was not impaired, the firm shy and wanted better security than the credit of A resolvership became necessary, and a committee was to prepare a plan of reorganization. It is anticipated firm will soon be again firmly established.

The publishers' announcements show Mr. Le Gall, industrious and productive. We have only very late him "The Worshipper of the Image," and now Richards announces "Travels in England," a presumably, of some pleasantly discursive papers (in the *Weekly Star*); and Mr. Lane's announcements less than three items under his name: "Sleeping Other Prose Fancies," "Rudyard Kipling, a Critique new and revised edition of his well-known book on M. This book, "George Meredith: Some Characteristics in many ways, was yet a generous effort to win dis excellent faith, and, published in 1890, marks the popular recognition of Mr. Meredith's genius (thir the publication of "Richard Feverel"). For this Mr. Le Gallienne has written a postscript dealing w published during the last ten years, which com novels "One of Our Conquerors" of which he say most devoted Meredithian must feel in reading it th of an indulgent patience have been reached." "L and His Aminta," and "The Amazing Marriage, Contribution to the Song of French History," published "Essay on Comedy." Mr. Lane, w the book, and who has brought up to date for edition his excellent Meredith bibliography, also a bibliography of Kipling to Mr. Le Gallienne; Mr. Le Gallienne, it is known, agrees more o Mr. Buchanan in regarding Mr. Kipling as a the bad times times when worshippers of image discount. On the whole, it is in his volumes of "Pro that Mr. Le Gallienne's pretty talent has found m expression.

Under the general title, "Les Idées, les Oeuvres," the Société d'Édition Artistique, to which attractive book by M. de Saint-Saëns recently not columns, is preparing a collection of volumes by M. André Hallays' "En Flanant," comprising the ser essays on men and things which readers of the *Debat Bleu*, and the *Revue de Paris* will recall among th and articles of those journals and reviews. The san will have a volume by M. Gaston Paris, on the "Legends of the Middle Age," a study of Villon by Schwob, a new book by M. Max Nordau, "Vues d new volume by M. Tarde, the sociologist recently chair at the Collège de France, on "L'Opinion e and an "English and Americans," by M. André

From the Cambridge University Press is coming of the Twelve Apostles, together with the Apocryph One of Them," edited from the Syrian MS., with a and introduction by Dr. J. Rendel Harris. The MS of Mr. Harris' private collection, and originally rea a pile of damaged and ill-arranged leaves, from w reconstructed the order of the book of which they "Aether and Matter," by Joseph Larmor, F.R.S., al appear, is an essay to which the Adams Prize was a year at Cambridge. Another of the forthcoming pu the "Catholicon of MSS. in Thirteen Columns, 1300-1500

history and influence of sea power. Messrs. Sampson Low will publish it in England.

The Scottish History Society will publish shortly the "Journal of a Foreign Tour in 1665 and 1666, and Portions of Other Journals, by Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhall," edited by Mr. Donald Crawford. The volume will also contain some correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, a descendant of Lord Fountainhall.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes:

In *Literature* for March 24 (p. 235) it is stated that I have "written an introduction to the first volume" of a series of works on "Historic Families." As I have not so much as seen the first volume, this is decidedly premature. It is, indeed, my intention to write an introduction to Mr. Brennan's book, but not before I have read it.

"A Plain Examination of Socialism," by Professor G. Simonson, of New York, is to come from Messrs. Sonnenschein. It is written from the standpoint of the older political economy.

The Catholic Truth Society will shortly issue—"Sister Chatelein, or Forty Years' Work in Westminster," edited by Lady Annabel Kerr; "Poor Dear Ann," by the author of "The Life of a Prig"; "Old English Prayers," translated by Dom Aidan Gasquet; "Fra Angelico," by Mrs. Crawford; "Botticelli," by Miss Streeter; and "Sacerdotalism" (Second Series), by the Bishop of Clifton.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have in the press:—"Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Progress under Three Cardinals," with an account of the personages and events of the period, by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A.; "Leo XIII. and His Court," a profusely illustrated record of the life in the Vatican.

FICTION.—A novel by Mr. Frederick Westmore, which has occupied him for several years, and is of stronger dramatic interest than his well-known stories, will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson. The scene is laid in England, in Geneva, and in Paris.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. promise two new novels—"The Hemphreakers," a story of Kentucky in the time of the Civil War, by Mr. James Lane Allen, author of "The Choir Invisible"; and "The Bath Comedy," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, authors of "The Pride of Jennico." "The Bath Comedy" has been running through the pages of *Temple Bar*.

Mr. Frederic Carrel, the author of "The Progress of Pauline

Kessler," which has just gone into a ninth edition, has a new novel, which Mr. John Long will publish next

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, of 8, York-building, is well known as an editor of English reprints, has the London representative of the Century Company announce a second series of "Essays in Literature" by a group of Oxonians.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. have a complete works of Miss Frances Power Cobbe—first all.

Books to look out for at once

POETRY—
"Spring and Autumn in Ireland." By Alfred Austin. D. Appleton & Co.

FICTION—
"A Fighter in Khaki." By Ralph Budd. John Long.

THE CHURCH AND THEOLOGY—
"Church Problems." By Various Authors. Edited by Hensley Henson. Murray.

"The Gospel of the Twelve Apostles." Edited from the Greek by Dr. J. Rendel Harris. Cambridge University Press.

"A Garner of Saints." By A. B. Hinde. Dent.

"The Dial of Prayer." By Canon Newbolt. Longmans.

"Ordinale Conventus Caesium: The Rule of the Benedictines." By Dr. W. de Gray Birch. Longmans.

ETHICS AND EDUCATION—
"Chapters from Aristotle's Ethics." By Prof. J. H. Muirhead. Cambridge University Press.

"Government, or Human Evolution—Justice." By Prof. M. A. F. G. S. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

"Educational Aims and Methods." By Sir Joshua Mason. Cambridge University Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS—
"Scientific Papers." By Prof. O. Reynolds. Cambridge University Press.

"Aether and Matter." By Joseph Larmor, P. R. S. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

"Some Social and Political Pioneers." By R. H. S. Cross. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Transactions of the International Congress of Mathematicians." Edited by the Countess of Aberdeen (7 vols.). F. and J. W. Dawson. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

"Leading Points of South African History." By Dr. J. H. Merrett. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS—
Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Vols. V. and VI. Dent.

Prof. Jebb's Edition of Sophocles: "Œdipus at Colonus." Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d. net.

Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World." Dent. 1s. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville). A Memoir, 1760-1788. By George Paston. 8s. 5d. net. 310 pp.

Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net. 310 pp.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.P., G.C.B. By H. G. Croser. 2nd Ed. 7½ x 5½ in., 152 pp. Melrose, 1s.

The Love of an Uncrowned Queen. Sophie Dorothea, Consort of George I. By H. H. Wilkins. 2 Vols. 9 x 6½ in., 673 pp. Hutchinson, 3s.

The Life of Edward Fitzgerald. By J. Glyde. 7½ x 5½ in., 302 pp. Pearson, 7s. 6d.

Memoirs of Baroness De Courtot. By Moritz Von Kaissenberg. From the German of Jessie Haynes. 8½ x 5½ in., 288 pp. Helneemann, 4s.

DRAMA.

The Night. By J. White-Rodney. 7½ x 5½ in., 86 pp. 8mlthers, 3s. 6d. n.

The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. Translated by Maria Trach. 8½ x 6½ in., 86 pp. Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Making of Character. Some Educational Aspects of Ethics. By J. MacQuinn, LL.D. 7½ x 5½ in., 236 pp. Cambridge University Press.

La Tour des Maures. Par F. de la Tour. 8½ x 6½ in., 86 pp. Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d. n.

Celeste. By Walmer Doune. 8 x 5½ in., 215 pp. Pearson, 6s.

The Valley of the Great Shadow. By Annie E. Holdsworth. 7½ x 5½ in., 248 pp. Helneemann, 6s.

Midst the Wild Carpathians. 4th Ed. By Maursia Jokai. 7½ x 5½ in., 263 pp. Jarrold, 6s.

Two Summers. By Mrs. J. G. Hudson. 7½ x 5½ in., 287 pp. Harper, 6s.

"A 430." Being the Autobiography of a Piano. By Turbulent Musical Scribbles. 7½ x 5½ in., 256 pp. Sands, 6s.

The Kings of the East. By Sydney Grier. 7½ x 5½ in., 263 pp. Blackwood, 6s.

The Unchanging East. By Robert Barr. 7½ x 5½ in., 224 pp. Chatto, 6s.

Le Doute plus fort que l'Amour. By the Author of "Amille Amoureuse." 7½ x 4½ in., 302 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy, Fr. 3.50.

Claudine à l'École. By Willy. 7½ x 4½ in., 306 pp. Paris. Ollendorff, Fr. 3.50.

Drame de Famille: l'Échec; Le Luxe des Autres; Cours d'Enfants. By Paul Bourget de l'Académie Française. Paris. 7½ x 4½ in., 365 pp. Mon. Fr. 3.50.

FOLKLORE.

Starvelogy. Essays in Folk-Lore

A New Dictionary of Foreign Phrases and Classical Quotations. Ed. by H. P. Jones. 8 x 5½ in., 432 pp. Deacon, 7s. 6d.

The Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. V.—Infer. Ed. by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 13½ x 10½ in., 640 pp. Clarendon Press, 5s.

Hints on the Conduct of Business, Public and Private. By Sir Courtenay Boyle, K.C.H. 7½ x 5½ in., 167 pp. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Carnations and Picotees. For Garden and Exhibition. By H. H. Weguelin, F.R.H.S. 7½ x 5½ in., 125 pp. Newnes, 3s. 6d.

Letters from Some Friends who have Crossed the Border. Autographically written. 7 x 4½ in., 149 pp. Gay & Bird, 1s. 6d. n.

Fairy Tales from Fairyland. Autographically written. By Donald and Others. 7 x 4½ in., 200 pp. Gay & Bird, 2s. n.

The Reply of the Finnish Estates at the Diet of 1899. 8½ x 5½ in., 256 pp. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 4s. 6d.

MUSIC.

The Planat's Vade-Mecum. By J. J. Hardeman. 8½ x 6½ in., 31 pp. Deacon, 2s.

PHILOSOPHY.

History of Ancient Philosophy. By Dr. W. Windelband. Translated by H. E. Cushman. 8 x 5½ in., 310 pp. Deacon, 2s.

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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 130. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The City Corporation are contemplating changes on their "John Carpenter" estate in the Tottenham-court-road which may involve the remodelling of Alfred-place and Chenies-street. Many old landmarks will either be swept away entirely or improved out of all recognition. Madame d'Arblay lived in Chenies-street in 1813. Thomas Campbell lodged in Alfred-place a few years prior to his death, though the old-fashioned block of houses is more popularly associated with James Knowles, the author of the English Dictionary, who died at No. 29, and with his son, Sheridan Knowles, who lived in the same house for many years.

* * * *

The Elizabethan Stage Society is to be congratulated on its return—figuratively speaking—from the backwoods of India to England. What the society was about in performing primeval Indian drama no one quite knew. Their performance of *Samson Agonistes* on Saturday and Wednesday raises some debateable questions. There is some truth in Johnson's stern opinion that it was the "bigotry of learning" that made Milton take the ancients

drawback to *Samson Agonistes*, if regarded as a play simple, has been pointed out by Johnson—viz., that intermediate parts have neither cause nor consequence hasten nor retard the catastrophe."

* * * *

In speaking of the new issue of the *Anglo-Sax* last week, we referred to Mr. Herbert Paul's and Mr. V. articles. But there are other things which deserve mention. *Review*, of which, despite its stately page and its binding, not the least merit is that it is a mere feat in the hand. Of the twenty items special attention will be given to Lady Dorothy Nevill's delightful memories of Lord B. and of Cobden; to Mr. Hussey Walsh's paper on "So famous French chateau"—with its hitherto unpublished showing that a French invasion of England was planned almost undertaken in 1745-46; a plea for a self-repertory "Theatre," to resuscitate the English drama; *W. Archer*; a story by Mr. Gissing; and a play by K. Clifford.

* * * *

This last, *The Likeness of the Night*, is a finely modern drama which should not escape the notice of those who are looking for some direct serious treatment of modern life, neither vaguely symbolist, *risqué*, nor simply farcical. K. Clifford, as her novels show, has scarcely a rival among modern novelists in one special gift, which may be described as artistic pathos. The chord of sorrow, of starved love, of hope she can play upon with an exquisite sympathy and skill. Who that has read the book can ever forget the pathos of "Aunt Anne"? And "A Flash of Summer"—a tale, but lightened by its "flash" of happy summer days—is told with the same delicate and skilful touch. In the dialogue is absolutely natural, and yet does not yield to consistent commonplace affected by one school of dramatic writers, and the plot is developed with unerring skill. The sudden death of love at the close between *Archer's* second wife is in the true dramatic spirit may be questioned, but the notion of the end of a play or a novel is that the action is cleared, the tragic incident closed; the confusion, the grief, must be allayed; there must be no occasion for a morbid curiosity as to the consequences. Some permanent things must be established. Those with whom our sympathy have been keenly enlisted may have sad memories, indeed, pass into the future scarred for ever by the affliction inflicted on their lives; but they must not require sympathy or be subject to still worse misfortunes. They must live on, moulded by experience, and we must know that, in any rate, may heal. Perhaps there is too strong a note

have touched upon its possibilities would have been, so the writer, no doubt, considered, unnecessary, and, therefore, inartistic and inconsistent with the singularly careful technique which marks the play throughout.

Other literary articles in the reviews are an account in the *Nineteenth Century* of "De Kleine Johannes" by the Dutch writer, Frislerik van Esden, given under the heading "A Dutch Fairy Tale," by Miss Margaret Robinson; "Modern German Lyric Poetry," in the *Contemporary*, by Count de Solssons; "Ibsen's New Drama," by Mr. J. Joyce, and "The House of Mollère," by Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher, in the *Fortnightly*; "Some Recent Balzac Literature," by Mr. W. P. Trent, in the *International Monthly*; "Heine in Paris," by Mr. W. Beach Thomas, in *Macmillan's*; in *Blackwood's* a review, by Mr. Andrew Lang, of Professor Goldwin Smith's "United Kingdom," under the heading "Scotland and Mr. Goldwin Smith," and an entertaining article, by Mr. John Buchan, on the Lord Buchan, who was the Scotch "Comic Chesterfield"—so the writer describes him—of the last century; a fourth paper on "The Religious Element in the Poets," by the Bishop of Ripon, in the *Sunday at Home*; "Australian Authors of To-Day," with portraits, by Mr. F. Dolman, in *Cassell's*; a first paper on "King Alfred as Man of Letters," by Mr. W. H. Draper, in the *Antiquary*; a paper on Cowper, by Mr. Augustine Birrell, in the *Leisure Hour*; an account of "Cowper's House at Olney," by Mr. Thomas Wright, in the *Home Counties Magazine*; some "Literary Associations of Lakeland," by Mr. J. C. Hadden, in the *Argosy*; and in *Chambers' Journal* some unpublished letters of Carlyle and a paper on Shelley's Edinburgh marriage.

Miss, or Mrs., Minna Smith has had the courage to introduce Shakespeare and his patron, Southampton, in "Mary Paget," a new novel, announced by Messrs. Macmillan, dealing with the history of the Bermudas. These islands, the new settlement of Shakespeare's day, were, of course, referred to in *The Tempest*. Mr. Lang has recently told us that in an early (and, unhappily, unpublished) romance of his own, he brought in Shakespeare, and made him talk in blank verse! Scott was more cautious when he made Shakespeare bow to Leicester in "Kenilworth" without speaking, but Scott, too, was not without audacity when he made Leicester rally the poet on bewitching his nephew, Philip Sidney, with the love powder of his "Venus and Adonis"; and that in 1575. Mr. Lang was bold in his plot, too, for he took Elizabeth to Scotland disguised in male costume, had her blown up in Kirk's Field by mistake for Darnley, then made Darnley reign in England in her stead, disguised as a woman. That was why Queen Elizabeth was never married.

It is doubtful if the true psychology of Anne Brontë will ever be given to the world. The data of her external life are plain enough, but her mental state seems, the more closely we look at the facts, complex and undefinable. Mrs. Humphry Ward in her introduction to "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall"—No. 6 of the Haworth Edition of the Brontës' works—does not attempt any such analysis. She is content to recount the somewhat superficial facts already fairly well known. The secret of Anne's life is still kept. The little girl of four, who replied to her father's question as to what she wanted most, "Age and experience," gained in some unknown way both those terrible

friends. The sequel showed that Anne was of most fortunate in this respect.

Her books] are the only key we have. Mrs. Ward writes fully of the influence Anne. Her imagination undoubtedly was so conduct and his recitals of imaginary blood was the same, and she had elements developed on quite other lines than toward which depressed her. To the artist—imperfect is true—Branwell was nothing more than a had he not forced himself upon her notice she written interesting and suggestive books. This is illustrated by some photographs of Haworth—the Grassdale Manor of the story—and a sketch of Anne Brontë which we feel sure does poor justice of "Wildfell Hall." The author's preface to the edition which has not been reprinted before in a collection now included, and is, as Mrs. Ward says, a cur-

A little American book, entitled "How to Live" (Macmillan, 1s. 6d.) throws a certain profession of magazine writing; but the hint may be supplemented. What the average man to write for the popular magazines falls to a very little depends on his literary style, his choice of a subject, and, most of all, on his suitable illustrations. There is a considerable young men of letters who make reasonable use of under various pseudonyms for the various principal pre-occupation is to collect striking all quarters of the globe. It often takes them times takes them years, to collect the photograph article, but as fifty guineas is no unusual ordinarily known as a "trick article," it is worth take this trouble, and to keep themselves in spondence with all photographers of importance America. They may not like being "given" in fashion, but they have no exclusive title to the

The preliminary accounts of new books by the publishers are sometimes not without the. For example, we were informed recently that judge their own writings with a certain definite. Judge O'Connor Morris was inclined to regard his best. Now, that is not an uncommon for detached judgment to take in discussing his publisher; and the verdict would be more costly to most people if an author were ever so imprudent that his latest book was his worst. Of another told that "The Rise of the New Testament" is of the growth of the Scriptural canon, given Murray, B.D., in the vigorous manner of the America, indeed, has shown some desire to have more in the vigorous manner of the New American women were lately set on bringing more into harmony with orthodox "feminism."

A Philadelphia bookseller has been sent imprisonment for selling "Sappho," on the ground of immoral work. M. Léon Daudet has declared

their prospects in life. It was for that reason that the author dedicated it to "my son on his twentieth birthday." In America, however, where public opinion already requires young men to live cleanly, a jury may very well have taken the view that the book was more like a gratuitous advertisement of immorality than a salutary warning against it.

Our Paris correspondent writes :—

The Goncourt Academy is finally in existence. MM. Octave Mirbeau, Huysmans, Giffroy, the two brothers J. and H. Rosny, Paul Marguerite, and Léon Hennique met on Saturday last at M. Hennique's apartments in the Rue Decamps, No. 11, and, in the greatest secrecy, chose the following three writers to fill the vacant seats : MM. Elémir Bourges, Lucien Descaves, and Léon Daudet. Probably few men in England have ever heard of M. Bourges, although he was elected unanimously. At Samoy, near Fontainebleau, surrounded by a library of more than 5,000 volumes which there is every indication of his having read, he has produced successively, *Sous la Haie* ; *Le Crêpuscule des Dieux*, which is considered his best work, and *Les Feuilles Tombent et les Oiseaux S'Envoient*. He began his literary career as dramatic critic of *Le Parlement*, where he succeeded M. Paul Bourget. M. Lucien Descaves and M. Léon Daudet have not the same need of introduction to either the Parisian or foreign public. The former, it will be remembered, aroused some ten years ago a scandal in France by his pitiless study of barrack-life, *Sous-Offs*, a book revived by the Dreyfus Affair. This was the beginning of a series of successes which have recently taken the footlights as their vantage-ground. The Théâtre Libre has staged for him *La Cage* and *Les Chapons*. M. Léon Daudet is even more widely known. He is pre-eminently a *remueur d'idées*, the Emile Faguet of the Goncourt Academy ; and it is not as son of Edmond de Goncourt's most intimate friend, but as himself a remarkably interesting and fruitful writer, that he has been chosen. His latest work, *La Romance du Temps Présent* (Fasquelle), is an excellent example of his philosophic bent of mind. It is the story of a *filie du peuple* and of a young artist, the former incarnating the French race—as the legend gives it us—the latter representing the modern spirit of analysis. Less clear and intelligent than his father, he is far more erudite and suggestive. His entire work numbers already twelve volumes. Few writers to-day more effectually make their readers think. But it is only to such that he appeals. He has not the gift of charming them.

The last of the important book sales of the season, held at Christie's on Monday, contained a "First Folio" Shakespeare, a fine and clean copy, but measuring only 12½ by 8½ inches, and with nine leaves in reprint. This went for £170 ; a "Second Folio," much stained and imperfect, for £25 ; a "Fourth Folio," poor and defective, for £5. Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery," 2 vols., 1803, fetched £30. For a "Horn" of the fifteenth century, consisting of 117 small leaves on vellum with seventeen splendid miniatures and richly floriated borders on every page, there was a very keen competition. It went at last for £400. The price cannot be regarded as excessive. Coverdale's Bible, the first edition printed in English, 1535, was the next most important item, and this realized £300. Some other items were, Ovid, "Métamorphoses en Figures," 141 engravings after Eisen, &c., Paris, 1767, £14 ; Sainte-Pierre, "Paul et Virginie," with plates in four states, Paris, 1806, £20 ; a memorandum on the "Analogie" of this book in the handwriting

In the dedication prefixed to his new book, "The Penitent," Mr. Frederick Westmore avows

"never professed to be able, in our late days, to be vitally interested in any of our outward chronicle of the outward event." To

applaud Mr. Westmore for his desire to better and the older tradition which the novelist something more than the outward eye quite understand his turn of expression. The time late, it is true ; the world is overcrowded with readers ; and they have too many things of in the course of the day to allow them to go far surface of anything. This does not discourage of which Mr. Westmore speaks, but just the contrary of sensations, the outward event is too of can be comprehended with pleasure. Hence comes plot, close as wax, business-like in detail, never put forward or backward, never deviating from its development almost peculiar to this generation—choose the best names, of Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Weyman—and it springs partly from demand for something engrossing and short ; partly—and the novel have always been acting and reacting other since the modern novel began—from the the public to expect a compact and closely knit plot the development of "effects" is carefully calculated of novel does not, as we believe, make an advance, of the novel shows the "plot" gradually asserting and more, and at last aiming at a despotism which narrow both itself and its ministers. Smollett defines as "a large diffused picture," with a uniform plan plan which must have "a principal personage" attention, unite the incidents, unwind the clue of it and at last close the scene by virtue of his own. This was a conception of the novel which had a which unites Gil Blas to Pickwick. But the rambling of scenes, even though there might be some uniform though them, had to yield to the natural development of story telling. The great novelists of the century none of them have much in common with plot contrivers, aimed, in varying degrees, at a Dickens and Thackeray were often casual enough the handling of their plots. But if we run through and G. P. R. James, Jane Austen, Lytton, Disraeli, Brontë, Charles Reade, Trollope, George Eliot, Mrs. Ward, to mention but a few, we find an increase towards unity of scheme, culminating in Mr. Tolstoy who, in some of his works, shows us the true architect of the atmosphere, the apparent digressions, the seeming incidents, all carefully considered parts of the whole to the full and harmonious development of the design is partly responsible for the "chronicle of event." He and some of his disciples have brought to perfection the art of simple story telling. It is not likely to fall into disuse, and if the protest which made against "a story," be allowed to prevail, it will suffer almost as much as art would suffer if its so-called side should be tabooed. Every picture which touches must be full of "associations," and the more intimate are the better for the picture ; and so in a work of the commonplace by itself, however truly depicted interest for long. The plot must be there, the character must be there, the scene must be there, the time must be there, the place must be there, the

TOO LATE!

F. B.

(Died of fever at Ladysmith on the day of the relief.)

From ward to ward the rumour passed ;
 Gaunt men who scarce would own to pain,
 Upraised on elbow, sobbed, " At last ! "
 And on their pallets sank again.
 Suddenly all the bells went mad—
 They rang too late for thee, dear lad !

Then came the roll of distant drums,
 And such a cheer as wakes but when,
 Despair in sight, unlooked-for comes
 Deliverance to beleaguered men.
 It seemed the town with joy went mad—
 But what was that to thee, dear lad ?

Alas, through those long mouths to fight ;
 To share the hope that dally died ;
 To cheat despair with fierce delight
 Of death a hundred times defied.
 And then, when all with joy went mad,
 To have no share in that, dear lad !

At home, with thankful hearts, they said,
 " He, too, beheld that glad sun rise."—
 E'en then spake one beside thy bed,
 " The end is come," and closed thine eyes.
 Outside the town with joy was mad—
 But what was that to thee, dear lad ?

W. G. HOLE.

Personal Views.

ENGLISH, GOOD AND BAD.

The views I am about to propound may for all I know be purely personal, but I hope it is by no means a personal view to hold that the purity of the English language is worth preserving. Language is, I know, a living organism. It grows, it changes, and alas ! it decays. It is liable to diseases and even to epidemics, and I think—a purely personal view perhaps—that the particular epidemic which now threatens it is an epidemic of slang and slipshod. Perhaps the newspapers have done it all. Some say they are responsible for all bad things, for wars and rumours of wars, for inflaming popular passions, for exasperating race animosities. Well, journalism is responsible, no doubt, for many sins against purity of language and distinction of style. It is hasty at all times, and nowadays it is nothing if not smart. The late editor of *Literature*—

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 Tam cari capitis—

was once rejected by a Tory constituency because he was

hions might strive a little more than they do to well of English undefiled. I do not plead for n pedantry. New words and new modes of expres be rejected merely because they are new, nor ev are formed on false principles or faulty analogies to a scholar is a hideous barbarism, but I supp without it. I think the word "scientist" dete reject it I am driven to the alternative of a foreig or of an English circumlocution "man of sele prefer either myself, but it is a choice of ev an only pleading, in general terms, for good gram and good English, and I think there is no bette one I was taught at school, "the newest of oldest of the new." He who observes this e English of the centre. He will not be always away." He will not tell us too often that thi without saying." He will be shy of using a "mutual friend"—friendship can be mutual, a or "these sort of things"—would any one ever of these sort ?"—though I am sorry to say he migh for both in the writings of the divine Jane Auste even say of things extraordinary that they are He will leave to diplomatists such vile phrases as the littoral" of this or that sea or land. "S verb may pass, perhaps. It is an old word authority of Shakespeare and Jeremy Taylor. the diplomatists went to that source for it. Bu "littoral," at any rate. We have coast, ce beach, strand. When we speak good English v word at all. It is only in the "pigeon English" that it is tolerated or even tolerable. In the matists an army must march from the littoral to In good English it may surely still march fro the interior.

But I need not attempt to compile an *index*. That was attempted some twenty years ago by American man of letters, and journalist, the Bryant. He drew up a list of words and phr tributors to the paper he edited were forbid another of their equivalents in what he reg English. These lists were printed by Mr. Fraser entitled "Columbia and Canada," and were qu volume in *The Times* of Nov. 19, 1877. I remem the time that the list of permissible expressions i "Bryant and May," when of course the corr *expurgatorius* would be headed "Bryant and Ma American poet's enterprise was not very succee pose was most laudable. But his rejections and a little wayward. Still there was one phrase to us now which, I am thankful to say, he obelized rejected "in our midst" absolutely. He gave r it. I suppose he thought that any one with th of grammar would see that a collective possessive in such a collocation be substituted for a discretiv You may say "in the midst of us," but you o

in the Bible from "the tree of life in the midst of the garden" to "the Lamb in the midst of the throne," but, unless my Concordance is at fault, always with the genitive case, never with the possessive pronoun.

Another protest I have to make is against French of the school of Fleet Street—not even of the school of "Stratford-atto-Howe." Fleet Street writes, or did write, of a combat *à l'outrance*, but the French phrase has no definite article. Fleet Street will hint at a *double entendre*, but French knows no such expression. Fleet Street positively delights in a *bête noir*, though *bête* is a feminine substantive and *noir* is not the feminine form of the adjective. We may write *chaperon* in French or "chaperone," if we like, in English; but if we write *chaperone* in italics, we only show that we know neither French nor English. I should say the same of *morale* and *moral*, two quite different words in French, though Fleet Street never seems to know the difference between them, were it not that on this point I come in conflict with the high authority of Professor Saltsbury. In his book on Matthew Arnold, the learned Professor writes *morale* in italics, and justifies himself in a note by an appeal to long established usage. I admit the force of the appeal, but surely a compromise is possible. If we write the word in italics—the recognised way of indicating its foreign character and origin—we surely ought to write it *moral*, *morale* having in French an entirely different meaning. But the word is almost indispensable, and we cannot write it "moral" in English without confusing it with other senses of that word. The "moral" of an army is by no means the same thing as the "moral" of a tale. Why not naturalize it at once and spell it in our own way "morale" without italics? I am all for naturalizing foreign words which we cannot do without, but the only way to do it is to drop italics and spell them, if necessary, in our own way. I should like to think of and use "savant" as a naturalized English word, and so get rid once for all of the detestable "scientist"—which is just one of those bastard words which men of science are so fond of coining out of the dead languages they too seldom know and do not pretend to respect. "Racial" seems to be another word coined in the same mint. I should like to know how its currency can be defended.

Now, having pleaded for orthodoxy, I must play the heretic myself, and demand a reason for the canon against the so-called "split infinitive." I concede that the split infinitive is inelegant, but I cannot see that it is ungrammatical. I suppose the theory is that "to" is the symbol of the infinitive mood and is inseparable from the verb it thus conjugates. Well then, is not "have" equally the inseparable symbol of the preterite sense? And yet no one would contend that it is bad English to say "I have carefully read your letter." I think this permitted interpolation of the adverb is often as inelegant as the split infinitive itself, but it is quite indispensable at times; and though it takes a bold man to split an infinitive in these days, and personally I very seldom want to do so, yet I am not altogether inclined, if I may say so, to tamely surrender my

"on a ship." That, I know, is an established and naval usage. You may say "in a ship" or "on board" but you must never say "on a ship," or else all will set you down as a dunce or a landlubber. Landlubber, but dunce I deny. I am the last man not to resist usage, but usage is one thing and good English is another. I am afloat I hope I never speak of being "on a ship" when I am on shore I sometimes read Shakespeare happens that the first line of the first scene of the first play in the first volume of my edition—the first edition—is the stage direction, "On a ship at sea," first added to the text by Pope in 1715, and, so far as succeeding editors have adopted it without demur. No please note.

JAMES R. THUR

CRASHAW.

The literary student has to thank Mr. J. R. Fendale, in Yorkshire, for a careful reprint of *EXQUISITE POEMS* (3s. 4d.), published by the editor himself. The edition is not quite complete. Mr. Tutin confesses not reprinted every scrap of English poetry that attributed to the seventeenth century divine, and notwithstanding the habitual chastity of Crashaw's muse, his omission has found it necessary "to cast out one divine epigram." Tutin expresses surprise that while we have careful so many minor poets of the time, Herrick, Vaughan, Carew, and the rest, we have long been in want of a new edition of Crashaw. It may be that Crashaw, with anthologies so various as "The Treasury of Sacred Lyrics," Mr. William Watson's "Lyric Love," loses some of its attractiveness to the student of his poetry as a whole. To in general Crashaw will still, we think, live by a happy conceit suggested by the miracle of Galilee,

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit,

has long been famous, no less so the ingenious inversion nicely hit off the difference between the Pharisee and the publican:—

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

The reader cannot fail to be carried away by the fervour which inspires "The Flaming Heart," the poem, addressed to Saint Theresa, and in a lighter lyric fancy and musical charm his "Wishes to a Mistress" has seldom been surpassed.

A man who could do such things might be expected to have a higher place in the hearts of English readers than he has. But in the little group of sacred poets to which Herbert and Vaughan are both of them more read than any other, and as a secular poet he has fallen behind Lovelace, Suckling, or even, perhaps, Habington. One charm which he shared with so many of his contemporaries was the impulse from the outside world—prejudices of the day for posterity. Browne, Herrick, Habington, Cowley, and Crashaw all lived through the struggle between the King and Parliament, but the upheaval in Church and State seems to have had little effect upon their poetry.

followed that his poetry had little national character. It was from Italy that he drew a large share of his inspiration. Marino was the high priest of the literature of conceits spreading from the Mediterranean over Europe to England, and Marino was Crashaw's model. But Crashaw, notwithstanding an over-fondness for conceits derived from his model, learned a good deal from the Italians and the classics. As Pope saw, he is more at home in paraphrases than in his original poems. His rendering of the "Lauda Sion" is unequalled. His "Music's Duel" is probably the best paraphrase of the old duel between the lute and the nightingale. Wilmott and Grosart compiled a very interesting list of parallel passages, showing how Crashaw's translation improved upon Marino's "Massacre of the Innocents." One instance will suffice:—

Literally from Marino,

He sees also shining from heaven
With beauteous ray, the wondrous star.

Crashaw's translation.

He saw Heav'n blossom with a new-born light,
On which as on a glorious stranger gazed
The golden eyes of night.

Much of Crashaw's poetry is extremely musical. In his use of the heroic couplet, for example in "Music's Duel," he avoided the great danger of monotony in this metre by a manipulation of the pauses unequalled until Keats revolutionized the couplet in "Eoŷymion." He had a much better ear than Herbert, wrote with more vehemence and imagination, and apparently with greater ease. Why is it, then, that Herbert is so much better known than Crashaw? There is, indeed, more of a plan in his poems. He is less carried away by the cold glitter of conceits, more intent upon the matter in hand. But that is not all. Herbert's poems are the reflection of a nature that was always struggling with itself. Crashaw's are the effusions of a scholar, sitting quietly in his rooms at Peterhouse, or amid the cloistered calm of Loretto. Herbert's personality was not indeed a great one. He was never quite certain of himself. For a long time he could not make up his mind whether he would do better as a courtier or a parson. He was over sensitive, over fastidious, and his religion reduced him to a state of gloom over his shortcomings. But these very failings insured him a little knot of readers in every generation, a little niche all his own in the Temple of Fame, as a poet with a fine sense of the failure of man. He has lived largely by the personal estimate which Matthew Arnold called one of the fallacies of criticism. It is a fallacy that has saved more than one minor poet from oblivion, but it cannot avail Crashaw, who seldom appeals to the hearts of any particular section of mankind. One of his worst faults, his discursiveness, was owing to this fact, that he did not feel strongly enough to aim swiftly at any particular point. Like Herbert, he wrote religious poems, but not with the same devotional spirit. He lacked the simplicity requisite for the sublime.

Hark! my soul, what serious things

he cries, but "serious things"—witness his poem "To the Name of Jesus"—are too often obscured or made trivial by his treatment. Though he passed from the Anglican to the Roman Catholic Church, the change is not accentuated in his poetry. He is well hit off in a remark on some of the poets of the time made by Johnson, who, by the way, ignored Crashaw in his Lives:—"their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow."

THE DRAMA.

THE THEATRE AND THE "CROWD" (FIRST ARTICLE.)

It is said, with truth, that current dramatic criticism bears republishing. It is as evanescent as the perfume it forth. Yet when a man has devoted the best of his lifetime to this art, it would be strange if he had something worth preserving. Among the dramatic critics of the present century the late Francisque Sarecy was distinguished by the sturdiness of character, for clear if somewhat narrow above all for his deep and abiding love of the theatre. The issue of a selection from his criticisms needs no other volume of the series, which is ultimately to consist of a volume compiled by M. Adolphe Brisson under the title "Le Théâtre," has just appeared (Paris, Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Lettres). It deals with the evolution of the drama, with a few representative French critics of the Empire, and with certain general principles of theatrical criticism. To review it, however, is not my business here. I content myself to take one of the general principles to which Sarecy refers, and to examine it in a way somewhat different from the usual. A favourite phrase of Sarecy's was "Ça n'est pas le théâtre." He meant that the drama, like every other art, is limited by limitations prescribed by its peculiar medium, and to set aside these limitations was to misapprehend the nature of the art. Just as the painter is limited by the fact that he has to imitate solid bodies on a flat surface, so the dramatist is limited by the fact that he has to interest a crowd. He must see what is going on, therefore, the play must be played on a stage in a certain position, and within certain dimensions. A crowd must be able to maintain its attention to the end, therefore a play cannot occupy more than a certain number of hours in performance. And so forth. But there is one other limitation in the requirements of a crowd, which affects not only the form but the very essence of drama. "It is," says Sarecy, "that a crowd thinks and feels differently from the members composing it. I imagine I need not demonstrate a fact so well known and so authentic as this to it when occasion serves." Sarecy does not refer to it when he offers any proof of it. It may be worth while, however roughly, what he has left undone, and to bear in mind, which there is no evidence that Sarecy fully understood, that the theory of the "crowd" has been developed by Comte, Bon, Gabriel Tarde, and others; and a more complete theory of the drama has been attempted by MM. Pagnet. I shall, to some extent, take advantage

A theatrical audience, then, is a crowd, and certain common characteristics. A crowd forms with a mind and character of its own, unlike the members composing it, just as our bodies are unlike the cells of which they are built up, or just as a chemical combination is unlike its separate ingredients. The reason for this is that the members of a crowd differ from one another in mutually cancelled, while the qualities which are common are intensified by contact. The qualities which differ are principally, of course, the conscious character, the fruit of education, of vary-

April 14, 1900.]

LITERATURE.

Reviews.

he may be a harmless citizen, a placid British vestryman ; in a crowd he becomes a barbarian, a Berserker ; he "throws back" to his early ancestors. Note the effect on the theatre. "It is only the life of violence," says Maeterlinck, "the life of bygone days, that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers ; and truly one may say that anachronism dominates the stage. . . . To the tragic author it is only the violence of the anecdote that appeals." This is what I mean by the playgoer "throwing back" to primitive man. Primitive man only gained a foothold on the earth, only won his way to civilization, at the cost of incessant fighting. This made him by nature a combative animal, and now that we are in the "historic" period, and the fighting is no longer incessant, the instinct subsists. We gratify it in earnest by striving to conquer our passions, we gratify it in play by the spectacle of such strife. Aristotle, though he knew very little about primitive man, saw that the *differentia* of drama was action. And by action he did not mean movement *in vacuo*, mere aimless agitation. The action must be directed towards a definite end, and must meet with resistance, for it is only when energy is resisted that we can measure it or, indeed, become aware of it at all. Any idea of drama that leaves out this notion of resisted action is inadequate. Thus it is clear that Dryden's definition will not suffice. "A play," he says, "is a just and lively image of human nature, representing its passions and humours, and the change of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind." All of this would equally apply to the novel. The real *differentia* of drama is resisted will ; and its widest definition (due to M. Brunetière) is the spectacle of a conscious will struggling against obstacles. You at once see that drama falls into various divisions corresponding to the nature of the obstacles which the will has to encounter. Are they obstacles against which the will dashes itself in vain as, for instance, in the Greek theatre the sentences of Destiny, or in the mediæval theatre the decrees of Providence, or in the modern theatre the blind forces of Nature or passions exalted to the level of these forces ? Then you have tragedy. Thus in *Hamlet* you see the will-to-live of the younger generation crushed under the burden imposed on it by the elder, just as in *John Gabriel Borkman* you see the will-to-live of the younger generation triumphing over the elder and leaving it to be crushed under its own burden. So in *Phèdre*, or in *Grierson's Way*, you see the will baffled and annihilated by the blind force of passionate love. Now, suppose that the will has a chance of victory, that the obstacle, though serious, is not necessarily fatal—say, the prejudices of society, or man's own "past." Then you have which is called, peculiarly and specifically, drama. Note that in this class—which includes nearly all the serious plays of the modern theatre—victory may incline to either side ; sometimes it is the will, sometimes the obstacle, that wins. Thus, if you take three serious plays of Mr. Pinero, wherein you have the will struggling against the obstacle of a bad "record," a "past," you find the "record" triumphing in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and worsted in *The Benefit of the Doubt*, while in *The Profligate* as originally written the "record" wins, and in *The Profligate* as played the "record" loses. Again, change the nature of the obstacle, make the struggle even, oppose human will to human will—Katherine and Petruccio, Arnolphe and Agnès, Figaro and Almaviva—then you have comedy. Finally, instead of choosing for your obstacle an adverse will, a social prejudice, or irresistible fate, find it in the irony of chance, or

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY

Wolsey is the greatest name in the new *DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY* (Smith, Eldon). James Gairdner's life of the Cardinal is of great value as a condensation of the new matter which has been brought especially on the divorce question, by German records, and the publication of State papers. The Record Office of the Rev. J. S. Brewer, of which the first volume appeared in 1861, placed the history on a new footing, but much has been done since then towards the elucidation of the details of the bearings of the career of Wolsey, while for a personal personality we have, of course, the exceptional and contemporary record in the pages of Cavendish. The families of Wood and Wilson have shed no great lustre in the annals. The former has given us a Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Hatherley, whose life is written by Mr. J. G. Wood, and whose family history is not without interest. The son of a serge-monger at Tiverton, became Lord Chancellor, one of the chief supporters of Queen Caroline, and was the first recipient of a title at the hands of Queen Victoria. His eldest son, Sir John Page Wood, became a General, and his second son was a lawyer who became Lord Chancellor in 1868 when Palmerston refused the office owing to his conscientious objection to the policy of disestablishing the Irish Church. Cavendish also gives us Mrs. Henry Wood. Her life—a happy one, despite a spinal disorder from which she was never cured—is recounted by Mr. T. Seecombe, and his discerning eye in her novels finds, no doubt, the true secret of her success. With a most faithful and realistic rendering of middle-class life she combines a complete freedom both from snobism and social superiority and from the intellectual limitations which characterize the middle-class portraiture in "Mansfield Park." Then there is the Rev. J. G. Wood, whose services in the natural history are sometimes forgotten, and Mrs. Evelyn Wood, who did so much excellent work in the *Wilson*. The *Wilson* give us a capital biography of "Christina" by Dr. Garnett, and two curious figures—the "Booby" of the end of the seventeenth century who, on a young income of £200 a year, lived like the richest nobleman, and whose father's estate and dowered his sisters, without getting any more—; a mystery which, Evelyn tells us, no inquiry could solve. Harriett Wilson, the adventuress of the Regency, whose life Sir Walter Scott records, kept the gay world in the palm of her hand, publishing her memoirs. These are not great figures, but a volume happens to be, by alphabetical necessity, a volume of minor lights—not less but more interesting to the reader than the familiar biographies of the famous. Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's successful apprentice, may head the list of printers who popularized the press, though he seems to have had none of Caxton's culture. Henry Willoughby is the hero of Willobie's "Avisa," a book published in 1592, being the earliest distinct reference to Shakespeare—of "Lucrece." Mr. Sidney Lee writes his life, following the presumption of Dr. Grosart in his edition of "Avisa" that it is the work not of "Willobie," but of his first

its authorship; but a note on the French version might have been worthy of place in the Dictionary—viz., Father Prout's "Ni le son du Tambour, ni la marche funèbre," which was described as written on the funeral of "Col. de Beaumanoir" after the siege of Pondicherry half a century before Moore's poem appeared. The thing was a hoax, of course; but it had its day of life, and even the French scholar, M. Delepierre, accepted it as genuine in his work on Parody (1871). A writer in *Notes and Queries*, May, 1880, gave a curious story of having seen a manuscript copy of it on paper which was—on its face, at least—much older than Father Prout, and which was, moreover, in the possession of a lady whose father had been a Governor of Pondicherry. Other literary names in this volume are Wilnot, the Elizabethan dramatist; "Peter Pindar," the satirist (John Wolcot); W. G. Wills, the dramatist and his namesake, William Henry, the friend of, and collaborator with, Dickens; and Emma Jane Worboise. Perhaps the most notable character of modern times who here comes before us is the supposed original of Bishop Blougram—Cardinal Wiseman, whose life is written by Mr. Charles Kent.

A HANOVERIAN ROMANCE.

THE LOVE OF AN UNCROWNED QUEEN. By W. H. WILKINS.
(Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.)

Most of us derive what knowledge we have of the intrigue of Sophie Dorothea, Consort of George the First, with the Swedish Count Königsmark from Thackeray's "Four Georges." Here we read that "180 years after the fellow was thrust into his unknown grave a Swedish Professor lights upon a box of letters in the University Library at Upsala, written by Philip and Dorothea to each other, and telling their miserable story." The Professor in question was Professor Palmblad. He did not find the letters in the Library, but borrowed them from a descendant of the Königsmark family, and he only published extracts from them of the sort that make racy reading. Consequently Thackeray, a shallow historian if ever there was one, was able to give rein to his prejudices. Now, however, it has occurred to Mr. Wilkins to publish these letters, with only such few omissions as delicacy enjoins, and to make them the nucleus of a definite biography of the unhappy Electress of Hanover. He found the letters deposited in the University Library at Lund, and he has succeeded in arranging them in chronological order, in spite of the fact that they are not dated, by carefully collating them with the despatches of certain English Ambassadors to Hanover which are preserved in the State Paper Office. The result is to be found in the two handsome volumes before us.

Mr. Wilkins is cordially to be congratulated upon the manner in which he has discharged his task. In the first place he has made a valuable contribution to a neglected department of history; in the second place he has written a book which is as exciting as an historical novel by Dumas, and, to the judicious reader, a good deal more interesting. His picture of the coarse life lived at the Hanoverian Court is graphic and complete; and his story is romantic, not to say sensational. It cannot be said that he has succeeded in whitewashing either the erring Queen or her lover—he does not in fact claim to have done so—but he has at least proved that Königsmark was by no means so black as he was painted by Thackeray, and that the uncrowned Hanoverian Queen of England was more sinned against than

secretly. Sophie Dorothea was formally divorced for more than thirty years in the dreary Castle Queen of Prussia, her daughter, and other sought to procure her release in vain; she fled there. Yet she had her revenge after her death in which Mr. Wilkins tells how this happened. It is a good example of his dramatic style of King, her husband, had come to Hanover; and his wife had written on her death-bed was put

It was an awful letter for a woman to write for the man to receive. It was penned while Dorothea's brain was on fire with her wrongs, was trembling in the balance. In it she reitings and his cruelty, cursed him with her summons him to meet her within a year and judgment throne of God, there to answer for done her. To the trembling tyrant it came from the dead, he recalled again the prophecy not long outlive his wife, and now came the fears. He heard his victim like an accuser him to his doom—a year and a day—a year that was last November. The letter fell from hands, there was a rush of blood to his eye-throat, and he fell forward in a fit.

And that was the beginning of the illness which led to his death.

THE PRAYER-BOOK AT W

The last fifty years have been an era of study. They have also witnessed a great advance of conducting service in church. That advance, naturally, disfigured by imperfect knowledge and conclusions, inseparable from an age of transition. In the last few years a new school has been growing, applying to the present chaos the principles of order and absolute fidelity to the Prayer-book. To this school, write seriously upon the subject may now be said foremost among them are Dr. Wickham Legg and the one a physician, the other a divine, and both among living authorities for their knowledge of liturgical science. It is now some two hundred years since a similar condition of things obtained; an age before the Restoration, it seems to presage the Prayer-book. The Bishop of Edinburgh's book largely concerned with the revision which has lately hinted is not far off, and it is for this should find many readers. In spite of the existence of the Prayer-book as a whole, it is surprising how many things Dr. Dowden has shown to be needed. Some curious fact that even their constant use has not words becoming obsolete, some to mistranslate unnecessary omissions, and some to more serious one, for instance, is using at the present time appointed for "War and Tumults," and we are upon new prayers (some of very indifferent work) we cannot now pray against the "pride" and "and

* "The Workmanship of the Prayer-book in its Liturgical Aspects." By John Dowden, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. Methuen, 3s. 6d.

enemies in the light-hearted fashion of the seventeenth century. In the time of Elizabeth people were even less troubled by such modern scruples. Here, for instance, is one sentence from a "Thanksgiving" of 1585, which serves also to illustrate the verbosity of that spacious age:—

Yet of late time we have fully felt Thy marvellous goodness by the discovery of some attempts most apparently taken in hand against her person, by certain wicked unnatural subjects, the stay whereof only hath proceeded, good Lord, by Thy most continual tender and fatherly care over her, Thy dearly beloved daughter and servant, and not by the wit, providence, or strength of any worldly creature, as was most notably to be seen the last year to have been attempted by one malicious and furious person resolutely prepared, by persuasion of others, wicked traitors, to have committed a bloody fact upon her person.

It is really wonderful that the Prayer-book should have escaped the influence of this sort of thing, though there is some sonorous redundancy in the opening part of Morning and Evening Prayer, as Ruskin once sarcastically pointed out. Such blemishes are noted by Dr. Dowden, who is himself much better as a critic than as a composer. He is guilty of a split infinitive on p. 170, and we should prefer even the incorrect version "the noble army of martyrs" to his suggested "white-vestured army"; but then he does not pretend to any gifts of style. Certainly the power of liturgical composition is very rare, and, to judge by results, a collect is more difficult to write than a sonnet.

Dr. Wickham Legg is too intensely conservative to be a revisionist. One of the essays he contributes to "Some Principles of the Prayer-book" is an out-and-out defence of its regalism, and he is certainly able to prove that the prominence which is given in Anglican worship to prayers for Royalty is ancient, and not, as is often supposed, the result of Erastianism. None the less we agree with Dr. Dowden that the prayers do need some modification, for we are not living under King Ethelred any more than under King Henry VIII. Dr. Legg's other essay is directed against the omissions of the Shortened Services Act, and when he says that they are a return to medieval corruption he has the preface to the Prayer-book on his side. Mr. Comper, who contributes nearly a hundred pages on "The English Altar," is another conservative ritualist, and his essay (most of which first saw the light in the "Transactions of the St. Paul's Ecclesiological Society") is a plea for the simple arrangements of the traditional altar as against the overlaid ornamentation which has crept into many churches from abroad. Mr. Cuthbert Atchley contributes to Dr. Legg's volume a shorter article on "The Ceremonial Use of Lights in the Second Year of Edward VI." It is not written for controversy, but is simply a statement of the facts which the writer, a very able antiquary, has been able to gather from contemporaneous documents.

Mr. Pullan's "History of the Book of Common Prayer" is a good deal more than its title implies. It gives not only a history, but a description and often an analysis of the various offices, and most interesting accounts of the medieval and primitive services from which they are derived. A good third of Mr. Pullan's volume is devoted to the Prayer-book as a whole and to the Eucharist as the central act of Christendom; the descriptions, by Pliny, Justin Martyr, and Augustine, of the early forms of Eucharistic service are given, the development of the various liturgies is traced; and, after a vivid account of the medieval Lord's Supper (the term, Mr. Pullan reminds us, is a

popular work upon theological and ecclesiastical subjects, he has now turned his attention to "The Ceremonial of Church," and, without being either a profound original writer, he has once more produced a convenient reference. The main value of his work lies in the states nothing for which sound Anglican authority is given. There are, of course, both in "high" and "low" churches many usages that cannot be defended in theory, but it is convenient to be able to see at a glance what is and what is not lawless, especially at a time when a good deal of the obligation of exact obedience to law. The volume before us is "The Learner's Prayer-book," which is a very suitable gift to young people, and, indeed, to all people, too, were it not so unsatisfactory in paper, price, and cover. The notes are very short, and difficult words are in the margin. Is it in deference to a recent pronouncement from Lambeth that the Act of Uniformity is printed at the end of this little book? We can imagine the innocent learner at discovering that the penalty for not going to church on Sunday is imprisonment, while if he "shall oftentimes offend in any thing against the Premises" he will have to suffer for a second offence during his life. The judicious "Learner's Prayer-book" should serve to reduce to a minimum the most refractory Sunday-school. As for Mr. Geldart's "Principles of Church Decoration," perhaps the very best advice that can be given to the average amateur decorator would be to buy the book. Mr. Geldart, indeed, is full of warnings, and even of amusing drawings of the atrocities which appear in churches at Christmas time. We shall probably be spared from the invasion of our churches at the greater hands of ignorant young ladies, and, therefore, they do well to arm themselves with Mr. Geldart's large manual full of excellent practical advice. Especially useful are the chapters on decorations in the real sense, to artists and craftsmen, and the innumerable illustrations of the attributes of saintly figures and religious symbols. Mr. Geldart gives some very good examples from old glass, and no less than thirty forms of the cross—potent, quadrato, saltir, pommée, fourchée, and the rest.

RECENT VERSE.—I.

That Miss Nora Hopper is a favourite with many who take their verse sandwiched amid their dally or is evidenced by the ready acceptance given to her numerous editorials of magazines and journals, to whom permission to reprint are tendered in her *SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINS* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. n.). "Songs of the Mountains" might at least equally well have been called, for to seasons, and even to the days of the week, Miss Hopper has given much attention; but there are, besides, love-sonnets, gipsies and outlaws, and some Celtic and Irish lyrics show sensibility, observation, a pretty fancy, and suggesting dainty colour-schemes. In spite of an occasional uncertainty of ear, she has a facility for the handling of metres.

Miss Moira O'Neill writes her *SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINS* (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.) in the dialect of those parts of the dialect is both delicately and skilfully used. There are in these poems, and vivacity and humour; their

This, by the way, has much in common with a sadder poem of exile, "The Lonely Body," in Miss Hopper's book. It may be interesting to our readers to compare the two notes struck and the difference of touch upon them. Below follow the first two quatrains of Miss Hopper's poem:—

It's far away in London I am dwelling now,
I hear no more the wind that blows the green leaves on the bough;
My cup is strange and bitter with the homeless tears I shed,
And bitter in my mouth is the stranger's bread.

But about the well I dipped from, in the fields where I played,
There criss a voice so like my voice my own folk are afraid—
A voice of tears and laughter, a voice that elicits and thrills
In the hazel boughs and on the distant hills.

Miss E. F. Howard sends us a tiny pamphlet of *Verses*, printed for her by Mr. J. W. Phelps, of Buckhurst-hill, which have given us unaffected pleasure in the reading. For though they make no pretence of being anything but slight, those of the pieces which are most in earnest simply and genuinely express thoughts that are really poetic in verse which has the true lyric touch. They all have the subjectiveness of youth, and no one who has ever been really young could well fail of a kindly feeling for this little book of reveries and dreams. "My Poplars" is a particularly engaging little poem.

Through Mr. George Allen the Rev. Walter Earle publishes (at 10s. 6d. n.) a volume of poems chiefly on religious themes, entitled *THOUGHT SKETCHES*. They are certainly thoughtful, earnest, and devout, and bear the impress of a cultivated, though not perhaps a very imaginative, mind. One poem, however, "Thunder or Angel," may fairly be said to possess the quality of imagination. Some successful reproductions of photographs from antique bronzes add to the attractions of this volume.

Of about equal calibre are the *POEMS* of Mr. G. F. Bodley, A.R.A., F.S.A. (George Bell and Sons, 5s. n.). "To touch a note," he precludes,

not inharmonious
With Earth's glad music as it passes by
Swelling the strain; this is a poet's joy.

Other verses explain a poet's hope, a poet's rest, a poet's mood, and a poet's crown, but the lines quoted above form a sufficiently apt comment upon most of the poetry that follows. Mr. Bodley rejoices to sing upon various more or less familiar subjects, and we are quite in sympathy with his pleasure. His tunes are certainly not inharmonious, and have finish and refinement, but even those which deal with his own art fail to catch hold of the imagination. Many will turn the pages quickly till they come to the little group of legends. These should arrest them, for the narrative and the verse flow very smoothly and happily together.

We are in a different country on opening Mr. H. Cumberland Bentley's *POEMS* (Humphreys, 5s. n.). Dedicated to the memory of G. J. White Melville, these lays and ballads of the hunting field and the polo ground breathe the spirit of that virile writer, and for the sake of their enthusiasm for country sights and sounds and their delight in swift motion should go straight to the hearts of sportsmen. If they lack finish, this is more than balanced by their freedom from literary self-consciousness, while just that faint suggestion of fatalism, which so often seems to cling to the writings of those who love danger and ride straight, lends them a touch of helpful romance. The love poems with which the volume ends are ardent and chivalrous—and again there is the touch of melancholy.

Canon H. D. Rawnsley is a poet among journalists and a journalist among poets; he writes leading articles and notes of the day in rhyme. There is probably no other day who composes sonnets on smaller subjects. In obedience to those imperious laws of nature which govern his conduct, he now provides *BALLADS OF THE WEEK*. It is all stirring and topical, for Canon Rawnsley is one of those poets who wait to remember their emotion. They are unequal, and such verses as—

Ladysmith ours?

Now praised be the powers!

Here's to you, Buller, my heart, and in my mind
I remind one, save for the addition of rhyme, of the
evening papers. But there is more meritorious
in the volume.

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland exercises his gift of *THE ABSENT-MINDED MULE* (the Unicorn Press, 6d. n.) which is always happily turned, and the occasional pieces strung together for the making of his small pamphlet of distinction all their own.

Messrs. Methuen have issued a revised edition of *YEATS' ANTHOLOGY*, entitled *A BOOK OF IRISH YEATS*. The latest Irish poets are well represented in it, including Dora Sigerson, Lionel Johnson, Noëlle Katherine Tynan Hinckson. Political poetry does not come under the editor's purview.

ORIENTAL WIT.

ORIENTAL WIT AND WISDOM. Translated from the
E. A. WALLIS BUDGE. Luzac. 6s.

Messrs. Luzac have done well to reprint in a convenient form the translation of Bar-Hebræa's "Laughable Stories," which lately appeared in the *Syriac text as the first volume of their *Text and Translation Series*.* Bar-Hebræa is remarkable of all Syriac writers, great as an expert in medicine and natural science, a translator of philosophical works, and a distinguished ecclesiastical historian of the church, of which he became Bishop and eventually (A.D. 1264-1286). He was a traveller and a linguist, and his "Ecclesiastical Chronicle" and his "History," edited by Pocock, under the title of "Compendiosa Dynastiarum," are well-known authorities. Enough, despite his weight of learning, he was not over sixty, though only sixty, he was persuaded to die.

"I was born," he said, "in the year when Dr. Budge spells Chronos, and Zeus were the zodiacal sign Aquarius; twenty years after the same planets were in conjunction in the sign consecrated Bishop; twenty years later, when I was in conjunction in Gemini, I was held the office of Maphrian; and twenty years after the same two planets shall again be in conjunction in Aquarius, I believe that I shall depart from this world. And sure enough he died that year, on the day of Tamnuz, 1286.

The "Laughable Stories" was a work of his which has been translated into English by Dr. Budge.

which they abound has always appealed to the Oriental sense of humour, which is totally distinct from that of the modern West. One has only to read Sa'idi's "Gullistan" to appreciate this fact. To us, we confess, a large proportion of these short anecdotes and repartees appear slightly tedious. They have a point, but it often seems hardly worth scoring. But this is a matter of taste, and if many readers enjoy the "Laughable Stories," why so much the better and small blame to them. Most of them are hitherto unpublished, for out of over 700 only 117 appear in the editions of Adler, Bernstein, Morales, and others. The translation is admittedly something of a paraphrase, and Dr. Hudge has not worried himself about the sources or derivatives of the various anecdotes, many of which are of world-wide distribution. In a proper translation this is just as well, for nothing arrests the flow of humour like your comparative-folkloristical note. Further, Dr. Hudge has discreetly veiled such stories as seem to him too savoury of Attic salt in the decent obscurity of the Latin language, with the classical help of Mr. J. B. Hodge. We do not see much harm in these concealed gems, but perhaps it was as well to draw a thin veil over some of them. There are a few words, by the way, in the English which would have been better for a discreet employment of periphrasis. The proportion of improper to proper stories, however, does not bear out Father Healy's division of the "thirty-two original stories" of the world. If we remember right, the witty priest of Bray made out that only one of the thirty-two was "fit for publication," whereas out of Bar-Hebraeus' 730, we have observed only a dozen or so which had to be rendered in Latin.

In conclusion we hope—though we have our doubts—that in the words of its reverent compiler, this book may be "a consolation to them that are sad, and a binding-up [of the spirit] to them that are broken, and an instructive teacher to them that love instruction, and a wonderful companion to them that love amusement . . . a religious friend to the reader, be he Muslim, Hebrew, or Aramean, or a foreigner in birthplace and race." Bar-Hebraeus had as much faith in his "wonderful companion" as in the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter. We hope the "foreigner" may justify his confidence.

CÆSAR IN GAUL.

CÆSAR'S CONQUEST OF GAUL. By T. RICE HOLMES. (Macmillan, 21s. n.)

This stout volume of nearly nine hundred pages is a compendium of all the chief problems relating to the Gauls, and to Cæsar's connexion with the Gauls. We can speak with the most hearty commendation of the author's industry and correctness, and rejoice to see that he carries his learning lightly. All these German periodicals, pamphlets, and programmes innumerable, works of diggers and explorers, special pleadings of partisans with more zeal than discretion, are not sufficient to smother Mr. Holmes' good humour. In his narrative he is bright without flippancy; he marshals his evidence clearly, speaks out his opinion with distinctness when he has one, and is never afraid of confessing that an insoluble problem cannot be solved. In the last respect this volume will open the eyes of many. Does not every schoolboy know what a *rinca* was like? Has he not seen pictures of them in his classical dictionary? Yet Mr. Holmes shows that it is by no means certain just what these things were. However, he gives us the description of Vegetius, the opinions of Rich, Marquardt, and Stoffel, and examines these and others in the light of the archaeological evidence.

to say. Mr. Holmes excludes from his map of Gaul as can be only guessed at. "A map," he says, "Kiepert's and Von Goler's, traces the whole network lines of march, certainly looks much prettier than our many of them; but it is not scientific." It is, however, to have some sort of a guide; and, if the doubtful routes had been indicated on another, however sketched, have been useful. In the identification of sites the author has all confidence in Colonel Stoffel, who excavated for Napoleon when he was compiling his *Jules Cæsar*. As Stoffel recently disparaged by Mr. Stock in his book on Cæsar, Holmes did well to explain and vindicate Stoffel's map. It is true, no doubt, that Napoleon gave play to much imagination; but no such suspicion can attach to a man who reasoned out the most likely places, then went and excavated. As he had to fill up his excavations afterwards, it is surprising that later travellers saw none.

The second part of the book is taken up with excursions. One of the best of these, on the "Cæsar's narrative," triumphantly establishes Cæsar's veracity by an examination of every passage which has been criticised. Of course, there are mistakes in Cæsar's narrative; but to admit mistakes is a different matter from admitting the historical accusations of a Sappho or an Ariovistus. The ticklish subject of Gallic ethnology comes next, followed by a geographical index. Mr. Holmes makes no claim to be an ethnologist, but in this section fairly sums up the theories, and comes to conclusions which are certain. Questions of clanship, land tenure, and religion are followed by the Cæsarian Legion, and the rest of the book is occupied with discussions on all doubtful points in such a manner as the events of Cæsar's campaigns against Ariovistus, the battle with the Nervii, the conquest of Alesia, and details.

It is impossible in our space to criticize all that is treated of in this book. We can only say that, having read it carefully, we feel confidence in Mr. Holmes' scholarship and judgment, though we do not always agree with his conclusions. There exists no such book as this in English or German. That is, where the arguments are fairly stated for and against the chief theories arising out of Cæsar's campaign. Much of the literature of the subject is quite inaccessible to the ordinary student; and even if he could get at it, it would take him as long to weigh it as it would to take Mr. Holmes to write the book. Moreover, Mr. Holmes' style is considerable. He is no novice. His "History of the Indian Mutiny" will testify to his wholesome enthusiasm for heroes and heroic deeds. We close the book with a new sense of Cæsar's masterly tactics, his firmness and clemency, and yet a sense of the brilliancy and courage of such an an enemy as Vercingetorix. If this narrative could be republished in the second part, but with the fine bust of Cæsar as the frontispiece, it might prove a useful and interesting book for schools.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Laureate on Ireland.

The Poet Laureate's new volume, *SPRING AND IRELAND* (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.), is not more than a rep-

are, in the higher sense, a poetical people, because (1) they have fancy but little or no imagination; (2) they are inaccurate; "the fact, the precise fact" has little importance for them, and "the groundwork of the highest imagination is close attention to, and clear apprehension of, the fact, which imagination may then, if it chooses, glorify and transfigure at its will;" (3) the Irish are a sad people, but not a serious one, and sadness does not inspire the highest poetic imagination. This may be overstated, but it bears on the question of the literary value of the "Celtic glamour."

For the "Educationist."

No one would be likely to doubt that Professor MacCunn's *MAKING OF CHARACTER* (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d.) would be, as it is, an acute and thoughtful book. But it is essentially the work of a professor of philosophy, and for that very reason is not wholly suited to the requirements of those for whom "The Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges" is intended. Many people are busy at the present day with educational theory, and no one is likely to dispute the usefulness of the study. But in education the application of theory to practice is the main difficulty. It is, no doubt, very advisable that the more intelligent among schoolmasters should study the theory of their art; but even on this basis we do not know that they will profit much by so extremely abstract a method as that of Professor MacCunn's. He is here not only aloof from actualities—giving hardly one practical illustration throughout the book, and revealing sometimes a want of touch with experience, as in the unqualified statement that "young life is not given to be secretive"—but his manner is throughout too much that of the academic essayist. The working schoolmaster, in a book described in its secondary title as "Some Educational Aspects of Ethics," will look for a discussion of the ethical problems which meet him every day—the policy of preventing error by minimizing temptation rather than by punishing it after the temptation has been yielded to, the difficult and insistent question of sexual knowledge, the ethics of tale-bearing, the "code of honour" and the moral effect of class feeling, &c. These he will find very little about. But if he has to write an essay on Habit, Instinct, Example, Casuistry, or Heredity, he will here get all there is to be said, first on one side then on the other, set out succinctly and well. The theory of punishment we may single out as particularly well stated. But the impression left on the mind is that of an excellent hand-book for a college debating society rather than that of a book helpful to those for whom the training of character is the actual work of their lives.

The Complete Secretary.

Sir Courtenay Boyle's *HINTS ON THE CONDUCT OF BUSINESS* (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) is an admirably-written little guide to the duties of a secretary or a higher official. It goes closely into particulars, such as the opening and answering and keeping of letters, and into generals, as the main qualities required for success. It assumes some social knowledge, only dealing, for instance, with the cruces in forms of address—how to address a Judge of the Queen's Bench is a riddle even Sir Courtenay confesses he cannot solve. A University education—even Latin and Greek *verna*—he thinks of great service for an official career. But it must be supplemented by business habits. And we know no book just supplying what this volume supplies so excellently—a handy book teaching business habits of the higher kind to the Civil servant or political secretary. What did the Duke of

year 1815, when B.N.C. was head of the river, known which were the competing colleges. If that it should have been impossible to find any to the "eights"; but Mr. Sherwood explains the obscurity of the subject. No memoirs of Oxford from 1810 to 1830 give any facts, and the files of which have been searched diligently are disappointingly silent:—

At first [says Mr. Sherwood] our hopes of a considerable portion of the small space in these to news was to be found under the heading 'soon discovered that nothing was chronicled unless a money wager depended on the result walk fifty miles backwards for ten pounds, or carry sacks of corn through the streets of London for half that sum, and the whole exploit won at great length; but the early races which the city itself are passed over in silence because money staked upon the result.

It is a poor reason, but as it is an old reason it is modern ink in railing at it. Assuming, however, good warrant to assume, that boat-racing did not exist at Oxford earlier than 1815, evidence of the fact is to be found somewhere. Old letters or old diaries, inaccessibles to Mr. Sherwood because unpublished, must surely contain some allusion to it. Is it too much to hope that this history of the sport, and that old letters and diaries of old Oxonians, will be dug up by their present possessors, and new facts of the history of aquatic discovered in them? The river, Mr. Sherwood points out, was navigable as early as 1600. James I., and there are allusions to pleasure boats on the river (though not to racing) as early as 1703. Mr. Sherwood's book is well illustrated, many interesting old prints being included. All boating men will want to read it.

THE STORY OF THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACING (Grant Richards, 2s.), will be found a most interesting reference by those who are interested in aquatic sports. It tells us what has become of all the most eminent oarsmen who have taken part in those great annual aquatic regattas. It is intended to issue the volume yearly should it be published. I imagine there will be, a sufficiently wide demand.

The Law of Nations.

HISTORY OF THE LAW OF NATIONS, by T. A. Walker, Vol. I. (Cambridge University Press, 10s. n.) is the first instalment of a work in which the author traces the evolution of international law from the earliest times down to the present day, and in it the history of the subject is brought down as far as the Peace of Westphalia. The author undertakes to provide for the English student of international law, who, for linguistic reasons, is unable to read the French and German writers. We notice, by the way, that Mr. Walker omits Holtzendorff's well-known "Völkerrechts" among his list of books referred to. The volume consists of two introductory chapters and three long chapters dealing respectively with International Law in Antiquity and the Middle Ages, Theory and Practice of International Law in the Age of the Reformation, and, lastly, the History of International Law, beginning with the civilians and canonists of the sixteenth century, Gentili and Grotius. This last chapter and the next previous one which deals with international law in the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries

modern State system without which true international law cannot exist. Surely at the present time the lengthy discussion as to whether Austlin was or was not right in refusing to international rules the name of law is something like tilting at a shadow. Careful revision seems sometimes wanting. In the remarks on arbitration no reference is made to The Hague Conference; and why is a person apparently exercising droits of admiralty, or something like them, accused of being a wrecker?

Yale Studies.

Students of English literature are acquainted with the valuable series of "Yale Studies in English," which appear under the editorship of Professor Albert S. Cook. Among these studies Mr. R. K. Root's translation from the Old English of ANDREAS (New York, Holt and Co.)—the Legend of St. Andrew—cannot fail to be of interest to all lovers of poetry. Mr. Root chooses blank verse as his medium, which, if it fail sometimes to convey the movement and swing of the original, has the merit of passing into the reader's inner sense without jar and resistance. "In my diction," he writes, "I have sought after simple and idiomatic English, studying the noble archaism of the King James Bible, rather than affecting the Wardour-street dialect of William Morris. . . . My translation is faithful, but not literal." The method, we think, is an honest one, as wholesome as sweet, "and by very much more handsome than fine."

Comfort the hearts of thy disciples; great
Is yet our way across the ocean-stream,
And land is far to seek—

This is English, and of a good period. We do not know at what period any Englishman spoke the speech of Mr. Morris' "Beowulf."

Topography.

The latest addition to the Record Series of the Yorkshire Archeological Society is the first volume of the CHARTULARY OF ST. JOHN OF PONTEFRAC. The book is edited by Mr. Richard Holmes from the original in the possession of Mr. Wentworth, of Woolley Park. Chartularies always attract the local antiquary, and are often of value for wider purposes, and there are some very interesting circumstances connected with these records of the Cluniae Priory of St. John the Apostle and Evangelist of Pontefract. Unlike those of Kirkstall, for instance, none of the original charters survive, and we are indebted for the MS. in Mr. Wentworth's custody to the collecting zeal of Roger Dodsworth, the Yorkshire Antiquary, who was the author of the book so often loosely described as "Dugdale's Monasticon." The Pontefract Chartulary is of especial value as a contribution to local history from the fact of its containing full lists of witnesses to the documents that were copied, since it only too often happened that the scribe picked out only two or three of the best-known names. It is also one of the earliest documents of its class. Much space would be necessary to enumerate the matters of especial interest to the cartographer contained in this volume, but we may just point out that Charter No. 57 is the only instance the editor has been able to find of the exercise by Archbishop Theobald of legatine powers in the confirmation of monastic charters. Mr. Holmes has done his work in an exceedingly scholarly way, and the volume is a valuable addition to the admirable publications of the Yorkshire Archeological Society.

THE BOROUGH OF THE METROPOLIS, by Mr. A. B. Hopkins (Bemrose, 7s. 6d. n.), is a carefully compiled hand-book, with an exhaustive index, on the new London Government Act, written

in a hurry, for we find the name of the German article written as if it were the Irish Shiel, and we also Archibald Hunter given the rank of a full general, which was not yet attained. The book is illustrated with photographs, some of which are very good, while others are very bad.

BOXERS AND THEIR BATTLES, by "Thormanby" (6s.), is an interesting collection of stories of old prize-fighters, a subject of perennial interest to many readers. His list of the ring shows some notable omissions. He tells us, for example, of the prize-fighter Gully, who gave up pugilism for respectability, and became a member of Parliament. He does not throw any light upon the change which has come over the ring in recent years in consequence of the discovery and effect of the knock-out blow. He makes a mistake, moreover, that the township of Bendigo in Australia is called after a prize-fighter of that name. It is, as a matter of fact, called after a local Hebrew celebrity named Abednego.

Two useful little books concerning voice production have appeared. THE VOICE: ITS PHYSIOLOGY AND CULTURE (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. W. A. Aikin, is a handy little book for teachers of singing, though students will probably find it difficult to understand without a teacher's help. THE SCIENCE OF SPEAKING (Blackwood, 3s.), by Dr. William Mair, is a more useful book to beginners, and is especially suitable for school use.

The second volume, now published, of THE FIRST DAYS OF THE WAR (Navy Records Society) is a continuation of Dr. S. R. Vincent's edition of the documents relating to the war, containing a narrative on from July to October, 1912.

In a book which we reviewed the other day Mr. Miles explained that vegetarianism had enabled him to read a great number of books and also to induce publishers to publish them. As a further result of his dietetic reform, he now has a volume of over 400 pages, entitled HOW TO PREPARE LECTURES, ARTICLES, BOOKS, SPEECHES, AND LETTERS; WITH HINTS ON WRITING FOR THE PRESS (Rivingtons, 6s. n.). We think that the hints on preparing essays would be invaluable to any student who had leisure to devote their whole lives to writing. Though Mr. Miles' hints on writing for the Press do not seem equally satisfactory.

After the scheme has once been prepared a list of names should be left. Supposing that the scheme has been carried out, then put aside these cards for, let us say, a week, they should be put where they can easily be got at. During the week the subject will be unconsciously over and over again in your mind, and at the end of the week you will have certain additions, corrections, and alterations. It does not seem to occur to Mr. Miles that at the end of the week the subject will probably be out of date and that the cards absolutely useless for all practical purposes.

DEPORTMENT FOR DEKES, by Brummell and Beau Marshall, 1s.), is a jeu d'esprit of which the humour, which is entirely absent, consists mostly in sheer avoidance of the subject. Thus, for the sportsman:—

Never point your gun at your fellow-sportsman (or his best) without previously consulting the wishes of his family, and, if he desires it, withdrawing the cartridges. For the traveller:—

An Earl may enter the carriage at the wrong end, and retire immediately beneath the seat; while a suburban holder or actor-manager, unless accompanied by a valet, bearing his, or its, armorial acquisitions, may not

FICTION.

The Farringtons.

The authoress of "A Double Thread" has been so persistently censured by the thrivers of "society journalism" that she might well be losing her taste for pure and wholesome air. The first sparkle and free play of a lively fancy is apt to lose its freshness under the weight of interviews, of puffs preliminary, and of record sales. There is, however, no hint of a vitality less spontaneous in *THE FARRINGTONS* (Hutchinson, 6s.). Miss Fowler is not thinking of the thousands of copies already ordered (as per advertisement): she is thinking only of her hero and heroine. They—and not less those worthy Methodist souls Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey—are intensely real to her. "The Farringtons"—which is not a "sequel" to "A Double Thread" in any sense, though some of the characters in the earlier novel appear for a moment at the back of the stage—appears to us to mark a real artistic advance in the writer. There is the same weakness of plot—the machinery is quite familiar and even commonplace—and the same failure to visualise the men as completely as the women; but there is more sincerity—the book only just misses being a "religious novel" by the fact that religion has nothing or little to do with the main turning point of the story—and there is more insight. Elizabeth Farrington is certainly Miss Fowler's *chef d'œuvre*. We know few characters in recent fiction so consistent and so human. Its manifold contradictions are so deftly interwoven that they only emphasise its unity. There is unity, too, in Christopher Farrington, her lover, but his quixotic chivalry is too simple for an age when every one is complex. And the two other men who come into Elizabeth's story are living men indeed, but we do not see very far into them. The book is first the story of a woman, told with the true sympathy of the literary artist, and without a trace of the psychologist tediously weighing qualities and analysing motives. But it is also full of scenes which have not much to do with the story, and yet do not seem to delay it—scenes chiefly, of course, of Methodist life and ways of thought. They are full of fine humour, but Miss Fowler reproduces them not because they are funny, but because they are the ways of thought of a type she loves. The spirituality and singleness of heart of the true Methodist loses nothing in her hands by its quaintness. There is, of course, wit in the book, such as the "family portraits in daguerreotype, including an interesting representation of Mrs. Bateson's parents sitting side by side in two straight-backed chairs with their whole family twining round them—a sort of Swiss family Laocœon"; and agreeable nonsense as, "To tell you the truth my great-grandmother was a Manx woman; but we are ashamed to talk much about her, because it sounds as if she'd had no tail." But Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey—who form a sort of Greek chorus to the play—have a full-bodied richness of unconscious humour which will not stand quotation. The book will be highly praised; and it thoroughly deserves it. We have not for a long time read a book so fresh, so sincere, so truly humorous; a book which so entrals the reader—and that not by the tyrannous compulsion of the writer who is always asking you to guess what happens next, nor again by the method of stimulating a diseased appetite for the gloomy and the tragic, but solely by its wit and by its vivid realization of character.

Short Stories.

THE GREEN FLAG (Smith, Elder, 6s.) is the title of a collection of short stories dealing with war and sport from the pen of Dr. Conan Doyle. There is no subtlety about them, but

tale of the Peace of Amiens, entitled "Romance." It will certainly increase Dr. Doyle's reputation.

The stories in *THE LOYAL HUSSAR* (Digby, 6s.) are of unequal merit. The two entitled "On the Surrey Side," "Marion," and "Purple Lilac." There is some good observation though the author has an undue sympathy for the characters. On the whole the book is readable, but the author has not included it in so good a collection with that University life which she knows so well.

"Boot Leg was approximately quiet, for it was noon, and most of Boot Leg was at dinner. On the table, but she was not eating. Tom, her nephew, and from time to time he would suspend attack upon the food long enough to glance uneasily at her. Thus opens "The Salting of the Tlo Juan," from Mr. Walcott Le Clear Beard's pleasant and cactus (Unwin, 6s.). Mrs. Elkins is one of the old women who flourish in what we, over the sea, think of as Bret Harter-land—the land of the gambling saloons, the two or three "kinder jack-rabbit crowd." Mrs. Elkins is a stranger who comes to Boot Leg and her *protégé* in a way which may seem a land of sand and cactus, but which seems a life to the London reader. However, Mr. Beard's stories are direct and dramatic and sure of a well-earned interest in cleverly-told tales of the swarthy Mexicans, wandering bands of Indian flotsam and jetsam of frontier humanity "beneath the Arizona sun.

American, but in a totally different manner from the stories told by Mrs. Sarah Orne Jewett. *THE SMITH, ELDER, 6s.* is the title of the first story in the book. Near the coast of Maine, among the last of the children," was born a certain lady upon the same day as our Queen. This fact influenced her life in a pretty fashion, which is admirably told by Mrs. Dunnet Shepherdess" is another delicate piece of work which contains some eight short stories and, from a literary point of view, excellently read.

WITHOUT THE LIMELIGHT is a collection of stories and sketches by Mr. George R. Sims (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). Mr. Sims evidently knows theatrical life very well, but does not give us the impression of conscientiousness in rendering the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The sympathetic side of theatrical life is rendered with fidelity, but the temptations of the stage which attract aspirants and attract others to the career are ignored. The book is reasonably readable, though not very interesting.

In *THE WORLD'S MERCY AND OTHER TALES* (Maxwell Gray, 6s.) Maxwell Gray gives us some good examples of the short story. It contains only five, and they are not very long chapters. This gives space in which to develop the time to create some telling situations. "The Silence of Dean Maitland" gives us of her best. Her knowledge of the heart of woman, her insight into the relation of the sexes are here as in other of her tales. The occasional dull page, the over-wrought description, like Mr. de Vere Stacpoole's "Maxwell Gray happy in her portraits of the country doctor," and Dr. Marston is admirable. For a poet—and a

have seen. There are *clichés* in it, such as "Tell it not in Gath," and there is bad grammar, such as "whether liked or not, drink we should"; but the book as a whole is very much alive. We are introduced to strange scenes and strange people, and we find neither scenes nor people dull. Some of the sketches have appeared before in Australian newspapers, but they were worth re-printing.

We are afraid we cannot recommend to any class of person Mr. Richard Marsh's *MARVELS AND MYSTERIES* (Methuen, 6s.), a volume containing nine of the silliest short stories we have met with for long. Intended to thrill you with horror, they entirely fail to do so, although dealing with avowed lunatics, and other persons said to be sane, but whose actions are inconceivable outside Bedlam.

The Latin Quarter.

English novelists are so fond of imitating Murger's "Scènes de la vie de Bohème" that they lose sight of the real thing. This, we are afraid, is the case with Mr. Clive Holland's *MARCELLE OF THE LATIN QUARTER* (Pearson, 6s.). It contains the following mistakes in French:—"Sirop menthe" for "sirop de menthe," "le jour de vernissage" for "le vernissage," "carte de jour" for "carte du jour," "les police des moeurs" for "la police des moeurs," "air paternel" for "air paternel," "posseuse" for "posense," "fantasies" for "fantaisies," "la vie Bohème" for "la vie de Bohème," "marringe" for "mariage," "femme de charge" for "femme de ménage," "double entente" for "mot à double entente," and "petit caporal," as the name of tobacco, for "caporal." The author also gives the most extraordinary abbreviations, as, for example, "M'n ami" and "Ma p'yre p'tite." How does he propose to pronounce these marvellous locutions? He further gives "M'sieu" for "Monsieur"—an abbreviation not used in good society. He even makes two Englishmen employ it when speaking to each other. The story is of an English art student in Paris who adopts the child of a model, and when the mother dies of consumption marries his adopted daughter. He actually allows this child to associate with the art students of the Latin Quarter and to be chaperoned by models. No one who knows the Quarter can pass this any more than he will tolerate a scene in which a café is raided by the police des moeurs; for the police des moeurs are not allowed in cafés; and Mr. Clive Holland represents them as appearing in uniform, whereas, as a matter of fact, they always wear plain clothes. Another mistake into which he falls, in common with the majority of English novelists who write of French subjects, is that of making French people in good society address each other in the third person. This is not done among equals, but is only a mode in which inferiors address their social superiors. We should imagine from Mr. Clive Holland's book that he has once upon a time paid a flying visit to the Latin Quarter; but his knowledge of it leaves much to be desired.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Mr. Passmore Edwards has informed the Mayor of West Ham that he desires to provide a library to be erected in Plaistow similar to the one he presented to East Ham at a cost of £1,000. A condition of the gift is that the Corporation shall undertake the maintenance of the library.

Now that the Glasgow Corporation have obtained power to

least in demand. If this is a defect, an indifference to novels is a virtue. The Scot is supposed to prefer philosophy to all else in literature, but Mr. Morris that three-fourths of the books issued by the library, the Waverley Novels still easily holding first place.

The Librarian of the Midland Railway Institute Mr. A. E. Baker, M.A., recently prepared and published what he called a handbook to fiction, in which he has a large collection of fiction in the library under his charge, classifying it and giving critical as well as descriptive notices of almost every book. He has now arranged to publish Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein a more important handbook with British and American fiction from its earliest period to the present day. There will be no criticism; but the volumes are carefully classified, chronologically, topographically and an indication of the scope and period will be given in each book. The largest amount of space will be devoted to historical fiction.

We have mentioned the proposal that county authorities should watch over the fate of local records. The question where to house the records. Some learned societies think the local library would not be the right place. Some local authorities might be intrusted with their own records. The local museum or library would be the place. An inquirer into local history would naturally turn to newspapers may be wanted elsewhere. A Bill has been introduced into Parliament to enable the British Museum authorities to deposit copies of local newspapers, and also allowing the Museum printed matter which may be entirely worthless to be left to the discretion of the local authorities. Question will arise as to the permanent utility of such a document. We hope that the storehouse of the nation will err, if at all, upon the side of safety. Other libraries have not invariably done so in the past. There was a time when the Librarian of Bodley, having discretion to reject books, was criticised for rejecting all stage plays, including those of Shakespeare. The proposal to hand over the local newspapers to local authorities is hardly more satisfactory. Some day or perhaps an historical novelist, will want to look at local newspapers for the purpose of a single chapter of Macaulay's first chapter in his history of England. The Librarian of Bodley would hardly bless the Trustees if he has to rush to and fro between Land's End and John o' Groat's House in order to do so.

Correspondence.

ARIEL AND PUCK.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Among the fantastic, ideal creatures of fairyland and fableland, Shakespeare's Puck and Ariel with delicate force. The great poet does not create but creates beings which contrast strongly the one with the other, and which are, indeed, very dissimilar, and antagonistic, in essence. Puck is a fairy, but Ariel is a spirit. Puck is full of mischief and of mirth; is called the "fellow"; and is, in so far as he touches humanity, earthy. He is robust and frolicsome, and is queerly fond of a touch of the higher qualities of our human nature.

and full of soft pity. Ariel has no distinct sex, but is yet by preference as female as Puck is masculine. There is no fun, no merriment in delicate Ariel, who is a much loftier being than Puck. Ariel is called by Prospero "fine apparition," "my quaint Ariel," "delicate," "all air," and is even termed "tricksy spirit," though this latter epithet applies, I think, to the deft power with which the delicate, zealous spirit executes the high behests of Prospero. Shakespeare is subtly right in bestowing upon his Ariel corporeal existence, since mere air could not have been painfully enclosed in a cloven pine, and could not have uttered those groans which made wolves howl. There is a strong difference between the hellish but limited magic of Sycorax and the noble and more potent and divine magic of Prospero, whose beneficent power could release Ariel from the terrible tortures which Sycorax herself could inflict but could not undo. The way in which Ariel almost "nags" his potent master for freedom is, if not womanly, yet very feminine; and there is deep pathos as well as tender beauty in the strong affection which the airy spirit feels for potent, noble Prospero.

Do you love me, master?—no?

Note the loving sadness of that "no." Ariel must have some kind of soul. She is within the pale, and a ministering angel delighting in mercy and in doing good. Her sympathy for suffering is always keen. Her attendant ministers are chiefly fitted to "serve tables"; but Ariel is divine, and speaks the voice of Heaven itself. In that glorious speech, scene 3, act 3, beginning—

You are three men of sin, whom destiny—

which rises to the loftiest altitude of noblest poetry, which is so important to the play, so characteristic of Ariel, she shows herself acquainted with destiny and a minister of fate.

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit—You 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live.

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The Powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace. Three of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me;
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

Her theology, too, is divinely derived from "the Powers"—from the Unseen Powers which men also recognize; and she bids the men of sin, after feeling remorse, to turn to true repentance, and to live thereafter clear and good lives.

Yes, Ariel is not far from Heaven, and is authorized to declare that the "Powers do pronounce by me" the noble

powered to give her immortal life, and she still and for our delight. She had some, at least qualities of humanity; and is a Spirit finely issued.

Why was she so eager for liberty? What alone in that most desolate isle? Caliban could for her. He had to be left behind because his would not have shone to advantage at the Court we mourn over the idea of delicate Ariel separate Prospero. Did she mourn? What life could the master? What could she want to do?

Shakespeare, when his dramatic need for a to us merely conjecture as to the dear spirit's how we love Ariel!

Those who care to see a fine attempt to rep delicate part should see Miss Kitty Loftus embod of Ariel.

I am, Sir, your obedient se
Arts Club, April 8, 1900. H. SCHU

DEATH-BED SCENES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In a recent number of *Literature*, a book, a reviewer suggests that "it is doubtful bed scene, however well done, should be ad Now that is a very interesting question.

The idea evidently arises from the classic theatre which excludes every sor but against that may be put the practi dramatists, whose example may reasonably that of alien writers. A literary procedure is satisfaction of the instincts of the race among and for Englishmen it is an infinitely stronger ar of a certain method that Shakespeare used it the same method that Racine strenuously avoide

But if death-bed scenes have been used dramatists, how can it be asserted that in boo missible; surely greater realism may be employed on the stage, for the simple reason that things re affecting than things seen. The objection to a is naturally on account of its emotional effect death is no more remarkable than any other phys But in that case you are led to the prohibito the description of mental anguish may be lu there are numberless situations whereby the no stir his readers. You would utterly destroy t novel, which to its practiser is one of its greates

I have not read the book reviewed in you can think of two very positive reasons in favour scene. First, it may be necessary for the ill idea—it occurs to me, for instance, that it migh opportunity for a fine ironic contrast between death. Secondly, if the story is sketched or giv (and that is the author's affair), it must be cer the same manner throughout. It would be abs the hero's life in detail, to finish with the merest Friday evening, after seeing so-and-so's new p was taken violently ill, and three days later die

Yours faithfully,

Klug: a Romance of the Time of William III." Mr. Murray also has "The Life of Sir John Fowler," the famous engineer, who was created a baronet for his services in connexion with the construction of the Forth Bridge. Sir John's biographer is Mr. Thomas Mackay.

Part II. is also announced by Mr. Murray of Mr. Raymond Beazley's "Dawn of Modern Geography." It will deal with the Scandinavian explorers and the Saga travel-literature; the pilgrim and religious travellers, such as Sessulf and Benjamin of Tudela; the merchant travellers, such as the Polos; the missionary and diplomatic travellers, such as William de Rubruquis and John de Plano Carpini; and the scientific geographers and map makers, including Henry of Mainz and Lambert of St. Omer, together with some notice of the Arab and Chinese geographers. Among Mr. Murray's new editions will be a standard work which has been out of print for many years—Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting." It will contain the final corrections of Sir Joseph Crowe, and editorial notes by Professor Douglas, assisted by Mr. S. A. Strong, librarian of the House of Lords.

Mr. Edmund Gosse once reproached Mr. William Archer with ignoring in his survey of Victorian poetry the poetical generation from 1870 to 1890. This generation is now to receive exclusive attention in a little book on "The Parnassian School in English Poetry," to be contributed by Sir George Douglas to Messrs. Greening's series of "English Writers of To-Day." The Parnassians indicated are Mr. Laug, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Robert Bridges. Mr. Austin Dobson we do not see mentioned, though he is properly of this generation, and has shown the Parnassian fondness for dainty metres and deftness in handling them. Another name mentioned by Mr. Gosse (who modestly omitted his own) was that of Canon Dixon, but he is, unhappily, no longer a writer of to-day, and, indeed, though producing most of his poetry during the eighties, was strictly of the pre-Raphaelite generation. The legitimacy of the label "Parnassian" may be open to discussion; but there is a general analogy with the French school so named not only in the cult of old metrical forms, but also in the fact of both groups being the poets of the third generation from the great initial poetic impulse of their epoch.

In asking the Royal Commission on Copyright to make copyright perpetual, Mr. Mark Twain was making a request that is unlikely to be granted; but for which there is something to be said. The objections to it are that (1) It is desirable that the people should have cheap editions of the masterpieces. (2) It is undesirable that uneducated or prejudiced holders of copyrights should have it in their power to put a stop to the publication of masterpieces of which, for one reason or another, they disapprove; that a Roman Catholic, for example, should be able to buy up and suppress "The Pilgrim's Progress," a Protestant to buy up and suppress the "Imitation," or the National Vigilance Association to buy up and suppress "Tom Jones."

With regard to the first objection, if the public really want to read a masterpiece in large numbers, they almost always do, as a matter of fact, get a cheap edition of it long before the term of copyright expires. You can get a cheap edition of Dumas as easily as a cheap edition of Scott. Cheap editions of Victor Hugo have appeared in the same series as cheap editions of Fielding. There have been sixpenny Hall Caines, as well as sixpenny Kingsleys, Lyttons, and Fenimore Coopers. The difficulty suggested by the second objection is not insuperable. The law might very well be that publishing

condant of Daniel Defoe who is said to be now seen mercantile marine would derive a nice little income sale of "Robinson Crusoe," while the reading public be a penny the worse.

Last week we referred to the prices paid for more important items in the sale of the Daly library. Later details show that the prices fell off. Milton's "Paradise Lost," with Milton's autograph in his handwriting from Lucretius, only fetched a first edition of it (first title followed by "Notes of Argument and Errata") realized £110. Chief Charles Lamb items was Canon Anger's edition "Letters," extra illustrated by nearly 100 portraits forty of the original letters from Lamb to Thomas M. Smith for £2,400, the same purchaser securing Charles Lamb's "Poetry for Children," in two volumes, Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage," extend volumes to fifty-one volumes imperial folio, was bought for Mr. Evert J. Wendell, who guaranteed to keep it a private collection. "London Illustrated," in thirty-six folio volumes, for which Mr. Daly is said to have fetched only £620. Other interesting lots were Thomas "Life of Lord Byron," with 530 portraits, views, and letters, four volumes, \$200; Moore's "Life of Lord Byron" autograph letters, Byron's original household account manuscript letters from Disraeli, Southey, Cowper Hunt, and a letter from George Washington on Mrs. W. health, the original extended to two volumes, \$1,300 original title-deeds to Nell Gwynn's house in Pall Mall parchment documents, with an engraved portrait of and the Privy Seal attached, bearing the signatures of St. Albans, Lord Hervey, Lawrence Hyde, W. Baptist May, and Will Churchill, and the initials "times," \$1,100.

Messrs. Seeley announce to be shortly published Mr. A. I. Shand's "General John Jacob of Jacob" of the most remarkable of our Indian Empire makers.

The third volume of Messrs. Kegan Paul's "British Series" will be ready shortly after Easter. It deals with America. The introduction to Canada is written by Colmer, the secretary to the High Commissioner in London. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal himself supplies description. Canadian literature is dealt with by Bourinot. The introduction to the West Indies is by Sir Augustus Adderley, and the general description Ernest Hart.

Messrs. Kegan Paul also have in preparation short lives of the Dominican Saints, by Sister North Dominican Convent, Stokes-on-Trent.

Mr. Grogan, whose journey from the Cape to have attracted much more attention had it not been is at present engaged in the preparation of an adventure. Mr. Sharp, who accompanied him for part of the way, is collaborating in the book, and McCormick is at work on the illustrations under supervision of the two authors. Messrs. Archibald are to be the publishers.

The publication of the history of Antarctic expedition has been postponed by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein until Captain Borchgrevink, who is said to have reached 78° 50'—the farthest point yet gained—will, it is said, give an account of his expedition.

Messrs. Clark announce "The Testament of Our

Railton. It originally appeared in two volumes in 1855, under the title of "The Old Court Suburb; or Memorials of Kensington—Royal, Critical, and Anecdotal." It is full of literary and historical anecdotes. The same publisher has a new translation of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" in hand, by Mrs. Lucas, including five tales never hitherto translated for children. It will be illustrated.

The author of "The Rhymer," the Burns romance, recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has written another for the same publisher, entitled "Black Mary," a story of old Scotland.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will also publish later a volume of "Tales from the Zoo," by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould and his son, Mr. F. H. Carruthers Gould. "F. C. G." has already given a foretaste of his holiday work at the Zoological Gardens. The tales are supposed to be told by an old adjutant stork to the other birds in the Gardens.

Mr. Morley Roberts is engaged upon a serial story dealing with the current war. He has the advantage of knowing the country in which it is taking place, having stayed both in the Transvaal and in Rhodesia.

A new volume of stories by Bret Harte will be published by Messrs. Pearson on the 2nd of May. It is entitled "From Pine to Sandhill."

Among the translations of English works announced for immediate publication in Germany are Rossetti's "House of Life," a complete edition of Ruskin, and Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets."

The Rev. Dr. M'Crie, of Ayr, has in hand a "History of the Divisions and Reunions of the Church of Scotland," embracing the periods of Nonconformity, Secession, and Disruption, and including the approaching Union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches.

A new volume has been added to the series of the "Exchequer Rolls of Scotland," of which Mr. G. P. McNeill is editor, dealing with the years 1568 to 1579. Among other items of interest are several shaming disbursements for the maintenance of the Queen during her captivity in the Castle of Loch Leven. One shows a payment of £1,389 12s. to William Douglas, of Loch Leven. Attention is also drawn by the editor

to a number of commissions of justiciary included in Two dated 1579 are for the trial of a large number of Ross-shire who had become suspect of witchcraft. These are among the earliest instances of such a met with in the criminal records of Scotland.

Alcestis and *Iphigenia in Tauris* (both with music) are to be played this year, on August 4 and 5 at the old Roman amphitheatre at Orange.

A performance of Emile Verhaeren's *Le Cloître* in Paris towards the end of the month at the Théâtre de la Ville. *Le Cloître* has had a brilliant run in Brussels. In a performance of a monastery in which the various scenes and characters stand out in bold relief—Dom Balthazar whose desire for expiation creates the strangest spectacle, and Dom Male, the young novice, whose disinterested life recall the best examples of the pages of the Fioretti.

Books to look out for at once.

FICTION—
 "A Young Dragon." By Sarah Tytler. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
 "The West End." By Percy White. Sands, 6s.
 "A Flash of Youth." By C. J. Hamilton. Sands, 3s.
 "The Seafarers." By J. Bloundelle-Hurton. Pearson. 3s.
 "The Devil and the Inventor." By Austin Fryers. P. 3s.
 "The Empire Makers." By Hume Nisbet. White. 3s.

SOUTH AFRICA—
 "The Life and Times of Sir John Molteno." By Sir John Molteno. 28s.
 "The Speeches of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, 1881-1897." By "Vindex." Chapman & Hall, 12s. net.

BIOGRAPHY—
 "A Son of St. Francis: St. Felix of Cantalice." LaSalle. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL—
 "Highways and Byways in Normandy." By Percy F. Westwood. Macmillan. 6s.
 "British India" (Vol. III. British Empire Series).

REPRINTS—
 "Marpessa" ("Flowers of Parnassus" Series). By S. Phillips. 3s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

The Annual of the British School at Athens. No. V. Session 1888-9. 104 x 7 1/2 in., 121 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John Ruskin. By W. G. Collingwood. 7 1/2 x 5 1/4 in., 62 pp. Methuen. 6s.

The Court of the Second Empire. By I. de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth G. Martin. 7 1/2 x 5 1/4 in., 316 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

DRAMA.

The Sunken Bell. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by C. H. Meltzer. 7 1/2 x 5 1/4 in., 128 pp. Heinemann. 4s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

L'Émergence des Incas. Par C. Normand. (Steinmann's French Series.) Ed. by F. A. Blinn. 7 x 5 in., 156 pp. Macmillan. 2s.

FICTION.

Sophia. By Stanley J. Weyman. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 374 pp. Longmans. 6s.

His Prentice Hand. By Sydney Phelps. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 200 pp. J. Long. 6s.

The Experiment of Dr. Nevill. By Eméric Zola. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 317 pp. J. Long. 6s.

Ainelle's Ju-Ju. By Harold Bindloss. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 74 pp. Chatto & Windus. 2s. 6d.

The Fight for the Crown. By W. E. Norris. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 385 pp. Seeley. 3s. 6d.

Castle and Manor. By St. George Meyart. F.R.S. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 438 pp. Sands. 6s.

Joan of the Sword Hand. By

In the Wake of the War. By A. St. John Adcock. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 155 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

Anima Villis. By Marya Rodziewicz. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 297 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

Drames de Famille. Nouvelles. By Paul Bourget. 7 1/2 x 4 1/4 in., 203 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr. 3.50.

La Camorra. By Hugues Rebault. 7 1/2 x 4 1/4 in., 429 pp. Paris. Editions de la Revue Blanche. Fr. 3.50.

Femme et Artiste. By Max O'Rell. 7 1/2 x 4 1/4 in., 289 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

GEOGRAPHY.

The Story of Moscow. (Medieval Towns.) By Wirt Gerrard. Illustrated by Helen James. 7 x 4 1/4 in., 315 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

HISTORY.

How England Saved Europe. Vol. IV. The Story of the Great War (1759-1815.) By W. H. Fitchett. LL.D. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 376 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

A History of South Africa. By Basil Worsfold. (The Temple Primers.) 6 x 4 in., 160 pp. Dent. 1s. n.

A History of the English Church. By the Very Rev. Dean Spence. (The Temple Primers.) 6 x 4 in., 250 pp. Dent. 1s. n.

A History of Quaker Government in Pennsylvania. Vol. II.—The Quakers in Evolution. By J. Sharpless. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 255 pp. Headley. 6s. 6d. n.

Le Prêtre, la Femme et la Famille. Les Jésuites. By J. Michelet. Étude par Alfred Fouillée de l'Institut. 7 1/2 x 4 1/4 in., 422 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Transactions of the International Congress of Women in 1899. 7 vols. Ed. by the Countess of Aberdeen. 8 x 5 1/2 in. Unwin. 3s. 6d. n. each vol.

Business Terms and Phrases. (Pitman's Commercial Series.) 7 1/2 x 5 in., 164 pp. Pitman. 2s. 6d.

Advanced Book-Keeping. (Pitman's Commercial Series.) 7 1/2 x 5 in., 187 pp. Pitman. 2s. 6d.

The Art and Craft of Garden-Making. By T. H. Mousson. 12 1/2 x 10 1/2 in., 224 pp. Batsford. 21s. n.

The Century Magazine. Vol. 37.—Nov., 1899, to April, 1900. 10 x 6 1/2 in., 496 pp. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

The Nuttall Encyclopædia of Universal Information. Ed. by the Rev. J. Wood. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 760 pp. Warne. 3s. 6d.

Soldats, Poètes, et Tribuns. Petits Mémoires du XIX. Siècle. By Philibert Audebrand. 7 1/2 x 4 1/4 in., 317 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

L'Année de l'Église, 1899. By Ch. Eyremont. 7 1/2 x 4 1/4 in., 650 pp. Paris. Victor Lecoffre. Fr. 3.50.

Dictionnaire de Slang. By Ch. Leyran. 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 in., 205 pp. New and Rev. Ed. Paris. Garnier. Fr. 3.50.

ORIENTAL.

The Reports of the Magicians and Astrologers of Nineveh and Babylon in the British Museum. Vol. II. By R. C. Thompson. 9 x 5 1/2 in., 147 pp. Luzac. 12s. 6d. n.

PHILOSOPHY.

POLITICAL Government, Evolution. By Edmund Kelly. 1s.

La Renovatio Siberie-Chino-Javoy-Haïtiane. Paris.

Java et ses Haïtaïley-Bert. Paris.

REPR The Chlawick King Lear, A M Dream. Ed. by 155-180 pp. Bell.

Held in Bonds 6d. Series. 84 x 6

SFC Boxers and the "Thormanby."

THEO Doctrine and rruption. By 84 x 6 1/2 in., 253 pp.

The Rise of ment. By D. 8 1/2 x 4 1/4 in., 146 pp.

The Christian Sermons. By H. Ryle, D.D. 8 1/2 x 4 1/4 in., 146 pp. Hodder & 8

TOPOG Aberdeen and Histories of See Wall. 8 1/2 x 5 1/4 in., 146 pp. Mac

The Boroughs polis. By A. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 347 pp.

The Gentleman

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 131. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Mr. Herbert Spencer will be eighty next Friday (April 27), and the occasion will be marked by the congratulations of the civilized world, who have watched his single-minded devotion to the great intellectual task deliberately undertaken just forty years ago and its successful accomplishment. It will be marked also by the publication of a biographical and critical study of Mr. Spencer and his system, to be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The author is Mr. Hector Macpherson, who has already written books on Carlyle and Adam Smith. Mr. Spencer's system has naturally not escaped academic criticism; he has been engaged up to the present month in replying to the objections of his latest serious critic, Professor Ward. But among the classes who have not specially trained themselves in philosophy his following is probably hardly less to-day than when Matthew Arnold made game of the modern Sadducees, who believed neither in angel nor spirit, but in Mr. Herbert Spencer.

The late Lord De Tabley thought the word "book-plate" as we use it was a clumsy and ambiguous one, as it might naturally be taken to mean "a plate to illustrate a book." He

from which it would seem that the requirements of the us to space are increasing. The designs are la lose proportionately in grace and delicacy. There interesting letterpress, too; and Mr. Richard Stew writes on choosing a book-plate, urges the principle th plate should be in harmony with the book—a theory wh up immense possibilities for the book-plate connoiss Stewart is content, however, at present to enjo individual two plates, one for the ordinary work-a-day w other for the realms of fancy and poetry.

The following Latin version of Mr. Rudyard Kiplin on General Joubert, sent us by the Rev. T. L. Papillo of interest to our readers. The original, which we refer reference, appeared in *The Times* of April 2.

GENERAL JOUBERT.
(Died March 27th, 1900.)

With those that bred, with those that loosed, the s
He had no part whose hands were clean of gain
But, subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one,
Telling old battles over without hate—
Noblest his name shall pass from sire to son.

He shall not meet the on-sweep of our van
In the doomed city when we close the score;
Yet o'er his grave—his grave that holds a man—
Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once m

RUDYARD KIP

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Pura manus Ieri: non ille incendia bello
Subdidit, infandum nec stimulavit opus;
At vafer inceptique tenax fortisque ruenti
Frustra se parti, conscius ipse, dedit.
Exstiterit gens una, gravi conflata labore,
Prudens atque potens, condita Martis ope:
Quum repentem veteres, misso certamine, pugna
Hunc feret eximium fama per ora virum.
Non ille ingressis fatalia mania tandem
Obstiterit iusto tempore vindicibus:
At tanti super ossa viri, velut ante, tonabant
Responsura armis arma Britannia suis.

T. L. PAPI

In the *North American Review* Mr. George Moor bird's-eye glance at English fiction from Fielding to his poraries, and complains that English novels are only co manners and do not symbolize universal truths, like the Balzac and Turgenev, a proposition which may be ta comment on Professor Courthope's remarks in another

fiction has not been in England, as in some other countries, the recognized medium for the criticism of life. For that purpose poetry has usually taken the place of fiction in our literature. It is quite true that we have no novelist who generalizes as successfully as Balzac. It is equally true that the French and the Russians have no poet who has symbolized the universal as successfully as Shakespeare. So long as the thing is done—and done well—the particular medium chosen for doing it is no great matter. One would not even complain if it were done by Mr. George Moore in his magazine articles.

We mention elsewhere the *Edinburgh* article on the works of Mr. Richard Whiteing. Other literary articles in the Review deal with "Morris and Rossetti" and "Dean Milman." In addition to Mr. George Moore's article in the *North American Review*, there is a paper on "John Ruskin" by Professor Charles Waldstein, and a discourse on "War," viewed as an "anti-social phenomenon," from the pen of M. Zola.

Mrs. Phoebe Lankester, who died last week—the wife of Dr. Edwin Lankester, F.R.S., and the mother of Professor Ray Lankester—was herself one of the most genial of lady writers and lady journalists. Mrs. Lankester assisted her husband in his articles for the "Penny Cyclopædia" and the "English Cyclopædia." She was the author of "A Plain and Easy Account of British Ferns" (1858) and its companion volume, "Wild Flowers Worth Notice," "Talks about Health," "Domestic Economy for Young Girls," "Talks about Plants," "Botany for Elementary Schools," and "The National Thrift Reader." She also contributed the popular portion to the new edition of "Lyme's English Botany," and devoted several years to superintending the production of coloured illustrations of every known species of British plant. Her journalistic work consisted of articles in the *Queen*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Magazine of Art*, and other periodicals, while under the familiar pseudonym of "Penelope" she wrote, up to the last, notes on all sorts of topics. She furnished Mr. F. G. Kitton with reminiscences for his "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," of a picnic in the Isle of Wight, immortalized by John Leech in *Punch*, August 25th, 1849. His drawing includes ostensible portraits of Dickens, Mark Lemon, Dr. Lankester, and the late Mrs. Lankester herself.

After many vicissitudes Messrs. Chatto hope to publish during May Mr. Ernest Vizetelly's translation of M. Zola's latest book "Fécondité." If we are to have an English translation of this book (for which boon we cannot pretend to any enthusiasm) it is no doubt well that the translator should be Mr. Vizetelly. The accomplishment of the task, however, is not quite easy to reconcile with Mr. Vizetelly's views as published six months ago. He then said that in his opinion the British public would not stand an unexpurgated translation and he was not prepared to present a mangled version. The master had given him, he said, a free hand, but after repeatedly striving to find some means of overcoming this difficulty he had reluctantly abandoned the enterprise. How has the difficulty been overcome now?

Professor Simon, of Königsberg, has offered a prize through the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin for an essay on the History of Autobiography taking into account the typical works in that line in European literature. The essays are to be written in

"The Nature and Property of the Waters" of 1562, is mentioned, was an excellent example and discursive savants of the time. Like the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he seems to have written for the sake of amassing heterogeneous knowledge, which was unknown in those days. Dr. Turner was not only a professional moment a theologian, but he was also a naturalist. Lawrence, a great authority on herbs—it was his book on herbs would be ever green—on his own account. The pleasantness of an authority on the dinner-table in the titles of his more serious controversial works, *Hunting and Fyding Out of the Romish Fox*, seven yeares hath bene hyd among the Bishps, after the Kynges Hyghnes had commanded him to forsake his Realme."

It is stated that Sir George Trevelyan is preparing an article for publication. When he was preparing it he had some scruple whether he ought to publish it in a journal so evidently meant to be read and encouraged himself with Macaulay's condemnations of the diarists precisely on the ground that they had not been read to the public, and so had not the proper charm of diary. It must have felt justified in the result. Lockhart's *Journal* and Scott's "Gurnal" were followed in due course by the *Journal of George Trevelyan*, which is a good example of the Gurnal in full, which is a good example of the Gurnal in full, which is a good example of the Gurnal in full. Whatever was in Macaulay's mind when he wrote his nephew and biographer has told us, may be found in the *Journal*. It was written throughout with the unconsciousness of one who freely and frankly notes down remarks which he knows will be read by himself alone, and with the confidence of one who did not willingly compress anything into a few words. Moreover, it was kept regularly throughout by Sir George Trevelyan and room for the intervals by Margaret Macaulay, from which he took the pleasant account of the hopes and fears of the Administration in 1831 and 1832 as to whether Tom was to be the next Administration?

The *Bookman* states, on the authority of a friend of his who was once allowed to see them, that some unpublished ballads of Macaulay are in the hands of Mr. Britton, who thought them very good, and regretted that the public should not have the pleasure of reading them. The one on the Field especially took his fancy. He is able to tell where Richmond rebukes his followers for imitating the brave King and soldier lying dead:—

And, for that back at which ye
It is a back, I ween,
That Lankester on foughthen fled
Till now had never seen.

And the concluding lines of his epitaph:—
For though he ruled as tyrants
He died as soldiers die.

It has long been known that many of the works which came under the hammer in London were purchased for Americans, and to this abnormal rise in their market value. Until a considerable series of these books had been sold in New York, but during March of

the United States, but even this does not altogether reconcile the two totals. In the following list we quote nine examples of the Kelmscott Press, with the prices realized at the Edinburgh sale in one column, and those recently paid in London in the other:—

	America.	England.
	£ s. d.	£ s.
Chaucer's Works	40 12 0	65 0
Shelley's Poetical Works	50 0 0	25 0
Story of the Glittering Plain	43 15 0	29 0
Morris' Poems by the Way	35 8 6	14 15
Golden Legend	37 10 0	9 10
Shakespeare's Poems	22 18 4	24 0
Keats's Ballads and Poems	31 5 0	19 0
Sigurd the Volsung	29 3 4	22 10
Mackall's Biblia Innocentium	29 17 0	27 0
	£201 10 0	£228 5

We have recently received Volume V. of "The Dome" (Unicorn Press) bound and in a permanent form. Its most striking feature is some admirable reprints of Dürer, Rembrandt, and especially Watteau illustrating an article by Mr. C. J. Holmes, the author of "Hokusai" in the Artist's Library Series. Mr. Oswald Siefert's "Apologia Puerilis" is rather amusing reading, and throughout the collection one notes at least a laudable attempt to capture the quality of distinction even if victory is rarely with the aspirant. In the current number of the magazine there are some interesting reproductions of Japanese prints, but they lack the charm of the earlier work reproduced by this magazine. A drawing by Mr. William Strang is by no means worthy of his reputation. Among the many agreeable contents of the volume Mr. Laurence Binyon supplies a well considered piece of verse, hardly an inspired poem, "The Dryad."

In noticing Mr. Ernest Dowson's translation of the alleged "Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois" we deplored such an elaborate waste of energy. Mr. Dowson would have done better if he had had the opportunity of translating the third volume of Professor Weisener's "Le Regent, L'Abbé Dubois et les Anglais d'après les sources Britanniques," which has at last been published by Messrs. Hachette. Here, for the first time, we have an authentic record of the relations between the subtle Minister of the Regent and the Government of George I. In France to-day the Abbé Dubois' memory is anathema, not because of his vulgarity or manners, but because his name is considered synonymous with venality and subservience towards England. Professor Weisener rehabilitates him, and his book is bound to make a sensation in France.

The study of history seems to be in jeopardy at Aberdeen. At present there is no professorship in history in the University, but only a temporary lectureship, which comes to an end in four years from now. Unless before then sufficient funds are raised to justify the University Court in founding a professorial chair, or, at least, in continuing the present lectureship, not only the study of history, but the higher study of English must come to an end. The trustees of the Burnett Literary Fund have therefore resolved to devote the amount under their charge (£5,300 of capital and a revenue of about £20 a year from land) to the endowment of a Professorship of History and Archæology, and, meanwhile, the funds are to be allowed to accumulate. To endow adequately the proposed chair at least £10,000 will be necessary. An appeal is to be made to friends of the University, and Principal Marshall Lang has agreed to act as convener of the committee in charge of the matter.

A draft copyright law has been published for Russia. It is of a fairly drastic character, making of copyright fifty years from the date of an author's death, including some provisions which one would hardly expect in a measure of the kind. As, for example:—

- (1). A publisher must produce work within five months.
 - (2). Without special agreement a single edition cannot exceed 1,200 copies.
 - (3). An unpublished work cannot be seized by a creditor.
- It is understood that when this measure becomes law the Russian Government will sign the Berne Convention.

An Edinburgh reviewer discusses the novel with a philanthropic purpose, with special reference to Mr. Richardson's "No. 5 John-street." Surveying the novel through the spectacles of political economy, *Philanthropic Fiction*, appears to imagine that when he has seen Mr. Whiteing's economics he has seen Mr. Whiteing's book. As well might a critic attempt to demolish the Earl of Beaconsfield's claim to be the greatest English statesman by confuting the political theories expounded in "The Cause of the English Agricultural Distress was not the enclosure of the commons, but the extinction of the manor and the feudal system." The function of the novelist is to describe the world as it is, through his temperament and draw us a picture of what it might be. If he be a novelist with a purpose, he probably draws a picture and suggests reasons for its ugliness and might be taken to render it beautiful. Though the novel is full of the wrong ones and the remedial proposals imperfectly worked out, the novel may nevertheless be a useful contribution to the literature of the subject. It has described a social evil which has not been diagnosed; it has shown the need for remedies which have not been prescribed; it has set a problem which has not been solved; it has given people something to think about which they have not done their thinking for them. And this, of course, means an achievement to be despised. Real thinkers and reformers probably do not despise it, for they must have something to help them to get a hearing for their own more judicious proposals from audiences that would otherwise treat their professions with indifference. Whether the novel with a purpose is good art is, no doubt, a different question. The general rule such novels do exhibit very grave art, but the blame for this more often belongs to the novelist than to the subject. The novel with a purpose is often written by a man who has no business to be a novelist at all, who writes it in the hope that a story may reach a wider public than a sermon would, and whose novels would be even more successful if they had not got a purpose to animate them. It is the work of a man whose earnestness possesses him that is the work of driving out his sense of humour. But there is one reason why the novel with a purpose—especially the novel with a philanthropic purpose—should be bad art. Any social reformer crying aloud for a remedy must necessarily find examples of the evil he illustrates in many pathetic stories of warped human nature, and he must select, and group such stories so that the actual and possible beauty of such lives may stand out in relief and arouse the indignation of the reader is a task not only for the greatest literary artist. When a book of the kind produces the impression of inartistic work, that only means that it is badly done—a description appropriate to many novels, but not to those that have purposes or not. The inartistic effect is due to the excessive earnestness of the writer, and not to the

TO COWPER.

(Lines composed when sitting in the Willerness, at Weston, formerly belonging to Sir John Throckmorton.)

Here wast thou used to sit, perchance to sigh,
Just here where I now sit, and this one thought
Seems, O most gentle Cowper, to have brought
Thee and thy spirit's desolation nigh.
Here thou did'st sit, letting the world go by,
—The giddy, spinning world,—unknown, unsought,
Save by the few that loved thee, and who wrought
Hourly thy life's salvation. This pale sky,
This tangled mass of woodland, yonder mead
Were thy delights. Here did'st thou oft retire
With one unfailling friend; here string thy lyre
To sing of Liberty, the bondman freed,
Or Poverty, down-trodden in the mire.
The harvest ours to-day, but *thine the seed.*

ALICE LAW.

Personal Views.

THE STANDARD OF CRITICISM IN FINE ART.

A question was lately raised in *Literature*, when under the editorship of one whose premature loss to English letters cannot be sufficiently deplored, "What is a critic?" The writer decided, very justly, that a critic is one who decides questions of fine art by reference to some external standard. He did not say what he thought the standard should be. I think that his omission may be supplied.

It is practically admitted by all who have considered the subject that fine art is in some sense an imitation of Nature. Aristotle, the father of criticism, says that it is "the imitation of the universal." Mr. Butcher, in his essays on the *Poetics*, explains excellently what Aristotle meant by this:—

Fine art eliminates what is transient and particular, and reveals the permanent and essential features of the original. It discovers the form (*idea*) towards which an object tends, the result which Nature strives to attain, but rarely or never can attain. Beneath the individual it finds the universal.

The business of the critic is, therefore, to decide in any work of professed fine art whether the artist has really "found the universal." From Aristotle's time down to the middle of the present century there was a practically unanimous consent among great critics—Horace, Quintilian, Lessing, Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goethe—that this was the true end of criticism. Since that date Aristotle's principle has been challenged by two opposite schools of criticism, the Pre-Raphaelites and the Impressionists. Mr. Ruskin, arguing for the former, says in "Modern Painters":—

All that is alleged by Sir J. Reynolds and other scientific writers respecting the kind of truths proper to be represented by the painter or sculptor is perfectly just and right, while

by "the imitation of the universal." The eloquence of Mr. Ruskin and the revolt of the Impressionists led in time to a kind of Pre-Raphaelite convention which provoked the reaction of the Impressionists, whose views may be gathered from a lecture of Mr. Whistler's "Ten o'Clock."

That Nature is always right is an assertion untrue as it is one whose truth is universally true. Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent that it might be almost said that Nature is usually wrong. To say, the condition of things that shall be a perfect perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare at all.

Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Whistler are, therefore, opposed to each other, as well as to the Conventionalists. In art they both very justly despise. But it is each has got hold of Aristotle's first principle of criticism given it an extreme twist in his own direction. Mr. Whistler (with Aristotle) that the artist must imitate Truth "the permanent and essential features of his original," but he also says that "particular truths are quite sufficient for purposes of art as general truths." Mr. Ruskin, on the contrary (also with Aristotle), that the object of art is to produce "a result which Nature strives to attain, or never can attain." At the same time he holds that the result can only spring out of the impression, and not from the genius, of the individual artist. Just in the respective practice, an opponent might say of the thorough-going Pre-Raphaelite seeks to imitate the particular caterpillar, just as Mr. Ruskin said of the Impressionist "flings a paint-pot in the face of Nature and calls it a picture."

It is sufficiently evident that either of these schools must abolish the very idea of the Aristotelian external standard of criticism. You cannot decide whether the Pre-Raphaelite "found the universal" because you cannot get at the "truth" which he had before his individual eyes; or the Impressionist "discover the general truth" of Nature in the impression. Hence, instead of the old method of criticism, has sprung up, as a complement to the new, the fine art, the critical practice which is called "Impressionism" and which consists in the revelation, to a public too dull to judge for itself, of the hidden qualities of art. This appreciative exposition may, of course, be of honest admiration, rightly or wrongly felt, in the individual critic. But it may also be the merely process of scepticism and conscious contempt for the taste of one's audience. M. Anatole France, for instance, writes with candid irony:—

Gentlemen, I am going to speak of myself. I shall perhaps never have a more favorable opportunity.

Colossal egotism of this kind seems to me to be a necessary condition of the complete disbelief of the

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LITERATURE.

what we have come to. Instead of what may be called the catholic Conventionalism which prevailed in the first half of the century we have now the Conventionalism of the sects. Pre-Raphaelitism, Impressionism, Transcendentalism, Symbolism, and half-a-dozen other æsthetic cults, have all in their day had their congregations which have dwindled and disappeared. Nor can it be said that any one of them has given birth to new and original forms of art which are capable of development, since the artist who is mainly anxious to found a sect usually limits his ambition either to shocking conventional prejudice or to revivng antique forms which are as remote as possible from the associations of his own age. Meantime the truly great monuments of art abide clear and indestructible, and in them is to be discovered the law or standard of the universal, declared by Aristotle in the *Poetics*. Whether in the fine art of war or the fine arts of painting and poetry this standard is the same.

Read and re-read [said Napoleon] the eighty-eight great campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cesar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugène, and Frederick. Take them as your models, for it is the only means of becoming a great leader and of mastering the secrets of the art of war. Your intelligence, enlightened by such study, will then reject methods contrary to those adopted by these great men.

Precisely in the same sense writes Reynolds of the art of painting:—

On whom, then, can the young artist rely, or who shall show him the path that leads to excellence? The answer is obvious—those great masters who have travelled the same road with success are the most likely to conduct others. The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend. The duration and stability of their fame is sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every tie of sympathetic approbation.

In other words, these men have shown themselves great because they have "found the universal"; and the law of fine art is therefore to be looked for in their works. The modern artist will prove his genius not by reviving the mere external forms of the great artists of the past, but by working in their spirit; that is to say, by so studying their works as to be able to deduce from them the kind of imitation required "to show"—as Hamlet says—"the very age and body of the time his form and pressure"; or—as Aristotle says in the paraphrase of Mr. Butcher—to "discover the form (*εἶδος*) towards which an object tends, the result which Nature strives to attain, but rarely or never can attain." He will realize in his imagination what is universal in the character of the society about him, and will invent the artistic form in which this aspect of Nature ought to be represented. It follows that the critic, by the same kind of attention, and by observation and comparison of the best artistic work in all ages, should attempt to form in his mind a permanent standard by which he can test the qualities of any production professing to be a creation of fine art.

W. J. COURTHOPE.

family life, twice in their lives, as child and parent, learn something of his gentle influence. As with little Anne is it with Cowper's "Nightingale and the Glow-wormer is the nursery disturbed by the dread vision of polygamist than it is calmed by the soft notes of—

The nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song.

Years pass, and soon the children who watched with Anne along the dusty road, or with Mistress Gilpin on the balcony at Edmonton, themselves take up the wand of the magician; the parent conjures up for his children the scenes of his own childhood, and Cowper is reborn and re-appears from one generation to another. Next Wednesday a copy of Cowper's poems were substituted for his life.

Many of us will not be able to follow the pilgrim in the body, but some years back Mr. Austin Dods made a pleasant visit there in the spirit, prompted by a volume of illustrations of the scenes which Cowper has familiarly described. His help we can follow the pilgrim across the long bridge of "The Task"—

That with its wearisome, but useful length
Bestrides the wintry flood,

and pause to listen as from Olney Church

The sound of cheerful bells
Just modulates upon the list'ning ear.

Coming to Cowper's house we can stand upon the path in the garden immortalized by the poet, where he was bitten by the viper that menaced his cat and her kittens—

With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door
And taught him never to come there no more.

We can visit in imagination the summer-house where he wrote "The Task," and, according to some authorities, "submitting each sheet of the latter to the judgment of the merry barber, Mr. Wilson, who lived across the road."

Our little trip—owing to the ravages of time it may differ a little from next Wednesday's programme—conclude to a critical mood. But it is amusing to look at the old friend of our childhood. The easiest way to get a seat by the hearth, with the poet facing us, adorned with a ribboned cap, worked for him by Lady Hesketh—

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful Cowper in.

The poet could not make a more effective entrance than these lines—a slight liberty is taken with the last one, but he himself ushers in "The Winter Evening." To have his presence fully we must have been lately much in the company of the school of Pope, and it would be all the better if we had not yet read Wordsworth. To have read Wordsworth would be to take an unfair advantage of the little group round the fire. The lines just quoted introduce us—Mary Unwin, Lady Newton, and the rest. Suppose rather that we are in the company of the latest imitations of Pope, or that our last literary neighbour is Johnson's "Life of Milton." We have just risen from Grub-street to Olney, to the home of the one man

We should perhaps have been a little wearied by the severe moralization or the somewhat narrow-minded view of politics and religion in the volume of poems recently published, containing "Expostulation," "Truth," and "Hope." We might remember that, some years before, the strain of an examination had led to the temporary derangement of the poet's mind, and to his retirement from city life. In this half sceptical frame of mind we have taken the post from London to Olney, from Johnson to Cowper. But it is not long before we are almost thankful for the misfortune which first brought the poet to the country. At once he brings before us scenes new to us in poetry. Minute details which we had thought beneath the notice of a great poet are introduced, and cunningly selected to enhance the general effect. The threshor, the wain, the newspaper, the post, the farmyard, the public-house, the fame here, all receive careful attention. The poet drops into reveries quite irrelevant to his theme, sees shapes in the fire, even raises a laugh at his own shadow:—

Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye averted
I view the muscular proportioned limb
Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they designed to mock me at my side
Take step for step; and as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,
Preposterous sight! The legs without the man.

This is surprising enough. Did a poet ever dare to laugh at his own shadow in an epic before? But Cowper had secluded himself from criticism and so was able to create. The conventions of his time meant nothing to him. His manner is as new as his material; it is as different from that of his century as a drive down Piccadilly in a hansom from an Easter holiday woodland ramble. He does not try to be brilliant or symmetrical; his popularity marked the decline of the epigram. Cowper dwells with lingering particularity upon the familiar in the same deliberate and exhaustive way in which Spenser elaborated the sublime. He forgets his reader in the mere love of retelling his own impressions with the fidelity of a diary, fearing lest anything should be forgotten. His letters, which Southey praised so highly, show how little the fame of John Gilpin affected him. The world might appreciate him or not as it liked.

But that seclusion from the world and from criticism to which we owe much of the charm and sincerity of Cowper's work when he is dealing with nature and country life, at the same time narrowed his outlook as a satirist. The satirist must live in the centre of life, in constant contact with different men; must be familiar with every divergence of opinion. Cowper's didactic poetry so long as he is dealing with private virtues or with the scenes of his daily existence is admirable. Nothing could be more humorous and picturesque than his satire of a certain kind of preacher—

The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem! and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!

But in dealing with the world at large he is often tiresome and intolerant. He seemed to imagine that the permanent and universal qualities of mankind were peculiar to his own age.

poems is so informal, the different parts depend on one another, that they lose none of their effect in snatches. If we fix our attention only on the hearth, the village, and the country side, we satisfy our love of quiet reflection, simple sights and sounds. In his didactic moments he failed to teach, but in his simple moments he and over again

How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

The game of "French and English," dear of the last generation, seems to have gone out of this. In an age when every baby yields its rides its mother's bicycle a recreation with rules or grown-up attractions is demanded. But the form the game still survives: it is transferred from Bottom—to the studies of literary men. The amount of mirth to be gained from a close vagaries into which the languages on both sides are twisted by ourselves and our neighbours. Chaucer the Englishman wrestling with the Italian has been considered fair game by the satirist and but we are apt to forget that the French of Swift often more grammatical and less weird than Anteuil or the Porte de Madrid. Thus the suggestion of Victor Hugo to compose an English poem is not it deserves to be. Taxed one day with his ignorance—perhaps the charge included ingratitude, with Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne—the "Victor" declared that he really did know English; he dashed off a poem in that musical language. It was on his desk, and after some time produced this remarkable

Pour chasser le spleen
J'entrai dans un inn;
O, mais je bus du gin,
God Save the Queen!

Victor Hugo's knowledge of English is to be seen in his novels, and especially in "L'Homme Qui Rit," which is an English sailor rejoicing in the excessive of Tom-Jim-Jack. Every Board-school boy has translated the Firth of Forth as "le premier du monde" made Gilliat, in "Les Travailleurs de la mer" playing melodiously upon a Scottish instrument called "bug-pipe." Perhaps Hugo had been confused by the not very delicate jokes of the eighteenth century prevailing disease of Scotland. One has seen a kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man in a revelation of the progress made in our language who only lived twenty years or so under the discount the imposing testimonial which Mr. Hugo lately offered to the sound knowledge of French of M. Marcel Prévost. M. Prévost had spoken of Mr. "Arthur" Lang and Mr. "Salisbury" as the most famous of the day, and some of their fellow-countrymen jumped to the conclusion that no Frenchman could understand the mysteries of our insular, angular tongue. The compositor who was to blame, and M. Prévost, who asked to show in a forthcoming work "L'Homme

Bremenouville with the following inscription from his pen in honour of an English poet whom he admired :—

This plain stone
To William Shenstone,
In his writings he displayed
A mind natural :
At Lensowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

There is something very attractive about this little poem, with its nice derangement of epitaphs and its rhymes so ingeniously addressed to the French eye, though they somewhat fail to satisfy the English ear. One may supplement it with a poem of very different origin, but perhaps of still greater merit, though the name of the authoress is practically unknown in this country, and Madame Adam oddly seems to have omitted her from the proposed Academy of Literary Ladies. The President of a well-known American University has recorded his visit to the theatre of a provincial French town, where it was announced that a certain Mlle. Dufour would, during the play, sing the new and celebrated English song "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ny." When Mlle. Dufour appeared she had an immense audience. "The first few lines" [says our informant] "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 roshif van,
Sandwich whitebaits lady lunch,
Chéri-gobler, wiskey-ponche ;
Aôh-yes all right shocking stop
Pêl-êl why-not moton-chop,
Plum-kêk mionsic steamer boxe,
Boule-dogue high-life five-o'clocks.

Tha-ra-ra-boom-der-é, &c.

It was an immense success. The audience rose at her. They knew that the English was all right because they themselves recognized a good many of the words. Indeed, it is not difficult for the discerning reader to make out at least the outline of "a small sweet idyl" in the apparent incoherence of this stanza. But after the complicated nature of the lunch indicated, it is little wonder that the clergyman—or was it the lady?—had to ejaculate "Stop !"

When one turns to English prose, the field of French effort is hardly so well filled. One is at a loss to parallel such cases as those of Beckford and Gibbon, who voluntarily composed whole volumes in French, any more than to find a rival across the Channel to the dainty French lyrics of Mr. Swinburne. Voltaire is said to have translated his own "Letters on England," but one can hardly vouch for the truth or probability of that statement when one remembers how amused one was at school to find that great man declaring, in the "Siècle de Louis XIV.," that Marlborough was chiefly notable for the quality known in English as "cold head." And Mr. Max O'Rell, whose English is remarkably idiomatic, seems to stand alone. We can well believe that M. Bourget knows a great deal of our tongue—or, at least, of American, which is not quite the same thing, if Mr. Brander Matthews will allow one to say so—when we remember that in "Outre-Mer" he did not recoil even before the "yells" of the American colleges, but copied down their cacophonies correctly. M. Jusserand is as much at home with the English of

train of thought. Everybody admitted that if the subject in which Stendhal was really proficient it was language. So his reputation grew until some of his works were ill-advised enough—from a philological point of view—to disinter and print his diary. There, it seems, he used his feelings by constantly dropping into English—as like Mr. Silas Wegg. On every page one comes across English style such as these, the result of opening almost at random : "*Les tentes de l'oye* for glory sensibility that are not but for the *intimes* friends," "of wit of my life." "I have proved by an evident truth of my principles about the art of rousing heart of a woman. The 4th August I was reading the essay of Hume upon the feudal government ; during the wanted my presence ; *au retour*, she cannot say a word speaking of me or to me." Perhaps the infallible "evident experience" is no more exact than the However, Hume's essays are cheap, and any one may for himself with them.

Reviews.

AN AMERICAN ON THE FAR EAST

THE NEW PACIFIC. By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Lo (Kegan Paul, Hs.)

Mainly for the benefit of Americans eager for about the possibilities of the vast ocean in which States have recently made important acquisitions, Mr. Bancroft has here collected a great mass of fact and opinion on the Far East of Asia, the islands and borderlands of generally, and the interests and duties of Europe and relation to them. He sums up the world's history in the Pacific. "First the Mediterranean, then the Atlantic, and the Pacific." "For as culture," he proceeds, "ever round some sea, great or small, it must needs have a for its use and pleasure." Here Mr. Bancroft seems shooting wide of the mark, if not altogether at random. True that three hundred years ago a single galleon the commerce of Spanish America with the Philippines a dozen great shipping companies now compete for a trade which is already immense, and bids fair to trouble itself as time goes on. But the suggestion that can ever acquire an economic and historical commensurate to its enormous area, or comparable with belongs to the Atlantic and Indian Oceans and the Mes Sea, is surely misleading. The Pacific may be described little exaggeration, as a hemisphere nearly covered by For the American coast south of Panama it must always an *oceanus dissociabilis*, such as the Atlantic was for Europe to 1492. However greatly Pacific traffic may be developed British Columbia and California, most of North America always have its chief intercourse with the rest of the world the Atlantic. Australia and New Zealand must always wards and northwards rather than eastwards. In development of China and Japan, and even of the East the Pacific can only play a secondary part. The authorities are of opinion that the Nicaragua Canal cannot prove a remunerative undertaking.

Still, we are far from reproaching the spirit of in which Mr. Bancroft has undertaken his task, and executed it with great thoroughness. The section

civilized nations which Mr. Bancroft anticipates is more doubtful. In any event China must wake up, and that soon. Mr. Bancroft amusingly illustrates Europe's attitude by a nursery rhyme :—

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal !

At present the prospect is far from promising. One passage which Mr. Bancroft transcribes from a geographical primer, entitled "The Confucianist Scholar's Hand-Book of the Latitudes and Longitudes," and printed by the Government under the direction of the Minister of Education in 1896, is so characteristic and so delightful as a literary composition that we cannot but give it in full :—

How grand and glorious is the Empire of China, the Middle Kingdom ! She is the largest and richest in the world. The grandest men in the world have all come from the Middle Empire. Europe is too far away from the centre of civilization, which is the Middle Kingdom : hence Russians, Turks, English, French, Germans, and Belgians look more like little beasts than men, and their language sounds like the chirping of fowls. According to the views of recent generations, what westerners call the Christian religion is vulgar, shallow, and erroneous, and is an instance of barbarian customs, which are not worthy of serious discussion. They worship the heavenly spirits, but do not sacrifice to parents ; they insult heaven in every way, and overturn the social relations. This is truly a type of barbarian vileness, and is not worthy of treatment in our review of foreign customs, especially as this religion is somewhat on the wane. Europeans have planted their spawn in every country of the globe except China. All of them honour this religion ; but we are surprised to find that the Chinese scholars and people have not escaped contamination by it. Of late the so-called Christianity has been trying to contaminate the world by its barbarous teachings. It deceives the masses by its stories of heaven and hell ; it interferes with the rites of ancestral worship, and interdicts the custom of bowing before the gods of heaven and earth. These are the ravings of a disordered intellect, and are not worth discussing.

ELIZABETHAN ANTHOLOGIES.

With Professor Arber's SPENSER ANTHOLOGY (Froude, 2s. 6d.) we are glad to escape from the artificial gales which blow about the nymphs and swains in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and once more to breathe the pure serene of Helicon. There is artificiality in the age of Spenser, but with a difference. It seems easier somehow to forgive ; it is the play of children delighted with a new toy, not heartless men of the world at make-believe. The elaborate allegories even amuse us sometimes ; just a spice of humour might have made the Purple Island into solemn fooling of Mr. Stockton's kind. Moreover, these men have the root of poetry in them ; it bursts their allegories as trees grow through a sepulchre. It would be easy to find other episodes in the "Fairy Queen" which tell a thrilling tale, besides that of "Sir Guyon tempted of Mammon" or "Sir Scudamour and Lady Amoret." Many of the personifications, too, taken in moderate doses, are fine, such as Backville's "Dread," "his cap borne up with staring of his hair, 'stonied and amazed at his own shade," or "grosly Care still brushing up the breezes." These men, moreover, look with a fresh eye on nature ; there is real life in the boisterous rustics of the "Shepherd's

as rhyme. We find here, for instance, such pairs of *pleading-meaning, fancy-frenzy, blossom-loathsomeness* changes may be used with the same effect as in the classical metres. We point this out because and critics alike are too eager to cramp our valuable forms.

It is needless to say that there are many which we should like to have seen given. We are properly represented without some of his shorter pieces are also several pieces that are not worthy of a place. The worst is Campion's hideous experiment, beginning "ponp have I spied." What metre this is mean to know ; it is extraordinary how a man who could write could also perpetrate some of the monstrous things of English Poesy." Sidney's English Elegiacs, on the other hand, are poor, though one couplet is worth quoting as almost

With strong foes on land, on sea with contraries,
Still do I cross this wretch, whatso he takes.

Gabriel Harvey, again, hardly deserves a place, though his elegiac couplet (not given here) which is quite too good to pass for his quaintness, and the songs from "Rois de France" their *abandon*. But Mr. Arber has given a number of pieces from less known sources. Several of the anonymous ballads are capital—"Mary Ambree," "Mary and John," "Love me little, love me long" are examples. There must have been a rollicking prelate, for we never find a drinking song than "Back and side go bare, good Lord, and Peele furnish poems worthy remembrance. A garland is here from that ill-fated genius, Robert Herrick, little more moral strength and Shakespeare would have been jealous of him ; his intellectual fertility is almost astonishing. Infida's Song has a haunting melody :

See how sad thy Venus lies,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami !
Love in heart, and tears in eyes
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami !

How strong is simplicity one may see in a poem of Vere's "If women could be fair and never fond." The volume is full of choice things.

We have noted one or two omissions in the *heidegges*), and one poem has no reference (to the "sit"). The old spelling should be kept where it is as *list-chist, man-than*. *Idly* and *gently* must be pronounced as three syllables, and were probably pronounced *gentilly*, but we have not the means at hand to verify

Another little Anthology of the same period is GARRARD, edited by Fitzroy Carrington (Duell). This is a volume got up like a previous one in an archaic style which no doubt appeals to some readers. It contains most of the well-known lyrics ; though had more of Shakespeare, and if Donne is admitted, Wither ?

MR. FITZMAURICE-KELLY'S "DON QUIXOTE" PART II.

SEGUNDA PARTE DEL INGENIERO HIDALGO DON QUIXOTE DE MANCHA. POR JAIME FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

text to follow, that of 1615, printed a few months before Cervantes' death. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly had no choice but to give us the book as Cervantes wrote it, though in doing so he involves himself in a good many complications and contradictions. Setting out, as he did in his first volume, with the theory that only the first printed of the two editions of 1605 was to be regarded as possessing any sanctity—although it is certain that it was never revised by the author who was living at a distance from Madrid, although another and a corrected edition, with a better and fuller text, was published in 1608 under the eye of Cervantes, with additions he himself adopted and approved. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly is driven to sore straits in order to maintain his position in the teeth of Cervantes himself and of all his best and most trusted editors. The one main point on which all Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's self-imposed perplexities turn is that famous business of the stealing of Sancho Panza's ass. It is unnecessary for Cervantists to tell them the plain story again. In the first edition of the First Part, printed in 1605, there were several blunders in the text concerning this incident of the stealing of Dapple. Nothing is said as to how the ass was stolen, or how he was recovered. Sometimes Sancho is riding it, sometimes going on foot for want of it. In 1608 the author corrected the blunder, or at least corrected it in most places, inserting the well-known passage in which Sancho makes pathetic lament over his loss. For some curious reason Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly will not have this blunder corrected, the ass restored, or Sancho's lamentation to be genuine. Somebody must have put this in from the outside—some printer or other official and officious person, more zealous for Cervantes' credit than the author himself, and gifted *ex hypothesi* with a kindred and equal genius. In his introduction (inserted, oddly enough, at the end of his Second Part) Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly thus repeats and sums up his opinion as to the Dapple incident:—

No reasonable hypothesis is forthcoming to connect Cervantes with the disputed passage, and the simple alternative is forced upon us that it was the makeshift of an unscrupulous editor hard pressed for time.

But what is it that we are required to believe? That there should have been another genius of the same kind at the service of Juan de la Cuesta, the printer, would be in itself a sufficiently bold hypothesis. That Cervantes, who was sufficiently jealous of his work, who was by this time well aware of its value, who needed all the credit and the profit that it was giving him, should permit another hand to cut and carve his story, to correct his blunders, to supply his omissions, and to interpolate new passages of humour and pathos not of his invention—who will believe this? What need of any hypothesis to connect Cervantes with the "disputed passage" (disputed by none but his present English editors and one or two Spaniards of the re-action)? It is enough to quote what Cervantes himself says of the matter in his Second Part, where Sancho, in Chapter IV., referring to the story, declares:

Hico una lamentacion que si no la puso el autor de nuestra historia, puedo haer cuenta que no puso cosa buena.

Is it credible that an author should speak thus of an interpolation intended to make good his own neglect?

It does not inspire the good Cervantist with confidence when Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly is found sticking so pertinaciously to this theory. What can be the meaning of this preference for the first printed text, merely because it was the first? As well might the editor of Shakespeare prefer the first quarto of *Hamlet* printed in 1603 to the corrected *Hamlet* of 1604. The sober scholar and student, not seduced by typographical apparatus, cannot but remember that the text of "Don Quixote" has already been settled by the authority competent to settle it

be any new evidence to upset the wise and sensible Academy in 1819, nor can it be allowed that a young member of the Academy, and a foreigner, is to reverse an opinion which all who love Cervantes as a work must perceive to be essential to the true *frontera* of Quixote."

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Africa and the War.

There is some reason to believe that all the correspondents present in South Africa have some writing books. It would be a good idea if they together, agree that only some half dozen or so potential books should be published, and ballot for publishing them. A few books on the subject, a but a great flood of them, written as war correspondents do write, would very soon become a nuisance. *THE LADYSMITH*, by G. B. Atkins (Methuen, 6s.), is border line which separates the desirable from the undesirable. There is no particular reason why it should not be published, and there is no particular reason why it should. It is a straightforward narrative, good enough for newspapers, but hardly good enough for a book. In course, there were no other books from which the information in it could be derived. What we like in it is its modesty. He has not Mr. Bennett Burleigh's habit of teaching general officers their business, but he has dealt to say which is of more than ephemeral interest criticism worthy of preservation is his speculation on the failure of the Vaal Krantz attack:

And where lay the fault? Not with the Boers, who will go anywhere with a cheer, scarcely with Buller, who was severe on himself and honest with the Nation when he gave the order. The fault lay in the and of all other battles was the encumbrance of the port. How should it be otherwise?

BOER WAR, 1899-1900, by Lieutenant-Colonel Brunker (Clowes, 2s. 6d.), gives lists of the officers of the Transvaal campaign, a diary of the campaign, showing the organization and distribution of our forces, and an edition before us (the third) goes as far as the Bloemfontein. It is a book that should be on the shelves of every newspaper expert who has to write daily or weekly of the war.

A HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA, by W. Basil Worsfold (Is. 6d.), is a "Temple Primer." As a cheap book, and a timely book it should have a ready sale. The judicious, and even a little professorial; Mr. Worsfold's impression of a man approaching the subject in a passionate spirit, but compelled to strong conclusions by the overwhelming force of facts—the same impression, in fact, given by the despatches of Sir Alfred Milner. It is that those conclusions are by no means in favour of the one hand, or of the statesmanship of the Colonials on the other. The greatness of the cost of conquering the Cape says Mr. Worsfold, "the penalty we pay for fifty years of ineptitude, for fifty years of national neglect." It should be noted. Readers who want a detailed history of the war of 1881 must not look for it in this book, and anxious to learn the true inwardness of the Jameson Raid also go elsewhere for it. Nor are we told a

how the Germans overcame us by landing at Harwich, Southend, and Burnham-on-Crouch, the British Army and the British Navy doing nothing to interfere with them. The author explains that his book is not intended for the general reader, but for "the thinking portion of the community." Unfortunately this is the portion of the community that is likely to have least use for it.

"How England Saved Europe."

WATERLOO AND ST. HELENA (Smith, Elder, 6s.), is the fourth and last of Mr. W. H. Fitchett's "How England Saved Europe" books. That it is not such good reading as some of its predecessors is due more to the subject than to any failure on the part of the author. A good deal of summarizing was necessary in order to "couple up" Volume IV. with Volume III.; and Mr. Fitchett's special gift is not for summarizing but for picture drawing. In the story of the campaign of the Hundred Days, again, there are so many battles of the historians to be adjudicated upon that a policy of graphic narrative can only be conducted under difficulties. In spite of his difficulties Mr. Fitchett does well, though his actual description of the world's earthquake is less vivid than that of either Messrs. Erekmann-Chatrian or Dr. Conan Doyle in "The Great Shadow." It also appears as though he did not fully appreciate the strategical reasons which made it seem so unlikely to Napoleon that Blücher, after Ligny, would march to join the Duke of Wellington. The St. Helena chapter is not quite so cheerily anecdotal as it might have been, and the final chapter in which Napoleon's career is summed up is more rhetorical than judicious.

On Collecting China.

"He was a collector, and fortunate," Mr. Washmore wrote of the hero of his "A Chemist in the Suburbs," but most of us are content to consider ourselves fortunate merely because we are collectors. To those who already know their way to the sale rooms and to those about to embark upon the perilous adventure of collecting ceramic ware Mr. Frederick Litchfield's practical guide, POTTERY AND PORCELAIN (Tinslove, Hanson, and Combs, 15s. n.) will alike be of value. The concise historical sketch of the progress of the art, the account of the different schools of pottery, the lists of factories and marks are correctly and clearly given. Naturally, under each of the many headings, from mediæval to modern, there is no great space given to each subject. If we want to know more of Majolica we can turn to Dr. Drury Fortnum's monumental work; if of Chinese porcelain to the excellent book by Mr. Gulland; to Mr. Bemrose on Bow and Chelsea; on Swansea and Nantgarw to Mr. W. Turner, to Jewitt, Wollaston Franks, Professor Church, and so forth; but Mr. Litchfield has culled the essential matter from them all. On matters of opinion and taste we are not always quite in agreement with Mr. Litchfield. In his account of Japanese china ware he says of Japanese taste that it "prefers eccentricity to symmetry." Any one who has studied Japanese work at first hand must know that the union and conformity of the parts of a work of art to the whole is one of its most admirable characteristics. The genius for perfect balance of the Japanese is their most wonderful quality. The book is very handsomely illustrated.

What Mr. Litchfield does in general for the collector THE HISTORY OF THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES (Scott, Greenwood, 7s. 6d. n.) does to some extent in particular for one school of design. This volume is a reprint of Simon Shaw's book originally printed in 1829. It has undoubted historical value, to say nothing of its quaint style, and a certain intentionally moral tone which runs through the pages.

The brothers T. and J. Wedgwood says the writer of the

Wedgwood as a desideratum," is still charming to amateur. But the essential value of the book is its lucid description of the development of English pottery from the earliest trustworthy records and in the well-drawn and things as they were in the Potteries in 18

Faraday's Letters.

Private correspondence is certainly not what we are often surprised in recent books of memoirs and long letters some people write even in these days. In rule, the six or eight page letter is reserved for special occasions. In THE LETTERS OF FARADAY AND SCHÖNBEIN, 1831-1833, by Georg W. A. Kahlbaum and Francis V. Darbishire and Norgate, 13s. n.), the Englishman leans towards the former style, and the German towards the latter. Schönbein's correspondence is more than twice as voluminous as Faraday's. Moreover, whereas the one keeps back nothing he has been doing, as though in constant need of friend and criticism, Faraday is extremely reticent about his work and only makes a single brief allusion even to his discovery—the connexion between magnetism and electricity—it had been before his mind for a quarter of a century at least. In Dr. Benec Jones's "Life and Letters of Faraday" we find the names of Benjamin Abbott (an early collaborator), and Matteucci figuring prominently, but so little is made of Schönbein. Many of the latter's epigrams were of such a nature that, with very little selection, they could be "lifted" bodily into the *Philosophical Magazine*. In that form they have been accessible for many years. Faraday's collected correspondence is none the less welcome for insight into the characters of the two men. Faraday, energetic, restless, outspoken, yet ever respectful, almost add submissive, towards his senior; Schönbein, at his best, could look down upon the world from a high plane and lead the way to realms undreamt of before. Faraday he exhibits an aversion to all kinds of needless labor. Faraday was justified in doing so, from the state of his health. The matter rested with him alone, the correspondence had been of short duration. As early as 1810 Faraday had a long and severe illness—from which, however, he recovered—we find him complaining that "the memory fails me" such remarks as "my head is giddy," "my head is heavy," more frequent as time goes on. The last letter, of 1833, years before his death, was of such a nature that it did not bear the heart to answer it, and thenceforward Faraday was but the shadow of his former self. The eulogies and congratulations on the completion of an arduous work and additional works they have in hand will throw further light on the most interesting period in the history of chemistry. It is to be regretted, however, that they did not call for the attention of an expert proof-reader, as the notes are disfigured by typographical and other errors.

The New Variorum Shakespeare.

While minor editions of Shakespeare follow one another, Dr. H. H. Furness' monumental "The Variorum Edition" pursues its slow and stately progress. It has just attained its twelfth volume with *Measure for Measure* (Lippincott, 18s.). The text reprints the first folio, which differs from that of the second chiefly in some trivial typographical errors, in some instances and in more exact stage directions, as where, in *Measure for Measure*, it has "Enter . . . Iacke Wilson" instead of the quarto "Enter . . . Musicke." Dr. Furness infers with great probability that *Measure for Measure* and *Comedell* used a copy of the quarto

comedy, and the editor is strongly of opinion that *Much Ado About Nothing* is founded upon an earlier play, "an unmistakable trace" of which he detects in the inclusion of "Imogen," Isonato's wife, among those who enter at the beginning of Acts I, and II. As she never speaks a word, Dr. Furness infers that "her recorded presence merely shows that for one of the characters with which the original play started Shakespeare found no use, and through carelessness the name was allowed to remain in the MS. prompt-book." The theory is, we think, a probable one, and the lost play would form a link between Shakespeare's comedy and the novel by Bandello, which is the original source of the Hero and Claudio plot. In the appendix Dr. Furness gives Bandello's novel in Mr. Payne's translation, and also Belle-forest's version of it, besides the kindred story of Ariodante and Genevra from the "Orlando Furioso." He further prints a prose translation of Ayres's play, *Die Schöne Phœnicia* (evidently founded upon Belle-forest's version of Bandello), in which some German critics have sought to trace, without much success, a combination of plots akin to that of Hero and Claudio and of Benedick and Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*. The appendix contains a number of other materials bearing upon various aspects of the play, while the notes and commentary are a digest of practically everything, whether in the form of textual or æsthetic criticism, that has ever appeared about it. The volume is indispensable to every serious Shakespearian student, (though we should suggest to Dr. Furness to refrain in the future from the cheap sarcasm which he thinks fit to occasionally introduce. Some of the hypotheses about the dramatist's career and attainments may be fantastic, but what possible point is there in capping them by the ironical declaration, "My own private conviction is that he mastered cuneiform; visited America; and remained quite a while here—greatly to his intellectual advantage?" This might pass muster in the lightest of magazine articles, but set in the solid environment of the "Variorum" Shakespeare it is sorry fooling.

Some Dictionaries.

A NEW DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN PHRASES AND CLASSICAL QUOTATIONS, edited by Mr. H. P. Jones and published by Messrs. C. W. Deacon (7s. 6d.), is suggested by "Dean's Dictionary of Foreign Phrases," now out of print. But it is much fuller than its predecessor, containing a store of familiar quotations—with a few inserted for their intrinsic merit rather than popularity—from the classics, French, German, Italian, and Portuguese. The book, we are told, is intended primarily for the enlightenment of those who are puzzled by the foreign quotations in newspapers and elsewhere. The quotations are therefore arranged alphabetically. But a book of this kind is perhaps more often used by those who want to illustrate a subject in hand with an appropriate phrase. For these a book of quotations in alphabetical order is not of much use, except to refer to some passage of which they happen to know the first word. The volume is a store of good things. It is difficult to find space for all the pithy and proverbial sayings in the Latin tongue. Quotations from medieval Latin might perhaps be excluded. To give us, as Mr. Jones has done, only a few of these, only makes us wish for more. Thus we have from Thomas à Kempis "De duobus malis, minus est semper eligendum," but we look in vain for Boethius's "Quis legem det amantibus? Major lex amor est sibi." On a casual perusal of the book we note the absence of a few old friends:—*πλὸν ἕμισον παντός*; *Pessima republiæ, plurimæ leges*; *Il desperandum est Teucro duce et auspicio Teucero*; *Res amicos invenit*; *Nunc est bibendum*; *Il faut manger pour vivre*; *Il*

to. The inaccuracies constitute a more serious objection. The encyclopedist who says, among other things, that the ascent of Mont Blanc was made by de Saussure, passed through Geneva on his way from Basle to Strassburg, the religious sect known as the Vaudois came from de Vaud, and that "La Dame aux Camélias" was a play, is hardly to be accepted as a safe, or a difficult matter. It should be added that the editor does not seem to realize very well what the functions of an encyclopedist are, but neglects the essential for trivialities of personalities. This is the case, for instance, in Kant. We are told that the philosopher was "a close student of simple habits," but we are not told what was the Kantian philosophy. The editor also wastes space in denouncing Mr. Herbert Spencer as a man who "has an empty conception barren of all thought," and apropos of the waning vigour of Byron's poems, that is looking green again once more under the breath, is of a new spring." The encyclopedist may be worth something, but it certainly is not worth more.

THE MURPHY-SANDERS ENCYCLOPÆDIC GERMAN comes to us from Messrs. Grevel in an abridged one (14s.)—a bulky volume showing immense care, in accuracy, but suitable rather for the German intellectual than for the English. The pronunciation of the English words (the Toussaint-Langenscheidt phonetic method), not of and no English pupil would put up with the elaborate signs and abbreviations found necessary for an encyclopedic dictionary, the object of which is to include as much as possible without much guidance as to their idiomatic use.

Dr. Charles Allandale's CONCISE ENGLISH DICTIONARY (3s. 6d.), is a good one and contains various useful words generally to be found in dictionaries, such as his address and a collection of words and phrases in living foreign languages which are met in current English. In this we may look up persons as various as Shakespear's "John Falstaff," Dickens' "Fat Boy," Byron's "Childe Harold," and du Maurier's "Mrs. Leo Hunter."

"A Fond Papa."

One wonders a little what can be the *raison d'être* of MY FATHER AND I, by Countess Puliga (6s.). The *raison d'être* of its composition is, it was to the author a labour of love, and it will be of immense interest to her children. But what has to do with it? Mr. Charles Sanson, of Leytonstone, an estimable gentleman who flourished in the thirties, mixed in good society, and was devoted to his wife, Henrietta, now Countess Puliga. Yet the fifties and sixties surely every other decade of the century, too, must have seen thousands such honest, devoted parents, and a large number of persons probably own, though they do not publish, a letter as the following:—

I am always thinking of you, and saying, "Is she good?" If she knew how her fond papa longs for her to be good, she would be, I am sure. . . . May God bless her and make you the joy and pride of the fondest of fathers. Through her father, however, Henrietta Sanson came into contact with many interesting people, amongst them the Ewelina de Hanska, Balzac's widow. The description of this interesting woman, Balzac's "Star of Poland" is the best pages of the book:—

She lived in that small house, so wanted

house. It was entered direct from the garden by a peculiar-looking room, ornamented with fresco paintings, and absolutely unlike any hall that I had ever seen. A very narrow door placed in a corner opened to the salon, at the extremity of which, between two small recessed windows, Madame de Balzac invariably sat on a high, gilt arm-chair. Against the wall, facing the fire-place, which was on the left of the entrance door, on a white console stood the marble bust of Balzac, larger than life, majestic, superb. Madame de Balzac herself seemed built on a scale superior to that of ordinary mortals. Her face, wonderfully white and smooth, was large and round, her features perfect, her brow, in its nearly abnormal development appearing, in Balzac's own words, "quite Olympian." She wore a brown-haired front, quite visible as such, and over it a white net cap, ornate and delicate, made bright with vivid-coloured ribbons, sometimes green, sometimes red, which she knotted under her chin. One of her eyes had a slight squint, and she was extremely near-sighted. Her figure was large and heavy, her hands quite beautiful, her voice enchanting, her manner that of a graceful goddess.

The names of other well-known people star Countess Puliga's pages, but little is said concerning them, as the author does not aim at entertaining the reader: all she attempts is to place before him a picture of the affectionate relations existing between her father and herself, and this, as we said above, scarcely seems matter for publication.

Medical.

A SYSTEM OF MEDICINE, edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt, M.D., Vol. VIII. (Macmillan, 25s.), is the concluding volume of Professor Allbutt's "System of Medicine." It contains three sections, dealing with the minor diseases of the nervous system, mental diseases, and skin diseases. So far as it is possible to judge from a perusal of selected articles, the volume is good throughout. The section on Skin Diseases is very full, and the classification sensible, but it labours under the disadvantage of being unaccompanied by coloured plates, without which this class of affections cannot be satisfactorily expounded. The section on Mental Diseases strikes us as very valuable. It contains contributions by the most authoritative writers and combines throughout a singular breadth of view with the most recent knowledge. As examples of the former we may mention the introduction by Dr. Savage and Dr. Mercier's thoughtful essay on "Vice, Crime, and Insanity"; of the latter Dr. Robert Jones' brilliant study of "Epilepsy and Insanity." The whole section can be strongly recommended to the attention of lawyers and men of the world, as well as of physicians and students. The minor nerve diseases are also well treated, the editor's sensible article on "Neurasthenia" deserving special notice. In addition to the foregoing, the volume contains an interesting proof of the rapidity with which medical knowledge grows in the shape of an appendix consisting of an article on "Malarial Fever," by Dr. Manson, with a full account of the malarial mosquito, which had not been identified and studied when the previous article on Malaria in Vol. II. was written.

Like most doctors who write for the public Dr. Maurice de Fleury does not err in MEDICINE AND THE MIND ("La Médecine de l'esprit") (Downey, 12s. n.) on the side of profundity. This perhaps arises from their knowledge that if those who follow the medical profession are by no means easy to instruct, the unlearned mob must in very deed be fed with spoon-meat. In consequence there is, for those who have studied medicine, a

Literature" will prove interesting to writers, author blasphemes tobacco. There is certainly yet theory that a really intelligent and well-read abreast of the times in all other branches of life his own, might, at least partially, solve the que are the truest canons of criticism. He might t writers, and differentiate between them, showi works were really healthy products. Intoler seem to those who love human pathology disp method might, at any rate, help to form opinio from crystallizing. Literature, after all, may b one sense a product of the body, and by its pro its health.

Saints.

IN THE LITTLE LIVES OF THE SAINTS (Wells 2s. 6d.) the Rev. Percy Dearmer has produced a book for children. He tells, quite simply, the we know it, of the dozen most famous saints o England, from Oswald and Aidan to Edward distinguishing carefully between fact and lege as he tells them, are eminently readable, and adapted to children. The little volume is beaut artistically bound, and is embellished with many by Mr. Charles Robinson.

SAINT FRANCIS OF SALES is the latest numbe "The Saints" that is being published by M and Co. (3s. n.). Written by A. de Margerie, evidently from the French, by Margaret Mal volume is a pleasant study of one of the mos modern lights of the Roman Church. Franc saint of that new type of which the Church st it had to deal with the stern realities of the t was a scholar and a gentleman, and us non Geneva, at a time when that city was a Protestantism, laboured zealously for the t tion, though his methods would not always a scrutiny by modern standards. In Mada who is now also in the Calendar, he fou and the story of their relations as "directo is always curious reading. The result was the Visitandines, an order which, although it has original purpose, has still found work to do little book runs much more smoothly than trans do; but "labourer" is not the English of *laboureur*.

The Fortune Teller.

There comes to us a little book with a fasc a fascinating cover. This title is THE SQ (Redway, 2s. 6d. n.) and the cover shows a gre which is spread a pack of cards, while a hood Sibil and a cat with green eyes study medita arrangement. Clear guidance as to what may supplied by the book itself, and with this litt elbow and a properly prepared "Square" laid o will be your own fault entirely if the future h for you. The history of the book itself, as told Stevenson, is as follows:—It was first publish certain Robert Antrobus, a "Gentleman of across the material for it in the following Having had to make a business journey into C himself staying at the inn in the village of

and the secret of the Square of Sevens. "Mr. George," it appeared, was in reality George X—, a renegade gypsy, and it was as much hatred for his race as gratitude towards Mr. Antrobus which prompted his disclosures. For the Square of Sevens, "that most potent and particular method of prying into the past, present, and future," was a cherished Romany secret, and who knows whether the printing-house fire, which destroyed the entire edition of 1731, when only a very few copies had been distributed, was not caused by Romany vengeance? Very successful in the days of the Georges, the volume, thanks to the fire, was always excessively scarce, and Horace Walpole sought in vain to get hold of "that damned queer old woman's fortune-telling book by Bob Antrobus." Mr. Stevenson assures us that there is no single copy in any of the great libraries of the world, and that only by special personal interest did he obtain permission to make the MS. for the present edition; from a copy in some private collection, we presume. Whether he has done prudently in thus rediscovering a best forgotten secret; whether we ourselves are doing wisely in thus helping to disseminate it, time alone will show. Yet no; we need not wait for time. We will at once prepare the Parallelogram, and read in the Tavola of Significancies our proper fate, and the possible gypsy revenge for the betrayal of secrets.

The History of Durham.

It is rather humiliating that we should have to go to an American University for such a book as *THE COUNTY PALATINE OF DURHAM: A STUDY IN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY*, by Gaillard Thomas Lapsley (Longmans, 10s. 6d.). English historical literature is, of course, not destitute of dissertations upon this exceedingly interesting subject. Dr. Stubbs, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, and, more recently, Mr. W. Page, have all discussed it; but this elaborate yet lucid volume is, we fancy, its first really exhaustive treatment. The origin of Palatinates generally is not too clear; that of Durham is exceedingly obscure. The old theory was that it was created deliberately by William the Conqueror, along with the County Palatine of Chester, to act as a buffer against the invasions of an unconquered people—that, in fact, the Bishop of Durham was placed in much the same position as the Margraves of Charles the Great. It is a plausible view; but there is strong negative testimony against it in the absence of any proof that William the Norman ever granted Palatine privileges to the Bishop of Durham. Mr. Lapsley's explanation is that the arrangement was a natural growth founded upon the great ecclesiastical immunity which Durham enjoyed even before the Conquest, that the best was made of every opportunity for feudalization, especially by the ambitious Bishop Pudsey of Henry II.'s time, and that the English kings were, on the whole, rather glad to have a strong vassal in distant northern regions who, in return for local autonomy, would keep the Scots in reasonable subjection. Mr. Lapsley's book is well arranged and extremely clear, and there is no detail affecting the Durham Palatine's regality, his administrative and judicial machinery, or his relations with the central Government, which is not dealt with exhaustively and with copious reference to documents. The book is one of the "Harvard Historical Studies," published by the Henry Warren Torrey Fund of that University.

Ober-Ammergau.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU, by the late Isabel Lady Burton (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.), is got up to look like a prayer-book. The contents are largely devotional, though some of the sections might also serve the purpose of a guide book, and it is not so well written that it is likely to appeal to any one who

Christus for the third time. The fatigue involved, especially in the crucifixion scene, and at the end in 1890 it was not an unusual thing for him, strong as he was, to faint upon the cross. Still Mayr clung to the idea of appearing as Christus once again, until four years later the question was finally settled by an untoward event in the winter of 1896, while chopping logs in the mountainous region characteristic of this man, who might have gained fame by his genius as an actor, still pursued his humble avocation. He met with a serious accident. A log fell upon his head, plunging him to the ground, and for nearly an hour he lay motionless before help came. The injury was so severe that it was feared at first that his leg would have to be amputated, though this was happily proved unnecessary, the accident leaving only slight effects which have made it out of the question for him ever to take the part of Christus again.

It was originally intended that Lady Burton's account of the Passion Play should appear side by side with that of her husband, but the intention was not carried out, and indeed the views of husband and wife were so different, that it has been a pity to bring the contrast between them into relief.

Another Ober-Ammergau book is *THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU*, by Maria Trench (Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d.). This is a translation of the German text used at the performance, and contains a preface with a certain amount of practical information.

Mexican Folklore.

It is not often that even the Folklore Society is so attracted to a volume as the *CATALOGUE OF A COLLECTION OF OBJECTS ILLUSTRATING THE FOLKLORE OF MEXICO*, by Starr, Professor of Anthropology in the University of Cambridge, which has just been published by Mr. David Nutt. The unpromising title gives little suggestion of the value of the contents, and the ethnologist owes quite a debt of thanks to Professor Starr for his little book as for the guide to which it is a guide. It contains, indeed, much more than can be represented by graphic objects, and, chief among these, an admirable account of the outdoor games of Mexico. The attempt to read all manner of occult meanings into the rhymes and other juvenile doggerel has often, no doubt, been carried to absurd lengths; but this kind of material is suggestive, and folklorists will turn with curious interest to the pages in which Professor Starr describes the games of the "counting-out rhymes" of Mexican youth, the rudimentary cricket played with a stick and a stone, and the variations upon "Puss in the Corner," and a form of magic which is claimed as true child-magic; but it is impossible to do more than mention such hotly-fought theories in a brief notice. And it is a pleasure to find conclusions the individual inquirer may come to, and which may be compared with what has been written by Dr. Feilberg about Sicily, Dr. Feilberg about Denmark, and Mr. La Monte about Italy. Even apart from all this Professor Starr has a charming series of notes upon the daily life and occasional customs of Mexico. The volume contains a number of really useful illustrations. It may be added that the book to which this is a companion is kept at Cambridge in the University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology.

Nelson at Naples in June, 1799.

Nelson's conduct during the closing scenes of the Revolution at Naples in June, 1799, has long given rise to a number of accounts, in which there are many

There are some facts common to both sides. Before Nelson arrived at Naples, first an armistice, afterwards a treaty of capitulation had been concluded with the rebel Republicans in the Castles Nuovo and dell'Uovo which commanded the harbour of Naples. The capitulation gave the rebels the option of retiring by land to Naples or by sea to Toulon. It was signed by Cardinal Ruffo, Vicar-General of the King of the two Sicilies, by the commanders of his Russian and Turkish allies, and by Captain Foote, commanding his Britannic Majesty's ships in the Bay of Naples, on the morning of June 23rd, 1799. Thirty-six hours later, on the 24th, Nelson's fleet appeared, and Nelson at once ordered Foote to haul down the flag of truce. On the 25th, he sent a *Declaration* to the rebels in the castles that he would not permit them to embark or quit those places, and that they must surrender unconditionally; while, after his own interview with Ruffo, he handed him a written *Opinion* that the treaty ought not to be carried into execution without the approbation of his Sicilian Majesty and of the British Commander-in-Chief.

At this point the disputes arise. As Mr. Badham says, there are four questions:—(1) Had Nelson legal powers? (2) Did he stop the capitulation after it had been partially executed? (3) Did he afterwards, on the 26th, first promise that he would after all not oppose the capitulation, and then detain the rebels who embarked, in spite of his promise? (4) Did he allow Caracciolo to be illegally hanged on the 29th? On these four questions, Mr. Badham has the merit of industry in the collection of materials, but he does not seem to us to show equal judgment in his conclusion that Nelson was entirely in the wrong.

It does not follow that the truth is entirely on the other side. Between the opinions of the extreme critics and the extreme apologists of Nelson there is a middle course, also an opinion, but perhaps more consistent with the sum of evidence on all four questions. It may be thus summarized:—

1. Nelson came from Palermo with legal powers enough to stop any capitulation which he believed to be contrary to the will of the King.

2. Nelson, on the 24th and 25th, did stop the capitulation after some rebels had come out of the castles under some of its articles, but probably before any had embarked, and certainly before the castles had been surrendered under its 2nd article.

3. Nelson, on the 26th, promised Ruffo that he would not break the armistice, and would not oppose the embarkation of the rebels, receding to that limited extent from his *Declaration* of the 25th; but, when they had embarked, he detained them until the arrival of the King, not in spite of his promise, but because, except in the point of embarkation, he had given no promise that he would not oppose the capitulation, and accordingly he simply adhered in all other respects to his *Opinion* given to Ruffo, and to his only *Declaration* to the rebels, concluding with the words, "They must surrender to his Majesty's royal mercy." If they were deceived, it was not Nelson's fault.

4. Nelson, on the 29th, rightly judged that Caracciolo was outside the treaty, because he had fled before it was concluded, and that therefore he was legally tried, convicted, and hanged.

Reprints.

Mr. Osmond Airy has now completed a serried volume of Burnet's *HISTORY OF MY OWN TIME* (Clarendon Press, 25s.). The necessity for this undertaking has been duly recognized by the publishing house, which issued the last edition—that of Dr. Routh in 1823 and 1833. Although the text of Dr. Routh did not require much amendment, the illustrative matter on the *History* has of course increased enormously since his work, and

sequent research far more trustworthy than his thought to be, despite the fact that he was, in history, an eager retailer of hearsay, and that he had no documentary evidence.

RODNEY RANDOM, Smollett's first novel, reprinted a good many times during the last six it was never, we think, like the later novel *Phiz*—now appears again, in two volumes. *Constable* (15s.) is the first volume of a new edition of works. In format it resembles the same publisher's and we cannot say we have grown out of it. It is expressed for the hard, sledgehammer type and here reduced somewhat from the blackness and the Fielding. Mr. Henley, in his introduction, merits of Smollett—"an ancestor of Pickwick" and anglicized *Le Sage*—says that "he was the first to write a novel for publication in serial form."

Another volume of Mr. Murray's edition, *ROMANY RYE* (6s.), sequel to "Lavengro," was the house in Albemarle Street was not over- in 1855-57, and which did not go off with a second edition of 750 copies lasting for four Borrow nowadays is a reviving, not a "disappearing."

Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Literature" contains BOSWELL, in three volumes, being a new format of Mr. Mowbray Morris' *Globe* edition, published by the same house, with the editor's preface.

Mr. A. J. Butler edits the late Dean P. DANTE (Isbister, 2s. 6d.) in a volume uniform with publisher's "Poems of Dante." A little pruned out of deference to recent research; but to Shakespearean critics and others Mr. Butler's remark that

A little credulity as to the possibilities of a career is not a whit more un scholarly than scepticism which accepts no statement that its own often limited insight into human nature.

The new "Siddal Edition" volume of contains an instalment of miscellaneous poems of the poet—and the public agreed with him—rank work—"The Blessed Damozel" and "Sister Unicorn Press reprints in a neat little volume contribution to the first number of the *Globe* under the title *HAND AND SOUL*.

"The practical use of embroidery is to be seen in Mr. Lewis F. Day in the excellent *ART OF EMBROIDERY* (Batsford, 5s. n.) which he and Miss Mary Paris for the series of text-books of ornamental design. Many illustrations certainly subserve this "practical" part of the book gives a bold and careful account of the decorative stitching, of the way to carry the design, which they can be put, and the decorative result gained from them.

We have received the fourth revised edition of *THE RHINE* (Dulan, 7s.). It should be pointed out not only with the Rhine, but also with the Moselle, the Forest, and the Tannus and Vosges Ranges. The Rhine, however, between Rotterdam and Düsseldorf, is adequate, and might certainly in subsequent editions be supplemented with advantage.

Mr. Robert Barr is not a stylist, and does not. He is just a plain man, who for his shrewd opinions expresses them in terse colloquial language. *THE EAST* (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) is as unlike "East and West" as it is about the East can be. In places, indeed, it is frivolous than the "Innocents Abroad," but it is a forward narrative of sight-seeing, which will please the general reader. Mr. Barr's approach to the

FICTION.

Many Inventions.

Life is full of disappointments, and literature of the light kind, particularly, holds even more disappointments than life. We lately heard a whisper that Dumas was back again amongst us, Dumas in an English reincarnation, who would proceed to treat English history in the same entrancing manner in which he has dealt with the history of France. Nay, that the thing was done, that the first volume was written, that it was to be published on such a day. When, therefore, *A KENT SQUIRE*, by F. W. Hayes (Hutchinson, 6s.), reached us, we fell upon it with avidity, and read and read and read just as we used to read Dumas long ago; but not, worse luck, as with Dumas until the very last page turned we were left craving for more, but until, rather early in the game, our hopes wilted and we realized another disappointment. The form of Dumas is here, to be sure; the book is of great length, the date is 1711, the story is told chiefly by means of conversation, and certain of the puppets are labelled with the great names of history. But the wit, the flavour, the soul of the inimitable Dumas are as far to seek as ever; these are but the garments which he might have worn—with a difference. Which is not to say, however, that "*A Kent Squire*" is entirely without merit; it is simply to say that it is not Dumas. It will occupy the ordinary reader some three weeks to get through, always a point in a book's favour, and those who like it are to be rewarded by a sequel concerning the further adventures of Ambrose Gwynnett. He has already been hanged, and it would seem that hanging, like Mauser bullet wounds, is beneficial rather than not. "I felt very much better when I was rescued from the gibbet than I had felt for weeks," he informs the family lawyer on page 438, and attributes the amelioration in his health to the excellent fresh air one gets when strung up aloft. Maybe! but most of us would prefer poor health to a remedy so heroic. Short of hanging, Roy of Roy's Court (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) goes through every blood-curdling adventure to be met with in France in the days of the Revolution and Directory, and that Mr. William Westfall's dapper little naval officer is popular is proved by the fact that this is a new edition. The picture of Roy on the cover running a man through the heart, his sword-point protruding quite six inches between the victim's shoulder-blades, should make an irresistible appeal to the boy in the street.

And the word having gone forth that historical novels "pay," historical novels are being produced with the alacrity of the artisan rather than of the artist. Nor will it be that industrious workman's fault if the School Board public fails to acquire some confused notion of other lands and other times. *THE GENTLEMAN PENSIONER*, by Albert Lee (Pearson, 6s.), carries us back to the days of Queen Elizabeth, and with a kink of originality for which we are grateful, the hero, though brought into contact with Mary Stuart, nevertheless remains faithful to good Queen Bess. Indeed, at a critical moment he frustrates Mary's escape from Tutbury, for which doughty deed he receives much cakes and ale, and the story terminates as every self-respecting story should. From Elizabethan England we plunge abruptly into the Scotland of Robbie Burns as presented in *THE RHYMER*, by Allan McAulay (Unwin, 6s.), and 'tis not we ourselves who would care to walk in the author's shoes anywhere north o' Tweed! The philanderings of "Sylvander" with "Clarinda" are rather comely pecked in. But there is a wrotte cabalisticatory between

those that Scots means Scotch. Her intentions are best, of course, but it is painful to see the way—pages with parentheses, prop up on foot-note—nothing whatever to the intelligence of her readers, convinced that the young girls who form this lady's circle are not nearly so daff (foolish) as she would have us believe. "*Logan's Loyalty*" is a pretty tale, however, as is pretty is *GARTHWAEN*, by Allan Balne (Hutchinson). *WAS IT RIGHT TO FORGIVE?* (Unwin, 6s.) will, no doubt, do its strangely 1860 style of title, and its usual ones with Miss Amelia E. Barr's usual circle of admirers.

It's a far cry from Amelia E. Barr to Guy Boothby—the former places her mild romance in New York City, the latter does not go geographically so very far. It is all for the scene of the blood-and-thunder novel, *A NATION'S* (Loek, 6s.). He lays it in a mythical South Republic, and although we could never endorse Mr. Boothby's implied praises of Mr. Boothby's work, at least that of his is very easy reading. The story of another South American country is told us by Mr. F. E. in *MAITLAND OF CORTIZIA* (Richards, 6s.). British rule and Maitland was its Adminis. possessed the usual iron hand requisite in that he wore over it that very old velvet glove, and entirely napless and out-at-fingers by this time, we see. Yet, despite his strength of character, when a C. with "soft, creamy features" fixes her eyes upon "feels like a rabbit taken in a snare." And, a pusillanimity is excusable in the presence of a phenomenon as "soft, creamy features." Men maiden's eyes "brand their image indelibly into his memory." We sit and wonder whether we have ever heard of them before. But wonder gives place to admiration at the description of the eyes of the insurrectionary chief.

Very deep set in their sockets, they scintillate like dark pool in a dense wood, whose waters glow in a gleam in a thousand facets of light when disturbed.

We are not surprised that "the beholder involuntarily to know more of the spirit which animated the glint of eyes." Our excerpt is charitably calculated to excite the reader's desire to know more of him too. We find Mrs. Frances Campbell, whose deck-novel, *MOONS* (Digby Long, 6s.), deals in a rattling, and vulgar, manner with the love-making, enemy-making, playing and drinking of the passengers on board. There is a good deal of "go" and spirit in the book, a lapse now and then into gross caricature. You amused the author to write it, which is pretty sure the reader will be amused by it as well.

In passing over *THE AGRICULTURIST*, by John D. Barr, as a somewhat banal story of the usual female cycle, of course, breaks her neck on the last page, we may say that as banal as it is, it does not merit the hopelessly ineffectual design on its cover. It is a relief to find the plain, unpretentious, buff-coloured linens in Grant Richards is clothing some of his novels. In this series we can recommend *THE GENTLEMAN FARMER* (6s.), by Booth Tarkington. It is a newspaper "flats" of Indiana, and tells of its editor's adventures with the White Caps, the turbulent element of the time, and of his singular good luck in the acquaintance of Sherwood. Written with American verve, it is

the village mulberry-tree, he collects an audience in the following fashion :—

"Ho, illustrious passers-by ! It is indeed unlikely that you would condescend to stop and listen to the foolish words of such a deformed person as myself. Nevertheless, if you will but retard your elegant footsteps for a few moments, this exceedingly unprepossessing individual will endeavour to entertain you with the recital of the adventures of the noble Yung Chang as recorded by the celebrated Pek-ki-hi."

And we spent a March day cowering over the fire and listening to that recital with quite as much interest as ever his neighbours gave him beneath the mulberry-tree.

Correspondence.

THE THEATRE AND THE "CROWD." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Whatever Mr. Walkley writes is interesting. Often it is provocative. His article in your current issue is particularly so. Taking his text from the late M. Sorey, he ingeniously applies the now familiar theory of "the crowd" to the laws of the drama. That "a crowd thinks and feels differently from each of the members composing it" is certain. But *il faut distinguer* : there are crowds and crowds. To me it seems clear that the crowd assembled in a theatre is a very different thing from the crowd assembled at a mass meeting in Hyde Park. It is not so mere a crowd. It is (to use a not very elegant expression) more segregated. In the first place, it is distributed over various parts of the "house," the parts do not communicate, and it is packed more closely in one part than in another. The occupant of a stall has more room than the occupant of the gallery; he does not elbow his neighbour, and is consequently more isolated. Moreover, the crowd is passive, not active. It has not to do anything, but only to listen, and to listen not to an oration intended to incite it to action, but to the conversation of personages quite outside of itself. All these things are favourable to detachment, unfavourable to that merging of the individual in the collective consciousness which we observe in a crowd excited to action or to the loud expression of its own feelings. The members of a theatrical audience are really, I am sure, far more isolated than Mr. Walkley supposes. When I go to the theatre, I see and listen and judge for myself. It may be that my impressions and judgments are more influenced by the crowd that surrounds me than I am conscious of, but certainly they are less influenced than Mr. Walkley seems to think. I can even contemplate the crowd itself with the feelings of a spectator. Let some one, in this period of patriotic fervour, begin to sing the National Anthem, and everything is changed; the audience becomes a crowd indeed. But before the spectacle on the stage it remains a gathering of spectators whose separate intelligences do not lose their distinctness. Surely it is not necessary to drag in the psychology of crowds to explain the fact that the *differentia* of the drama is action. The drama has to be *acted*—*voilà tout* ! The thing is to be done before our eyes; therefore analysis and exposition are excluded—the characters of the personages must develop themselves in action, the subject must involve an exercise of will against resistance. Doubtless the chances of success or failure to a play are affected by the fact that it appeals, at one time and in one place, to a great number of people on various levels of culture; but to make the laws of drama depend upon a theory of crowds is to be the victim of

into disrepute. Out of a large number of examples from North's "Plutarch" (first edition):—"speeches" (p. 731) and "these manner of spoils" split infinitive I have never noticed in good authorial instinct which refuses to put a word between noun.

Yours faithfully,
W. H.

MR. WILLIAM HALL. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Every one knows that Mr. Sidney Lee, in "Shakespeare," identifies the "Mr. W. H." with a certain William Hall, who he believes procured to his fellow pirate Thorpe the manuscript of publication. Mr. Sidney Lee's conjecture is a remarkable fact, that in the year 1606 George Elton the Sonnets, issued from his press another volume "Four-fold Meditation," by Southwell, contained prominent place and under the same initials, W. Hall, a salutation similar to Thorpe's Dedication. Having W. H.'s position in life and his function in relation to the publication of the Sonnets, Mr. Sidney Lee, with Charles Edmonds, suggests the probable identity of the dedicatory of Southwell's poems, with Thorpe.

I confess that this conjecture shook the opinion I previously entertained and I was inclined to be unconvinced until a doubt rose in my mind. Before Mr. Hall was but an humble auxiliary in the publishing business set up in business for himself. But we are told in the same year he obtained the licence of the company to inaugurate a press in his own name in business in 1608 with a book bearing for the first time on the title page. This being so, is it likely that he being in possession of such a precious manuscript would be so foolish as to give or even to sell it to another? Would he not have reserved for himself the publication of a sensational book from which he might hope to gain and fame?

I content myself with putting the question to Mr. Sidney Lee to resolve it.

Believe me, Sir, yours faithfully

FERNAND HE

(French translator of the

Le Muy (Var, France), April, 1900.

FOOT-NOTES AND OTHER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I relieve my publisher, Mr. Black, of casting the notes to my "History of the feet of pages into the ends of chapters? The public hates all notes and all references. I hope that, if presented in a shy seclusion behind the notes might escape severe denunciation. But it irritated a critical patron of "The Man in the Street."

Faithfully yours,

The Athenæum, Pall-mall, S.W., April 17.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

The first of the siege books from South Africa appeared at the beginning of next week. The diary kept during the investment of Kimberley

distress in Ladysmith. The contributors are Mr. F. Anstey, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Bernard Capes, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Francis Gribble, Mr. W. E. Norris, Mr. Percy White, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. Edwin Pugh, Mr. Robert Murchay, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, "Zack," and "Gabriel Setoun."

Messrs. Newnes' spring announcements on the topic of the day are:—"Khaki in South Africa," a set of war photographs in about 12 fortnightly sixpenny parts, uniform in style and size with their "Round the Coast" and "Round the World"; "The Siege of Ladysmith," described in numerous photographs with descriptions by an eye-witness; "With Roberts to the Transvaal," being the second part of "The Pictorial History of the Transvaal and South Africa"; and "Heroes of the South African War," a series of souvenirs of the war in sixpenny parts.

The late Mr. C. H. Pearson, author of "National Life and Character," left an unfinished fragment of autobiography. This is to form the foundation of a memorial volume, which will contain contributions by his wife and friends, to be edited by Mr. W. Stebbing, of Worcester College, Oxford, and to be published by Messrs. Longmans. "National Life and Character" was responsible for that modern bogey, the Yellow Peril, which has received august illustration and advertisement at the hands of the Kaiser. The Kaiser, however, saw the Yellow Peril looming large after the Japanese triumph in the Chinese War, whereas the victory of Japan was to a very large extent a practical refutation of Mr. Pearson's gloomy prophecy. For Mr. Pearson's Yellow Peril was the inevitable defeat of Western civilization by the low-living, cheap labour, and fecundity of the celestial, whereas the Japanese triumph was a victory of Western civilization over celestial. The title of Mr. Stebbing's book is "Charles Henry Pearson: Memorials by Himself, his Wife, and his Friends."

"Chapters from Aristotle's Ethics," by Professor Muirhead, of Mason College, Birmingham, is being published by Mr. Murray. Professor Muirhead's aim is to apply the principles of Aristotle's famous treatise to modern thought. In a preliminary paragraph about this book there has been a strange reference to the prominent place which the "Ethics" has held in English University education "for the past ten years." At Oxford, at all events, the "Ethics" held a still more prominent place in the old days before the "Schools" were modified by modern reformers to meet the demands of "modern thought." It used to be said that before these changes every true son of Oxford bore on him the unmistakable mark of a training in Aristotle's "Ethics."

Everyone interested in Italian art will welcome Messrs. Putnam's announcement of the forthcoming publication of Mr. Bernhard Berenson's book on "The North Italian Painters of the Renaissance." This will complete the series, "The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance" having been issued in 1891, "The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance" in 1896, and "The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance" in 1897. There is, perhaps, more of new terminology than of new principle in Mr. Berenson's able critical theorizings; but his knowledge and judgment of painting are remarkable. Not the least useful (nor, he it said, the least dogmatic) part of Mr. Berenson's clever little treatises is his classified canon of authentic pictures of the different schools appended to each. These canons would have been even more useful had he thought fit not to ignore the

hands of Henry, Lord Clarendon, who acquired it with the widow of Sir William Backhouse, and a welcome guest there and bestowed some of his own grounds. It is said that later Walpole was a visitor in only one brief reference, so far as we know, to Sir Walpole's letters. It was in Walpole's time that Mr. John Dodd.

Mr. C. M. Neale, whose "Index to Pickwick" in *Literature* some time ago, is now log through the pages of "An Honours Register of the University of Cambridge Notes, References, and Appendices." This part about six thousand names and will extend to the beginning of the letter D. Besides the Tripos Distinctions and Scholarships, &c., the book will, like the well-known Oxford Honours, include the various University appointments as well as the names of Fellows elected between 1650 and 1748, in which the Tripos Lists in the Cambridge Calendar.

Guide books are beginning to take their place in publishers' lists. Mr. Murray announces some new ones. A handbook to Central Italy has been almost entirely rewritten by the Rev. H. H. Jeaffreson. The handbook to Greece available in an extensively revised form. A new "Constantinople, Brusa, and the Troad," edited by Charles Wilson, is nearly ready. A new and cheap Whymper's "Scrambles Among the Alps" will be published in the autumn, and the same author's "Chamonix and Mont Blanc" and "The Valley of Zermatt and the Matterhorn" are nearly ready in revised form.

The new edition of Principal James D. Forbes' "Travels through the Alps" will be ready within the next few weeks. Besides the narrative portions of his "Travels in the Alps of Savoy," it includes essays describing his wanderings among the Alps of the Dauphiné, the Oberland, and the Chain of Mont Blanc. Mr. Forbes has revised and annotated the volume and supplied an critical preface. All the maps are new, with the Forbes' own map of the Mer de Glace. Messrs. Black are the publishers.

A good guide to Grindelwald is one of the few missing in the literary world. It was hoped at one time that Murray would supply one uniform with his guides to the Alps; but he has decided not to do so. Such a guide has been written instead by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, who is now living permanently at Grindelwald. We hear that Murray has resigned his membership of the Alpine Club and is editing the Alpine Club edition of "Ball's Guide," and is looking for the selection of a fresh editor of this important volume, which is in progress.

The Rev. W. Holden Hutton, tutor of St. John's, is now completing a book on Constantinople for Dent's "Town Series," for which he has received some special facilities from the good offices of the British Ambassador, during his visit to the city in September and October, 1899. We note that the edition of Mr. Hutton's "Life of Sir Thomas More" has been published by Messrs. Methuen.

"The Flora of the Sacred Nativity" is the title of a new book by Mr. Alfred E. P. Raymond Dowling, shortly to be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul. It is an attempt to form a flora gathered from the scientific, botanical, and folkloric of Christendom. It is confined to the early portion of the life, from the Nativity to the Repose in Egypt, and includes dedications and legends connected with trees and work is preceded by an essay upon the general subject of the Sancta, and its contents include chapters upon Flowering Trees, the Cradle-grasses, Mary's Milk, and the types of the Incarnation in nature.

We deal elsewhere with Mr. Badham's pamphlet at Naples." In Naples itself the centenary of "The Republic," with the extinction of which Neapolitanism is connected, has not passed unnoticed. The devout Sir Benedetto Croce and other well-known

Elohistle books, which are given in full. A study of the Reformation Charter, its followers, and its critics, will occupy a later volume. Messrs. Black also issue two other theological works—"Evolution and Theology," by Dr. Otto Pfeleiderer, Professor of Theology at Berlin University, edited by Dr. Orsello Cone, of Lombard University—containing essays, some of which have been published in the United States, and the rest now appear in English for the first time; and "The Epistles of the New Testament," written in popular English by Dr. Henry Hayman with the authorized version on the left hand and the modern English rendering on the right.

The second volume of the new series of "International Handbooks to the New Testament," now being published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons, is devoted to "The Synoptic Gospels," and includes a chapter on text criticism of the New Testament. The author is Mr. George Lovell Cary, President of the Meadville Theological School. Messrs. Putnams also have a work in hand by Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson, entitled "The Divine Pedigree of Man; or the Testimony of Evolution and Psychology to the Fatherhood of God."

Sir Lewis Morris will have a new volume of verse ready before the autumn. Many of the poems have not yet appeared in print.

The following interesting announcement is made in the second volume of the new edition of Burnet's "History of My Own Time," edited by Dr. Airy, which we notice elsewhere:—

It is proposed to place in an Appendix the full text of Burnet's "Characters" from the Harleian MSS., which appear in an inaccurate and incomplete form in Ranke's sixth volume; and references to them will be found in a few notes. Subsequently, however, to the striking off of these notes in their final form, the Delegates of the Clarendon Press have decided to incorporate the "Characters" with other material in a supplementary volume.

A memoir of the late Mrs. Emma Marshall, containing letters from Longfellow, J. A. Symonds, and others, will be published shortly by Messrs. Seeley. Her daughter, Miss Beatrice Marshall, is compiling the memoir.

Readers with a grateful memory of the delicate and graceful art of "Comedies and Errors" will look out with agreeable anticipation to Mr. Harland's new story "The Cardinal's Snuff-box," announced by Mr. John Lane for the end of next month.

Colonel Kenney-Herbert, who is well known for his works on elaborate meals, writes (not without a touch of pathos) in connexion with two little books which he is bringing out with Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, "As I grow older I become far more simple and less addicted to cream, sweetening, &c." His new books are called "Picnics and Suppers," and "Vegetables and Simple Diet."

Lady Lindsay's latest collection of poetry will appear in the form of a penny booklet, entitled "Kitty's Garland." All the pieces are new, and are intended for the use of school children

of the Board school class. Messrs. Kegan Paul's book.

We understand that a book from the pen of the Hawaiian Islands, Queen Liliuokalani, has been put forth for private circulation, entitled "The Hawaiian the Creation."

Mr. J. A. Stewart's "Minister of State" has been selling serially in Germany, where it will be followed by the "Day of Battle" and "Wine on the Lees."

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, who are issuing a new edition of "R. Andom's" "We Three and Troddles," illustrate Carruthers Gould, have also in hand a sequel to the vagaries of Troddles and his companions are continuing.

The ladies have failed in their attempt to buy the shares of the Société des Gens de Lettres. On Madame Daniel Lesueur received only 96 and Grenville only 62.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is represented in the Paris Exhibition as well as in the British. In connexion with the French Alpine Club he has sent to the public his remarkable series of books on mountaineering.

Books to look out for at once.

- THEOLOGY—**
 "History of Hebrew Religion." Vol. II. By Prof. A. and C. Black. 15s.
 Dr. Pfeleiderer's "Evolution and Theology." Edited by Cone, A. and C. Black. 6s. net.
 "The Epistles of the New Testament" (in current and Latin) By the Rev. Henry Hayman, D.D. A. and C. Black.
 "Papers for the Parsonage." By Two Clergymen. Elliot & Fry.
THE WAR—
 "Besieged by the Boers." By Dr. E. Oliver Ashurst. Hospital. Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.
FICTION—
 "Nell Gwyn, Comedian." By P. Frankfort Moore. P. S. Kegan Paul.
 "The Bath Comedy." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Kegan Paul.
 "A Second Coming." By Richard Marsh. Grant Richards.
 "The Minx." By Mrs. Mannington Caffyn. Hutchinson.
 "The Purple Robe." By J. Hocking. Ward, Lock, & Co.
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—
 "The Welsh People: Their Origin, Language, and Principal John Rhys and Mr. D. H. Jones, M.P. Fisher Unwin.
 "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!" By Vice-Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. Blackwood. 12s. 6d.
 "Herbert Spencer: The Man and his Work." By Herbert Spencer and Hall. 5s. n.
POETRY—
 "Ad Astra." By Charles Whitworth Wynno. Grant Richards.
MISCELLANEOUS—
 "Cricket in Many Lands." By P. F. Warner. Heinemann.
 "How to Deal with your Banker." By H. Warren. Grant Richards.
 "The Stage as a Career." By P. G. Hubert, Jun. Fisher Unwin.
NEW EDITION—
 Principal J. Forbes' "Travels Through the Alps." Reprinted by Coolidge. Black. 20s. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ARCHÆOLOGY.**
Archæologia Aellana; or, Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquities. Vol. XXII. Part I. 8½ x 5½ in., 71 pp. Andrew Reid, 5s.
BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.
St. Nicholas. Vol. XXVII. Pt. I. 9½ x 7½ in., 566 pp. Macmillan, 8s. 6d.
DRAMA.
Titus and Lysander. A Comedy in Five Acts. 7½ x 5½ in., 125 pp. Stock.
EDUCATIONAL.
The History of Language. (Temple Primers.) By Henry Sweet. 6 x 4 in., 118 pp. Dent. 1s. n.
FICTION.
The Princess Sophia. By E. F. Benson. 7½ x 5½ in., 378 pp. Heinemann, 6s.
Native Life on the Transvaal Border. By H. C. Willoughby. 7½ x 10 in., 61 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.
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A Popular History of the Church of England. By the Bishop of Ripon. 8 x 5½ in., 517 pp. Murray. 6s.
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PAMPHLETS.
The Urdu New Testament. Bible House Papers, No. III. By the Rev. H. U. Weidbrecht, Ph.D. British & Foreign Bible Soc. 6d.
POETRY.
Wood-Notes Wild. By Harold Johnson. 8½ x 5½ in., 45 pp. Birmingham. Buller. 2s. 6d.
From Blake to Arnold. Selections from English Poetry (1783-1853). Ed. by J. P. Pickburn and J. Le Gay Brereton. 7 x 4½ in., 217 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
REPRINTS.
Roswell's Life of Johnson. 5½ in., 189 pp. M...

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 132. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Whether the correspondent who asserted in our columns the other day that hardly any one reads Shakespeare was right or not, certainly there is no decline of the Shakespeare cult. The ritual is observed with enthusiasm whether the heart be truly touched or not. "Shakespeare day" was kept by a general session of the German Shakespeare Society at Weimar. The usual ceremonies took place at Stratford. At Birmingham the trustees of the Shakespeare Library congratulated themselves on the acquisition during the past year of 500 books. In London the Shakespeare Society made their pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey, and continued it (for the first time) to the statue in Leicester Square. Dr. Garnett and Mr. Sidney Lee delivered post-prandial addresses on the poet at Anderson's Hotel; and Sir Edward Russell told the Arts Club that "there was scarcely a point at which, according to received religious ideas, man's life was in special contact with Heaven's purposes where the electricity of Shakespeare's all expressive genius had not sparkled."

In "Shakespeare the Man" there is unquestionably a

In his interesting address at the celebration of the death of Cowper, at Olney, last Wednesday, Mr. Shorter struck an original note in emphasizing Cowper. We hear much of his unfortunate religious and it is well to be reminded that the true secret of his life without paradox said to be not his insanity but of Cowper the man, Mr. Shorter says with some force

He did not indulge in vulgar amours, as did Byron, he did not ruin his moral fibre by over-indulgence in Coleridge, he did not shock his best friends by weening egotism, as did Wordsworth, he did not by reckless financial complications, as did Scott, great an enthusiasm to beat down the world's coldest did Shelley. . . . Cowper, who avoided these out of the three score years and more allotted for some forty or fifty years at least a quiet, idyl rounded by loyal and loving friends, had chosen a safer path.

As to the poetry of Cowper, no one would, of course, deny the sanity of his more familiar pieces. The in- Shorter's plea is in his claim for unusual sanity in his treatment of politics and religion. He compares the prophecy of the fall of the Bastille with Wordsworth's prophecies of evils that never occurred, and shows that he taught the same philosophy of human brotherhood while himself exemplifying, unlike the French writers of personal worth. Cowper's serene style, his mas- as well as verse, his famous letters written with assistance from books, his penetration as a critic—things are the marks of sanity. Indeed, his ap- Comus and Lycidas (as against Johnson) shows the sanest of critics. Mr. Shorter's speech was, in every way, entirely appropriate to the occasion, and not a word was also propounding a new and suggestive point of view. As to the position of one stating a case, there is another side to the picture, we need only think of the excessive pessimism found so often in Cowper; and at every point of detail we would put over against Mr. Shorter's Cowper's tolerance for sport the passage in "beginning" "Detested sport." But we welcome the good contribution to Cowper criticism.

Mr. J. C. Francis has collected in *Notes on Cowper* April 21 all the references in that journal to Cowper's personal reminiscence, written by Mr. George Darke about a visit he paid in 1799 to an old lady in 2 follows:—

Two visitors were particularly expected, and both arrived. The first, it I remember rightly (for my memory was singularly riveted to the second, was

kept close to his side, and once he addressed me as "My little master." I returned to school; but that variable, expressive, and interesting countenance I did not forget. In after years . . . I recognized at a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard that well-remembered face, prefixed to a volume of poems, "written by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, Esq."

Thanks partly, no doubt, to Mr. Wright, and his Olney centenary celebration, there has been a good deal of comment on Cowper in the newspapers and magazines; but the second centenary of the death of Dryden, which occurs next Tuesday, seems hitherto to have attracted little notice. The event will, however, soon, we hope, be followed by something that has long been wanted, and that is a critical edition of Dryden's chief essays. Such an edition of the essays, selected and edited by Professor Ker, is announced by the Clarendon Press. Time has fully confirmed the title Dr. Johnson gave Dryden of the father of English criticism; and while it is unnecessary to propound one of the fashionable paradoxes and prove that glorious John was not a poet at all, it may be worth while to remind the general reader how fundamental is his position in the history of English prose and English criticism. Taine opens his account of Dryden by quoting a few lines from his first poem, written at the age of seventeen, while the poet was a schoolboy at Westminster—an elegy on the death by smallpox of his schoolfellow, Lord Hastings.

Blisters with pride swell'd which through his flesh
did sprout
Like rosebuds stuck in the lily-skin about,
Each little pimple had a tear in it
To wail the fault its rising did commit.

Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
The Cabinet of a richer soul within?
No comet need foretell his change drew on
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.

As Taine says, when the poetry of fantasy and conceits had come to that pass it was more than time for reaction and revolution. And the revolution was directed by Dryden himself with a force that was as masculine as it was magnificent. But, perhaps, there is no need to marshal the school children of London in Gerrard-street, Soho, or in Fetter-lane, or in Russell-street, round the site of what was once Will's Famous Coffee House.

What is "logrolling"? Some time ago, when a new drama by a young poet was much praised by many eminent critics, Mr. Robert Buchanan was very indignant in one of the Sunday papers at so flagrant a case of "logrolling." It was clear that the eminent critics had nothing to gain from the young poet; so that "logrolling," it seemed, meant nothing more than the expression of favourable opinion. This, however, is not in itself a vice; and "logrolling" as it is practised in American politics, or (as some people assert) in the world of literature, undoubtedly savours of vice, or is, at any rate, a "virtue itself turned vice, being misapplied." Its accepted meaning of course is reciprocal puffery; and it is said to have sprung from the life of the back-woodsmen. "If you will help me to roll away the logs of the trees I have cut down, I will help you to roll yours." The curious thing is that the original use of the phrase gives no sanction at all to its present meaning.

The first use of the word is said by Mrs. Charles Godfrey

pronounced the tariffs null and void so far as concerned; and its action produced President Johnson's message in favour of Union, and against "nullification."

Major Downing reads the message in the President. "When I got through, 'Now,' says I'll tell you jest what I think of this 'ere business—a youngster, some of us Downingville boys used to pond every spring and hire out a month or across the pond. And one time I and cousin Ed and Bill Johnson, and two or three more of us, we took a whopping great log to carry across the pond. On a windy day, and the waves kept the logs bobbing pretty considerable bad; so we agreed to bring the log and-side and lash 'em together, and drove some of the outermost logs and row 'em over together.' Now, Bill complained that his side went the hardest, and the others change with him. Then he complained of the lashings and at last cut the lashings and paddled off with himself, while the others fastened the logs together as they could. Bill's log "began to roll more and more and last he fell into the water and could not get on top. And as it "rolled" still more he asked to be taken up with the others. 'And now, General, this is jest what I think of you if you let South Carolina cut the lashings, you'll be rolling in this country as you never see yet.'" An image of Mr. Seba Smith's, the term came from the log-rolling but its true meaning in Mr. Smith's metaphor was far from signifying mutual assistance it properly signifies the opposite. If you don't help the others with their logs, your log will roll and upset you. "Logrolling" in its original sense is the penalty for not "logrolling" in the new.

Upon the whole it seems a pity that Mr. Pinero lashed himself into so much vehemence in tray of the Chancellor's and Sir Edward Clarke's critical temporary drama at the dinner of the Birmingham Literary Club. As a matter of fact, the eminent the eminent lawyers approach the subject from different points of view, and have no common ground to stand and wrangle. The lawyers said that plays were to be reprobated because they did not reflect the morals of the community; the dramatist replied that they were to be praised as a faithful mirror of the morals of the community. The two propositions are not necessarily contradictory—their co-existence merely suggests that there is another way of deciding—whether the elevation or the mirroring of the community is the worthier end? The two ends may, of course, be achieved in the same work of art. But hardly in *Quex*, or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, any more than in *Dominoes* or *A Night Out*. If Mr. Pinero were mended as a moralist rather than an artist he would take obvious measures to earn that commendation. His object, he need not be angry because persons of high morals point out to him that he has not achieved

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's new halfpenny morning paper, the *Daily Express*, makes a good start. To be blessed with an Emperor and to be the mouthpiece of an Imperial peace to the British nation is no slight thing. The new features of the paper are its sacrifice of the time for advertisements, and a column devoted to

Another new periodical before us is a shilling quarterly, the *Humane Review*. Its object, as appears from its title, is more or less identical with that of the *Humanitarian* and *Humanity*. It does not gain much from a paradoxical but of course clever article on "Science and Common Sense," by Mr. Bernard Shaw, but it is so far a sensible publication, and it promises to throw its net wide and not to be too doctrinaire.

The late Duke of Argyll, who has just died after a protracted illness, at the age of 77, will perhaps hardly be claimed even by the most cordial of his Scottish admirers as a distinguished man of letters, or, in the strict sense of the term, a man of letters at all. He was, indeed, a strenuous controversialist and pamphleteer. While yet in his teens he plunged into the great ecclesiastical controversy of his time and country, which ended in 1843 in the formation of the Free Church of Scotland; only a short time before his death he published in book form a number of magazine contributions to the discussion that has followed the triumph of the doctrine of evolution. Some of his books, notably his "Reign of Law" (1866), "Primeval Man" (1869), "The Eastern Question" (1879), "Unity of Nature" (1884), and "Scotland as it was and as it is" (1887), were considerable both in bulk and in ambition. An able and thoughtful man with a large variety of interests and a copious style, he will hardly live in the records of his countrymen as a pre-eminent man of science, nor, despite his volumes on Scotland, as a pre-eminent historian. He may best be described, in fact, as Scotland's last representative of that "all-round culture" which was fostered by the quarterly reviews and the British Association. The width of his endeavours is seen from the titles of such books as "Presbytery Examined," "Unseen Foundations of Society," "Irish Nationalism," "Poems," "The New British Constitution," "Philosophy of Belief," "The Highland Nurse," "What is Science?" The type does not tend to greatness, but it is a quality to be encouraged, and one far too little respected in the average man, despite Macaulay's trenchant criticism of it in the case of Brougham as "slovenly omniscience." It does not, of course, justify *ex cathedra* utterances. The Duke's relation to science was like that of Mr. Gladstone to theology. The undoubted earnestness of both secured them respectful treatment at the hands of experts, but did not prevent them from being ranked as amateurs. It is possible that ten years hence "The Reign of Law" will be studied only as an arsenal of old-fashioned weapons of controversy. The Duke, as became a Scotchman, was essentially a preacher. He could not help endeavouring to persuade all with whom he came in contact to adopt his convictions. The style thus engendered showed itself in all his literary excursions into the higher biology, but it helped to make him, what he undoubtedly was, one of the most striking orators of his day. The undoubtedly sincere enthusiasm of the Duke for knowledge was seen at its best when freed from purely aggressive controversy in his work on the antiquities of his beloved Iona, and in certain of his chapters in "Scotland as it was and as it is." He had the instinct of the genuine archaeologist, and his scientific training saved him from the errors of Monkbarrow. If a judicious selection could be made from the works of the late Duke of Argyll, including his antiquarian researches, it would be the best monument that could be erected to his memory.

The confusion over the two French substantive *morale* would seem to be growing greater rather than less. A weekly paper writes: "Mr. Thursfield wears explaining that *morale* and *moral* do not mean the same thing which is surely coming pretty low down. One is afraid that there are readers of *Literature* who will elementary lessons of this kind." The writer of the would himself appear to require this elementary lesson. Thursfield—if he wearied himself at all—did not seem to show that *morale* and *moral* do mean the same thing. To say, the feminine French word "*morale*" is "*moral*,"—"*la morale de fable*" is "*the moral of the fable*,"—"*la morale de l'armée*" is "*the moral of the army*"—"*la morale de l'armée*" must be translated either as "*the morality of the army*" or, if we like to coin an English word, the *morality* (of the army). There is hardly an English word which does not speak of "*the morale of an army*" instead of "*moral of an army*." The mistake is so frequent that even in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, though the *Dictionary and Bellows' French and English Dictionary* call attention to it as a frequent British blunder.

Mr. Firth, in his forthcoming "*Life of Cromwell*" published by Messrs. Putnam, lays stress on the necessity of a thorough review of the plans of the various battles, the received accounts being found in old prints, the work of persons unacquainted with the actual ground, who neglected to go over the actual ground remembered that Carlyle did make an effort to go over the ground at Naseby in company with Dr. Arnold, but, as he went to a wrong spot, misled by a memorial obelisk of Edward FitzGerald's father, not on the actual site of the battle, but on the property, with difficulty, of FitzGerald, the owner of the property, with difficulty, of Carlyle ("against the evidence of his own eyes," mistake, and Carlyle, objugating the "blockhead" pointed out that it was the legitimate task for the purpose of the battle, a man of scholarship, intelligence, and least himself acquainted with the true details of the battle of Naseby, Fitz "went adigging, and dug up shin bones and tee warriors, which he sent to Carlyle. And Carlyle, that had he the wings of an eagle he should fly to the research, but that he fretted himself to fiddlestrake terrestrial locomotion (alas! alas!), ultimately on the results of the excavation in an appendix, and kept Mr. Firth is apparently not satisfied with the results of the research, "innocent for niente" FitzGerald, for he is not satisfied with the received account of Naseby.

An old friend of fiction with whom we are always in chance of renewing acquaintance is Dolly Lady Mielke Anthony Hope is to contribute a new series of Dolly to the *New Magazine*, a new American monthly to be published in June. We shall be glad to meet her again and her tolerated cavalier *sergente*, Mr. Carter. (The first of Rhadamanthus in the first series was, happily, on the part of Lady Mielkeham responsible for the fashion of dialogue and all sparkle, of which we began to have more than enough?)

A stone bust of Dickens has been placed in a house-front of the new "Red Lion" in Parlia Westminister. Lovers of Dickens need not be reminded that it was at "Ye Old Red Lion," at the corner of Derby

with the rubbish when the old house was pulled down, and the landlady of the "Red Lion," who parted with it innocently at the time, but now realizes what she has lost, has tried in vain to get it back.

The London Topographical Society proposes to issue in future a Year-book embodying its Annual Report, together with its "Topographical Record," catalogues of the society's publications, notes on its maps, reprints of documents, &c. Instalments of the "Record" have so far been issued as Paper Pamphlets; three of them now lie before us, and they contain most admirable drawings by Mr. Emslie of London buildings that have been pulled down during recent years, with commentaries about the buildings. Mr. Philip Norman, writing of the old Bull and Mouth Hotel, St. Martin's-le-Grand, gives us an interesting note on the origin of the sign:—

It is generally supposed to be a corruption of Boulogne Mouth, the entrance to Boulogne Harbour, that town having been taken by Henry VIII.; but there is no record of the sign having come into being till long after his time, and this idea is said to have originated with George Steevens, who was called, not without reason, a mischievous wag in literary matters. We have seen that in 1657 the sign appears to have been simply the Mouth; at that time there was also a "Mouth" tavern in Bishopsgate-street, where, to judge from Pepys' Diary, Quakers used to meet on Sundays; and the Mouth appears in a rhyming list of taverns which is to be found in Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece." Boyne suggests Bowl and Mouth as possibly the original sign. A seventeenth-century trade token was issued from a "Bull and Mouth" in Bloomsbury, still represented by a modern publichouse at No. 31, Hart-street.

The Year-book is likely to prove a most valuable record of the society's work in preserving memorials of disappearing London.

We published some time ago an account, taken from the Indian papers, of public prayers offered in a temple of Madras for the recovery of Professor Max Müller, a distinction never before given to a European. From the *Indian Spectator* we learn that similar services were performed in other towns also, and at Benares, the centre of Brahmanic learning and Brahmanic orthodoxy. On March the 25th the *Spectator* writes:—

Rather a touching instance of the great affection in which Professor Max Müller is held by the orthodox pundits of this country came to light the other day. When the news of the recent serious illness of the Professor came all the priests and pundits of Benares felt deeply grieved, and were anxious for his speedy recovery. But they did not stop at merely expressing their grief and evincing their deep anxiety for the man whom they loved and revered. They did something more. All the Benares priests assembled together and agreed to offer prayers in their sacred temple for the recovery of the great European Professor. This they did, and prayed for the man they had never met. It was a happy coincidence that at the very time that these prayers were offered in the temple by the pundits Max Müller recovered.

A good collection of books, chiefly modern, was dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby on Monday and Tuesday. Among the more important items were the following:—Kelmiscott books—"The Story of the Glittering Plain," 1891, £28; "Biblia Innocentium," £27 10s.; Shakespeare's Poems, &c., £17 10s.; "Poems by the Way," £13. Kipling—"Quartette," first edition, and a good copy, £3 12s.; "Departmental Ditties," first edition,

£3 8s.; "Tieonderoga," £4; "The Story of I in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, October, copy of this little story, printed in book form, presumed to be unique, was sold by auction in July, for £30 10s. Thackeray—"Comic Tales," 2 vols., first edition, £10; the *Corsair*, a galley in New York, 1830-40, and containing eight Thackeray, his "first appearance before an Art," £16 10s.; "The Snob," and "The Gownsmen," octavo volumes, containing respectively 11 number periodical and 17 of the second, all in good condition cut down by the binders, £132 the two volumes.

Before us in several large volumes (Fisher's price per vol.) lies the full report of the *Woman* everybody said at the recent International *Poet. of Women*. Among other interesting one by Lady Lindsay on the two mutually complementary questions:—

- (1) Have women ever excelled in the Art of
- (2) If not, why not?

It soon transpires that the real crux is the second problem; and Lady Lindsay addresses herself to its solution. Women, she opines, do not write poetry because they have too many other things to do.

To say nothing of the claims of a husband of children, is there not for most women a whole world of domestic duties to be performed? To create the worst possible preparation for the mind? The grocer, baker, butcher, &c., all letters require immediate answer, a water-pipe is broken, the cook wants to know this, the housemaid that and so busy? "Oh! dear no; she's only too busy."

We do not quite understand how a round of domestic duties, or how the housekeeper's state of mind rendered more poetic by the butcher's neglect of his duties, or how we have no wish to gain a barren dialectical vocabulary from such small points unduly. What we do contend for is that Lady Lindsay's explanation is inadequate, and that when the tradespeople come to women for orders has about as much to do with their failure in the art of poetry as has their wearing *matinée* hats and high-heeled boots. To blame the tradesmen and the servants were to blame Browning's poetry was better than his wife's and Rossetti's better than his sister's is to blame the ladies for opprobrium at the heads of two very deserving communities, and also to set forth a theory which of the circumstances of masculine poets does not support. Many of them, too many to enumerate, were more worried by tradesmen, and suffered far more from the duties of housekeeping, than the ladies of whom Lady Lindsay speaks. And most poets, when one comes to think of it, have various distracting duties which would have furnished a good excuse for not writing poetry if they wrote it. Shakespeare ran a theatre; Milton was secretary to the busiest politician of his period; Keats was a hackwriter for the publishers; Matthew Arnold was a headmaster of schools; Goethe was a Cabinet Minister; Wordsworth was mixed up in revolutions; François Coppée is busy with his pen up in them; Alfred de Musset (like Mr. Alfred, like Mr. Edwin Arnold) was a leader in the daily press; and it is less seriously maintained that any of these various duties is less exacting than that of deciding whether the

Personal Views.

THE COURTESIES OF LITERATURE.

In the old days, when prefaces were designed to propitiate the public and not to assist the reviewer, it was the fashion to accost the impersonal personality addressed by the title of "Gentle reader." The epithet was held to imply a certain condescension in any member of the community who should be so good as to occupy himself with the poor pages and it deprecated asperities of judgment. We have come a long way since then. If it were possible for the reader to affect the issue by any preliminary mode of address, he might in many cases approach the new volume with an expostulation beginning "Gentle author." For in a great many books and some newspapers the unfortunate individual who identifies himself with the general public may count with great assurance on finding his prejudices trampled on, his beliefs and enthusiasms mocked at, and himself in his corporate capacity openly mis-called. Think of what the public has had to endure at one period from the *National Observer* or from the *Saturday Review*, as well as from a large variety of books, which affiliated themselves to these particular schools of criticism. The point of view of the Quartier Latin, or of any other students' quarter, has contrived to get itself very largely represented in print, and the opinion of the Quartier Latin is simply that upon all matters of literature or art no one has a right to speak—or think—except the artist, and by preference the artist whose age is under thirty. The outside world—the gentle reader of old days—is the incarnate *bourgeois*, or, as Mr. Yeats calls it, "the good citizen," and the *bourgeois* is a person to be treated with contumely.

Actual reviling of the potential reader is, of course, an extreme case and not universal; but universally the author has learnt to take himself very seriously and to be profoundly occupied with his own personality. Style, we are told repeatedly, is the expression of a man's self, and the modern writer is very careful that his personality shall be emphasized; he is anxious to underline his differences from common folk, zealous to say things in a way in which nobody else would have said them. The result is a general tendency to over-emphasis and singularity, which at times betrays a close affinity to ill-breeding; it is the outward and visible sign of an internal arrogance. It is true that modes of expression, provided they are decent, cannot be held to constitute an offence against courtesy, but in point of fact they are not always decent. Nobody wants to go back to the times when profanity was indicated by asterisks or initial letters, but a good many words are inflicted nowadays upon the reader which he (or she) does not want to see in print. "Stalky and Co." alone would furnish a fine list of examples. But the question of courtesy which I wish to raise concerns the author's opinions, not his manner of expressing them. About opinions, writers have

business point of view of course it would not pay to shock them; but suppose he disregarded that aspect would he be bound by no considerations of courtesy, decidedly that he ought to be. If he has a story to tell which knows will distress a large number among his audience among the people likely to read his book—he ought to know that his manner may give the least possible offence. Stevenson has shown how the ugliest possible tale may be related with summate dramatic effect and yet in a tone that would do no harm in a drawing room. Stevenson, by condemning "Body Snatcher," protested in the most emphatic manner against a deliberate heightening of physical horrors; on the other hand, it would not be hard to produce instances who cannot sketch the simplest scene without affront for offence. Mr. Hardy, in his later works, has a surfeit of unnecessary brutalities. Mr. Cunningham-Grainger, a delightful author, sees occasion for discarding his fellow-countrymen in almost every casual episode of his work; he inclines to the most unpardonable sin of all and commits a religious affront. In religious controversy itself, in a sort of indecency is sanctioned by the most venerable of our writers. Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub," is not grosser than the literature circulated by the zealous Protestants of to-day. On a subject has proved itself thus fatal to every polite manner, the only thing to be done is to avoid it. Collision with the popular view of morality is unavailing; the novelist or writer of fiction in any form, and no one else, is re-enthroned as Mrs. Grundy; on the other hand, no person wishes to shock respectable susceptibilities. Yet what is to be done? Everybody cannot imitate Shaw and put up a danger signal as he did in his "Plimsoll and Unpleasant." To the writer who has not a story to tell, views to advance, consideration for the public must be unreservedly commended. It is true that opinion set out in their least repellent form will not attract much notice as the same opinions when they appear for action and bristling with armament; but the more conquests. Carlyle, who set the fashion of this, the public, gained a great deal of admiration among converts.

But if the courtesy of the author to the public is to be sought—if your young man of talent nowadays is prepared apparently with express intention to annoy us, for example Laurence Housman did when he prefixed to his belated edition of Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" a preface which would stir the average reader to fury—the discourtesy to author is almost a thing of the past. Literary courtesy for the most part, studiously civil. For that reason the more occasional lapses into the old savagery. Buchanan begins to call Mr. Kipling a literary critic; he seems to adopt the manners of the class from whom he takes the generic name. I never could see that it was necessary for critics to persist in speaking of Burne-Jones as a

Foreign Letter.

BELGIUM.

It is now a decade or more since we heard that a new "school" had come into contemporary literature—that of "La Jeune Belgique." The designation sprang partly from the title of the leading literary periodical in Belgium—i.e., of purely Belgian growth and tendencies, and partly from its aptness in comprising the two national groups, the Walloon or Franco-Belgian and the Flemish or Flanders-Belgian. In this decade and more only three writers have won celebrity beyond the narrow limits of the Netherlands, though in this country the third of these is still little more than a name: Maurice Maeterlinck, Emile Verhaeren, and Georges Eekhoud. That uncharted realm, "the world of literature," is familiar now with the names of the famous dramatist and essayist, the foremost modern poet of Belgium, and (though, perhaps, mainly by repute) the most consistent realist in Europe. Two other names are well-known, at least in that country to which above all others literary Belgium looks with the mingled anxiety of dependence and the hauteur of self-assertion: that of the late George Rodenbach, the poet of Bruges, and that of Camille Lemonnier, an adopted Parisian, and realist of the Zola school, but originally, and intermittently still, as distinctively Belgian in his work as he is by birth and upbringing. Literary Paris also, as well as all the Netherlands, honours the work of the romancist, Eugene Demolder. There are other names which might be mentioned—Maubel, Max Elskamp, Charles van Lerberghe—but, no, there are almost as many Belgian poets as that British cohort which the late Mr. Traill obtruded on a famous occasion upon an unconvinced or, alas, indifferent public!—and it is enough to say that the many "immortals" of the "Jeune Belgique" anthology of a decade or so ago are still loyal sons of Apollo, though their groups of dozens might now be reckoned in scores.

It is significant that all the writers named—with the possible exception of Lemonnier, though on one side at least he, too, is a son of Flanders—are Flemish. In other words, a sufficient indication is afforded of what in effect is the indubitable fact, that Belgian literature is distinct from French literature only when it is the outcome of the Flemish temperament, the mirror of the Fleming and not the Franco-Belgian, and the reflex of the peculiar (and for centuries consistent) Flemish genius. I do not overlook the delightful work of a few Walloon poets and romancists—best represented by the novelist, Louis Delattre—but I think that even a prejudiced anthologist could not make out a convincing case of Walloon versus Fleming. So strongly was this realized some ten or twelve years ago that several of the stronger spirits among *les jeunes* dreamed of a Flemish revival in the most literal sense; but, alas, its prospects were as barren as those of our own Irish "revival," for the literary world ignores peasant-tongues (which both, in effect, now are); and to publish in Flemish, as in Irish, would be "to solicit silence in the exchequer!" So, for one, the brilliant young Fleming, Maurice Maeterlinck, who had made his *début* with a very remarkable old-Dutch-master story called "Le Massacre des Innocents" signalled his acceptance of the inevitable by relinquishing the native spelling of his name—and in due time, heralded by an enthusiastic or *blanc* Parisian critic, became famous under the Franco-Flemish name we all now know so well. To-day there is no Flemish movement, for to all intents Belgian literature is now Belgian and not French, the Flemish spirit

limited but convincing actuality, parochially narrow as well as wise are brilliant colourists, Demolder in particular has written some remarkable books, but, with the exception of "Cycle Patibulaire," none to surpass his early "Kermesses." The "Zola of Belgium" has not yet won the approval of, at least his foreign colleagues should be repulsive tale "Le Comte de la Digue," read "Escal Vigor." The brutalities, not of life itself but of life as he knows or imagines it, have always coloured his crude savagery; but even that is not so far removed from the hideous, which, unlike the coarse or the evil, is to be intolerable. Let "Escal Vigor" go then; say a word on a few Belgian books of fiction just to begin.

These are M. Lemonnier's "Au Cour Français," M. Demolder's "La Route d'Émeraude," M. Delattre's "Amours Rustiques," M. André Ruyters' "Escales," and M. Delattre's "La Loi de Péché." Of two say at once that they are not sufficiently noteworthy to comment. I allude to the well-written, but (in the Gorman word) "motive-feeble," and, in a way, three in number, in M. Hubert Krains' book, "Le Phosphore," vividly, not to say phosphorescently, coloured other "isms" of "Les Escules Galantes." I have not admirably many years ago with a fine study called, if I remember rightly, "Les Saltimbanques." "Amours Rustiques" is his third book, but for a moment comparable with that early sketch. I understand to be one of the newest of "the course, some day he may yet write a book.

The real significance of "Au Cour Français" is in the indication that its brilliant author is tired, the public tired, of Zolaesque detail, the Zolaesque manner. Of the score of novels and books of short stories Camille Lemonnier has written three or four but hardly desirable vogue—"Un Mâle," "Le Bestiaire," and (the most notable) "Happinisme." In all probability there is one book of his which is his other work, the one book where he is not a Frenchman, but himself, a native of Flanders, admirable and wholly idiosyncratic and Flemish. But in his new volume he breaks through the pure romance, as Zola did in "La Faute de l'Homme." The story is utterly unconvincing, and in fact it is treated with persuasive skill and beautifully suggestive, and has many passages and chapters of singular and memorable poetic effect. Of those often profoundly fascinating romances the outcome of an intolerable *craze* in the free France calls the prose of actuality.

In the brilliant and delightful, if often occasionally obtrusively, realistic "Route d'Émeraude" we have, however, an example of the best and most work of "the Belgian Renaissance." In the romance of art-life in the time of Rembrandt painter comes into (these pages) all the quality of Dutch and Flemish pictorial art are reproduced in the art of M. Demolder. Here, as in his mind "d'Yperdamme," we feel that the novelist of fiction writes in French, is as absolutely a Netherlander though he too had lived with Rembrandt, and dreamed by the Amstel."

The Walloons have no finer representation

THE DRAMA.

THE THEATRE AND THE "CROWD."

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

Examining in a former article M. Sarcy's theory of the drama as a "function" of the crowd, I set down two of his axioms. (1.) A crowd must see what is going on, therefore the play must get itself played on a stage in a certain position, and with circumscribed dimensions. (2.) A crowd must be able to maintain its attention to the end, therefore a play cannot occupy more than a very few hours in performance. M. Sarcy treated these factors of place and time as fixed. I propose to show that, traced through the ages, they are subject to marked variation, attended by a corresponding variation in the form and content and technique of drama. And, first, as to the dimensions and situation of the stage. In the Greek theatre, as we all know, this was a long, narrow platform, which, in consequence of the huge size of the auditorium, was so distant from the audience that the actors had to perch on high boots, to wear masks (for facial play would have been indistinguishable), and to use mouth-pieces in order to increase the volume of their voices. Clearly, this was not a stage for movement, for the "blue shades," the subtleties of emotion, or for the rapid snip-snap of actual talk. Hence the tendency of the performance towards an exhibition of half-animated statuary; and hence the long "forensic" orations. Turn to the English drama. For the site of the performance you had at first a mere clearing, or perhaps a few boards on trestles, in the midst of a crowd which formed a ring; it was, in fact, what the kerbstone acrobats of our own day call a "pitch." Then the stage was gradually shifted from the centre to the circumference of the circle. But it still jutted forward among the spectators, who surrounded it on three sides, and, indeed, occupied part of it themselves. To mark the effect of this on the shape and substance of the drama you cannot take a more instructive instance than *Hamlet*. One of the very first reflections which any reader who forms his notions from the stage of our own day is sure to make about *Hamlet* is that the play abounds in speeches of a general character, not, it may be, exactly out of time with the character of the speaker, nor altogether useless to the action, but certainly disproportionate to the dramatic exigencies of the situation. While waiting on the ramparts for the ghost, *Hamlet* moralizes at large upon intemperance. Welcoming some strolling players, he delivers a lecture on histrionics. Polonius, seeing his son off to Paris, discourses on the art of life. Laertes, bidding farewell to his sister, generalizes about princes' love and maidens' modesty. These things have much puzzled the commentators, filled with modern ideas as to "the law of economy" in drama; in an apparently trivial detail, the situation of the Elizabethan stage. They might have found the key to the whole matter. With such a stage, while complete illusion was out of the question, set speeches were clearly "indicated"; a platform invites to platform oratory. Hence the Elizabethan drama was rhetorical, quite as much as it was imitative. And our English theatre may be said to have remained rhetorical so long as the stage jutted out into the midst of the audience. Thus the technical peculiarities of the Restoration drama will certainly not be understood unless note is taken of this passage from Colley Cibber (quoted in Mr. R. W. Lowe's "Betterton") referring to the alteration of Drury Lane Theatre in Rich's time:—"In

allows the drama at last to become a purely imitative even in our own day the old tradition, the rhetorical took some time to die. The broken-down tragedian Pinero's *Treloony of the Wells*, disparaging a new "there's not a speech—not a speech you can call a—in it."

Nor is that all. The position of the stage explains the rhetoric, but the *déroulé* of the old drama. Sitting the performers on three sides of them, the audience took each scene for the scene's sake, and troubled very little about its relation to the play as a whole. A dip into Congreve can satisfy himself of this. I unearthed a very valuable piece of external evidence quoted (in another connexion) by M. "Témopolitisme Littéraire," p. 28) from an account printed by a French traveller in England, one Samuel Sorbière, of the English audience's enjoyment of theatrical potages, Sorbière says:—"Il ne leur importe que pot-pourri, parce qu'ils n'ont regardant, disent-ils, qu'après l'autre, sans se soucier du total."

As to M. Sarcy's time-factor, that too has been changed. The theatrical audience's power of sustenance is by no means what it was. *Antony and Cleopatra* take nearly six hours to be performed as written. So quoted in M. Jusserand's "Shakespeare in France" says the English audience (circa 1630)

Voudraient que de deux cents ans
Ne s'achevât une pièce.

Only fifty years ago theatrical performances "patent" houses lasted for five hours. To-day audience finds three hours more than enough and spend those hours at an entertainment which does not require continuous attention. "Triple bills" were a temporary expedient of London managers to meet this taste, but they found it more amply catered for in "musical comedies," "variety" houses.

In a final paper I hope to consider the changes more properly known as "theatrical" conventions to reply to a correspondent who is apparently aggrieved by my suggestion that in a theatre he belongs to the "crowd."

A. B. WA

Reviews.

THE STUDY OF CHAUCER.

THE CHAUCER CANON. By the Rev. Professor W. SKELTON. (The Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. n.)

The appearance of this book is appropriate to the anniversary of Chaucer's death, which falls this year. Chaucer may enjoy the agreeable reflection that to the labour of scholars like Professor Skelton the poet much better now than readers who were not born to him in point of time. The present book distinguishes between the genuine works of the poet and those wrongly attributed to him by early editors, such as Speght, and Stowe in the 16th century. External

and therefore not Chaucer's. This is the new part of the book. For the rest it is a clear and convenient summary of investigations made by the author and other Chaucerian scholars, such as Professor Lounsbury. Thus the careful distinctions made by Chaucer in his rhymes, for example between words ending in *y* and *ye* (richely and melodye), in *light* and *yt* (bright and delyt), or between the open and close *o* (e.g., between *riôd*, a road, pronounced like *laud*, and *rood* [the modern *road*]) are now familiar to scholars. But those who take only a more general interest in the poet will welcome the reiteration in a convenient form of facts which Professor Skeat has done so much to establish.

One recent discovery here dealt with shows well how, as time lengthens the gap between Chaucer and his readers, research brings them nearer and nearer together. The "Romant of the Rose," formerly believed to be a complete translation of Jean de Meun's celebrated French romance, is now known to be in three fragments. Before the gaps in the translation were discovered, the authorities had either accepted the poem in its entirety as Chaucer's or altogether rejected it. The student can now read the poem up to a certain point with the agreeable feeling of certainty that so far it is Chaucer's own, and no mean example of the terseness and ease of his translations.

On the quincenary of Chaucer's death, when the knowledge of the poet has reached to so satisfactory a pitch, it is pleasant to look back upon the dark days when men knew only the shadow of the great poet, now fully revealed to us. Even the great men who recognized the genius of Chaucer were sorely puzzled owing to their lack of knowledge of his scansion and grammar. Spenser, indeed, characterized Chaucer's poetry as that "well of English pure and undefiled"; but Dryden, who was the first great critic to call much attention to him, showed great uneasiness as to the lameness of his metre—a lameness, as we now know, entirely due to the black-letter editions. He went so far as to choose two lines from Chaucer as examples of the metre of his more enlightened moments:—

Winsinge she was, as is a joly colt,
Long as a mast and upright as a bolt.

In the eighteenth century we have, of course, Pope's "Temple of Fame," adapted from Chaucer, and his coarse attempt to parody the lighter moments of the old master. But Johnson's neglect of Chaucer is sufficient to show how little his century was able to appreciate the poet's worth. No critic of those times would have dared, like Matthew Arnold, to quote lines from Chaucer as touchstones of the highest merit in poetry. Addison, notwithstanding his enlightened resistance to the prevailing prejudice against the simplicity of the ballad, only, so far as we remember, mentions Chaucer once, and then to assign to him "The Remedy of Love," a poem now known to have been written in the sixteenth century. Gray read Chaucer, and Chatterton knew something of his works. But Chatterton took a quite different field for his reading from that of other men, and Gray was in many respects in opposition to the prevailing school of criticism. But close at hand was a new order of things in which the study of Chaucer played an important part. While the poets returned to the individual truths of nature, the critics broadened their outlook by a new interest in the treasures of the past. The enthusiasm for Gothic literature and art was preluded in 1762 by Richard Hurd's "Letters on Chivalry and Romance." In 1765, Percy published

ROMAN AND PROTESTANT

The Dean of Manchester has recently described "a downright good High Low Broad Evangelical Churchman." Some assistance for those who want a perfect balance of opinion achieved by the Dean's three books which lie before us. Two of them are definitely on the side of Roman Catholicism, but in different ways the conflicting principles of private judgment, of reason and emotion, which form the modern religious differences, and may therefore be the basis of the problems they represent in common.

The Roman claims of authority have powerful roots— to the emotions, to the temperament, to the history. It is not, however, to these methods that Mr. W. addressed himself in his plea for the claims of the Anglican in *DOCTRINE AND DOCTRINAL DISRUPTION* (A. 7s. 6d. n.). This book is written to show that B. now requires from Anglican Churchmen different orthodoxy from that which satisfied the divines of the past—a proposition, however, which has not, thinks, "escaped the notice of English Churchmen." In seeking a guide to the interpretation of the Bible, the Church trust themselves either to the authority of the past or to the continuous consensus of the Church, or to the individual. These grounds of conviction being inconsistent with each other, and in themselves the Anglican position becomes untenable, and the standard for the believer is the infallible sentence of Rome as usual, writes lucidly and uses great ingenuity; but these qualities, which were equalled in "Aristocracy and Evolution," only serve, as the work, to reveal an inability to reach the core of the problem. He forgets that the three Anglican parties are, despite their dissent, as to the standard of authority, united in their doctrines, their ceremonies, and their prayers. He forgets, too, that they stand thus on common ground, and to be convinced against their own reason, and to require, before they submit themselves to an external authority, proof of the fitness of that guide for its task.

He imagines a promoter bringing out a comparative list of the treasures of a distant country. A committee is selected, and finds itself hopelessly at sea until "a traveller, held throughout the world in profound respect for his veracity," comes and tells them what is true. The single clause we have quoted undermines the whole book. Mr. Mallock's elaborate reasoning is no Protestant if he assumes at the outset to prove. His opponent will not admit that Rome is out of the world in profound respect for its veracity—not see—it is almost incredible that he should have asked the committee's first questions would be, "Has the committee any end of his own to serve in this matter; has he beyond his own assertion, and the belief of many books, that he has really been to the country he speaks of?" Later in the book we find there is no such thing as a *bona fides* of such a traveller, we learn, must be based on the strength of his own testimony," and our own testimony depends partly "on the opinion of those who have intercourse with him, we form of his moral character on the consistency with which he repeats his

as absolutely certain when enunciated by the Roman Church—an "ever infallible teacher, the same Church to-day as it was on the day of Pentecost"—and therefore, we may add, presumably the same primitive Church which affords such strong evidence of their being legendary. The latter part of the book is devoted to proving that the Roman Church has a scientific basis because it is an organism which has developed on the lines of the well-known Spencerian formula—a position not unlike that of a man who, having found one witness trustworthy, should accept the word of a second because he was of the same height, and had the same colour of hair and complexion as the first. *Non tali auxilio* will surely be the cry of the Roman Catholic who reads this singularly unconvincing book.

The law of private judgment is one which makes for unity not less than the law of authority. It acts upon modern English life with the potency of a law of natural forces. "It is not honest inquiry that makes anarchy; but it is error, insincerity, half-belief, and untruth that make it. A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth." In these phrases of Carlyle lie the secret of the solidarity of the race. The effect upon character of this automatic and irresistible alliance between all vindicators of the individual reason is well stated in *THE GENESIS OF PROTESTANTISM*, by Dr. R. M'Cheyne Elgar (Oliphant, Anderson, Ferrier, Es.). This book is very lucidly written in short sections, which the writer summarizes at the head of each. He also states well the influence exercised by Protestantism, as contrasted with that exercised by Roman Catholicism, on social life. It is not, however, a book which will appeal strongly to the religious thinker; it is rather a popular statement of the case against Rome made by a writer who is committed to one side of Protestantism, who speaks of "hurrying up perfection," and writes throughout somewhat too much in the spirit of the aggressive Evangelical. This, too, shows itself in the practical exclusion of "High Church" Protestants from the unity of Protestantism, and in a rather unsatisfactory treatment of the problem raised by Mr. Mallock as to how, in the face of the results of the free investigation of truth (of which Dr. Elgar is the champion), we can now take "Holy Scripture as the ultimate rule of faith." Dr. Elgar, for instance, does not explain on what grounds he is justified in saying that "we are now taking the wiser view that the duration of punishment will depend on the duration of sin."

At the other pole of religious thought, an interesting psychological study is to be found in Mr. Algar Thorold's *CATHOLIC MYSTICISM* (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. n.). Far more clearly in this book (than in Mr. Mallock's) will the Roman discern what is the true strength of his Church. Mr. Thorold does not laboriously hammer out his beliefs into a thin dialectic, or endeavour to make them square with a rather superficial logic. His exposition grounds itself on the intuitions of the spirit; and though—a fact which Mr. Thorold forgets—spiritual insight may be as pure and as potent outside the pale of Rome as within it, yet undoubtedly he is right in seeing that the strength of that Church lies in no exercise of the external scientific reason, but in a direct appeal to the instinct of religion. The sceptic, striving, in fear of his own conclusions, to build up an authority which will help him to evade them, is a less inspiring figure than the pietist for whom the natural order is but the shadow of the supernatural, for whom the taper of earthly logic pales in the effulgence of the vision of faith. The conceptions which form the basis of Catholic mysticism are well set forth by Mr. Thorold, though his form of expression is often rather cumbersome. For him the central conception is that of the *unio mystica*, the union of the individual soul with the divine.

religions—but contents himself with expounding its principles on this basis; and he illustrates his essay by a lengthy quotation of the experiences of her own conversion written by Polignio, a saint of uncertain date, a Latin saint whose works appeared in 1711. She seems to have been a young woman who became, in the Evangelical sense, a mystic, but, being under Franciscan influence, her conversion took the form of penance, complete detachment from the world, and manifold visions which she quaintly recounts in the book given. In the "astounding sanctity" which she attained, Mr. Thorold finds "matter of great consolation." Mr. Thorold, oppressed with the failure of his private judgment, finds consolation in the allaying of his doubts by an external authority. Dr. Elgar's Protestant, if he seeks consolation, will find it in the Word of God. But, perhaps, the reward of consolation to the mystic will not be sought at all by those who do not believe in the free quest for truth, the assertion of the individual judgment, and the continued battle against wrong.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. By JOHN GLYDE. With an Introduction by Edward Clodd. (Pearson, 7s. 6d.)

The great popularity of FitzGerald's translation of Khayyâm probably accounts for the fact that Mr. Glyde thought it necessary to give us a formal biography of this admirable poet and interesting recluse. Mr. Glyde, an Ipswich bookseller, does not seem to have had an acquaintance with FitzGerald, but he has collected a mass of interesting gossip from people who knew him. Beyond that he does not add much to what we already know of FitzGerald's life from the two collections of his letters which have been so well edited by Mr. Aldis Wright. One of these—the "Letters to Fanny Kemble"—is, for some reason, not mentioned in Mr. Glyde's preface; nor has he appeared on the very interesting work of Mr. F. H. Groome. Mr. Glyde speaks highly of the execution of this book, which is unfortunately deformed by many inexcusable blunders. The worst of these is the persistent misspelling of FitzGerald's own name. Mr. Glyde writes "Fitz-Gerald." He does not offer any explanation for the hyphen; but, as Mr. Wright omitted it, as it appears on the title-page of the authorized editions, and as the poet himself wrote "FitzGerald" in the letters which are appended to the frontispiece of this very book, we should need very good authority indeed to accept it. Mr. Glyde has rather a talent for this kind of error. In his pages of Crabbe Robinson, of White's "Sell Madam de Seville," of Sir John Vanbrugh, of D'Pedro Comedies, of Gray's "Beggars' Opera," and of the story of the "Golden Horse," he tells us that Shelley translated Calderon's "Wonderful Magician," but does not indulge our curiosity by telling us where the rest of that work, beyond the title-page, is to be found. He talks of FitzGerald's Irish visit to "a place called Poola Phoka" or the "Golden Horse." He says that "Euphrator" is a description of the University boat-race, and goes on to show that the race in question was held at Cambridge, not from FitzGerald, but from Mr. Gosse—fully engaged and engaged enough to stultify himself by quoting that name, who remembers that FitzGerald was a scholar, and to lay the book aside with the aspiration,

ences of Sir Frederick Pollock," which are not included in every library. One of the letters to Lord Houghton, which he reprints, has lately had a curious light thrown on it. "I suppose," writes FitzGerald, "some one stole a volume I had of Thackeray's drawings, which I lent to Annie T. when she was about that best 'Orphan of Pinico.' I entreated her to use some of his . . . drawings . . . ; but she or her publisher listened not, and she never could find my book again." Mr. Glyde might have told his readers that the book was not lost, but was used by Mrs. Ritchie in the introduction to Vol. 13 ("Christmas Books") of her Biographical Edition of Thackeray. "FitzGerald," she says, "sent the album to us soon after my father's death, but it was at a time when our troubles were so near and everything else so far away that the book seemed less important than than now—coming to tell of the past, as it does, and bringing back so many kind histories and fidelities, still green and fragrant, gathered together by an old friend's hand." Another question as to which Mr. Glyde seems to have omitted possible light is that of FitzGerald's first acquaintance with Tennyson. In the index to the "Life of Tennyson" it is expressly stated that this occurred when both poets were staying with Spedding in Cumberland; surely Mr. Glyde must have misunderstood Lord Tennyson's assertion that he did not know when FitzGerald first met his father; or was the index not official? We should have been glad if Mr. Glyde had cleared up this point, instead of indulging in speculation. It is pleasant to be able to express gratitude for his definite account of the publication of the first edition of the "Rubáiyát" in 1859, which is given on the authority of the late Mr. Quaritch, and shows that it was in the penny-box—as to which there has been some dispute—that the brown-paper pamphlet finally landed. A story of this, told by Mr. Edward Clodd is, perhaps, the best thing in the book. He says:—

Mr. Swinburne told me that a day or two after he bought his copy he returned to the penny-box, but found the stock sold out, and Mr. George Meredith has often narrated to me how, when awaiting a visit from Mr. Swinburne at Esber, he saw the poet approaching and flourishing a brown brochure, which he must fain sit down to read through to his host, despite a cooling luncheon to tempt him to postpone the reading. And an immediate effect of FitzGerald's verses on Mr. Swinburne's mind was the composition of some of the stanzas of "Laus Veneris."

Mr. Glyde reprints FitzGerald's will, and describes the circumstances of his ill-advised marriage at greater length than it has been done before to our knowledge. His book contains a good deal of material for the future biographer, but the faults which we have mentioned will prevent it from satisfying any one with a real appreciation of FitzGerald's remarkable contributions to our literature.

THE STUDY OF POLITICS.

In the current *International Monthly* Mr. E. P. Cheyney, of Pennsylvania University, points out how much has been done of late in English history towards elucidating the history of institutions. The life of institutions and the life of individuals are the two factors of history—the scaffolding and the bricks of the edifice; and the history of institutions is more difficult and in some ways more important a study than the history of individuals.

knowledge by researches into the ways of saving and elsewhere. Patriarchal society no longer be for us; and the gradual evolution from the through the tribe of the clan to the family is no admirable lucidity. The account of the pastoralism through the domestication of animals the organization of agriculture is particularly so complete is the later portion of the book. On to the broad lines of the history, Mr. Jenks special developments which are of great importance to the historical student, such as the government of passage from democracy to military tyranny, and the working of the group system in party govern

A study of one aspect in the later history made from the platform of a particular school of thinkers, is to be found in *THE CONSCIENCE* by Mr. James Carmichael Spence (Sonnenschein). Spence is one of the few thinkers who in the old flag of individualism. In his volume, entitled exactly why, "The Conscience of the King," he sets the doctrine of individual liberty with as little as much boldness as his master, Mr. Herbert Spencer. The latter the book owes its origin. Some years ago that the contents of the statute book from early times analysed, and that a statement should be prepared "why each statute was enacted, the effects of it, and the reasons of the repeal." Two faithful disciples of Spence and another champion of individualism, Mr. Donisthorpe, made an attempt to carry out this plan. As might be expected, it was abandoned as impracticable. Mr. Spence had proceeded far enough in the investigation of materials to be convinced that certain general principles taught by a study of the legislative failures of the past struck by the gross injustice produced by many of the enactments of legislation; to be satisfied that "the motives which prevent honest and peaceable men from coming forward under ordinary conditions suddenly cease to be clothed with authority."

Why legislators are so frequently "malicious" they so rarely conform to "the ordinary standards of honest and conscientious men"; what produces the state of mind and of morals to which the failure of legislators may be traced, and which, in its brevity, Mr. Spence is sometimes pleased to describe as "dementia"—such is the scope of the inquiry. Without being followed up by a thorough analysis of wise legislation. Mr. Spence does not make his test of "insanity" or "dementia." He gives examples of the crass folly of legislatures. He has materials to hand when he seeks to prove that legislation approximates, in its prying part, the legislation of the Tudors. Mr. Spence describes and points out the loose statistics, the plausible platitudes of unverified popular assumptions, and the attacks of opponents, which are the foundation of so much of the legislation intended to catch the votes of interest which is invincible while he is critical and destructively pause to ask what legislation would Mr. Spence give no clear answer. He is not an Anarchist, there is room and need in this world for legal halts and stumbles when he begins to define the path which Parliaments may properly move. Mr. S.

But us to what is the true province of government; as to the true solution of some of the oldest problems in statecraft, he tells us nothing. Mr. Spence may be right or wrong in his language as to the Employers' Liability Act, "as impudent a piece of class legislation as is to be found in the statute book." The phrase "class legislation," or arbitrary legislation, does not help us to distinguish the good from the bad. Besides, even if the legislature has failed to carry out its wishes—if so many statutes, as Mr. Spence thinks, turn out to be mere blank shot—is there nothing to be said in favour of the educating effect of some of such laws—of the influence of a higher standard, even if the nation before which it is not falls woefully short of it? We are inclined to think that the book would have been better than it is if its author had read again the "Republic" or "Politics" of Plato, or the "Politics" of Aristotle.

Professor Graham, in ENGLISH POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY (Arnold, 12s. n.), has occupied a field too little tilled. A trustworthy, intelligent account of English political philosophy is much needed. In no book is the growth of thought in this domain examined carefully and thoroughly. Professor Graham has investigated one corner of the field which is much wider than the scope of his volume. A book which has almost nothing to say of Bacon, Milton, Vane, Harrington, Filmer, Tucker, Paley, Priestley, Godwin, Hume, and Coleridge has omitted much; we are not sure that it has included the thinkers of most originality or weight. At the same time, Professor Graham's studies of Hobbes, Burke, Bentham, and Maine are well worth reading. His criticisms of the last-mentioned writer in particular are singularly judicious. Now that Bentham is more talked of than read, the elaborate study of him in this volume will be useful.

A well-written, if not very profound, review of the conditions of modern democracy—particularly as it exists in Australasia—will be found in Dr. Jethro Brown's THE NEW DEMOCRACY (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). He explains fully the Hare System for the representation of minorities as tried in Tasmania, though not, we think, quite meeting the objection based on its encouragement of groups instead of parties. The main value of the book for Englishmen is its discussion of Federal Union and the appendix on "The New Australian Constitution." It is interesting to note that in Dr. Jethro Brown's opinion it is union among themselves rather than closer Imperial union which is likely to broaden and cultivate the minds of Australians. "The history of the mother country does not inspire Australians. It appeals to them rather as the history of the race from which they spring than as the history of their own race." The "territorial conception" impresses them more than the Imperial one.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Sport and War.

Mr. Jorrocks remarked, as every hunting man knows, that "untin" is the himage of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger." In the same spirit, hunting as a school for soldiering is the subject of Colonel Alderson's volume, PINK AND SCARLET (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. n.). It should be in the hands of every young soldier of cavalry or mounted infantry, for it teaches precisely that independence of thought and action, combined with that keen observation of natural surroundings, which have not always been conspicuously present at the seat of war. The ordinary young hunting man or cavalry

the shade of the great Whyte-Melville himself—resonant Pelham. For the rest, Colonel Alderson accompanies to the meet, throughout the run, at the finish, on the journey, and at every step shows him wherein hunting is active service, and how the one can be made an education for the other. In his aspiration to do this support of so experienced a soldier and critic as Wood, who has said that "we have one incalculable which no other nation possesses, in that our officers hunt." So important do the Germans think this, that artificially arranged, is now prescribed for cavalry of the Russian Minister of War, in giving orders for the of a corps of guides, lays it down that the officer "must be a hunting man."

Mr. Jorrocks' remark might apply almost as accurately to the hunt as to the war, save that the danger shows percentage. The little book of Mr. Greener, who is a rifle maker and expert is second to hardly any in SHARPSHOOTING IN SPORT AND WAR (Everett, 1s. n.), appropriate to the chief national pre-occupation of the have learned by bitter experience the strength against regular army of a much smaller, undisciplined, irregular in which every man is mounted and can shoot straight experts tell us now that an army of 30,000 men, good rifle mounted, in which every man had a first-rate weapon shoot up to the average of the Bisley marksman—the make 90 out of possible 105 at all ranges could give Europe from one end to the other, destroying or capturing in any opposition. Moreover, the war in South Africa us that the defence, however "irregular," if it is mobile, is relatively stronger than the attack, and that, England would be safe against any possible invasion if only put into the field an army of marksmen, no matter unfamiliar they might be with the performances of the ground. From this point of view marksmanship is duty as well as a fascinating pastime, and Mr. Greener tells anybody how to become a marksman. In simple it describes the different rifles, their ammunitions, and the varieties of sights, and how to use them, the tion of ranges and—what is even more timely—explains how a man may become a marksman in his back garden, or in firing at the 900 yards range, if in reality he has covered range of only five yards. This latter is done, of course, use of the Morris tube and ammunition in the service the target of cardboard specially arranged to give range enormously greater than the one actually used. The people, too, will be surprised to learn that they can purchase only two guineas a rifle firing cordite, sighted and fitted to shoot accurately at any range from fifty to five hundred yards, and suited equally for the practice of rifles as a target or for killing rooks, rabbits, and even small game. Greener says, of course by a slip of the pen, that the velocity of his rifle of this kind, which he calls the shooters' Club Rifle, and which is of .310 bore (practically the same as the Lee-Enfield), is 13,000 feet a second. The velocity of any military rifle in the world is only about 2,000 feet a second. It will be a good thing for England if this little book were read, for a large proportion of readers will be induced to take up the vastly interesting sport it describes so well.

The Stock Exchange.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN THE YEAR 1900 (Spencer, 15s.), is a volume of luxurious appearance, provided

and "bears" were already known in the reign of George I. In 1710 Defoe explained that "those who buy Exchange-alley bargains are styled buyers of bear-skins," and a dictionary of the year 1788 defines a bear more exactly as "one who sells what he has not got, like the huntsman in the fable who sold the bear-skin before the bear was killed." It might have been added that the fable still survives in the French proverb which is the equivalent for counting your chickens before they are hatched. Another subject on which Mr. Duguid has much that is interesting to say is the speculation mania at the time of the South Sea Bubble. Among other things he relates an interesting hoax—the final ancestor, we imagine, of a hoax still practised from time to time on neophytes in Capel-court.

An office was opened in Change-alley at which investors were invited to subscribe a million sterling for some object or other not too particularly specified. The instalment payable on application was five shillings a share, and the reckless rushed to make their fortunes. It was not until a very large sum had been subscribed that an advertisement appeared informing the subscribers that on calling at the office they might obtain the return of their subscriptions. The supposititious undertaking, it was explained, was merely an experiment to test the question how many fools could be caught by such means in one day.

Mr. Duguid may be congratulated alike on his patient research and on his literary skill. The other literary contents of the volume are brief notes on such matters as Stock Exchange sport and the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund.

Sir John Molteno.

Mr. P. A. Molteno expresses the fear that his *LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR JOHN CHARLES MOLTEÑO* (2 vols., Smith Elder, 28s.), may be thought too long. He might easily have shortened it without sacrificing anything material to the issue. Sundry full-dress quotations from Horace, Shakespeare, and Professor Mommsen, the list of mediæval manuscripts and chronicles in which the Italian ancestors of the Molteno family are mentioned, an incidental essay on Mr. Froude's demerits as an historian, and an incidental tirade on the Indian Proconsulship of Sir Bartle Frere could all have been dispensed with. Still, with all its digressions and circumlocutions, the book has its value. It is not picturesque, and it sometimes divagates from accuracy. It is obviously the work of a man whose political outlook is narrow; and it exalts a politician who, though he was painstaking, and did his duty according to his lights, lacked imagination, and failed to grasp the great political truth that circumstances alter cases. But it is a useful repository of private and official correspondence bearing on an important period of South African history, and cannot be ignored by any careful student of the subject—though it would sadly mislead a student who studied nothing else.

Sir Bartle Frere is the author's *bête noire*; and it is not difficult for him to criticize Sir Bartle Frere. Lord Wolseley and Lord Carnarvon had done so before him; their censures stand in the Blue Books for any one to copy out. But—more particularly in regard to the Transvaal annexation—Mr. Molteno conducts his campaign of criticism without due regard to facts that have been put on record. Sir Bartle Frere's attitude towards that act of British policy is defined under his own signature in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1881, where he wrote:—

In judging of the annexation of the Transvaal, I would

however, clear from this action (a proposed annexation despatch) that he was fully in the policy of the annexation of the Transvaal.

It should be added, however, that, though not always fair in his treatment of modern policy he is at times successful in putting his finger on one of our administrations of South Africa.

Yarns.

HURRAH FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR! (Blair relates the experiences in the Royal Navy of William Kennedy. It is not an earnest publication which the Navy League delights, and it throws any great historical events. But it is full of yarns of bullying among midshipmen, a number of juniors made a combined attack, spread-eagled him on the deck, and administered more than thirteen dozen. In view of the fact that he stood the whole thirteen dozen before he was not to bully any more, it shows unreasonable prejudice. Kennedy's part to say that he was not only a bully. There follow yarns of the Crimean War, of the cut-junks in China, of the chasing of slave dhows, and adventures in all quarters of the globe. Some surprising—the yarn, for example, of the midshipman in a swamp up to his shoulders, was charged by a bull, yet managed to extricate himself alive. Among other exploits Admiral Kennedy has the East Coast of Africa, has slain caribou in New Zealand. Pieter Botte, has interfered in a revolution, has chased ostriches in Patagonia, has shot a tiger, has inspected Baghdad and Bushire, and has explored British Columbia. It is no wonder that his expression in his title. His book will be popular with well as grown-up people, and should give a stimulus to the Navy.

The "Baroness de Courtot."

The onus of proving the authenticity of the *MEMOIRS OF THE BARONESS DE COURTOT* (Hutchinson) does not trouble himself to bring forward the smallest corroborative evidence whatever as to the truth of the account which he gives of the compilation. In an attic at his father's house he finds a bundle of letters tied with a blue ribbon, and inscribed "Cécile's Letters." They prove to be from a certain Baronne de Courtot, his grandmother, Frau von Alvensleben; and, in the course of his researches, he discovers on the same occasion his great-grandfather, which sets forth who this Baronne de Courtot was, an aristocrat, condemned to the guillotine in 1793, and rescued from the tumbril on the way thither, a prisoner in Paris to Germany, is given shelter in the Alvensleben household. Henceforth, Frau von Alvensleben must have a right to the composition of her diary, which consists of long letters which she received, of letters which she overheard, and of the Baronne's life-story word for word, apparently, as the lady told it.

According to this narrative, Mme. de Courtot was waiting to the Princesse de Lamballe, and accompanied her on a fruitless mission to London in 1791. The Baronne's instance as to the year, is, as a rule, particularly

the year this was the most unfortunate date to select, for it is the date of the storming of the Tuileries. From 5 o'clock on the morning of the 10th August, 1792, the palace gardens were invaded by an insurrectionary mob, and by 8 a.m. Louis and his family had sought refuge within the precincts of the National Assembly, where they remained for the next sixteen hours penned up in a reporter's box, while the Swiss Guard was being massacred outside. And yet our Baronne would have us believe that at some moment during this agonizing day the Queen sat down and penned a letter of vague generalities to Princesse de Lamballe, with never a word in it concerning her terrible position. *Allons donc!* But our Baronne proceeds:—"As it was the Queen's wish, therefore, we remained in England under the hospitable roof of Lady S----" (beautiful discretion!) and "thus a year passed" (which would take them to August, 1793, *i.e.*, eleven months after the Princesse de Lamballe's murder), "and the next one brought us fresh alarms. At the beginning of August" (twelve months after date) "came news of the storming of the Tuileries," and on the 18th a "forged letter" from Philippe d'Orléans in the name of Marie Antoinette, urging Lamballe's immediate return to Paris. This letter, of which, as usual, the Baronne took a copy, is dated in the following curious fashion:—"Paris 14 août 17----"

The Princess and Mlle. de Courtot accordingly return, get separated, and the latter has the generosity to assert that she was paying an afternoon call on the Royal Family in the Temple Prison, when Lamballe's head, stuck on a spike, was paraded outside the windows, for the purpose of outraging the Queen. Now, if any portion of history is thoroughly well known, even to its hourly details almost, it is the history of the captivity of Louis and his family in the Temple. It has been written by participators and by eye-witnesses; by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, by de Huë, by Cléry, the King's valet. It is absolutely impossible that an intimate friend of the Princesse de Lamballe, actually engaged in giving Louis messages from her, and the story of the London mission, should have been present at the King's dinner-table on that memorable day in early September and yet have escaped all notice by any of the writers named above. The Baronne says that the Queen on recognizing Lamballe's head gave a piercing shriek and fell to the ground in a deep swoon, on which she, too, "with a wail of horror, sank lifeless to the ground." When life returned to her she found herself in a loathsome dungeon, where she was kept until the following July. She no longer gives dates at all, not even impossible ones, but she means, of course, the July following the September massacres of 1792, since in August, 1793, she had reached Germany and was living with the Alvenslebens. In the dungeon with her were some fifty companions in misfortune, one of whom possessed the gift of second-sight (we must suppose) to a remarkable degree. For this person described to the Baronne Madame Dubarry's cowardly behaviour on the scaffold, although, as is well known, the Dubarry was not guillotined until November, 1793.

But it would take up too much space to draw attention to the rest of the crude romblings of this book. Purporting to be, as it does, a serious contribution to history, it can only prove a stumbling-block to the student and a darkening of counsel to the general reader.

FICTION.

the child's death make up a story somewhat fuller, than the limits of the short story proper would allow. of Rose goes still further over the border, but, to our falls to justify itself. With her gradual collapse from tent wife and mother to the Paris courtesan (the story too. In her declension there is little scope for Mr. Wedmore and he does not seem to care to exercise it. The fine co of the earlier stage; the interaction of love, of temper of routine; the true affection of the daughter and t interwoven with the lovers' passion. These are sacrifice story glides into a sordid "chronicle of outward eve the main links between them passed over or told in a rather than a dramatic form. But the first part o disarms the critic. Mr. Wedmore is so finely sensitive sphere; so keenly observant of its relation to feeling; the use of the artist's gift of selection. The long day when Rose and her lover meet, and their renewals of arc at Fribourg and Geneva—these will be read with del who can appreciate literary art. It is a story, of our French model, a story of passion pure and simple to writer subordinates all else that irresistible, irr rushing together of spirit which has no beginning in th no promise for the future, but from which the artist a magic pathos. By a device which has become not the first chapter is torn from the middle, and with ge The disposal of the story is throughout skilful, an direct and individual. It is only our admiration o more's style that makes us so exacting in our criticism out three places in which he loses his usual distinction—the first sentence of the book, which is unintellig ungrammatical; the phrase on page 23 about "peopl "the amber liquid which the most famous widow in R stored in endless cellars," when Mr. Wedmore only r they drank champagne; and Mr. Vasey's mention o Wedmore's little *Life of Balzac*. An unsatisfactory book by the way, is an excellent study of a type. There little in the book that the epicure in fiction will not is a dainty meal served *à la Française*, and if the last not quite well seasoned the rest of the menu is carefully and exquisitely served.

A New "Book of Snobs."

Those who help us to laugh agreeably at the foll time are by no means too numerous or brilliant, an therefore congratulate Mr. G. S. Street on havin welcome a *métier* as that of commentator on the wa section of society which seeks to be fashionable. I book, *THE TRIALS OF THE BANTOCKS* (Lane, 3s. 6d.) discernible something of the satiric humour which Thackeray's early work. Mr. Street is drier and mor than the critic of Major Ponto, but the result of M observation is certainly dissimilar from Thacker difference being mainly owing to the action of the sixty which separate them. A good deal of water has flowe "Bucks" at Cambridge since 1829, when "The Snob" short life and the phrase obtained its footing. Althoug may remain, the very word is passing out of use. One o characters in "The Trials of the Bantocks," the y wonderfully important, Mr. Russell Bantock affirms business is a vulgarity of which nobody is guilty. Perhaps this is true, and the word "snob" as Thackeray *démoldé*. "To be a Bantock" might become a syn the outworn phrase.

In "The Antiquaryship of a Bar" and also in

uncommon good spirit, at the whole family, the difficulty of the younger son's profession, and, most delightful of all, the tragedy of the Hammer. This last chapter should be quoted, but, agreeable comedy as it is, it does not lend itself to the convenient extract. Mr. Street uses somewhat the same ruse as Thackeray in writing his "Soab Papers" and places himself in the position of the admiring and sycophantic friend who, as it were, unintentionally exposes the feet of clay upon which his idols stand. "In struggling manhood, as in complacent youth, I have always been fascinated by the Bantock family," he writes. "Mr. and Mrs. Bantock alike had a large and unwavering dignity, Maud Bantock's dress—she was seventeen at the time of which I am thinking—was always in the latest fashion and sometimes dazzling; Russell Bantock, my contemporary, was a notable personage at school and in all the best clubs of 'the House' in my unpretentious days at Oxford; even Tom, my junior by some years, was always careful to do the right thing in the right way. . . . As I look down their flowered dinner-table"—for the historian of the Bantocks likes their dinner-table and graces it frequently—"and note the gently smiling, untroubled faces, and glance aside to the noiseless footmen and imperturbable butler, I feel that, though my own attic crust may haply vanish, so long as the Bantocks live they will dine well. When, trudging on weary feet along Piccadilly, I see Mrs. Bantock leaning back in her soft, swift carriage, and she smiles, faintly but perceptibly, upon me, I feel quite rested." Mr. Street makes the Bantocks live before us—with a hundred cunning touches and sly asides carried through twelve amusing chapters, each telling of a new incident. We are grateful to the author of the "Bantocks" for his entertainment, but we wonder—had there been no Thackeray would there have been a Mr. Street?

IN THE WAKE OF THE WAR, by St. John Adecock (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s.6d.), is a collection of short stories dealing with episodes of the war which occur not on the field of battle, but at home—stories of homes broken up because Reservists are called out, and of melancholy relatives studying the lists of casualties at the War Office. One of the stories is humorous; most of them are pathetic. They are not at all of conspicuous but only of average merit.

There is fun and mystery in Mr. Fergus Hume's latest story, **THE BISHOP'S SECRET** (John Long, 3s. 6d.), which will interest and amuse the admirers of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," for it has the same ability to hold the reader from the first to the last chapter, which lets everybody out of the maze of difficulties and shows how remarkably clever Dr. Pendle's chaplain has been.

IS OLD NEW YORK (Macqueen, 6s.) is a romance by Wilson Barrett and Elwyn Barron founded on the play of the same name. It is readable, and should prove a success, not merely because of Mr. Barrett's name, but because it contains over one hundred thousand words, which, we hear, is the new standard for success in fiction.

Mrs. Egerton Eastwick knows the Straits Settlements, and, although the men and women are merely Europeans, one hears the East a-calling throughout the story of **THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE** (Straits Times Press, 4s.), and may learn no little of the mode of life of those who dwell in luxurious exile in and about Singapore. Mrs. Eastwick's book makes a new departure as regards *format*. It is well printed on thick paper and bound in a stout paper cover with a wrapper. The effect is that of the ordinary French novel, but the book when often, through mages, the room will hold

the exchange. By degrees it dawns upon reason for so doing. The girl grows up in a bold and develops an artistic temperament. Life seems to be to play the violin on every day. The character strikes us as unreal, and it also that a young girl of good family would be seen in their lodgings in a small country town. Invidious remark. The book is rather telling nothing in it to remind one of Miss Brooke's sensational romance of "The Woman Who War"

Of goodly length is Gilian Vase's **THE LINDEN** (Digby, Long, 6s.). And it is a curious terribly ill-written, and yet not without merit, which lies in really having a story to tell. The German, all the characters are German, unpleased surprise that the author not only knows people of which she writes, but that she is not in the German language. Her use of German words is apposite and correct. This is so unusual among must give the book a word of warm praise. The of the children in the Town Orphanage has evolved from knowledge, and the relations of the two Gertrud, and the crowning tragedy, are descri

LIBRARY NOTE.

A new public library and reading room in Dublin, was opened last month. The Library in force for many years, and the growing of this institution has necessitated the provision of a new library. Dublin itself has now three libraries, and another is to be opened at Black Rock, a district near the city. The movement in the Irish metropolis gives promise that other towns will follow. In the course of the past year a resolution was passed urging local authorities to adopt the Acts.

* * *

The new London Government Bill, which was introduced in November, is discussed by the St. Marylebone Association in its tenth annual report. The association has taken an active part in the election of councillors and in the strenuous efforts to return men pledged to support the Libraries Acts, and thus bring to a close the work of the past twelve years. Should the new public library, we may look before long for a new building in Paddington, Islington, and St. Pancras.

* * *

The proposal to increase the library rate in London failed to meet with the approval of the ratepayers, and was rejected by a majority of 2,007 votes. The ratepayers more Edwards to provide a branch library in each ward, and the committee are considering whether to do so, in addition to their existing libraries, out of

* * *

We hope that the authorities will not be deterred by the obstacles to the development of lectures in public libraries. These have recently become one of the chief items of the work in many places. At Aston, however, the council has just raised the question whether any expenditure on lectures is legal. As the lectures have been given for the past few years, the objection cannot be raised later

April 28, 1900.]

LITERATURE.

The Cardiff Public Library Journal contains an initial list of all books published in or relating to Wales during the previous quarter. It will be continued in each issue. In this way a national bibliography might become practicable. A national library at Cardiff, to which copies of all books printed in the Principality should be sent, has already been suggested. Other library publications have reached us which we can only briefly notice. From West Ham comes the quarterly *Library Notes*, containing selections of books and library jottings. A special feature of this publication is the list of articles in current magazines. The annual report of the Toronto Public Library tells how the city council reduced the library estimates by over 5,000 dollars without warning, whereupon the board closed two branch libraries, to the consternation of readers, and the city council presently climbed down. Similar troubles between financial and library authorities are not unknown in England.

The enterprise of the supporters of the library movement has caused a little friction at Portmadoc. The Urban District Council adopted the Public Libraries Acts, and a public meeting was held at which a resolution was passed asking the council to reconsider their decision, and to rescind the adoption. Whether the council can do so is doubtful, and we hope that body will stiffen its back, and not be coerced by the opinion of a section only of the inhabitants into so reactionary a measure. The course of time will justify them.

A financial error is seldom as gratifying as was that of the Stonehouse District Council. They adopted the Libraries Act, and announced that their income would be £212, sufficient, though barely so, to cover the cost of maintenance. But it has since been discovered that the rate will produce double that sum, and the council can provide a library and reading rooms, and still have a substantial margin.

Correspondence.

ENGLISH, GOOD AND BAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your issue of the 11th instant Mr. Thursfield protests, very properly, against "French of the school of Fleet-street." But it is surprising to find so erudite and fastidious a writer himself succumbing to a popular error in supposing "double entendre" to be Fleet-street French. "Fleet-street," says he, "will hint at a *double entendre*, but French knows no such expression." A year ago, when this subject was under discussion in another paper (for it is a hardy annual, Mr. Editor), I took down from my shelves the first few books to hand, and had no trouble in turning up the following passages:—

Macaulay, "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration" (1811).—"You are one of those who . . . shudder at a *double entendre*."

Sheridan, *The Critic* (1779).—"No *double entendre*, no smart innendo admitted."

Sterne, "Sentimental Journey" (1768).—"A Frenchwoman . . . never omits an opportunity of saying a *double entendre*."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "Roxana" (a few years earlier).—"Double entendres shock my tender ear."

Swift, "Polite Conversation" (1738).—"I have likewise . . . been very sparing in *double entendres*."

as an alternative for "entente" in the seventeenth century citing Dangesau (1688) "On a *colonne* aux *coûtes* re-trancher de leurs piéces tous les *mots à double entente* sont trop libres." It was at this time that we English over Dr. Murray (Oxford English Dictionary) citing temporary use of it from Dryden. In short, the historical word is precisely that of *connoteur*. "French knows expression" as either of these, but it once knew both was then that we appropriated them. Since then the established usage of the best authors has made them English.

Yours very truly,

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, I venture to think that few of your readers will with Mr. Rouse in taking exception to Mr. Thursfield's upon "These sort of things." No examples of the con- taken from standard English authors are given by Mr. and in any case the use seems rather too infrequent to our regarding it as correct.

Mr. Thursfield is in line with Dean Alford ("Queen's English"), and apparently with Dr. Kellie admirable "Historical English Syntax," though the re- the irregularity is differently stated in the two autho- Alford referring it to attraction, while Dr. Kellner "kind of" (in "these kind of") as an adjective not de- A somewhat similar inaccuracy due to attraction is ill in the current issue of a weekly journal, where we phrase, "There are a large number of advertisements."

But surely Mr. Rouse is wrong in the statement t- kind, and manner, like *sheep* and *fish*, are not declin- glance at a good English grammar on the one hand, an Anglo-Saxon dictionary on the other will, I think, s- the exact opposite of this statement is the truth. M- would have been on firmer ground had he shown that kind" is a construction found in Shakespeare as we Brinsley Sheridan, and had he proved by example- still more frequent phrase "all manner of" is w- acceptance as standard English, the value of "all- rather distributive than collective.

Assuring you of my interest in your valuable paper,

Yours sincerely,

HY. WINTER, F

Middleton College, Carlton-road, New Brighton, A

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, In his short article on literary barbarisms an- prieties Mr. Thursfield makes a remark which is a litt- to men of science. He says:—"I should like to thi- use 'savant' as a naturalized English word, and rid- once for all of the detestable 'scientist'—which is of those bastard words which men of science are so coming out of the dead languages they too seldom kno- not pretend to respect." It seems to me that this sugge- men of science are responsible for the use of th- "scientist," whereas the reverse is the case in this. In *Nature* and most other scientific periodicals the never used, and the real offenders are the papers- periodicals among them—which are not written by men in scientific work.

With regard to the bearing of men of science to- languages and their knowledge of them, Mr. Thu- remark is only true of the present generation of natur- sophers to a very limited extent. To descend to a

that it is inellegant, but that it is not English. As for the perfect with *hæc*, "I have carefully read your letter" and "I have not read your letter" are equally correct. Mr. Thursfield apparently would allow "I desire you to carefully read my letter"; would he allow also "I desire you to not read my letter"?

Yours truly, F. G.

**STERNE'S "HISTORY OF A WATCH COAT."
TO THE EDITOR.**

Sir,—The recent excellent edition of Sterne's works, published by Messrs. Macmillan, continues an error in "The History of a Watch Coat" which has subsisted ever since the appearance of the annotated edition published in 1760, the year after Sterne's death.

The annotator has subjoined notes to indicate the real names of the persons introduced into the satire, and in so doing identifies "the parson of the parish," i.e., the Archbishop of York, with Archbishop Matthew Hutton, and the identification has been persisted in by all succeeding editors. It is, nevertheless, evident that the Archbishop intended is not Archbishop Hutton, but his successor, Archbishop Gilbert. The annotator himself says that the application of Dr. Topham to the Archbishop which gave birth to the satire was preferred in 1758, and Gilbert had succeeded Hutton in 1757. The "parson," moreover, is made to speak of himself as "just got down to my living, and an utter stranger to all parish matters," while Hutton had been Archbishop since 1747.

The correction is of some importance, since it establishes that the praise of generosity, frankness, and openness bestowed by Sterne upon "the parson" is intended for Gilbert, and not for Hutton; and that the censure of the parson's predecessor as one "the leading part of whose character was not humility," is designed for Hutton, and not for his predecessor, the meek and amiable Archbishop Herring, upon whom the annotator's mistake has compelled him to fix it.

Yours very truly,

Hampstead, April 21.

R. GARNETT.

**MR. FITZMAURICE-KELLY'S "DON QUIXOTE."
TO THE EDITOR.**

Sir,—I do not presume to understand your Reviewer's devout allusions to "the loyal Cervantist," "the good Cervantist," and "the true faith," but I will ask leave to deal with two or three mundane matters of more immediate interest.

Your Reviewer quotes against me—"a single individual member of the Academy, and a foreigner"—the collective authority of the Spanish Academy which, in 1819, accepted the theory that Cervantes corrected the 1608 edition of "Don Quixote." If votes count in the settlement of such questions, it is worth recalling that in 1780, 1782, and 1787 the Spanish Academy did not accept the theory, and those three votes may be set against the vote of 1819. But the truth is that this doctrine of the Academy's collective authority is, to a great extent, a polite figment. The Academy delegates the work of editing to "a single individual member," its supervision is slight, and in practice its direct responsibility for the texts published at its expense is little more than nominal.

Even were it otherwise, the last expression of official opinion would not be binding; for, as it happens, we are enabled to test the degree of editorial competency shown in 1819. At that time the Academy, or its delegate, knew that two editions of "Don Quixote" were published in 1605, and it professed to have collected both editions, and to have printed them in 1605. It is

and third editions; it does not exist in Manifestly one may be a "loyal Cervantist" and yet, with all this orthodoxy, concerning the history of Cervantes' text.

Your Reviewer quotes as a case in point *Hamlet* (1600) and the Second Quarto (1604) down at once. The First Quarto, as Mr. out, was a *mala fide* edition printed surreptitiously copied by some dishonest edition of "Don Quixote" was a *bona fide* ed manuscript supplied by the author.

Lastly, your Reviewer quotes against me *vantes* himself, and he brings forward a passage declares that he "set up such a lamenting t our history has not put it in, he may depen good thing." For the purpose of his argu breaks off the quotation at this point. But t germane and so I venture to go on with it, saying that when he was travelling Micomicona he saw his ass being ridden by C

"That is not where the mistake lie "the mistake is, that before the ass tun mentions Sancho as being mounted on it."

"I do not know what to say to "except that the historian blundered, or f error."

"That is it, no doubt," said Samson.

And, no doubt, that is it. I agree with Bachelor.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant

JAMES FITZM.

London, April 23, 1900.

AUTHORS AND PUBL

Publishing prospects do not seem to i signs this week of a little more activity, it of the books to appear in the immediate that we have been able to give for some time the season is likely to be below the average postponed until the autumn—the late M Egypt, for instance, will probably be held congestion which usually marks the later promises to be worse than ever, granted, of is over by that time. There have been no in the book world since Christmas, apart South Africa and the war. Books which are "The Farringdons" and "The Love Queen," both from Messrs. Hutchinson; Edera" and Dr. Barry's "Arden Massiter from Messrs. Longmans "Savrola," by M Churchill, Messrs. A. E. W. Mason and And Kelly," and Mrs. Francis Blundell's "Y Max Pemberton's "Féo," published by Hod has also sold well, and Robert Buebanan's r by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, has gone to Mrs. Henry Dudeney's "Folly Corner" (Hel book which has run to a "second impression," most successful novels have been "Mirry Lorrimer, Morley Roberts' "Plunderers," "An Octave."

Journal" in full from Messrs. Constable. It was kept, as is known by all interested in White and his Selborne, on a form invented for him by Dalnes Barrington, containing columns for daily meteorological and zoological observations, while the vacant spaces were filled by White with characteristic observations, disquisitions, and comments of his own. Messrs. Constable's edition will fill two large quartos of about 700 pages each.

M. Frédéric Masson, whose third volume of "Napoleon et sa Famille" has just been published by Ollendorff, was the first to revive an interest in Napoleon, and he deserves the gratitude of the public for utilizing the documents in a spirit free from political bias, and solely desirous of getting at the facts. His "Études Napoléoniennes" now number twelve volumes, forming only about the half of the total work, as M. Masson has conceived it. In the preface to the latest volume the author expresses the fear that he may not be able to complete his plan, and he is trying, therefore, to complete certain periods in each series. One series—the Youth of Napoleon—already has its two volumes. Of another—the Outward Life of Napoleon—only one volume, "Napoleon chez lui," is published out of four. For a third—Love and Napoleon—two more volumes will be necessary; and for the series to which the latest volume belongs, that of "Napoleon and his Family," two, perhaps three, more will be required.

Brevet Major-General Keifer, who took part in the American Civil War, has written a work in two volumes for Messrs. Putnam's Sons giving a political history of slavery in the United States and a narrative of the campaigns and battles in which he took part. General Keifer is an ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives and was a major-general of volunteers in the war with Spain. Another important book which Messrs. Putnam's have in preparation is the first history that has been written of the United States Naval Academy. It is described in the title as "the yarn of the American midshipman (naval cadet), showing his life in the old frigates and ships-of-the-line, and then at the Naval School at Annapolis; and how that institution became a famous training college, meanwhile making him into the most accomplished and versatile young seaman in the world." The author is Mr. Park Benjamin, of the Class of 1867. There will be numerous illustrations and a complete list of graduates from the academy since its inception.

King Alfred's Old English Version of the Consolations of Boethius, done into modern English by Mr. Walter J. Sedgewick, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Henry Frowde. The new edition has been prepared in view of the forthcoming millenary of King Alfred's death, and the Anglo-Saxon text followed is that edited by Mr. Sedgewick for the Oxford University Press last year. A glossary is provided; while the introduction touches on bibliography, manuscripts, dialect, relation to Latin original, use made of Latin commentaries, and other details.

"The Testament of Ignatius Loyola," being "Sundry Acts of our Father Ignatius under God, the first Founder of the Society of Jesus; taken down from the Saint's own lips by Luis Gonzales," is to be published by Messrs. Sands. The actual sheets upon which the amanuensis of Father Gonzales wrote at his master's dictation are still preserved in the Vatican Library, and a note in the present book announces that the editors of the "Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu" have promised to produce, at no distant date, a critical edition of the original text, together with other unprinted Ignatian. The Testament itself has been translated into English from the Latin by "E. M. R.," and a preface has been written by the Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J.

Mr. J. G. Frazer's edition of "Pausanias's Description of Greece" was published at the high price of six guineas, but Messrs. Macmillan have now included in their Eversley Series the introductory essay on Pausanias and many sketches of Greek scenery and antiquities, which occur incidentally in the work as Mr. Frazer follows Pausanias through his itinerary.

The new series of Illustrated literary Guide Book English Counties, which Messrs. Dent are bringing to appear in May. The general editor of the series, George A. B. Dewar, will undertake a portion of the work on Hampshire, whilst Mr. Dutt will write most of that on Norfolk. The books will be divided into three distinct parts dealing with the "Story and Scenery" of the county, the second with its wild life and sport, whilst the third is a gazetteer.

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. write to us, with reference to our review of "The Nuttall Encyclopædia," to the following errors which the reviewer has fallen into:

He states that Dr. Wood says "that the first Mont Blanc was made by de Saussure." Whereas, with reference to page 412, under Mont Blanc, the first attributed to Balmat and Paccard, and on page 574 it says, de Saussure "was the first to ascend Mont Blanc in the interests of science." We fail also to find that in the Encyclopædia that "La Dame aux Camélias" was a play. As regards the reference it would appear from your reviewer that the quota Carlyle respecting his personal appearance was all given, which is contrary to fact. Other statements in your review are equally inaccurate and misleading.

The points traversed in this letter are not the graves of our review. In reply to Messrs. Warne we may say—

(1) The ascent of Mont Blanc by Balmat and Paccard made "in the interests of science" no less than de Saussure was a corresponding member of the Turin Academy of Sciences; Balmat was paid by de Saussure to find a way order that de Saussure might follow him and make his expedition.

(2) The paragraph on Dumas *filis* is certainly worded to imply (whether intentionally or not) that "La Dame aux Camélias" was a novel before it was a play. Per editor's anxiety to be concise is responsible for our misapprehension of his meaning.

(3) It is true that thirty-one lines are devoted to Kant, we have read them through again and still fail to find any account of the Kantian philosophy.

Our review by no means exhausted the errors noticed in the Encyclopædia.

Among the new books announced by Messrs. Long being in the press are "Outlines of Christian Dogma," Rev. Darwell Stone, M.A., Principal of the Missionary Borochester; "The Ministers of Jesus Christ. A Study of the Ante-Nicene Christian Literature," by the Rev. Foster Lepine; "A Critical Examination of Irish History being a Replacement of the False by the True," Elizabethan Conquest to the Legislative Union of 1800," T. Dunbar Ingram; a new volume by Mr. Rider entitled "Black Heart and White Heart, and other Studies and the memoir of Charles Henry Pearson. Author of 'Life and Character.'" "The Autobiography of a Traveller," J. H. Crawford, is also announced as in preparation.

"London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria," as Mr. Churchill's book on the war is to be called, will be ready in about a fortnight.

In commemoration of the 500th anniversary of the death (dated on his tombstone October 25, 1400, though he may have taken place earlier in the year) a volume will be edited by Mr. P. W. Ames, containing the series of now being delivered under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature on "The Father of English Poetry."

"Academy Notes, 1900," now in its twenty-seventh year will be ready on May 7.

Mr. John Long will publish, in a few weeks, a "Social Life in the British Army," by the officer who the military correspondent of the Westminster Gazette book is illustrated by Mr. Eaton Woodville.

Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, announce two new books, "The History of the United States," by Mr. T. H. B. Dewar, and "The History of the United States," by Mr. T. H. B. Dewar.

William Watson, assistant curator, Royal Gardens, Kew. A large number of leading gardeners throughout the country are contributing articles. The new edition is being published by the Gresham Publishing Company.

Mr. Stephen Crane's illness has delayed his work upon an historical romance of Ireland which he is said to be writing, but we understand that he has completed a little volume entitled "Wounds in the Rain."

The second volume, recently published, of the "Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland" covers the years from 1500 to 1501, and is edited, with an introduction, by Sir James Balfour Paul, Lord Lyon King of Arms. Twenty-two years have elapsed since the first volume appeared, and we learn that the cause of the delay is that the publication of the Treasurer's accounts has been "for various reasons suspended by the Government."

No. 2 of the "Yorkshire Raulders' Club Journal," a publication which appears twice a year, will be issued next week by Mr. Fisher Unwin. It includes a number of illustrated articles on climbing and mountaineering. Two guides will be published by Mr. Unwin about the same time a new "Handbook to Florence," by E. Griff, giving all the information essential to the holiday visitor; and a sort of handy edition of Althea Wiel's book on "Venice" in the "Story of the Nations" series.

Canon Joseph Hammond has written two sermons for the Bicentenary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (which will be published shortly by Messrs. Skellington) on "The Mission of England and the Missions of her Church" and on "Foreign Missions; Christ's Charge and the Church's Duty."

The author of "Christians in Khaki" writes to us to point out that his name is Jesse Page, not Jane Page, as it appeared by a clerical error in our notice of the book last week.

FICTION.—Messrs. Macmillan announce for publication in May a new novel entitled "The Increasing Purpose," by Mr. J. L. Allen, the author of "The Choir Invisible," a story of Kentucky life at the close of the Civil War, about 1865.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney, whose last book, "Folly Corner," we reviewed a few weeks ago, has finished a new novel, which Mr. John Long will publish in the autumn. The same publisher will issue Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel, "The Shadow of Allah," written in collaboration with Mr. Max Monteseole, on May 10.

Anna Katherine Green, whose real name is Mrs. Rohlf, the author of "The Leavenworth Case," has finished a new story, entitled "A Difficult Problem."

Books to look out for at or

LITERATURE—
King Alfred's Boethius. Ed. by W. J. Sedgwick.
"Caxton's Version of the Golden Legend." Vols. by F. S. Ellis. Dent. 1s. 6d and 2s. net.
"Eros and Psyche" (Trans. from Apuleius). By E. Carr. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY—
"The Hexateuch According to the Revised Version" by J. Estlin Carpenter and G. Harford-Battersby.
"Cathedral and University Sermons." By I. Murray. 3s. 6d.
Two Sermons for the Bicentenary of the S.P.G. Skellington. 1s.

THE ARMY AND THE WAR—
"Letters from Ladysmith." By the Besieged. Daily News, Macmillan. 6s.

POETRY AND DRAMA—
Hoch's "Love's Comedy." Trans. by Prof. Herford.
"Songs from the Ghetto." By Morris Rosenfeld.
"Some Notable Hamlets." By Clement Scott. C.

BIOGRAPHY—
"Charles Francis Adams." By C. F. Adams. Doubtless.
"St. Jerome" (Saints Series). By Father Largent.
"The Testament of Father Ignatius Loyola." Tr. Sands. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL—
"The Civilization of India" (Temple Primers). Dent. 1s. net.
"A History of Greece." By Prof. J. B. Bury. Macmillan.
"The History of the Melanesian Mission." By Mr. Labrier. 10s. 6d.
"Burma." By Max and Bertha Ferrars. Sampson.
"The Land of the Amazona." By Baron de Santar. Edited by George Humphrey. Sands.

FICTION.
"From Pine to Sandhill." By Bret Harte. Pears.
"The Cardinal's Snuff Box." By Henry Harland.
"The Increasing Purpose." By J. L. Allen. Macmillan.
"The West End." By Percy White. Sands. 6s.
"Comrades True." By Annie Thomas. Chatto & Windus.
"His Lordship's Leopard." By D. D. Wells.
"The Crowning of Gloria." By Richard Heald.
"Frow Door to Door." By Bernard Capes. Blackie.
"Daughters of Pleasure." By Anna Comtesse de Noailles.
"A Brave Poor Thing." By L. T. Meade. Ishing.
"The Magic Word." By Constance Smith. Ishing.
"Three Men on the Bummel." By Jerome K. Jerome.

REPRINTS.
Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." Intro. by Clement Shorter. Smith, Elder. 6s.
"Sydney Smith: his Wit and Wisdom." Biblot Series.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
Catalogue of Drawings by British Artists and Artists of Foreign Origin Working in Great Britain. Preserved in the British Museum. Vol. II. By L. Binyon. 10s. 6d. 370 pp. British Museum.

BIOGRAPHY.
The Life and Times of Sir J. C. Molteno, K.C.M.G. 2 vols. By P. A. Molteno. 9s. 6d. 457-488 pp. Smith, Elder. 2s.

Hurray for the Life of a Sailor! By Vice-Admiral Sir H. Kennedy, K.C.B. 9s. 3d. 376 pp. Blackwood. 12s. 6d.

Sir Thomas More. By W. H.utton, B.D. 2nd Ed. 7s. 6d. 240 pp. Methuen. 5s.

La Jeunesse du Maréchal de Luxembourg. (1678-1698). Avec deux Portraits en héliogravure. By Pierre de Noyr. 9s. 3d. 331 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr. 7.50.

EDUCATIONAL.
Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive. Ed. by J. Doune. 7s. 6d. 191 pp. Blackie. 2s.

FICTION.

Steve the Outlander. By A. Laycock. 7s. 6d. 345 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

Our Remarkable Fledger. By H. Dixon. 7s. 6d. 418 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

The Treasure Temple. By Bruce Harking. 7s. 6d. 277 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

The Minx. By "Jala" (K. M. Caffyn). 7s. 6d. 384 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

La Solution. By Jean de la Brete. 7s. 6d. 340 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr. 3.50.

Cœur Blessé. By René Daudet. 7s. 6d. 307 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr. 3.50.

HISTORY.
The Declaration of Paris of 1856. By T. A. Bowler, M.P. 10s. 6d. 248 pp. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.

France since 1814. By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. 7s. 6d. 281 pp. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

La Gaule. Les invasions—Charlemagne. Histoire de France au Moyen Age. By J. Micheli. Nouvelle Ed. 7s. 6d. 411 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

LITERARY.

Burdett's Official Nursing Directory for 1900. By Sir H. Burdett, K.C.B. 7s. 6d. 688 pp. The Scientific Press. 5s.

MILITARY.
The Siege of Ladysmith. Described in 61 Pictures. By Henry Kisch. 9s. 6d. Nownes. 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Index to the Charters and Rolls in the Dept. of Manuscripts, British Museum. Vol. I. Ed. by H. J. Ellis and F. B. Hickley. 10s. 6d. 936 pp. British Museum.

How to Deal with your Banker. By Henry Warren. 7s. 6d. 288 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

Le Rire. Essai sur la Signification du Comique. By Henri Bergson. 7s. 6d. 201 pp. Paris. Alcan. Fr. 2.50.

REPRINTS.
The Statue and the Bust. By Robert Browning. Illustrated. 6s. 6d. 47 pp. Issue. 1s. 6d.

The Works of Tobias Smollett. Vols. III. & IV. Ed. by W. E. Henley. 9s. 6d. 265 & 298 pp. Constable. 7s. 6d. n. each vol.

S.
Lectures on Physical J. H. can't. Edited by Dr. 5d. 15s. 6d.

E.
Elementary Arithmetic and Algebra. Cheetham, 1s.

SO.
Some Social Pioneers. By H. Balm.

La Questio
sur les Bases Auguste Br Paris.

TH.
The Paradoxical Lectures. 1s. 6d. 1s. 6d. Edinburgh.

Judica Me
the Order of By the Her. 5d. 6d.

TOP.
Lyonesse: 1s. 6d.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 331. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We begin to wonder how long the flow of so-called khaki books is to continue. For some time we have been reviewing them at an average of something like three or four a week; and we find that they have points of resemblance with those drugs whose effect is described as "cumulative." We learn that that is also the experience of the booksellers. They report a slump in khaki books: particularly large heaps of them are to be seen in the shops of the second-hand booksellers, who have practically ceased to buy them. A khaki book of exceptional merit would no doubt still have a chance; but to write an average khaki book is now likely to be waste of time, and to publish it waste of money. Will any one thank us for the hint?

* * * *

In the same connexion we may deplore the hard case of the khaki novelists—and more especially of those of them who write for serial publication. Their trouble is that the war has moved more slowly than they expected when they began their serial stories, with the result that some of them have had to indulge in that "intelligent anticipation" of events which is supposed to be the exclusive privilege of journalists. One of them—whose name wild horses shall not drag from us—had such confidence in Sir Redvers Buller that he described the battle of

Authors of a more serious class sometimes suffer the same fate. They, too, are under the rule of the strong government, and too often find that they have laboured all for nothing. Technical books can never enjoy more than a very limited life of existence, because of the continual progress in knowledge. But of all technical books legal treatises are perhaps the most exposed to sudden accidents of time and chance. A year spent in a laborious search for, and examination of, all the laws and statutes bearing upon a particular subject, the lawyer wakes one morning to find much of his work rendered practically valueless by the passing of a new Act of Parliament effecting a change in the law. Some such untoward fate seems likely to befall upon those writers who have been compiling works on the subject of the Committee of the Privy Council, if, at least, the proposed change in the fusion of that committee with the House of Lords is carried out. The judicial capacity, and the formation out of the two of a new Court of Appeal for the whole Empire, is carried in the hands of the Government. There will be many changes in matters of procedure, and these will necessitate fresh treatises to guide the practitioner. It is particularly hard on legal authors to find their labours rendered in large measure nugatory. Lawyers who write books can hardly be expected to promote legal reform, and there may be remunerative virtue in a "new edition."

* * * *

The mysterious box of papers which Francis James, an antiquary, left to the British Museum in 1831, on understanding that it was not to be touched till 1900, has been opened. A preliminary survey has not revealed anything very interesting, but the result, we understand, will be communicated to the public "in due course" (say a year). At one time Francis James's collection of books, manuscripts, prints and coins had been deposited in the Bodleian Library. The box of diaries, correspondence, memoranda left to the British Museum by Byron's friend Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton) is also to be examined this year, but it has not been opened yet.

* * * *

Aberdeen has just been relieved of a similar box of papers, which had been lying in its Court House since 1831. The box was popularly supposed to have been given to the keeping of the Aberdeen civic authorities by Sir James Bannerman, the husband of Margaret Gordon, whom Byron once loved, and who has been identified with Blumine in "Resartus." Letters passed between the pair, and it was hoped that some of these might be found in the sealed box. Unfortunately, it now appears that it was Sir Alexander Bannerman's father who left the box. It was claimed recently by the grandson of Margaret Gordon, and no Carlyle letters were found when it was handed over by the municipal authorities an

before it. London has not been nearly so enterprising as the provinces. The Dundee *Courier and Argus* began at a half-penny, we think, in 1850, and other places followed suit, though the last year or two has seen an increase in halfpenny morning papers all over the Kingdom. That very complete and admirable work "The Newspaper Press Directory" (Mitchell), now in its fifty-fifth annual edition, surprises us with its revelations of halfpenny evening journals. There are no less than 117 of them in the provinces. And another very notable thing appears in the lists given in the Directory, viz., that daily papers are not so political as they used to be. Out of ninety-two morning papers (excluding, of course, financial and sporting prints) thirty-eight are "neutral" or "independent." In the provinces the people, it would seem, are beginning to ask only for something to read, and are not even ready to pay enough to make that something worth reading. Of course this does not apply to the halfpenny papers of the big centres which are backed by large capital and have a wide circulation.

At one time there was a considerable cry for that unpromising hybrid, "scientific criticism." The late M. Hennesquin made himself a prominent advocate in France for the introduction of scientific method in literary criticism, but his theory was riddled by the cross-fire of M. Brunetière and M. Anatole France. Our own advocates of scientific criticism have not been conspicuously more successful. However, they seem now in America to be laying a sound mathematical basis for the thing. For example, we are provided with some really substantial statistics for measuring the merit of "David Harum." It took, we are told, 5,000 pounds of ink to print the 425,000 copies sold, and 1,900 miles of thread were used in the binding; if placed on end the volumes would extend fifty miles, and if piled would make a tower seven miles high. Here at last seem to be data for a sound induction.

Dean Farrar's new book, "The Life of Lives," may be expected from Messrs. Cassell next week, and is to form a companion volume to his well-known "Life of Christ." Dean Farrar has, like the author of "David Harum," a great American public, but we have more substantial data in this instance to judge of the merit of his "Life of Christ." The book was commissioned by the publisher at a price of £500, with £100 for a visit to the Holy Land in quest of what the novelists call "local colour." But so colossal was the success achieved that the publishers paid the author a further £1,400, and the author was still dissatisfied. Matthew Arnold, who lived before the dawn of scientific criticism, summed up this great work as a "Life of Christ" by a special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* (the style of whose young lions, as is well-known, he did not love). Later, unfortunately, Arnold himself tried to extract his own Christ of culture and sweet reasonableness out of the Gospels by the exercise of his own admirable literary tact. Happily the simple Gospel narrative will survive the eloquence of the preacher and the popular novelist, and even, it may be, the glosses of the philosopher.

Prebendary Stanley Leathes, who died on Monday last, was a good example of the more conservative student of the Old Testament. His erudition often enabled him to discover weak points in the newer criticism of the Bible. Thus, in his

ment Revision Committee, and as Professor of Testament Exegesis at King's College, London.

A testimonial is now on foot for the late Luce, a well-known lecturer on English Literature, author of a very useful manual for the student. A prolonged illness has compelled him to give for all during the period of rest now in recovery that the testimonial has been started. It can be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. T. J. and Counties Bank, Redland Branch, Bristol.

In spite of his fertility as a story teller and the excellence of the mass of his fiction, it is possible that Walter Besant will interest the literary historian of the future as the founder of the Society of Authors and as the author of "The Survey of London," of which he is editing the second volume. Sir Walter has, by training and by example, paved the way for becoming the modern Stow, or rather the director of that co-operative band of Stows of modern London requires. London is so large and so busy that it has hardly conscience or time for its past or its future. It is fortunate that the man with the right kind of head and heart found to take stock of it before more of its past or its present became still more unmanageable in the hands of the present. The volumes of the new Survey are already in the press, and it is calculated that there is matter for half a volume more. At the publication, we believe, will not be begun until the Survey is sufficiently advanced to ensure the appearance of new volumes at regular intervals. After somewhat serious illness, Sir Walter Besant, we are glad to say, is now sufficiently well to return to this and his other literary duties.

Mr. Sidney Lee does well to point out in the preface to his edition of the merit of Mr. Benson's Lyceum enterprise—little to do with Mr. Benson's own quality of acting, but in the constant performance of many of the parts, and the subordination to the general effect, and the management being simple and inexpensive. If such a theatre were to have a permanent home in London, we should be glad to see it on Shakespeare's own land, he put to shame by the theatre of the city. This that Mr. Hamilton Pyfe pleads in the preface to his edition of the Benson performances in the Lyceum theatre. He sees in the Benson performances the refuge of the intelligent playgoer, and he looks to Mr. Benson as the most likely manager to supply it, since he has the enthusiasm for Shakespeare, a repertory company, which would, of course, be the best. Time went on. Thus, too, would a door be opened to a drama which is being eagerly looked for, and which in the conditions it has no chance of making way.

The first of what promises to be a noble series of "Shakespeare's History," by Mr. J. L. Etty, in the *Illustrated London Magazine* for May. It reviews the character of Shakespeare as a well-worked out, if somewhat artificial, "pact" between Carlyle and Shelley represents literary history. In the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. W. E. Glaser, in the Cambridge MS. of Milton, and Mr. Steevens' "From Cape Town to Ladysmith" "New Lucian." The writer of "Musings with Shakespeare" has much to say of the Anacreon

containing information as to the controversy about burying Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. *Temple Bar* gives us an entertaining account of Crab Robinson, whom, as Mr. Richard Whiteing reminds us in this month's *Century*, Madame Guizot congratulated (at a dinner given in his honour) on his literary creation of "ce charmant Vendrell"; and a lengthy article, well informed, on the Browning letters, and similar "indiscretions." Mr. Pendleton in *Good Words* collects some "Diversions of an Editor." The *Puritan* has a discriminating study of "Matthew Arnold as a Critic."

The Harper publishing house would seem to be as full of life as ever, and has many enterprises for the future. Among them are the establishment, side by side with the *North American Review* and *Harper's Magazine* (which is to return with its June number to its former price of four dollars a year), of a monthly British Review to be published in London and of a quarterly written in French to be published in Paris. Mr. G. B. M. Harvey, who is the head of the publishing house and also edits the *North American Review*, has just returned to America after arranging in London and Paris for a variety of articles and publications. Among the latter are two books on the Far Eastern Question, by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun and Mr. George E. Morrison respectively. Among the new features of the Harper periodicals are to be articles on the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, by Lord Charles Beresford; on the South African War, by M. de Bloch, and Sir S. G. A. Shippard; on the necessity in certain circumstances of the United States definitely co-operating on the development of China, by Sir Charles Dilke; articles in the religions of the world and on the debts of European nations; unpublished MSS. of Victor Hugo and of Leon Gambetta; and many other contributions by well-known living writers. Mr. W. B. Fitts is now in charge of Messrs. Harper's business in London.

Whatever be the merits or demerits of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's writings—about which a good many opinions were expressed recently in these columns—at any rate we like to keep the credit of them, and will not sacrifice him to the union of hearts. Many Frenchmen will still have it that he is an American. M. Abel Chevalley, who mentions Mr. Kipling elsewhere in these columns, and who has been translating Mr. Kipling's letters from South Africa for the *Temps*, knows better; and indeed it is not very much of the work of the Imperialist poet that could have been written by an American. But a writer, who, in the pages of *L'humanité Nouvelle*, reviews a translation by Mme. Charles Laurent of "La lumière qui s'éteint," speaks of "les merveilleux 'Livres de la Junglo' de l'auteur américain."

* A correspondent writes:—

A propos of the Cowper Centenary, celebrated at Olney on April 25, it is interesting to mention that the house at St. Albans, which was the temporary abode of the poet at the time when a shadow obscured his intellect, is still in existence. This ancient building, situated at the junction of Spicer-street with Dagnall-street, then formed three sides of a square, but has since been deprived of a portion of the wings through the construction of a new street (College-street) during the early part of this century. The room which the poet occupied is on the ground floor, near the centre of the building, overlooking what was then a courtyard or garden, but now facing the street; it was originally panelled throughout and contained a carved mantelpiece, removed about seventeen years ago, when the wainscoting was purchased by a London dealer.

There is an excellent sketch of Cowper's working life by "Urbanus Sylvan" in the *Coruhill* for May, and a closer study of his career in the *Fortnightly* by Alice Law.

letters may give him a wider posthumous audience than quite secured during his life.

The latest novelty in the book world is a "144 curious method of describing minute books by adol W. T. Spence, of New Oxford-street, in his last catalog 144mo, is a tiny volume, "Vues de la Suisse," containing exquisite views of Switzerland, and measuring only by one-and-a-half inch. This measurement is arrived at the number of such volumes that would cover an ordinary page, and then multiplying by eight. Since 1801, with "Tale of Troy," one-and-a-half inch by one inch has been used. A new system, if generally adopted, may easily lead to confusion. One of the beautiful little Bibles published during the first half of the eighteenth century, rather one inch square, would be, by Mr. Spence's plan, a 72 might go lower still and take one of the much smaller Lilliputian almanacs, issued by Muller, of Carlsruhe. These measure only fourteen by nine millimètres, and contain twenty-eight pages and twelve engravings, have to be catalogued as 1,280mo.

The author of "The History of the Beer W Messrs. Methuen are publishing in fortnightly parts F. H. E. Cunliffe, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford of Sir Robert Cunliffe. Mr. Cunliffe was captain of Eleven in 1808.

The Théâtre Français staged last week in Paris an old play of Ponsard's, *Charlotte Corday*, and almost neonously MM. Hachette have published an elaborate on François Ponsard by M. Lutroille, one of the distinguished pupils of Professor Joseph Texte, of Lyons. readers' attention to this book, however, not so much gives a judicious appreciation of a playwright who bridged between Victor Hugo and Augier, as for its remark of the French theatre of the nineteenth century to the Second Empire. We see how romanticism faded while Rachel resuscitated the classics of the century. Ponsard benefited by this state of things, being in the wake of Casimir Delavigne, produced *Agnes de Meranie*, *Charlotte Corday*, *L'Honneur et le Lion*, *Amoureux* plays which made him a dramatist of his time. He was a precursor of the school of the Second Empire.

In the column devoted to "Personal Views" this week an important expression of opinion by a journalist, well known on both sides of the Channel, on the literary relations between France and England. M. Abel Chevalley's perhaps we should more truly say rather—a cordial understanding between the cultured élites of two countries is particularly timely. In the next year both nations have an opportunity for a more manifestation of the real good will which, however dissembled, is never absent from the mind of the noble classes both among ourselves and our neighbours. Chevalley acknowledges that it has always been the among certain classes and at certain times in France "l'Angleterre." With the tact characteristic of his country reminds us that this habit of some of his country

up for sale at Smithfield market, the French educated classes put us to shame in their recognition of neighbourly duty. They take the trouble to follow our literary movements with far more sympathy than we ever display in following theirs. We have often noticed in these columns new French translations of English poets. At the present moment Meredith, Hardy, and Kipling are being widely read in France thanks to the French scholars who have been quick to appreciate and translate them. Such proofs of good will are far more common in France than in England. M. Chevalley, though he is too polite to place this circumstance to the credit of his countrymen, affords in his own person a signal illustration of its truth. His remarks on English writers and their tendencies are very suggestive, though we may not always agree with them; and even then the points to which we take objection may be due much less to the deficient knowledge one might expect in a foreigner than to the fact that a foreigner sees much more than we do of the game, and takes a wider and less prejudiced outlook. M. Chevalley sees three movements, in France and in England respectively, which have run side by side, all of them to some extent misguided and unwholesome, and all tending to hinder a true literary rapprochement. France has suffered from "symbolisme, Catholicisme, exclusivisme." A sickly idealism, veiling its poverty of thought in a maudlin incoherence of expression, took up the heritage of the English aesthetes; a slavery to classic tradition and to a narrow theology hindered the display of freshness, sincerity, and independence; and the growth of nationalism—"particularisme national"—bid fair to sacrifice the advantages which free intercourse with foreign thought has so often gained for France. Englishmen saw these things, and said to themselves that if French literature was satisfied to be so represented, it was no longer French literature. Frenchmen, on the other hand, regarded with equal surprise the course of events in England. They saw with some dismay the growth of "nationalisme, féminisme, et réalisme." This is highly interesting as a statement of what the foreigner sees in the English world of letters, though in one or two points the observer's glass may seem to be not quite exactly focussed. He sees, first, an ultra patriotic and frankly brutal spirit, a spirit proper to an age of steel and iron—to the age, in short, of the Germany of Bismarck. It would seem, in fact, as if we had for some time been "spoiling" for the present war. M. Chevalley shares the admiration of Englishmen for Mr. Rudyard Kipling. As a translator of Kipling and as a Frenchman of taste he can speak with authority; and despite his admiration he does not find in the works of that writer and his school—has Mr. Kipling a school?—any masterpieces which can in the truest sense be described as "livres bien écrits." Then, in exchange for our gift of aestheticism, France has given us realism, and many readers will agree with his regret at the revival of the methods of Congreve and Vanbrugh. They will not, perhaps, sympathize so readily with his strong views as to the encroachment—"presque fatal dans tous les pays"—of women on the field of romance. Women may have done much to swell the mass of fiction in which M. Chevalley finds so much precocity and so much vulgarity, but they have also done much to raise the tone and the quality of the English novel. M. Chevalley's conclusion gives food for thought. In both countries the air has been cleared; men are beginning to have a truer sense of the proportion of things, and as a consequence are more apt to understand and sympathize with their neighbours. What has produced this beneficent change? In France the Dreyfus case; in England the war. In each case the heart of the nation has been stirred; struggle and tragedy have purged the passions; and the realities of life, like

BOTH ARMS.

A SAILOR'S MARCHING SONG.

[The Lords of the Admiralty inspect the Naval Brigade
London, Monday, May 5.]

Tramp! tramp! this is my song,
Soldier and sailor marching along,
One from the barrack and one from the
Marching along with a swing from his
Over the mountains and on thro' the p
Hark to the jingle of weapons and cha
Storming the trenches and breaking th
Both arms together—a thundering pai

O, the left you hold for hitting, and the right you
And the left can leap out lusty and can slog alm
But there comes a time, my hearties, and the sai
When you've got to sling two fists in, when yo
with both.

Tramp! tramp! here's a good song,
Soldier and sailor marching along,
Shoulder to shoulder, eyes straight ah
Swinging their arms to the tune of the
Tramp! tramp! hark to the sound!
Thunder of marching that rolls from t
Danger to England? On to the foe!
Both arms together, and swift be the l

O, the left you hold for hitting, and the right you
And the left can leap out lusty and can slog alm
But there comes a time, my hearties, and the sai
When you've got to sling two fists in, when yo
with both.

Tramp! tramp! Look in their eyes—
Shoulder to shoulder—England's allies
Never they tremble, never despair,
Marching to Death with their heads in
Guarding our island, guarding our rea
True to the word of the man at the he
True to our honour, valiant and strong
Both arms together, swinging along!

O, the left you hold for hitting, and the right you
And the left can leap out lusty and can slog alm
But there comes a time, my hearties, and the sai
When you've got to sling two fists in, when yo
with both.

HARO

Personal Views

CONCILIATION LITTÉRAIRE

Tous ceux qui pensent et qui lisent; tous c
les lettres et pas seulement la littérature, ne sépara
la vie, ni la pensée de la parole; tous ceux qui
point à devenir des mandarins nationaux mais ve
citoyens du monde s'inquiétaient ici, depuis
ans, de la tournure que semblaient prendre
intellectuelles entre la France et l'Angleterre.

on se disait, avec raison, que si la littérature française en était réduite à ce point, de confondre le bizarre avec l'original, de se passer de pensée pour se nourrir de musique, et d'abdiquer la clarté sous prétexte de poésie, on se disait, donc, de votre côté de la Manche que si la littérature française en était là, ce n'était plus la littérature française.

Un second symptôme vous effrayait. A l'autre pôle du monde intellectuel et français, là où domine la tradition et le respect des formes classiques, une lamentable indigence d'idées semblait aussi se révéler. Tels milieux qui, naguère, accueillent libéralement les manifestations de toute pensée indépendante, pourvu qu'elle fût sincère, et sérieuse, et nouvelle, se renfermaient maintenant dans un exclusivisme jaloux. On y proclamait non seulement la faillite de la liberté, mais encore la faillite de l'école, la faillite de la science. Certains annonçaient même la faillite de la littérature, tout en la cultivant. Et, de faillite en faillite, tout ce qui restait debout dans notre littérature moderne, c'était la tragédie classique, — et encore ! — : l'indécot badinage des plaisantins — pourvu qu'il épargnât l'Église ; et la théologie de Bossuet. De l'autre côté de la Manche vous pensiez avec raison que si la littérature française en était réduite à se défendre de l'esprit critique pour se maintenir dans une prétendue tradition historique, ce n'était plus la littérature française.

Enfin il vous semblait encore ; — du moins vos journaux en ont, mainte fois, donné l'impression ; — que cet appauvrissement général par le sommet et par la base, et de la vieille et de la jeune littérature française, coïncidait avec une recrudescence de particularisme national, avec une mélanche aussi contraire à nos traditions qu'à nos intérêts, de tout ce qui vient de l'étranger. Nous avions subi naguère un excès de Ruskin et de Tolstol, d'Ibsen et de Nietzsche, sans compter leurs sous-disciples. Il ne nous en fallait plus. Et, d'un coup, certains d'entre nous se mirent à tabouer solennellement tous les étrangers, en commençant par les plus voisins. Vous ne fûtes point épargnés et l'on a dû vous le faire savoir. Tout en vous lisant en cachette, on aimait, en public, à vous excéner, en trois phrases : point de style, point d'esprit, rien que de l'humour. De l'autre côté de la Manche vous vous disiez, avec raison, que si la littérature française s'abusait au point de se défendre contre ses conquêtes, de lutter aux quatre coins de son champ, contre l'irrigation bienfaisante dérivée jadis d'Italie avec Voiture, de Castille avec Corneille, d'Angleterre avec Voltaire et Rousseau, d'Allemagne avec Madame de Staël et les romantiques, vous vous disiez, que si la littérature française se mettait des œillères, ce n'était plus la littérature française.

Enfin, il faut bien le reconnaître, vous ne pouviez, non plus, fermer les oreilles à une clameur d'hostilité qui, sortie d'une mauvaise politique et exprimée de part et d'autre dans les journaux les plus bruyants, retentissait à travers notre littérature entière. Il a toujours été de bon ton d'"abhorrer l'Angleterre," dans certains milieux français et à certaines époques. Cela ne tire pas plus à conséquence que telles déclamations de vos censeurs insulaires contre la moderne Babylone. Mais c'est agaçant, à la longue.

Indépendante semblait en train de s'y étioiler. Voilà ce que vous pensiez, ou tout au moins ce que vos journaux semblaient refléter.

Nous, de notre côté, nous aspirions, plutôt qu'à la renaissance anglaise de la poésie agressive, de la fiction enflée de toute une littérature étroitement nationaliste et ment brutale, qui nous semblait appartenir à un âge d'acler plutôt qu'à la fin du dix-neuvième. L'Allemagne de Bismarck plutôt qu'à l'Angleterre modérée sans doute, nous savions bien que cette mode nouvelle donner des œuvres d'une saveur forte et originale manquez jamais de saveur. Mais nous étions convaincus qu'elle ne vous donnerait point de chefs-d'œuvre du genre de ceux que seuls sont durables les livres bien écrits. Or M. Kipling et son école sont capables de force plus que de beauté. Nous avions donc la fatuité de croire que votre goût, loin de la beauté, à la recherche de la force, et nous ne savions pas. C'était un défaut contraire au nôtre et qui, par son caractère, apparaissait plus choquant. Même chez ceux qui cherchaient à être des premiers à saluer le jeune talent de M. Kipling, à signaler (je m'honore d'être un de ceux-là), il y avait une défiance instinctive de l'engouement qui allait suivre.

Il leur semblait, en outre, que vous en étiez capables de prendre, avec quelques-unes de ses tares, l'héritage de la littérature anglaise. Il y avait là, comme un exemple de l'échange perpétuel dont vivent les littératures de France et d'Angleterre. Vous nous aviez passé l'esthétisme et l'érotisme. Là où les deux se confondaient fut un mélange dont ni l'une ni l'autre nation n'a le droit de se vanter. Quoi qu'il en soit, il est certain que, mainte fois, en cinq ou six ans, en lisant les œuvres d'une certaine école de vos romanciers et de vos dramaturges, on aurait pu se croire aux beaux temps du réalisme français. Que la scène se passât dans les chambres à coucher de duchesses, dans la fousse de Bloomsbury, ou dans les rues sordides de l'East-end, c'était le même fond, partout la même brutalité de touche et de sentiment voilée par ce qu'exige encore l'état des mœurs en Angleterre. Depuis Congreve et Vanbrugh, ces véritables ancêtres de la comédie rosse, jamais peut-être les sens n'avaient joué un rôle plus important dans la littérature anglaise.

Enfin, de la surabondance même de votre production littéraire, nous tirions parfois, à l'occasion, quelques pronostics un peu pessimistes sur l'avenir de vos lettres. L'envahissement du roman par les femmes, presque fatal dans tous les pays, commençait à se faire sentir en France. Le moins attrayant et le plus faux de féminisme qui commença par doter la femme de tous les défauts de l'homme, sa brutalité, sa combativité, sa hardiesse, dans vos romans en même temps que le réalisme. Un certain nombre de ces œuvres à grand succès dont le succès n'est que médiocre nous surprit. Nul pays au monde, et l'Angleterre ne subissait une surproduction aussi excessive de romans hâtifs et mal écrits, et la faim de ce genre de banalités ne paraissait point s'apaiser. Il semblait que en France le succès ne vint qu'au prix de la pornographie.

Heureusement, il est à croire que ces temps sont passés. C'est une forte maîtresse que l'adversité. Deux grandes épreuves viennent de remettre au creuset, tant en France qu'en Angleterre, cet esprit national dont s'inspire la littérature.

En France, ce fut l'affaire Dreyfus. Nous avons été bouleversés jusqu'au fond de nos êtres et de nos consciences, divisés jusque dans nos familles et dans nos affections. Les dérivais, pas plus que les penseurs et les hommes d'action, n'ont échappé à cette toute-puissante influence. Bien mieux. Ils sont presque tous devenus penseurs et hommes d'action. Des hommes comme Anatole France et Jules Lemaitre, François Coppée et Emile Zola sont maintenant au plus fort de l'action, dans des camps opposés. On ne peut plus se plaindre du scepticisme de l'un, du dilettantisme de l'autre. Aucun d'eux qui ne soit en pleine bataille d'idées. Le théâtre, le roman ont déjà subi le contre-coup de cette révolution. Tout est devenu terriblement sérieux et sincère. S'en chagriner qui voudra ! Vous reconnaîtrez, si vous ne l'avez déjà fait, que notre littérature aura gagné en profondeur comme en humanité, à la crise par laquelle elle vient de passer.

Chez vous, c'est la guerre. Une portion notable de votre littérature avait souhaité la violence et l'avait courtisée. Rien ne lui semblait plus beau que les appétits déchainés et plus doux que l'odeur du sang. La guerre est donc venue. Et tout en luttant avec un merveilleux sang froid pour une cause que vous croyez juste, vous n'avez pu vous empêcher de faire de profonds retours sur vous-mêmes. Les leçons salutaires de la défaite et les enthousiasmes réparateurs de la victoire vous ont tour à tour secoués. Il est bien question maintenant de modes littéraires et d'ouvrages factices ! Les faits sont là, plus brutaux, mille fois, que le dernier roman brutal. La violence réelle vous fait juger à leur valeur les fictions violentes, et le réalisme vivant des champs de bataille est autrement poignant que celui des taudis. On dirait qu'il sort déjà, de tout cela, comme une vie plus humaine et plus saine à la fois de ce que doit être la littérature pour un peuple.

Ainsi, de part et d'autre, ceux des caractères ou des défauts qui, dans les deux littératures, engendraient entre les deux peuples une défiance réciproque sont en train de disparaître d'eux-mêmes, pour quelques années, sous le doigt niveleur de la vie. En même temps, par un bienfaisant retour des choses humaines, l'hostilité politique qui montait, et s'accumulait, cotonneuse et pesante, en nuées d'orage au-dessus de nos têtes, est en train de se dissiper.

Une grande fête de concorde et de paix s'ouvre chez nous. Elle terminera, non pas l'œuvre de réconciliation, car il ne saurait y avoir de brouille entre les républiques de lettres ; mais le travail de conciliation qui semble toujours en train de se faire et de se défaire entre ce qu'on pourrait appeler les constitutions littéraires de nos deux pays.

C'est la meilleure façon de finir un siècle.

ABEL CHEVALLEY.

"PERICLES" AT STRATFORD.

comes to settle which scenes we owe to the poet, and which are all at sea. Gervinus, indeed, finds it impossible to say—*and Brandes follows him*—that words which are in the play at all, but in Wilkins' novel, are not in his best—

Poor luck of Nature !

I do not care to argue the point ; but that the expression has its appropriateness to the scene we have just seen. It is a poor luck of Shakespeare is left in the adaptation which Mr. John C. Coleman has made. There are several ways in which the impossible could be adapted for the stage. Let me say at once the most reasonable course to adopt. Leave out the scene of the daughter. Leave out the unpleasant scene of the man by no means sure that Shakespeare did not write—*but leave them out*—far from saying that there are not things worth being direct, said and acted on the stage to-day which are debasing than those from which the exquisite shines out in lines which it is hard to believe, *and* Shakespeare did not write—but leave them out if you need be, the old-world "dumb-shows" and the things which though I should part sadly with the cat and the

The cat, with eye of burning coals,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole,
And erleketts sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.

Leave out what you must. But let Shakespeare and Wilkins or Rowley—speak for himself when you will. This is exactly what the version presented by Coleman does not do. It is to blame, not for what it puts in, but for what it puts in. The briefest explanation of the bungling will be the best.

At first the very programme surprises us. It is of characters whose acquaintance we have not prepared us to visit places of which there is no text. Instead of Tarsus we are taken to Nineveh, King of Cyrene, not of Pentapolis. The first man to appear has a name and appears as Lysander ; the two women are Lykon and Pileh. There is a female fisherman, Daphno ? We have a slave-dealer, unknown to whom some of the sayings of suppressed characters. Some of these changes are meaningless ; but they are supported by a new text. It is due to the *Literature* that they should have a few examples which is substituted for that of Shakespeare. Pericles declares that he will be—

Foremost to meet the foe upon the tented
Where we may learn to die, but never less.

He also makes the original observation that the once, talks of the "foaming julee of the purple to "Death and doom," "Let 'em come. I look on thee to the last." Some one—I remember the personages are so confusing—is told, "Thou art in these parts." Pericles when he thanks the by one—

Thank not me ; thank the gods.

Wherupon another wittily adds, "Let him thank the gods after !" and encourages him to pull, mate." Marina eloquently apostrophizes

Oh, the sea ! The pleasant sea
The way to freedom and to death.

the pirate (who comes, without the slightest doubt, in Mr. Gilbert's company from Penzance), apparently converted, takes part. But at least we might have been left the exquisite scenes in which Pericles loses his wife, recovers his child, and is at last reunited to Thaisa. It is difficult to believe it, but every one of these scenes is utterly and hopelessly spoiled by the substitution of intolerable verbiage and commonplace for the matchless lines in which, if the thoughtful commentator may be believed, Shakespeare unlocked his heart. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that not one single speech is left as the text prints it. This is true of the whole play.

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death,
becomes,

See where she comes weeping her nurse's death -
That fool Lychorida.

Marina may not say "to strew thy green with flowers," but must say "to deck thy grave" - because it is not a green at all (or a grave either for the matter of that), but a large tomb, inscribed in big black letters "Sacred to the memory of Lychorida."

The "dancing boat" of Pericles becomes simply a "bark." But it is almost as barbarous to record as to perpetrate the alterations which have been made in the text of those most beautiful scenes, Act III., Sc. I., and the three scenes of Act V. But perhaps worse even than the alteration of the text is the fact that the characters of Pericles and of Marina are utterly altered. The silent, stern, self-restrained Prince, abandoned to utter depression, becomes a screaming, peevish creature, who excites nothing but contempt; and Marina, whose every word was beautiful, is now a miracle of tedium and commonplace.

I hasten to say that I speak of the play, not of the actors. I cannot forget that Mr. Coleman a quarter of a century ago played some strange freaks with *Henry V.*, but I can see that he is worthy of better things than the miserable Pericles which he has given himself. Mr. Asche, who was so entirely excellent last year as Jack Cade, does his best as a sort of Sardanapalus, who represents Cleon. Miss Brayton and Miss Braithwaite are so good that one grieves doubly for what they have to do and say. Mr. Thalberg, where he is allowed to act Shakespeare (and when he will not say Artémis), is admirable; and Mr. Clarence, who plays the fisherman, afterwards transformed into the captain of Pericles' galley, is very good indeed. But none of this will save the outrage - it is nothing less - which has been committed on Shakespeare's memory and in his native place. Mr. Benson is in some sort responsible; but when I remember how much admirable work he has done, and in this Memorial Theatre too, I do not like to blame him. His *Henry VI.* last year was quite excellent - except when as Cardinal Beaufort in a green riding coat he went about sprinkling people with a shaving brush. But it is a grave discredit to him that this miserable travesty of *Pericles* should have been produced, though it be but nominally under his direction.

W. H. HUTTON.

THE IRISH PEASANT IN FICTION.

[FROM AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

What is the real character of the Irish peasant? According to every Irish novelist, from Miss Edgeworth to Miss Barlow, the peasantry of the Emerald Isle are lively, romantic, and imaginative. They may have faults, but stupidity is not one of them. Now I confess that I have not read a single

character, both "gentle" and "simple," are about Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses. William O'Connell himself, presents us with a collection of peasants such as never existed either in Ulster or in any other part of Ireland. English readers, it is to be feared, have ever read the ordinary sketch in "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" entitled "The Faction Fight and Funeral." It is a detail of one of those conflicts, supposed to have at one time been very common occurrence in Ireland, in which blackthorn were freely used and heads were freely broken. The Irishman is always "blue mouldy for want of a law" - he treats his neighbour's receipt with the same indifference as 'Arry does Aunt Sally at Brighton. In "M'Clutchy," one of the most powerful Irish novels ever written in spite of its literary shortcomings, the entire plot is laid in the district where the scene of the story is laid, a religious-minded folk, always too ready to pay their taxes, only prevented from doing so by inevitable poverty.

Is it necessary to examine minutely the novels of Griffith, the Banims (better known as "the O'Hara"), Charles Lever, Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, and Charles Kickham, to discover whether their peasants are true to life or idealized? Any one who has read that delightfully naive "The Collegians," must imagine - if a long residence in Ireland has not dissipated the illusion - that "once upon a time" there lived in Garryowen a beautiful peasant girl, mellifluous brogue, and a heart of virgin innocence, foully betrayed and deserted by a reckless and unscrupulous young Irish gentleman. The true story of the "Collegians" is, indeed, very different. It was a vulgar intrigue culminating in murder, and the dénouement in real life was on the gallows. A story of Irish peasant life by the "O'Hara Family" perhaps, one of the most dramatic works of fiction produced by any Irish novelist - "Cohoore of the Billhook" - has been reprinted in a cheap form. It shows the dark side of Irish peasant life; but it continues the traditional rustic temperament in Ireland is lively, religious, and sensitive. The book, in spite of its merits, is pure imagination. Just like Mr. Hall Caine's pictures of Manx life, it is to Lever it must be acknowledged that he rarely depicts a peasant at all. Mickey Free and Darby are the most manifest caricatures. They are more witty and more than any Irish peasant could possibly be. In "L. Arran" we have a peasant girl who, by shrewd cleverness, becomes herself a lady, but then we find that she always has "blue blood" in her veins. Lever intended that we should not regard her as a typical peasant girl. He scarcely ever introduced a peasant into his Irish novel. "The House by the Churchyard" is a gruesome story, the "fun" is supplied by a sexton and a ghost. In "O'Brien" there is plenty of fighting, but the combats are between peasants. However, in his spirited ballad, "Shamus Le Fanu has portrayed a true "son of the soil." Many Irishmen seriously accept Kickham's description of Tipperary peasantry in "Sally Cavanagh" and in "The Magow" as accurate. In reality, no such person as "Thrasher" ever existed. Kickham, indeed, saw the truth of the Munster peasantry, but he grossly exaggerated when he tried to embody his observation and experience in print. Had he been a true artist, like M.M. Eekmann, he might have given us some delightfully realistic pictures of peasant life in Ireland. As it is, his characterization of the entire peasantry of the dramatic country, and a kind

In "Hurrish" we have a good study of the Irish-American adventurer, which is almost "up-to-date"; but, after all, the peasants in the book are not real Irish peasants. Miss Barlow's peasants are, some of them at least, too good for this world, and to find the originals we must go somewhere else, outside Ireland—perhaps to the enchanted realms of fairyland. An Irish novelist should be something more—or less—than a poet!

The Irish peasant in real life has little or no romance in his composition. He is not lively or imaginative, though there is certainly a strain of pessimism in his temperament. He loves to dilate on "the good old times," and to pine at the misery of his lot. Even when he has managed to hoard a little money, he pretends, as a rule, to be as poor as Lazarus, lest his rent should be raised, in spite of the "fair-rent" machinery provided by Gladstonian legislation, or lest he should be asked to give too large a dowry to his daughter. A romantic love affair in Irish peasant life scarcely occurs once in a quarter of a century. Perhaps circumstances are to some extent responsible for this sad condition of things. The lot of the Irish peasant has been a very hard lot indeed. Poverty and hopelessness have weighed him down till the buoyancy of his nature has vanished. Always too much prone to melancholy, he has degenerated into a man who spends a great portion of his life in lamenting. If poor Pat could only shake off his depression, and "put his shoulder to the wheel," he would unquestionably improve his position—and, what is more important, his character. When transplanted, it must be acknowledged that he becomes a new man. In fact, he sometimes blossoms into an American millionaire!

But the Irish peasant girl? surely she is, unless the novelists of her country are all mad or dreaming, "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever." Let the truth be told! Irish beauty, like Irish wit, has been exaggerated. The average Irish rustic maiden is somewhat plain-looking, and has not a grain of sentiment in her composition. Sometimes she "goes into service," and prudently saves "a bit of money"; and then she has a chance of domestic bliss, as she can easily, on the strength of her hoarded coins, get a "boy" to marry her. For alas! mercenary marriages are the rule amongst the Irish peasantry. The blessing of the Church sanctifies the union, and the peasant makes a good husband, though he has no deep affection for his wife. The parish priest can testify that Pat is a model "family man," but it seldom enters into an Irish peasant's mind that love is necessary in order to secure domestic happiness.

It is to be regretted that the love of truth is not one of the strong points of the peasantry in Ireland. Perjury is regarded as a very venial offence by the country people, as the Irish County Court Judges know only too well. To "swear through a stone wall" to save a friend from gaol, not to say the gallows, is still, in the opinion of many Irish rustic moralists, a rather heroic act. Let it be freely admitted that the motive inspiring the crime of perjury in Ireland is often noble and unselfish. The law is not respected, but the ties of Nature are, in spite of unromantic marriages! A writer of fiction, if he possessed the power of Balzac, might write a splendid story founded on the readiness of the Irish in country districts to take a false oath for the sake of a friend.

The Irish peasant is by no means an angel, but he has never been properly understood by novelists. For he has good qualities as well as bad, and in fiction neither his actual vices nor his actual virtues are fairly depicted. He has physical strength and is constitutionally brave, and some of the best

If novelists had described the Irish peasant would be a rather drab-coloured picture. But to desire to see the true physiognomy of Irish peasant life in a literary form, how valuable such a picture would be! Ireland needs a novelist capable of doing it, as much as Mr. Thomas Hardy has done for England.

THE DRAMA.

THE THEATRE AND THE "CR

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

In the two previous articles on this subject I exhibited as a "function" of the crowd, the mental condition and moral standard of the country, and its effect upon the theatre; and it seems proper to return to these reactions. In the first place the modern audience is enormously in knowledge. It is to this gain in knowledge that we are inclined to attribute two changes which may seem to have little interrelation, the modern demand for more and more scenery and the modern demand for more and more drama. As to scenery, the absence of it from the drama is generally set to the credit of the Elizabethan Stage in relation to the audience, which is a former paper, compelled the drama to be rather than of what we now understand by stage scenery. It is said, the Elizabethan audience could dispense with scenery because of the vigour of its imagination. "Who says Mr. Sidney Lee, an authoritative commentator on the simple mechanical contrivances of the theatrical audience not only of Shakespeare's time, but of the Elizabethan audience, when one compares the simple mechanism in the past with its complexity at the present time, is brought to the conclusion that the imaginative power of the going public is in our own time not what it was in the time of Lee means that the old audience was more content with the new; but I venture to draw precisely the opposite conclusion. Imagination (in the present connection) is visualizing things not apparent from things themselves. Thus the theatre presents some yards of plain ground, and we are to imagine to be the Forest of Arden. We do not vivid our mental picture of a real forest, the more we see, the more we demand for verisimilitude in the paint. The painter is content with a rough daub, is that because the audience supplies the scene painter's deficiencies? No, the audience's mental picture of the real forest is not a vivid one, but a doll as though it were a real baby. The audience is only a painted doll. Does that prove the child to be superior to mamma's? No, it proves the child's knowledge of a real baby is superior to the child's demand for scenery, then, proceeds not from the child's imagination, but from its gain in knowledge. The child's demand is attributable the modern demand that real scenery should be on the stage. Conventional history is well hit off in a well-known passage: "Bonvard et Pénechet"—"Richelieu always in tears, Louis XI. always kneeling, and the leaden figures in his hat, &c." And M. St. Simon, which has been throughout the pretext for my own approval of Lessing's plea for ideal history; the dramatic is the gentle ideal of the natural, the

Irving's Richard III. is a conspicuous instance. Shakespeare's self-conscious, self-advertising villain is to-day felt to be unreal. The crowd now knows something about criminal psychology. Consequently the character has come to be treated rather as a grim-grotesque than as a purely tragic part. Richard, the humourist, has superseded Richard "the vulgar stabber." With Sir Henry Irving we had a Richard-Punchinello. A still more potent cause of "new readings" is the change of moral standard in the crowd—a change which has affected in a very marked way the playing of old comedy. Our forefathers were more callous than we, their laughter was more cruel than ours. Hence the tendency, so often noted, to turn old comedies into serious drama. Sarcey remarks ("Quarante Ans de Théâtre," p. 155) that this has been the fate in Paris of *L'École des Femmes* and *Tartuffe* and *Le Misanthrope*. We know that it has been the case with our own *Shylock*. Ella ("Artificial Comedy of the Last Century") declared, not without vexation, that the actors of his day played old comedy too seriously, too dramatically. I think the explanation is in all these cases the same; the moral standard of the crowd had changed, and the actors felt the necessity of satisfying a new demand.

As to the virtual disappearance of such minor stage-conventions as the "contidant," the "equivoque," the "soliloquy," and the "aside," that is an obvious outcome of the substitution, pointed out in a previous paper, of the drama of presentation for the drama of rhetoric. These expedients were indispensable on a platform-stage, where the drama had to get itself told throughout by the medium of speech; with the picture-stage the necessity for them has disappeared. . . . I find I must, after all, postpone for a fourth article my promised reply to a correspondent who has raised an interesting objection to the theory of the theatrical crowd; and that will be a convenient opportunity for considering the other side of the question, the peculiar influence, not of the crowd on the theatre, but of the theatre on the spectator.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

A FRENCH VIEW OF FRANCE.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in his book on FRANCE SINCE 1814 (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), holds that foreign opinions of France do not rest upon any solid basis, because "hardly any one has taken the trouble to look to the details of our contemporary history for the origin of those political and social phenomena which he professes to analyse." Historians, he thinks, have studied each separate period, "and lost the underlying thread which unites them." It is this thread which he seeks to trace, showing how reforms have been compromised by revolutions, and how "the highly advantageous position attained by the Third Republic in 1893 may be compromised in its turn." His book assumes a knowledge of the salient facts and leading personalities of modern French history which is hardly likely to be possessed by all his readers; but those who do know enough to understand will find much food for reflection in its pages, even though they may sometimes doubt whether the author's conclusions are warranted by his facts.

To a certain extent M. de Coubertin shows acumen in pointing out the causes which make for political instability in his country. One of his bugbears is Jacobinism—the passion for radical expedients in preference to guarded and graduated reforms which dates from the destruction of the Bastille and

Latin quarter, when the police interfered with the of the students and the grisettes at the Bal Bullie foresees dangers still to be encountered. One such holds, lies in the Russian alliance, and another in Socialism certainly seems to be assuming dangerous when we read, as we did the other day in a *France* that the provincial municipalities are using the money to pay the expenses of working-men who visit their families to Paris to see the Exhibition. Yet that in a country where such a large proportion of tenants own a little property that difficulty will terrify itself without a cataclysm when the rates go up. The peril is graver. A policy of treaties and alliances necessarily also mean a policy of secrecy and a concentration in the hands of the men who make the treaties.

Democracy [says M. de Coubertin] will thus its chief prerogatives, the power to dispose freely of the future and to fix the bounds of its own undertaking over the Presidency has surely changed its character; the man who holds it can actually bring himself to a secret treaty of the finances and the sword of the Emperor that day the Presidency must tend to be indeed a monarchic institution, but a fruitful soil monarchic traditions and habits.

Nothing could be truer. To a certain extent, no danger is checked by the fact that the French, when the Presidency of the Republic is vacant, generally give the to harmless old gentlemen. But apparently ha gentlemen are not always quite so harmless as they are. It is some reason to believe that President Félix Faure and it is not certain that they will always continue favour with the electors. If only one of their gentlemen win a battle somewhere the Nationalists would elect him for the Presidency, and might even get him electing him elected, and supposing him willing to play part for Henri d'Orléans, or General Louis Bonaparte Waldeck-Rousseau be able to deal with him as dealt with MacMahon when he proposed to play part for the Comte de Chambord? On the results of such contingency one may have, and we imagine that M. de has, grave doubts.

ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORIES.

The increase of books, many of them covering similar on English Church History is hardly to be deplored, how important the subject is for the understanding of English history and present day questions, and how it is most people are. Besides Mr. Hutton's Short History published last January, which we have already noticed before us no less than four such books which have almost simultaneously. The most important of them is OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH DURING THE CIVIL WARS AND THE COMMONWEALTH, 1610-1660, by Dr. William A. Shaw (mans, 36s.). Mr. Shaw's admirable work as editor of the of Treasury papers for the period on which he has written these two imposing volumes is so well known that without saying that he is a master of his subject. In minute accuracy, and for the provision of every kind that the scholar needs, this book is beyond praise. It is as careful and as complete as it is possible at present to of the Parliamentary and Constitutional provisions of religion during the twenty years in which there was no

the religious interests of the time has ever before been printed. Nothing seems to have escaped Mr. Shaw's eye, for even where he is unable to give us documents—for reasons which his preface very vigorously expresses—he has called attention to their whereabouts and to the necessity, in the interests of the public, of their being speedily made accessible. All that he says about the reckless and utterly unsystematic treatment of local records of religion should be read by the clergy and by members of Parliament; and then perhaps we may hope that some steps may be taken to make England less lamentably behind other nations in the care of its historical documents. The valuable appendices and the excellent index are the most important parts of the book, and form nearly one-third of it. The appendices contain the most important details of the attempt to set up a Presbyterian system in England, of the confiscations of ecclesiastical property and of patronage in the hands of the Crown and of ecclesiastical bodies, of the sale of the Bishops' lands and those of Deans and Chapters, and, in short, of the financial arrangements generally by which the Long Parliament and its successors endeavoured to support the forms of religion which they substituted for the ancient order of the Church. The text of the book is an extremely careful sketch of the action of Parliament with regard to religion, of the work of the Assembly of Divines, of the attempts to create a Presbyterian system, and of the Parliamentary dealings with questions of patronage and Church endowment.

Strictly speaking the book is not a history of the Church of England at all. It is a history of the legislative interference with the old order, and the substitution of bodies hostile to the Church as constitutionally recognized by previous legislation. Mr. Shaw has written with great self-restraint. He has avoided all the interesting illustrations of his subject which lie at hand in biography, literature, and architecture. He has chosen to write a strictly constitutional history, unadorned as a rule by any generalization or any personal judgment. His excursus (for it is little else) on the Presbyterian Discipline or the Spiritual Jurisdiction of the Eldership is valuable groundwork for the study of English Presbyterianism. For general conclusions, as we have implied, we can hardly turn to such a book as this; but it is clear from every page how entirely alien to English sentiment was the Calvinistic constitution of Church government. The difficulties of creating the *classis* were, over the greater part of England, insuperable. Between Independency on the one hand and the persecuted "Papists and Prelatists" on the other, Presbyterianism, with all the legal support which it received from Parliament, seems never to have raised itself above a bare struggle for life. Nor is there anything here to show that Independency was more popular. The picture that is presented is one of doctrinaire and by no means disinterested management of religious questions, with a keen eye to the pecuniary advantages of the changes made. Probably in few of the worst national jobs have the "expenses of management" been more excessive than in this; and it is impossible not to see how almost every national and local interest was irritated, and how glad the English people must have been to recover all that was meant to the average man by "Church and King."

In his *POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY* (Murray, 6s.), the aim of the Bishop of Ripon has clearly been to tell the history of the English Church in a manner (as his title tells us) that is popular rather than exact or concise. He has given us a book which very pleasantly reminds us of the histories of more than a generation ago. He does not, like our more modern authors, regard facts and theories as his ends, and his means, but he

voyage an American lady, who was constant British, but when the shores of England came into tears. She could not help it." The speaker rather than the precisian; thus the Church "were strong as are streams whose course now by the green banks which they make grow; wreckage they bear down upon their temp while the Broad Church movement "was st palpable air, which yields to every stroke, carries with it unseen the oxygen which is which is death."

Another special feature is the introduction usual of the political history of England into the Church; and here, again, the judgment of a public questions is interesting, though occasional of Warren Hastings, it would probably be information. There cannot be said to be any knowledge in the Bishop's "popular history," as indeed throughout the Middle Ages, from Conquest to the time of Henry VII., we feel acquaintance with some of the authorities, regard to Becket or Wycliffe, would have been to the author. But criticism of this kind ungrateful form of complaining of what the book not intended to be. It is a vigorous sketch moral, of a wide subject, executed as we might man of affairs to execute it. For a second suggest a revision of the illustrations—a picture Elizabeth as the frontispiece of a history of England is surely calculated to make the enemy considerable correction of the marginal analysis parts company widely from the text. The dealing with the present century, have an judgment on matters such as the Public Works Act, on men of letters, such as Carlyle and divines like Jowett. Throughout the book broad, kindly, charitable spirit.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH FROM ITS FOUNDATION TO THE CONQUEST (597-1066), by William Hunt (Macmillan), is the first of a series of handbooks on the history of the Church under the editorship of the Dean of Winchester. The contributors are the Dean, Canon Cooper, Rev. Canon Overton, and others whose names are a sufficient guarantee for the capable performance of the work. Mr. Hunt, who in the volume before us traces the career of the Church in England from its birth to the advent of William the Conqueror, is a painstaking writer, and his book will be found a valuable source of information on the subject with which it deals. It is extremely dull. No happy phrase or graphic turning epigram ever by any chance relieves the monotony of these pages. A still more serious fault is the "inwardness" of things. In discussing the medieval miracles, he rightly observes: "An account of value only so far as it either affected or illustrated the course of human progress."

Does he not live up to his theory? Political events and the course of affairs are duly set forth in detail, but we like to have heard something more of the doctrine and use of the early British Church; of the organization of Anglo-Saxon Christianity and of the State and Latin Christendom; of the social conditions and the influence exercised by these

yet been disproved? A smaller point is Mr. Hunt's spelling of names. If Alfred and Bede are "names too honoured in their familiar forms to be written in the comparatively unfamiliar forms of Aelfred and Bæda," why write "Cnut" instead of the familiar Canute, or "Adward" instead of Edward the Confessor?

The editor of the Temple Primers (Dent), that little encyclopedic library which is growing so rapidly, has done well to include a HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH (1s. 6.). Dean Spence, its author, has a happy way of making history attractive, and his little volume is not likely to discourage any one who may be afraid of finding the subject dull. He has, of course, to omit much, notably in the last portion, where we should have liked something about the abolition of tithes and Church rates, about the Cathedral Commission and tithes commutation—events marking a new era in Church history; but, taking the book as a whole, we can cordially commend the judgment which the Dean has exercised in selecting the main points of interest and in presenting a lucid and useful sketch of a history extending over some 1,600 years in a book of 250 pages.

RECENT VERSE. II.

In the company of some of the slim booklets of verse which find their way to us in such numbers, Miss Arabella Shore's volume of FIRST AND LAST POEMS (Grant Richards, 5s.) looks quite portly, consisting as it does of a selection from poems written between 1844-99. Some of them have already appeared in volumes written singly and in collaboration with her sister Louisa (Miss Shore is a survivor of a little group of cultivated and intellectual sisters), to whom touching reference is made in the preface, and whose dramatic poem "Hannibal" won the admiration of more than one critic. "Gemma of the Isles and Fra Dolcino," by A. and L., "Elegies and Memorials," and "Poems by Louisa and Arabella Shore," were among the results of this partnership. It would be easy to notice technical faults in the composition of some of these quiet thoughtful verses, or to lay stress upon the faintness of flavour of much of the lesser verse which belongs to past Victorian decades. It is pleasant to see in the volume a record of a long sustained enthusiasm for life and poetry—an enthusiasm quite undimmed in the poem "Death and Immortality," to which the last touches were given only last year:—

Nothing is lost; the dust once more is gold,
The fleeting fixed, the fair for ever fair, —
Oh joy! when feeling in the dark and cold,
To catch a gleam, and turn and find them there!

Ernest Dowson was a true poet, albeit more given to melancholy than he need have been. In DECORATIONS (Smithers, 5s. n.), his themes are mostly death and disappointed love, but he treats these things melodiously and sincerely. There is the true ring in these lines headed "In a Breton Cemetery":—

They sleep well here,
These fisher-folk who passed their anxious days
In fierce Atlantic ways;
And found not there,
Beneath the long curled wave,
So quiet a grave.

And they sleep well
These peasant folk, who told their lives away,
From day to market day,
As one should tell,

lations from Verlaine, as good translations of the remember to have seen.

If we devote but a few lines to Mr. Madison Caw volume, MYTH AND ROMANCE (Putnam, 5s.), it is the attention of readers of *Literature* has already been drawn in an article by Mr. W. D. Howells, in our issue of September, dealing with the South-west and North-west American verse. Mr. Howells rightly claims for his life of the Ohio valley that he is saturated with the haunts the woods and savannahs of that beautiful region; paper, with its finely selected extracts, is a good introduction to a volume the perusal of which will amply justify the delicate sensibility and rich fancy of a poet who hides-and-seeks with the graceful shapes of Greek romance in twilight that has no past except the "mists of antiquity of the Mound-builders," and who "tele home belongs, to that mood of the race's Westward when it still looked longingly Eastward over its shoulder when it could no longer see its old home, sat down place, and fondly strove to dream out an image of it.

There follow a little group of poets whose work, thoughtful though much of it is, does not display individuality. The sequence of sonnets designed to illustrate the influence of love upon art, with which Mr. Norley Clark's book of SONGS AND SONNETS (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.) begins, and metrically unassailable, but they leave us a little dissatisfied. There is more music in Mr. Robert Laurel Leaves (Constable, 5s.), and much warmer fervour; but Mr. Wilson's ear, which serves him well when he is writing sonnets, seems to desert him in the lyrics which occupy the latter part of the book.

Mr. J. S. Pattinson's muse seldom leaves the pleasant versification. The poems in FAR BEN (Sweetchin, 4s. 6d.) are described as being written in the romantic mood, however, predominates. The Arthur's Court flow smoothly enough, but the attempt the wild, mournful, windy spirit which waits through person's Ossian, within the bounds of verse has no any great success. A similar remark applies even more to the Songs of Degrees in Mr. Robert Glencairn's SONGS OF DEGREES (Arnold, 6s. n.). These consist of versions of some of the very finest of the Psalms (12) but they in no way approach the magnificent renderings of the English Bible versions.

THE ASCENT OF MAN, by Mathilde Blind (Fisher, 10s. 6d.), is a handsome reprint of the author's elaborated evolution, with a considerable number of her minor versions of which show much taste and feeling, but no great originality. As regards the "Ascent of Man," the few stanzas Tennyson has touched the subject do not in reality other writers to treat it more comprehensively. They the extreme difficulty of all such attempts, and the author having something notable to say. It is doubtful whether the author of this poem fully realized that fact.

Rosemary, we all know, is for remembrance, so that Lillian Robinson's ROSEMARY SONGS AND SONNETS (H. shall, 1s.), it is not altogether surprising to find reminiscences, long sweet summer days, long sea-lines 'neath the skies, and all the thousand and one suggestions of happiness and sorrow which poets take from nature according to their mood. Miss Robinson's prevalent mood is a bright one; she is the old question of life and death, which is a fine

In Miss Alice Sargant's **MASTER DEATH MOCKER AND MOCKED** (Dent, 1s.) Death, grown weary of bones and shroud, sets out disguised upon a grim frolic, and after luring the countryside to attend a wild midnight wake in a beggars' barn, suddenly appears, clad in all his terrors, to claim the pale-stricken company as his victims, only to be balked of his prey by a mysterious Master Fiddler whose fiddling is altogether too much for him. These adventures are given in stanzas which gallop heavily-footed over the roughest possible country.

To read "The Speeding of the Ships," "The Outlander's Song," "The Warders of the Sea," or, indeed, any of the pieces in Mr. Benjamin George Ambler's **BALLADS OF GREATER BRITAIN** (Elliot Stock, 1s.), is to receive the impression that the little volume abounds in patriotic and imperial sentiment unspoil by the extreme jingoism which mars so much of the verse called forth by the present crisis.

HANDY MAN (Lanley and Co., 6d. n.), by Mr. Harold Begbie, an original poem from whose pen we publish this week, is a very spirited tribute to the valour of British Naval Brigades in general and the crew of the Powerful in particular.

By naming his little book **ELOGUES** (Sampson Low, 5s.) Mr. William Laird Clowes has played a trick on those who might expect from the title to find within the covers something pastoral or idyllic, though, of course, his use of the word in its first sense of "selections" is perfectly legitimate. First come some sea poems and ballads, one of them beginning:—

A yarn about some victory?—why, bless you, there's no need
For the likes o' me to spin you one; there isn't, sir, indeed.

Then follow a series of bachelor verses (dedicated to various charming divinities), in most of which will be found enshrined a sigh, humorous, relieved, or romantic. Other light and occasional verses go to the completion of a readable little volume.

Lastly, there is the Rev. John Hudson's Seatonian prize poem for 1899 upon **SAINT AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO** (Macmillan and Bowes, Cambridge, 2s. n.). It is a very fair specimen of academic prize-verse, and Mr. Hudson is evidently greatly delighted with it. He heads it with a variety of Latin and Greek mottoes, styles it "Poema Quantulumcumque" in a loving and reverent dedication, and further equips it with a whole sheaf of explanatory notes and references. Some of these are useful and necessary, but we cannot imagine a reason for the annotation of this, for instance:—

Why do I

Find change of scene but never change of heart?

On referring to the footnote we find:—

Cf. Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
Hor., Ep. I., ii, 27!

This is one of many similar instances.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Biography.

Mr. Hector Macpherson's **HERBERT SPENCER: THE MAN AND HIS WORK** (Chapman and Hall, 5s. n.), which appears on its hero's eightieth birthday, is the work of a personal friend and ardent admirer. The author dwells eloquently on Mr. Spencer's really great merits as a scientific generalizer, and is naturally indulgent to the weakness of his system in mental and moral science. The book has been brought well up to date and may be read with pleasure and profit by those who wish to make acquaintance with the views of the most famous of living thinkers, and to understand

describing Ruskin's last years and death but, on the whole, we notice no substantial work. It is pretty clear that much remains to be done in the life which it would have been improper to pre-empt. And there must be extant a great many of Ruskin's letters and sayings which a fuller biography would delight and instruct the world. In the main Mr. Collingwood's book may be commended as a sympathetic account of Ruskin and his work, and he is known to him intimately and reveres his memory more than we do. We may quote two or three which regard books. Ruskin was immense to the young Kipling; "when a little boy lent him 'A Little Boy' and reread it; then got a copy for himself and learnt it by heart, so long he pored over it." With M. Anatole France's "Crime de Sylvestre" he has dug an image of himself "in the old Membre" and his passion for missals, texture, and Benedictine monks, and natural defiance of the Code Napoléon and the world; with many another touch for which he has sworn he had sat to the painter." It would be interesting to know if M. France, whom we believe to be one of our contemporary literature, had any personal resemblance.

The late Dr. Stokes, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Trinity College, Dublin, left behind him a series of lectures which, edited by Dr. Jackson Lawlor, has just been published under the title of **SOME WORKS OF CHURCH HISTORY** (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). Dr. Stokes made useful contributions to the history of the Church in this subject which, until his time, had been exceeded. The book will be welcomed not merely in Ireland but in all who are interested in our national ecclesiastical history. In addition to short accounts of the almost forgotten Lingard—who was Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge—and of Dudley Loftus, the Dublin antiquary of the eighteenth century, and of St. Colman of Lindisfarne, the four lectures upon Archbishop Marsh, and through ten lectures, of Archbishop King, are given. In an unerring *flair* for obscure but humanly interesting subjects, many of his chapters he brings the life of the clergy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries brightly and vividly.

JANE THE QUEEN (Sonnenschein, 5s.) is a realistic sketch of the life of Lady Jane Grey, with special reference to her "literary remains," by Mr. Philip Sidney. It is a "Memoirs of the Sidney Family."

The Autobiography of a Piano.

The Goddess of Charity is a stern mistress and the most thrifty will spend fabulous sums to get a sedate grin through a horse collar. She has been to persuade twenty-five members of the Society of Musicians to write a book. The society was in want of money, and the members were few—there are so few! Having hit upon the idea of recording the autobiography of a piano, it was decided to "twenty-five" to consult the Fates as to the best way to do it. After some cogitation a remarkable series of events followed. They then to choose the symbol "A 439" which was the number of the piano. This mystic sign first appeared, written on the page. Mr. Charles Vincent, whose good sense, as a musician, is well known, was the first to be touched for the story.

Mr. Vincent enumerates others in the prologue—was a sufficient proof of some supernatural guidance. The title being chosen there still remained the minor consideration of writing the book, and in this the gods seem to have been less lavish in their aid. The idea of the piano as an individual is full of possibilities, and of these the authors have taken fair advantage. Who has not often read of the speaking tones and the sympathetic touch of the piano? Like Shelley's guitar it has its secrets which only the initiated can discover. It has, in fact, been made human by analogies, round which a very pretty short story might be told. But these analogies are soon exhausted, and far too much of the present book is devoted to the love affairs and other commonplace of fiction, in which the piano itself appears as little more than a witness. The "appassionato" and "furioso" chapters are much too lacking in reserve. The "second subject" interferes too frequently with the "first subject," and "episodes" constantly crop up where they are de trop. The fiction that the piano is writing its own biography is rudely broken by Professor Macfarren in order to introduce some previous remarks of his own on choosing pianos:—

The musician—by the way—who is penning this chapter for me, has, I believe, been often asked how a pianoforte should be chosen, and to such inquirers I heard him on one occasion reply . . . &c., &c.

Otherwise the professor's chapter—"I am Chosen" is one of the best. Mr. Algernon Rose, the editor, is no doubt, largely responsible for the ingenious way in which the twenty-five chapters are strung together. Professor Prout, of Dublin, has written the epilogue, and descends from the professorial chair with some sprightliness:—

I've been specially requested to write the Epilogue
Because some people fancy that I'm a funny dog.

On perusal his verses bear out this reputation. Though we believe that Mr. Frankfort Moore is not primarily a musician, it was, perhaps, discreet of the editor to get him to write a chapter. His idea of the piano as a silent witness to a theft, unable to demonstrate the innocence of the supposed offender, is good. But the smartness of his style is not enhanced by phrases such as "he praised Mahomed up to the azure," when he means "up to the skies." The book, though a mixture of good and bad chapters, is on the whole an amusing experiment.

The appearance of Miss Elizabeth Gilbert Martin's translation of *THE COURT OF THE SECOND EMPIRE*, by Imbert de St. Amand (Hutchinson, 6s.), confirms us in our opinion that the works of Monsieur de St. Amand which are really worth translating are those which deal with the earlier periods of French history. Here we have only gossip indifferently dished up from sources which are easily accessible to all of us. The translation is very badly done. Such expressions as "A ball at the Foreign Affairs," show a greater acquaintance with French than with English idioms.

One does not look for racy reading in a book about banking, but one finds it in *HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR BANKER*, by H. Warren (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.). The author not only explains the difference between a crossed cheque and a cheque which is marked "not negotiable," and between a bill of exchange and a promissory note, but he also warns his readers how bankers may be disposed to take advantage of their ignorance, and informs them under what circumstances they are likely to be successful in putting pressure upon their bankers and demanding that interest shall be paid to them on their current accounts. It is all done in a bright and interesting manner with numerous

A BOOK OF COURTESY, by H. E. Norton (Macmillan) is a compilation of anecdotes illustrating good manners. Most of the stories are familiar; but they retelling, and children will be the better for hearing a them. The book has pictures.

WIDE WORLD ADVENTURE (Newnes, 2s. 6d.), contains stories reprinted from the *Wide World Magazine*. The stories in it of wolves and bears, cannibals and brigands; the stories are true, one might quote the book in familiar saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

The War.

RECORDED BY THE BOLDERS, by E. Oliver Ashe (H. K. 3s. 6d.), is a doctor's diary of the siege of Kimberley. Unliterary and unpretentious, but not uninteresting historical novelist of the future who wishes to lay his Kimberley during the siege may very likely find it a useful *pièce justificative*. In the Rhodes-Kokowich of Ashe does not take a side, preferring to praise great men for "even-handed justice," and the other like a guardian angel. But he did not like the dictatorship, resents red-tape, and is very angry—angry—because the Regulars ventured to speak of the Irregular "tin soldiers."

NATIVE LIFE ON THE TRANSVAAL BORDER, by W. G. (Simpkin Marshall, 3s. 6d.), is based upon the maximum of photographs combined with a minimum of text affords the best means of satisfying curiosity as to the country. Mr. Willoughby's photographs are so good would in any case be churlish to complain of his. As a matter of fact there is nothing to complain of there is so little of it; and the book gives a very pleasant picture of life in Khama's country. The address of the missionaries, but he does not write as if addressing a missionary meeting.

We have *WITH ROBERTS TO THE TRANSVAAL* (No. 1) which is Part II. of a pictorial history of the Transvaal. The pictures are snap-shots, of which the intent is usual with snap-shots, better than the execution. The press—straightforward, uncritical narratives—begins Ultimatum and gets as far as the occupation of Bloemfontein.

Five parts of Messrs. Methuen's *HISTORY OF THE WAR* (1s. per part) have been sent to us. It is well written, illustrated, and seems more likely to have a permanent value than any other history of the war that we have seen.

EDUCATIONAL.

English Literature.

A little volume entitled *FROM BLAKE TO ARNOLD* (from English Poetry, 1783-1853, by Brennan, and Brereton (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), has given us a surprise. The poems selected are nearly all well-known; there are not very many of them (about fifty in all), but the author and to the whole book Mr. C. J. Brennan has written short critical essays, which are delightful reading. Mr. Brennan is not so rash as to attempt a new definition of poetry, but he discusses those which have been attempted, and treats the subject in a way quite enlightening. In fact, a critic feels on reading a piece of verse this is real poetry he cannot say exactly why, so in reading Mr. Brennan's preface we feel that he knows what real poetry is, and does not tell us how. If we may sum up our impression, poetry is an emotional intuition of beauty

and illustrative, and sometimes (as that on "influence") are short essays. Altogether this is a book for an intelligent mind to enjoy, and we hope Mr. Brennan will one day give us more of his criticism in another form.

ENGLISH POETRY FOR SCHOOLS, Book II.: Secondary (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) has been chosen and edited by Mr. A. V. Houghton, Principal of the Khedivieh School at Cairo, and Mr. G. Cookson, one of his assistants, with a special view to Eastern readers. The pieces are all interesting, but not all chosen for poetic worth; they are rather meant to be representative, and the notes and introductions try to explain England to Egypt. The book would, we think, suit the middle forms of a public school, or a higher grade elementary school in England. There are some good hints on teaching and recitation, which English teachers might well take to heart.

Messrs. Blackwood send us the first number of a new school Shakespeare in AS YOU LIKE IT (1s. 6d.), edited by R. Brimley Johnson, who tells us that his aim is "to interpret the plays without indulging in elaborate literary criticism, or trespassing on the domains of pure philology." The notes, besides explanations of hard words and constructions, contain large extracts from Lodge's "Rosalind." The preface gives the story of the play, with a few hints on the dramatic movement. More might be made of these hints and of the characters, if the play is to be "interpreted" for schoolboys; what there is, so far as it goes, is good. Mr. F. Ryland has brought out POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM (Blackie, 1s. 6d.), most of the introduction being repeated from his edition of the "Rape of the Lock" which we noticed the other day. The book is good, and we need not repeat what we said before about its predecessor. It might have been pointed out, however, that an "Essay on Criticism" may be verse, but is not poetry. From Messrs. Black comes a fat edition of SCOTT'S IVANHOE (1s. 6d.), with Introduction, Notes, and Index; it includes a selection from Scott's own Introduction and Notes. The editor's introduction gives a simple account of society in the age of the novel, and a description of ancient castles.

MACCULLAY'S ESSAY ON HORACE WALPOLE is edited with an introduction and notes by Mr. John Downie (Blackie, 2s.). The most useful thing in the book is the list of "specimen questions" at the end. A student who could answer these would also be able to answer any other questions that an examiner would be likely to put. In a book written for boys it is unfair to complain that the editor, in his introduction, revels in the obvious; but some of the biographical notes—on Bishop Barret, Soame Jenyns, Montesquieu, Anthony Wood, &c.—might have been longer with advantage. MACCULLAY'S ESSAY ON CLIVE, similarly done by the same editor, is also published in similar format.

Foreign Languages.

DER SCHIHK VON ALEXANDRIA UND SEINE SKLAVEN, by Hauff, has been added to the Pitt Press Series (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d.), edited with notes and vocabulary, by W. Rippmann. It is a nice little story-book, quite within the comprehension of boys and girls. The notes are short and to the point. It is odd how editors recur over to the older works; modern Germany has so little good literature. Still, there are some writers who would make an interesting change; Franzos, for instance. Mr. A. H. Wall has "adapted and edited" Dandet's LA TOUT DES MATIÈRES (Macmillan, 2s.) in Siepmann's Elementary French Series, which we have already noticed. It has the same merits as the others; brevity, clearness, and abundant aids to teaching. The print is good.

There are some useful features in the late Mr. F. Aston Binn's edition of M. Charles Normand's L'ÉMERLAUDE DES ENCAR (Macmillan, 2s.). The words on which the notes comment are indicated by asterisks in the text, and there are lists of words, phrases, and idioms for *circa vice* practice.

Mr. H. E. Berthon's SPECIMENS OF MODERN FRENCH PROSE (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.) is for more advanced scholars. The authors laid under contribution are Balzac, Alfred de Vigny, Dumas, Prosper Mérimée, Erckmann-Chatrian, Tissothite

as one of the best treatises on this subject. The author wisely starts with four examples of motion, and follows them on with the parallel numerous applications. The book is in Army candidates, and the bookwork is always suitable for writing out, with plenty of references. This is much shorter and clearer than the very so frequently given by writers on mechanics, subject of "Conservation of Energy" a judgment made from Clerk Maxwell, but it would be well to ease of a body falling free in *vacuo*. Mr. chapter on units, which would be made at calling attention to the use of dimensions as a. There is a very good selection of examples problems and examination papers at the end. we may notice that though a *yard* is defined, and in §29 we read, "a gramme is vival "gramme-weight"; this latter slip is scri correction. The author should indicate a c first reading, as, though his order of arrange there are numerous articles here and there would find too hard at the first attempt.

Science.

The day has passed when any markedly be introduced into an elementary laboratory. Yet the higher branches of the subject may slightly different paths, and inasmuch as a so proportion to the number of trustworthy intro with which it is furnished, a book like PR (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), by Prof. W. N. Parker, the late Prof. T. J. Parker—whose untimely short a brilliant career—is *never de trop*. The space is devoted to vertebrates, the fr starting point, while the concluding chapter the dog-fish and rabbit, and a general survey development. Between these two sections, are dealt with as far as the scope of the bo that after forming an intimate acquaintance w the frog, the student is conducted along the from *ameba* to *mammalia*. This arrangement wants both of the medical student and t zoology as part of a liberal education.

The plan upon which Mr. T. A. Cheeth CHEMISTRY (Blackie, 2s.) is arranged seems d able. The first part of the volume is devoted in the laboratory, while the second, which is room purposes, goes over much the same theoretical standpoint. Mr. Cheetham gives for the performance of the experiments he desc minuteness of his explanations, considering intended as a second year's course, suggests t faith in the stupidity of the average boy-fulness he is sometimes a little deficient exactness.

Mr. F. W. Hackwood's CHATTY OBJECT I KNOWLEDGE (Longmans, 3s. 6d.) consists of a so and questions about various common animals, directions to the teacher as to the method f each item, and decked out with an elaborate t type and italics. The justification for the obvious. A competent teacher will not need method as it professes to afford, and will finding a more convenient source from which t while considerably more than an assiduous Hackwood will be required to render an effective.

Miscellaneous.

Logic, by St. George Stock (Blackwell, 4 just enough logic for Honour Moderations. It of the other text-books in devoting partic fallacies. A further feature is a long set o needed by the instructor, that the success

FICTION.

Powder and Patch.

"Oh! we have had adventures, a vast lot of adventures," cries the young lady who plays the title rôle in Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's latest book *SOPHIA* (Longmans, 6s.), and if the reader be for a jaunt in the days when George III. was King, we can recommend him to follow her fortunes with some certitude of his being amused. The story is that of a girl of good family who runs away to marry an Irish adventurer. Thanks to his foolish habit of writing his wicked intentions in a volume published for the use of fortune-hunters, she discovers that he is plotting for her money, and she is eventually rescued by an admirer whom she considers as old as Methuselah. Miss is just 18, and Sir Harvey Coke is 35. Sophia does not win us quite so much as the author must have intended; and her wholly unlovable character makes the admirable Sir Harvey appear rather a fool to have taken such infinite pains to win her. But the action is "the thing," and that is excellently set forth. There are many absolutely engrossing chapters and situations that would make the fortune of a play, though the reasonable reader finds the appearance of various relations of the heroine at appropriate moments a little hard to bear—after the first half-dozen times. Nor is the observation of life remarkable. Chapter VIII. opens thus—"There are men who find as much pleasure in the intrigue as in the fruits of intrigue; who take huge credit for their own *fluesse* and others' folly, and find a chief part of their good in watching, as from a raised seat, the movements of their dupes, astray in a maze of their planting," and so forth. The simplicity of such statements is, at least, refreshing. But simplicity is a characteristic of Mr. Weyman's work, and it is a good quality. Just as the well-worn types of character are used by the author of "*Sophia*," so are the often-used phrases reviving dear, dead memories of Lever and the books of one's school days. Mr. Weyman is not a master of the happy phrase, but the adventures he narrates are admirable and the fortunes of "*Sophia*" will be followed by thousands of readers.

The age of powder and patch flourished nowhere more conspicuously; nowhere did the quality disport itself with so much gallantry on the one side, and so much coquetry on the other, as at "*The Bath*," and in that ancient city still so reminiscent of old fashions lies the scene of Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's *BATH COMEDY* (Macmillan, 6s.). It is just one little comedy snatched from the many that played themselves out at that fashionable centre in the days when George III. was King; a merry complication—merry even when swords were flashing—of a jealous husband, a sportive widow, a virtuous young lord, a chivalrous young Irishman, and more than one agreeable rake; told in the same brisk agreeable style that the authors handled so easily in "*The Pride of Jennico*." As pleasant and vivacious a story as any one could wish to read.

Miss Wilkins' Stories.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins' short stories are refreshing in this age of third rate novels. In *THE LOVE OF PARSON LORD, AND OTHER STORIES* (Harper, 6s.), Miss Wilkins gives us the usual glimpses of the simple life of New England country folk. The story which gives the book its title is the best. Parson Lord, the stern old Puritan, is a very fine character; his daughter Love is a very charming little Puritan maid; the minor characters are interesting and well drawn. The second story, "*The Tree of Knowledge*," is also a very pleasant one; and in the last story, "*One Good Time*," we get the comically pathetic adventure of a woman who arrives at middle age without having tasted

Correspondence.

**GEORGE HENRY BORROWS GRAVE
BROMPTON CEMETERY.**

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—On p. 388, vol. 2, of Mr. Knapp's "*Life of*" engraved a vertical tombstone, described in the traditions as "*Tomb of George Borrow in Brompton*" The inscription is, "*Sacred to the Memory of Mary, and affectionate wife of George Borrow Esquire, who 30th of January, 1860. Also sacred to the Memory of George Borrow Esquire, Husband of the above, who died on July, 1881. Author of 'The Bible in Spain,' 'Wild*"

When I went to visit the grave, one of the corner pointed out an oblong stone in place of the one expected to see. The inscription on the south side of this horizontal stone is, "*In loving remembrance of George Borrow, who died July 26th, 1881, at Oulton Cottage year. Author of 'The Bible in Spain,' 'Lavengro,' & of a glorious resurrection.*" The inscription on the north side is, "*To the beloved memory of my Mother, Mary, who fell asleep in Jesus January 30th, 1860.*"

Mr. Knapp says Borrow's mother's name was *Lavinia* (vol. 1, p. 22). Admirers of Borrow, I think, would like to know why the old stone was removed? what became of the inscription as to George Borrow was so singularly different from that which was described as his mother's? I am, Sir, &c.,

DEATH-BED SCENES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you permit me to comment on the "*W. S. M.*" in your issue of April 11th concerning the death-bed scenes in fiction, or on the stage? The objection is surely well-grounded; they are either entirely false, or mere melodramatic imaginings, in which the chief actor, elegant and interesting, sits up at the last gasp to cry "I hear the angels' music!" or to recite long passages in English and foreign languages, appropriate to the circumstances if drawn from life, they are so painful, often so false, they do not come into the domain of art at all. Of the class are the death-bed scenes of Ivan Iyitch and Esmeralda, to which, if I remember rightly, your reviewer referred. I notice which prompted "*W. S. M.*'s" letter; also the horrid deaths which Sarah Bernhardt has exhibited on the stage, and which I have never found any sensitive person to see.

"*W. S. M.*" refers to Shakespeare in justification of his realistic death-bed scenes. This makes one suspect one of those persons who present finely-bound editions of Shakespeare to his friends as a sign of his own culture, and troubles to read the plays himself. For Shakespeare's death-bed scenes are always, and rightly, the merest stage-scenes, that of Desdemona, for instance, who after being brought to life again to exculpate the Moor, and then die. But conventions of this sort are not admitted in the modern novel which purports to treat of life as it is, and in treating life realistically the artist must remember that "*les écrits ne sont pas bonnes à dire*," and that what comes from saying has infinitely greater effect than what he

However, there is not, curiously enough, a single

"THESE KIND."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Winter asks for Shakespeare: behold.

These kind of knaves I know.—*Lear* ii. 2, 107.

These set kind of fools.—*Twelfth Night* i. 5, 95.

All manner of men.—i. *Henry VI.* i. 3, 74.

There are many others. I regret that I cannot find a quotation for *sort* in the plural. Shakespeare uses *sorts* always, and I therefore beg leave to withdraw that word for the present. By analogy, however, it may pass. Attraction is another question, and worth study; it seems to be tabooed by latter-day writers, who prefer correctness to idiom, but in standard authors is as common as it is in Greek. Yours faithfully,

Rugby.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

MR. FITZMAURICE-KELLY'S "DON QUIXOTE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly only seems to me to cloud the issue of the main points he raises. The only point material to scholars, as one of literary ethics, is whether an English editor of a foreign classic can reject, on his own authority, the text as settled by the best edition of the author in his life-time. That best edition, in the case of the first part of "Don Quixote," is the third, of 1608, which the Spanish Academy, in its latest edition of 1819, accepted as Cervantes' last word. To dispute the Academy's literary competency is, in a foreign edition, a little intrepid. To raise a discussion on the comparative merits of the two first editions of 1605 is idle. Whether the first was confounded with the second, as it undoubtedly was by some scholars, is not to the point. The sole question is, for Cervantists, which is the best edition. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly prefers the first, which gives us a text which is corrupt and incomplete, for no better reason than that it is the first, from "a manuscript supplied by the author." The second was corrected and enlarged, presumably by the author. The third, of 1608, printed under the eyes of Cervantes and when he was resident in Madrid, incorporated all these corrections and additions. According to every rule of editorial conduct, this, the third, the last edition made in the author's lifetime, should be accepted as the final and complete edition. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's quotation of Cervantes' own words, in reference to the Dapple incident, is irrelevant, except to strengthen my case. Unless we are to assume that additions and material corrections, such as the passage describing the theft of Sancho's ass, and Sancho's lamentation over his loss, are "printer's errors," I cannot see what Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly means by charging me with stopping short in my quotation for "the purpose of my argument." My argument is that only Cervantes himself could have made the corrections and additions. Of course his reference to "printer's errors" is in respect of the blunders which were left uncorrected. As for my parallel between the two first editions of "Don Quixote" and the two drafts of *Hamlet*, it is good enough for my argument, which is, that the first edition of "Don Quixote" had no special sanctity merely because it was the first. It is common knowledge that the *Hamlet* of 1603 was not printed from an authorized manuscript. But neither was the quarto of 1604, or any other. The case of Cervantes was in this respect different from that of Shakespeare, but the Spanish author, though careless of his work, was keenly alive to his share in it, and was more likely to leave his last work as his best. It is not surprising that the Academy should

DR. EDGAR'S "GENIUS OF PROTE
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Perhaps you will kindly give me a copy how slight an acquaintance your reviewer has in book. He attributes to me the idea of "hurry," while my contention in the book is hurried up, but must come gradually. His imagination of the Canon cannot be reconciled with section as represented by such a writer as Mr. overlooked the fact pointed out in the book that is an illustration of the law of "the survival of so far, strictly scientific. He has also misspelled name right through. Whether his judgment will not appeal strongly to the religious that such unmistakable signs of haste, he takes is a question; but I have fortunately received two testimonies from my friends, Dr. Ma Principal Fairbairn, which can be set on Dr. Dods says of the book, "It manifests a stance with the subject and its literature, familiar countless ramifications of the controversy, a judgment in dealing with them. I am sure it will be And Principal Fairbairn writes, "It seems a piece of work; candid, cautious, careful, yet statements, and courageous in its attitude. To understand the ultimate questions at issue, it most helpful, as it is a discriminating work."

I am yours faithfully,

ROB. M. CHIE

The Manse, 16, Northbrook-road, Dublin, 3

* * * We regret that Dr. Edgar's name was so we fear that his letter does not touch the point review—a review founded, we need hardly say, of the book, and also giving it for some of the highest praise. He has quite misunderstood. We spoke of him as "a writer who is outside of Protestantism, who speaks of 'hurrying'—not, of course, attributing to him any idea commenting on his phraseology. Dr. Edgar is nothing odd in the expression. He has our point in the second case. Our reviewer said nothing of scientific investigation. The point he the bearing of the "higher criticism" on the ultimate rule of faith, and he expressed no opinion the question at all, and certainly no opinion on Protestant view. What he said was that Dr. treat it very satisfactorily. And he gave an illustration. Dr. Edgar does not allude. Though we have thought for Dr. Marcus Dods and Principal Fairbairn, "thinker" would perhaps be more impressed opinions came from writers not closely identified with the school of thought to which Dr. Edgar himself

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

The war books are coming with a rush. In its batch of manuscripts red-hot from the press, publishers, as may be imagined, lose little time in may suit the public. Besides Mr. Winston Churchill on the Natal Campaign (Longmans), three histories of Ladysmith will be out shortly, one by Mr. of the *Daily News* (Macmillan), another by Mr. of the *Daily Telegraph* (Chapman and Hall), and H. W. Newinson, of the *Daily Chronicle* (Methuen).

"South Africa, Past and Present," by Miss Violet Markham, which Messrs. Smith Elder will publish shortly, gives an account of South African history (1652-1900), with personal reminiscences during the crisis preceding the war. Miss Markham was travelling in South Africa for her health just before the war broke out, and heard the Transvaal question discussed from the most diverse points of view. The native question is dealt with in a separate section.

Messrs. Methuen have done so well with Colonel Baden-Powell's story of "The Matabele Campaign" (the large 15s. edition being exhausted and the cheaper edition still having a large sale) that they will bring it out in sixpenny form. This is an enterprising experiment, especially as the book will contain many of the Colonel's characteristic illustrations. His "Matabele Campaign" will probably be followed by his "Downfall of Prempeh," in the same series.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has arranged to publish a volume on "Famous British Regiments," by Major Arthur Griffiths. He also has in hand a volume of stories of Natal and Boer life, entitled "Little Indabas," by J. Mac. This is to be included in the "Overseas Library." Another volume of war stories, "For the Queen in South Africa," by Caryl Davis Haskins, is announced for next week by Messrs. Putnam's.

The production of the dramatized version of Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis?" at the Adelphi has been postponed until to-day (Saturday). Meantime, we hear that the first English translation of Sienkiewicz's new work, "Knights of the Cross: An Historical Romance," will be published next week by Messrs. Sands. This is really only the first completed volume of the work, and is called "Danusia." The translation has been edited by Mr. John Manson. It has already run to a second edition of 5,000.

"The Book of Ser Marco Polo the Venetian," which was translated and edited by the late Colonel Yule, has been revised throughout in the light of modern discoveries by Professor Henri Cordier, and will be published in this shape by Messrs. Murray. With the assistance of Miss Yule, Professor Cordier has also compiled a memoir of the late Colonel Yule.

Messrs. Longmans have in the press Mr. Julian Corbett's "The Successors of Drake," which is in fact a continuation of his "Drake and the Tudor Navy," carrying the history of the rise of England as a maritime Power down to the death of Elizabeth and the end of the Spanish War. As has been pointed out, Mr. Corbett comes to fill the interval between the end of Froude's history and the beginning of Mr. Gardiner's.

Mr. Elkin Mathews had every reason to congratulate himself on the literary success of his "Shilling Garlands." In helping to extend the popularity of Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Newbolt, Mr. Binyon, Canon Dixon, and Mr. Robert Bridges, he has done good service in the cause of contemporary poetry. The "Vigo Cabinet Series" which he now announces seems in some sort to be the old friend with a new face, or rather with two new faces, for the new series will countenance prose as well as verse. The opening number will be called "The Queen's Highway," and will contain poems by Mr. J. H. Skrine, many of them of the fashionable khaki complexion. Mr. Skrine, who won the Newdigate at Oxford, has published several volumes of verse, of which, perhaps, the best known was inspired by Joan of Arc. He is also the author of "Uppingham by the Sea," and "A Memory of Edward Thring." His Muse, like that of another Uppingham poet, Canon Rawnsley, seems to have some turn for "topical" inspiration.

King Alfred's old English version of the consolations of Boethius, done into modern English, is to be published by Messrs. Dent as well as by Mr. Henry Frowde, whose announcement of Mr. W. J. Sedgwick's edition appeared in last week's *Literature*. Mr. W. Carstairs is responsible for the second new rendering. The old English version of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of the English People," attributed to King Alfred, has also been announced by Messrs. Dent in conjunction with

The palimpsests formed part of the great collection of parchments so long stored in the Genizah of the S. Old Calvo—the lumber room whence have issued to time so many ragged scraps of writing to make glad the hearts of European scholars. They were received from Vizier of Egypt in 1897, by Dr. Schechter, and in the year were presented by him, and by Dr. Taylor, St. John's College, to the University of Camb. Dr. Schechter and Dr. Taylor entrusted twenty-one of them to Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Lewis for the purpose of 1898. Nine more were entrusted to them by the University Library last June, and to the texts editors have added four others from scraps belonging to themselves.

We referred the other day to the forthcoming part of the last volume of Mr. Bernhard Berenson's series of painters of the Renaissance. Messrs. Putnam's new second and revised edition of one of the earlier volumes, "Florentine Painters of the Renaissance," issued in lists have been thoroughly revised in the new edition of them considerably enlarged. Botticini, Pierro Fiorentino and Amico di Sandro have been added. Mr. Berenson, for the interest of their work because so many of their pictures are exposed to admiration under greater names. Messrs. Putnam are preparing a large paper edition of the "Florentine Painters" similar to the "Venetian Painters" issued about 1890. This, however, will hardly be ready before the autumn.

Messrs. Putnam have arranged to publish two series to include the leading celebrities of the American stage. The author will be Mr. Edward Dowd, who wrote the life of Franklin in the American Memoirs Series, published by Messrs. Putnam's, and "Ed. Playhouse."

Two interesting reprints are being issued by Messrs. Putnam. One is a third edition of Dent's "Mount and the Badminton Library, with a new chapter on "Mounting in Far-away Countries," by Mr. J. Bryce. The other is a "new impression" of William Morris's translation of the Icelandic "Story of Strong."

A new novel by Sir Herbert Maxwell is announced by Messrs. Blackwood as being in the press. Its title is "Chevalier of the Splendid Crest."

A book on "Thomas Girtin," in imperial quarto, one reproduction in autotype by Mr. Laurence, announced by Messrs. Seeley.

Next week Messrs. A. and C. Black publish a new volume on the Waterloo campaign, translated by and edited by Agnes Egan-Smith. Three plans of the battle and scene of the battle are included.

Some time this month Messrs. Dent will issue "The Canadian Verse," selected and edited by Dr. Rand, author of "At Mines Basin and other Poetical Biographical Notes" will be added.

Miss Marie Corelli, who has written no long since "The Sorrows of Satan" in 1895, will issue a new novel, "The Master-Christian." Miss Corelli has been engaged for some years, and her work was interrupted by a dangerous illness of two years ago.

Mr. Edward Vizetelly's new book "Cyprus: The Story of Two Occupations," was included in Pearson's spring list, but it will not appear until next year. It is described as dealing with the adventures of "in the Isle of Love and the Land of Miracles."

"Our Records of the Nativity," which Mr. J. H. St. Luke has written in reply to Professor Ramsay's recent work on the subject, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Sonnenschein. Both books deal with the old controversy of the possibility of reconciling with historic fact the St. Luke to a Roman census demanding the attendance of every household.

in 1880." "The Australian Elyon of 1880," "Some Memorable Test Matches," "Cricket Reform," and "The Position of the Professional." Mr. Ford is also the writer of a history of Middlesex County Cricket to come from Messrs. Longmans.

Books to look out for at once.

- SOUTH AFRICA AND THE WAR—**
 "London to Ladysmith and Pretoria." By Winston S. Churchill. Longmans, 6s.
 "Four Months Besieged." By H. H. S. Pearce. Macmillan, 6s.
 "The Siege of Ladysmith." By P. J. McHugh. Chapman & Hall, 3s. 6d.
 "Side-Lights on the War." By Lady Sykes. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.
 "South Africa, Past and Present." By Miss Violet Markham. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.
 "Ladysmith The Diary of a Siege." By H. W. Nevillson. Methuen, 6s.
- HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—**
 Henry Houssaye's "Waterloo." Trans. by E. A. Mann. A. & C. Black, 10s. net.
 "Cromwell." ("Heroes of the Nations.") By C. H. Firth. Putnam, 6s.
 "Personal Recollections." By Sutherland Edwards. Cassells.
- THEOLOGY—**
 "An Essay Towards Faith." By Dean Robbins. Longmans, 3s. net.
 "The Christian Conception of Holiness." By the Rev. E. H. Askwith. Macmillan, 6s.
 "The Divine Pedigree of Man." By Dr. T. J. Hudson. Putnam, 6s.
 "The Life of Lives." By Dean Farrar. Cassell.
- FICTION—**
 "Knights of the Cross Danusia." By H. S. Szeukiewicz (trans.). Sands, 2s. 6d.
 M. Zola's "Fruitlefulness." Trans. by E. Vizetelly. Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.
 "Hilda Wade." By Grant Allen. Grant Richards, 6s.
 "Tony Larkin, Englishman." By Mrs. Edward Kennard. Hutchinson, 6s.
 "The Temptation of Olive Latimer." By L. T. Meade. Hutchinson, 6s.
 "Kiddy." By Tom Gallon. Hutchinson, 6s.
 "For the Queen in South Africa." By C. D. Haskins. Putnam, 5s.
 "The Despatch Rider." By Ernest Glanville. Methuen, 6s.
 "Vanity's Price." By E. Jolland. F. V. White, 6s.
 "Bettina." By May Crommelin. John Long, 6s.

- "To the Healing of the Sea." By Francis H. Hardy.
 "Man his Mark." By W. C. Morrow. Grant Richards.
- POETRY—**
 "The Complete Poems of Mathilde Blind." Edited by Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.
 "Lucretius on Life and Death" (in the manner of) W. H. Mallock, A. and C. Black, 10s. net.
- SPORT AND TRAVEL—**
 "Talks with Old English Cricketers." By A. W. P. "A Cricketer on Cricket." By W. J. Ford. Sands.
 "Croquet." By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. H. C. Needham.
 "Our Stolen Summer: the Record of a Roundabout." Stuart Boyd. Blackwood.
- HANDBOOKS—**
 "Rugby." (Public School Series.) By H. C. Brail.
- MISCELLANEOUS—**
 "Palestinian Syriac Texts." Ed. by Agnes S. Low. Gt. Britain, Camb. Univ. Press, 10s. 6d. net.
 "Podgate's 'Corpus Poetarum Latinorum.'" Part II. "Greater Canada." By E. H. Osborn. Chatto and "Diary of a Dreamer." By Mrs. Dew-Smith. Fisher Unwin.
 "By Lord Craig Linnie Burn: Being Further S. Ireland Life." By A. Mellroy. Fisher Unwin.
 "Memoirs Presented to the Cambridge Philosophical Society of Sir George Stokes." Cambridge University Press.
 "Academy Notes, 1900." Chatto and Windus, 1s.
 "Royal Academy Pictures." Part I. Cassells.
 "Pictures of the Year 1900." Art Journal Office.
- NEW EDITIONS—**
 "A Manual of Naval Architecture." By Sir W. Edington Murray, 24s.
 Carlyle's "French Revolution." 2 vols. (Library of Macmillan, 3s. 6d. each, net.)
 "The Story of Grotter the Strong" Translated and with Wm. Morris. Longmans, 6s.
 "Mountaineering." (Badminton Library.) By C. E. Mount. Longmans, 10s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
 Donatello. Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. By Hope K. 8x5 1/2 in., 100 pp. Bell, 5s. net.
 Puvion de Chavannes: L'Art et les Artistes. By Maurice Vachon. 8x5 1/2 in., 258 pp. Paris. Societe d'Edition Artistique, Fr. 3.50.
- BIOGRAPHY.**
 Oldeon Guthrie. A Monograph. Ed. by C. E. Guthrie. Wright, 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 160 pp. Blackwood, 5s.
 The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 629 pp. Smith, Elder, 6s.
 Herbert Spencer. The Man and his Work. By H. Macpherson. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 275 pp. Chapman & Hall, 5s.
 "Jane the Quene." Some Account of the Life and Literary Remains of Lady Jane Dudley. By Philip Sidney. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 154 pp. Sonnenschein, 5s.
 Cranmer and the Reformation in England. (The World's Epoch-Makers.) By A. D. Innes. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 199 pp. Edinburgh. Clark, 3s.
- CLASSICAL.**
 Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. Aristophanis Comediarum. By F. W. Hall and W. M. Geldart. 6s. 6d.
 Apollonii Rhodii Argonautica. By R. C. Seaton. 6s.
 Xenophon's Opera Omnia. By E. C. Marchant. 15s.
 Aeschylus Tragoediae. By A. Sudgwick. 6s. 6d. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. Clarendon Press.
- A Commentary on the Hellenica of Xenophon.** By G. E. Underhill. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 278 pp. Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.
- Chapters from Aristotle's Ethics.** By J. H. Muirhead. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 319 pp. Murray, 7s. 6d.
- FICTION.**
 The Bath Comedy. By Agnes and Eberton Castle. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 243 pp. Macmillan, 6s.

- An American Countess.** By Mrs. C. Hawkeswood. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 332 pp. Macquenn, 6s.
Fast and Loose. By Major A. Griffiths. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 253 pp. Macquenn, 6s.
Little Lady Mary, &c. By H. G. Hutchinson. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 295 pp. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Lyona Grimwood, Spinster. By L. Higgin. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 257 pp. Pearson, 6s.
The Seafarers. By Bloundell Burton. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 272 pp. Pearson, 3s. 6d.
The Devil and the Inventor. By Austin Fryers. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 272 pp. Pearson, 6s.
A Fighter in Khaki. By Ralph Dodd. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 255 pp. J. Long, 6s.
A Plain Woman's Part. By Morley Chester. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 347 pp. Arnold, 6s.
A Cynic's Conscience. By G. T. Podmore. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 273 pp. Arnold, 5s.
His Lordship's Leopard. By D. D. Wells. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 301 pp. Heinemann, 3s. 6d.
A Young Dragon. By Sarah Tytler. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 270 pp. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.
Wayward Hearts. By D. Ryan. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 295 pp. Higby, Long, 6s.
David Palmere. By Mrs. Lodge. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 318 pp. Higby, Long, 6s.
A Gay Conspiracy. By R. H. Chambers. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 266 pp. Harper, 6s.
Lotus or Laurel? By Helen Wallace (Gordon Ray). 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 384 pp. Arnold, 6s.
Double Sauvetage. By Jeanne Marcel. Paris. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 311 pp. Ollendorff, Fr. 3.50.
- GEOGRAPHY.**
 British America. (The British Empire Series, Vol. III.) 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 545 pp. Kegan Paul, 6s.
 Le Laos et le Protectorat

- History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages.** Vol. VII., Parts I. & II. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Aubin Hamilton. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 812 pp. Bell, 9s. net.
Leçons d'Histoire Grecque. By A. Bouche-Leclercq. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 352 pp. Paris. Hachette, Fr. 3.50.
- LITERARY.**
A History of Sanskrit Literature. By J. A. Macdonell, Ph.D. 8x5 1/2 in., 472 pp. Heinemann, 6s.
Great Books as Life Teachers. By Scull Dwight Hillis. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 320 pp. Olliphant, 3s. 6d.
- MEDICAL.**
Tuberculosis. Its Nature, Prevention, and Treatment. By A. Hillier, M.D., C.M. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 243 pp. Cassell, 7s. 6d.
- MILITARY.**
Besieged by the Boers. By E. G. Ashe, M.D. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 210 pp. Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.
With Roberts to the Transvaal. Part II. Ed. by Com. C. N. Robinson, R.N. 3 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 128 pp. Nownes, 1s.
- A Strong Army in a Free State.** By G. G. Coulton. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 52 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, 4s.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
Passmore Edwards' Institutions. By J. J. Macdonald. 10 x 7 1/2 in., 33 pp., lxxv. plates. Strand Newspaper Co., 2s. 6d.
A Contents-Subject Index to General and Periodical Literature. Sections 29 to 42. By A. Colgreave, F.R.H.S. West Ham Public Library.
- POETRY.**
Pieces and Sonnets. By H. P. North. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 43 pp. Gay & Bird, 1s. 6d. net.
Eros' Throne. By G. Iren. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 45 pp. Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.
The Storming of Dargai, and other Poems. By A. C. Macpherson. Blackwood.

- SC.**
 The Metallurgy of Silver. Part I. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 352 pp. L. Electricities. By J. Mellen. (L.S. Science.) 6s.
SOC.
 Origin and British Practice in Malinchamara.
 A Quoi Tu Française. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 391 pp. Cricket in M. F. Warner.
 Nat Goul Sketches.
- THE.**
 Theology of C. F. Doer.
 The Testam Loyola. By 290 pp.
 Church Pro Modern Aug H. Henson.
- Christianity**
 the Rev. P. I. 5 1/2 in., 211 pp.
 The Mission Reconsidered Allen, 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in.
- Ephesian St. H. C. G. M. 310 pp., 110d.**
The History of Mission. 9x6 in., 372 pp.
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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 331. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The effect of war upon the arts—among which, of course, though he was addressing painters, he included literature—was one of the themes on which Lord Salisbury discoursed at the Royal Academy banquet. It is an effect which has by no means been the same in all ages of the world's history, for the good reason that some wars, though important in their results, have interfered very little with the daily life of non-combatant citizens, while other wars, less momentous in their ultimate consequences, have upset that life altogether.

* * * *

In the century, for example, in which England conquered the world in a fit of absence of mind the arts were not perceptibly affected by the clash of arms. The work of such writers as Fielding, Smollett, Gibbon, Johnson, Hume, and Gray went steadily on without visible relation to declarations of war and the conclusion of treaties of peace. So did the work of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the encyclopedists generally. Even the Napoleonic wars did not interfere with literature as much as might have been expected. Scott wrote his poems while they were raging, and, on the other side of the Channel, Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël imposed themselves.

* * * *

Scott's novels, of Byron's poems, of Victor Hugo, and of the romantic revival generally. It was after Jena—the period of Körner's popularity. But, of that it will be so with England after the flag has been hoisted at Pretoria; for no one can say that, at present, there is any need of literary revival or development. But, of too soon yet to scan the horizon for the signs of the

One of the most interesting items among the papers just disposed of by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher is Chantrey's marble bust of Sir Walter Scott, sculpted by Chantrey produced a bust of the author of "Waverley" years before this, of which about forty-five casts were made of among the poet's admirers. The bust was pirated in England and Scotland, and even the Colonies, with thousands of unpermitted and bad casts, in violation of an Act of Parliament. Chantrey himself made a bust in marble for the Duke of Wellington. In 1828 Chantrey was asked to present the original marble as a gift to the poet to present the original marble as a gift to the Duke of Wellington, on condition that he would allow sitting marble for Chantrey's own studio. He acceded; the bust was sent to Abbotsford with this inscription on its base: "This Bust of Sir Walter Scott was made in 1828 by Chantrey, and presented by the Sculptor to the poet in token of esteem, in 1828." The new bust was finished at Drayton Manor—"a better sanctuary," said Chantrey in writing to Sir Robert Peel, "the marks of age more than eight years deeper." Let the first marble (now at Abbotsford) "the Conversion of Chantrey"—and thought that it alone preserved of expression most fondly remembered by all who knew him in his domestic circle." Chantrey first wished to express his poetical expression, but when he had made considerable progress he said to Cunningham, "This will never do—I am unable to please myself with a perfectly serene expression; try his conversational look, take him when about to tell into some sly funny story." He then cut off the head of the bust, altered the position, touched the eyes and nose slightly, and wrought such a transformation that when it came to his third sitting he said, "Ay, ye're main now!—why, Mr. Chantrey, no witch of old ever peeped into your cantrips with clay as this!" In after years Chantrey was surprised to find that the measurement of Scott's forehead (a death-mask) was almost identical in height with that of the spear's bust at Stratford Church. (Curiously enough, it appears in Sir William Allan's painting of Sir Walter Scott in the National Portrait Gallery.) The domelike forehead of Scott's forehead inspired one of his Edinburgh friends with the title of "The Dome of the Poet."

'nécessaire,' non pas dans le sens de 'funeste' ou 'regrettable.' " The epidemic of women novelists is not always, one is glad to think, "fatal" in the English sense. But they are inevitable and we must bow to them.

Mr. Walter Pollock has told us in the *Louderer* an excellent anecdote of Victor Hugo. Victor Hugo's mistakes about the names and customs of our own benighted land have long been the sport of the critic, and among them have always figured "le bagpipe" for the national musical instrument of the Scots Highlanders. On "le bagpipe," according to Hugo, was played "l'air mélancolique de 'Bonnie Dundee.'" This strange characterization of the lively, popular tune has excited little surprise among more amazing mistakes, but Mr. Pollock's anecdote throws an amusing light on it. A young Scots lady, with her mother, was paying a visit to the poet, who made himself vastly agreeable and presently begged the young lady to play "Bonnie Dundee." She complied, and when she had come to the end of the tune he said:—"Yes, thank you. That is extremely pretty, but it is not 'Bonnie Dundee.' It is quite different. 'Bonnie Dundee' is, as indeed I have said in writing, a profoundly melancholy air." The Scots lady had an inspiration and played "Bonnie Doon," which completely satisfied the poet, who said approvingly, "That is it." "Pardon me," she replied, "that air is called 'Bonnie Doon.'" On this the great man rose majestically and said with immense decision and dignity, "Et moi Victor Hugo, je l'appelle 'Bonnie Dundee!'"

Inquiries in Sheffield enable us to give some particulars of the remarkable discovery of Tennyson MSS. already briefly mentioned by the *Bookman*. Students of Tennyson know that among the poet's college friends was William Henry Brookfield, whose death called forth the sonnet—

Brooks, for they call'd you so that knew you best.

Brookfield was the son of Charles Brookfield, of the firm of Brookfield and Gould, solicitors, 4, Paradise-square, Sheffield. Recently Mr. Thomas Gould, son of the Gould mentioned above, and now head of the firm of Gould and Coombe, of 4, Paradise-square, when turning over an old box which had been lying in the office for sixty years or more, found a packet of old papers—"sallow scraps of manuscript"—which proved to be letters from Tennyson and Arthur Hallam to W. H. Brookfield, together with portions of manuscripts of "The Lotus Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott." The letters are undated, but the postmarks show them to have been written in 1832 and 1833. This was shortly after Tennyson left Cambridge, and about the time of the publication of the book of poems, which was printed in 1832, though it is sometimes spoken of as the edition of 1833.

In Tennyson's letters, though most of the correspondence is of a personal and intimate character, there is matter of much interest to students of Tennyson—references, for instance, to fears about his eyesight, and strongly-worded protests against publication of his poems in the magazines of the day, to which he was evidently much pressed to contribute. The letters from Arthur Hallam show his deeply religious feeling and his high tone of thought. A comparison of the writing shows pretty conclusively that the MSS. of "The Lotus Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott" is in the handwriting of Arthur Hallam. Probably Hallam copied the earliest versions and sent the MSS. on to Brookfield, who, after leaving college,

It has long been felt at Cambridge that the has failed to answer expectations. Only a few Part II.; and Part I. being of narrower scope. Tripos, the degree gained on it was of less value used to be. Anything therefore which tends to or to make Part II. compulsory, would be a disadvantage. Last year a proposal was made to remodel the way it was rejected. This year the Special Board undaunted by their defeat, came forward with. They propose to set (1) two papers in Literature and Archaeology (limited to sculpture and architecture) arrange them so that full credit may be obtained of two out of the three subjects. In one philosophy is to be represented by a set book. in General History and Antiquities, one to consist translation and comment. The whole number of would be raised to fifteen, and include an English suggestions seem to us good, inasmuch as they make thorough test of knowledge and scholarship. They in fact be a reversion towards the earlier type. leave Part II. for specialists. The only innovation book, which may be a good thing provided examination is comprehensive enough. We deplore any further extension of the study of set books which on scholarship at Oxford has been done. glad to see no attack made on the verse component without it fine scholarship is bound to decline from the Second Part has done harm, we think like to see it restored there.

A First Folio Shakespeare is said to have an obscure Yorkshire village situated in the home country, the so-called discovery being made schoolmaster at Oldfield when verifying the catalogue for the sale of the library of a Mr. Heaton, bought by a ring of second-hand booksellers, but to have been made to find out what happened to Folio. "The Heaton," says Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe Moor and Fell," "were a fine breed of yeoman Heaton of Pouden House (where the discovery "a farmer first and the owner of a good library

Some fine specimens of modern artistic shown at the Woman's Exhibition, now open where the Chiswick Art Workers' Guild, the School, and the Royal School of Art Needlework sent by excellent examples of work done in and embossed leather, as well as in embroidered vellum. A sumptuous piece of work is the Cellini's "Treatises," bound in emerald green bold and elaborate peacock design worked out in inlaid turquoises. By way of novelty a few shown in rough dark brown calf, the patterns in inlays of lighter polished leathers. Miss Spar methods with some clever work carried out heavily embossed designs, the colours of the leather tooling being kept so low in tone that they afford reproductions of the rich work of the Venetian fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Dr. Johnson provides a never-failing fund of for literature and life. However much we can

our eyes the treasures of El Dorado. Dr. Pangloss is a living man with as much frailty as philosophy in his constitution. "Tout va bien," he repeats in spite of his indiscretions. Candégonde is a delightful heroine. Johnson dealing at the same time with the same theme also takes us to the East, but merely to "point a moral," scarcely to "adorn a tale." Imbec, Nekayah, Rasselas, and the rest are not real characters at all; they are repletes of Dr. Johnson, and the effect of their discourse is the same as that of a series of essays in the "Rambler." Nevertheless the thought in "Rasselas" is more pregnant, the diction more elevated, and the conclusion more sincere than in "Candide." To find happiness "il faut cultiver notre jardin," so ends Voltaire. But his garden was as visionary as the flocks of Lycidas. He was a brilliant man living in the vortex of society, and the closing words of "Candide" bear no relation to the philosophy of his life. Johnson concludes that true happiness is to be found in a future existence, and the conclusion is characteristic of his whole life. In "Rasselas" he gave the eighteenth-century expression to the idea which underlies the work of Bunyan and Spenser. In the "Faery Queen" it is expressed in the imperishable beauty of Una as opposed to the perishable charms of Duessa; in "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Rasselas" in the moral that true happiness is unattainable in things temporal. "Rasselas" is one of the finest expressions of the best side of English puritanism.

* * * * *

"This yearning backward to the spirit-haunted universe of the 'pagan suckled in a creed outworn' is eminently Celtic"—So Mr. William Archer in a review of Miss Hopper's poems. "True," he adds, "it was Wordsworth who first gave imperishable utterance to the yearning; but who shall say how much of the Celt there was in Wordsworth?" Who, indeed? Or how much of the Celt there is in Mr. Swinburne, or was in Coleridge Keats, or in the eminently Teutonic Schiller, who wrote a poem Mr. Archer no doubt knows well? *Sehnsucht* used to be a specially German product, but the German mania is over, and the critics are Celto-maniacs now. Meanwhile the so-called Celtic peoples, on whose behalf all the fuss is being made, are pronounced by the Professor of Celtic at Oxford to be not predominantly Celtic at all, but non-Aryan and aboriginal. Mr. Archer might peruse the opening chapters of two books recently published, "The Welsh People," by Professor Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones (Unwin), and "The History of Scotland," by Mr. Lang (Blackwood). They will help him to realize the deficiency of dogmatizing about Celtic characteristics in the present state of ethnological science.

* * * * *

The library of the late Colonel Francis Grant, dispersed on Monday and Tuesday last by Messrs. Sotheby, was essentially a scholar's collection. Its owner was one of the best modern authorities on eighteenth-century literature, and collected a fine and exhaustive series of books relating principally to that period. Almost every item was good, and the more important volumes were in excellent condition. Among the principal books were the following first editions:—Jane Austen, "Pride and Prejudice"—£1 8s.; Boswell, "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides"—£9 15s.; Bunyan, "A Discourse upon the Pharisee and the Publican"—£6 15s.; Fanny Burney, "Evelina"—£10; Byron, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"—£2 2s.; Charles L., "Eikon Basilike"—£20; Coleridge, "Kubla Khan," &c.—£3; Defoe, "The Fortunate Mistress"—£12 15s.; "A Narrative of all the Robberies, Escapes, &c., of John Sheppard"—£14 10s.; Goldsmith, "The Vicar of Wakefield"—£49; Dryden, "A Poem on the Death of His late Highness Oliver, Lord Posthumus of England"—£21;

The alliance between Literature and Painting
 opinion of many respectable critics, never go further
 polite recognition of one art by another
Literature side of painting. Indeed, it takes not
 at the the form of a rather aggressive and
Picture neutrality. While devoting their highest
Galleries, illustration of books, artists refuse any
 to the suggestion that their art can by
 side. Yet some of the finest pictures have been inspired
 Undaunted by the claim of art to be independent of literature
 lover of poetry may find no uncertain test of a poet
 in his influence upon the art of painting. There
 been an Academy in which Homer has been more
 solemn and spiritual visions of Dante and Milton
 failed to attract the best exponents of modern art
 influence upon art is an index of the greatness of
 Tennyson ranks the highest in the ranks of English
 later years he has exercised a far greater fascination
 than any other poet. Here and there we find upon
 thought from Keats or from Shelley. Here and there
 chance upon something out of Spenser or Coleridge
 The new Gallery gives us one picture suggests
 Morris. But there is hardly a room without one or
 sons. They make about fifty per cent. of the pictures
 borrow their motifs from the poets. Of course the
 distinction to be drawn between a picture really inspired
 and a picture to which after it is finished a tag not
 appended apparently for the sole purpose of giving
 literary flavour which the public appreciate and
 artist contents. There is a similar distinction of
 the art of caricature. The best "cuts" are those
 victims of the jest is inseparable from the drawing
 rare and more common ones present a picture—gen
 man and one woman—to which the jest can be
 required. So at the picture shows. We cannot say that
 is inspired by Milton because the artist calls it "N
 evening on." But this is not the case with the
 pictures. Whether it proves his popularity with the
 definitely picturesque quality, he certainly supplies
 for the brush than any other modern writer. We are
 to admit that we should like to see a larger recogni
 walls of the Academy of the influence of books,
 ought not to complain at a moment when, perhaps
 time in the history of art, we can gaze awestruck
 presentment of a distinguished man of letters in the
 preparing the reprint of an English Classic. They
 should have thought "Mr. Gladstone editing the
 Bishop Butler" a subject worthy to be immortalized
 canvas, and more worthy to be immortalized than the
 Butler himself writing those works, is indeed a tri
 merits—too often depreciated—of the modern edi
 the abundance of imaginative works ancient and
 storehouse of suggestion too little drawn upon, and
 we think, nowadays than it was a quarter of a
 More diversity of subject would be by no means a
 in the modern picture show. We have a few art
 Seymour Lucas faithful to the historical tradition
 Mr. Draper and Mr. Byam Shaw who affect the alleg
 here and there are individuals who conscientiously
 of their own. Far the larger number drift into port
 escapes. And so many yards of wall do they cover th
 of any marked variety in treatment one someth
 variety in subject. Mr. Abbey almost alone shows

Personal Views.

THE RANK OF FICTION.

The influence of writers is undoubtedly great, but curiously enough it has been greatest upon themselves. They absolutely believe they are a necessary portion of the universe, and can as hardly imagine a world without a printing press as a Turk can think of a universe without tobacco. And those who write fiction suffer from megalomania with even less reason than the historian, the dramatist, or the poet. The vocal necessarily and always outweigh the dumb. The silent doer kinks the beam when the loud hero of his own romance bounces into the scale. The writers insist day in and day out that they are the elect and the salt of the earth and have a certain monopoly of brains, until at last the world believes it. Advertiser always tells, and when the whole Press exalt the pressman (not only the journalist) those drugs which are recommended become necessary. And who, except in a wilderness, can raise his voice against such an outcry?

For the public the inditer of romance in all its druglike forms is the writer *par excellence*. Say that a man writes, and you are asked for the titles of his stories. If such an one is pointed out as an historian, the cold public puffs a critical "Oh!" and asks if you know Mr. X., the story-teller. The world-child sinks at the knees of the novelists and asks for a story. The novel is his miserable repentance. And the seller of the draught is no longer he who squats upon the ground to delight all within ear-shot; he is risen to astounding affluence and the whole world is within print-shot. He sets his foot on the neck of the British Isles and brings down America and the colonies with a right and left edition. He is some one of importance, and his class has written the world into owing it. What an astounding delusion it all is!

All professions exaggerate their claims to respect. The meanest pursuer of the medicinal fee declares that medicine is a noble profession. The lawyer swells with the pride of equity and justice, with which he has certainly a speaking acquaintance, and can demonstrate that he is nobly necessary. The politician, with the loud pedal down, speaks as the immediate saviour of his country. But after all politicians rarely discuss politics in public, as their business is rhetoric. The lawyer may accept a brief marked "Forty and One," but, though he and the doctor take noble guineas, they must not advertise. Yet the writer is always advertising, like a pill or a soap. Having the public by the ear, he instils into the mob a belief that writing (as he does it) is really a very true and splendid thing; and the mob, hearing this everywhere from youth up, comes easily to believe him.

Personally it has always seemed to me more than absurd that so many writers should hold an exaggerated view of their necessity in the scheme of the universe. But they were once among the public, and were wrought on by other and earlier fictioneers; so that at last, when they come into their kingdom,

never occurs to them or the journals that a real connexion with literature is as rare as the four-leaved shamrock. No, they declare body sacrosanct, who walks in laurelled Acad house, if possible, in the paradise of Park-lane, a tripod, or a piece of furniture by Sheraton. Gas is inspiration and that all his six-shilling bodied prophecy.

A thing has only to be repeated with stress and emphasis to be believed. Mud will stick on any ginger-bread elephant of the toy-books; there is no contradiction falsehood goes easy. Writers join together in an organic chorus to de salt of the earth. As everybody who can come is thereby of the brotherhood of the saints of time remains to write or print "nay." The r things, though they may have a lingering sus the silent, that a bridge is a better thing than energetic engineer a finer God's gift than established novelist, end in believing the le literature. Possibly they do not even smile w hear, that poor Hume declared a mediocre more desirable than the highest rank in What fustian it all is, but then where mo fustian is in fashion.

It is perhaps possible that Hume's keen was not so obfuscated as this pronouncement imply. He may have even understood that success implied a moderate acquaintance with that it was really necessary to be original in attain it. The poorest writer who does or thin done or thought before may yet remain as a u that is so, it is not his writing but his thinki memorable. After all it is only what is reall writer that is good. If he is anything he is. Most of our modern books, and especially our good talking. They are certainly not the rarely have anything of newness in them. And talkers are unaware that they are speaking I met a young American woman who talked by literature than most new books that I have re did not know it, and thought letters a far-off, s career. But most people now talk about nove the tenth-rate talk of a tenth-rate talker.

If there is anything eternal in a book the better for it. But there is little that is eter except that it hardly ceases. If ten good men even half a truth may sometimes preserve a l corruption. The writer and the book must ju What makes a book or novel literature is th What this is we know at last with difficulty, declare it. It is the open secret of incorruptio Its remaining when others are dust. The glory is exhibited in a cataract of editions, may be n

world's economy till the loss was repaired. A law to abolish novelists would have no startling effect. It would perhaps set a number of able-bodied men working at something that was wanted. And in a year or two the public would have forgotten that it ever needed novels. Any one with anything to say would still say it, and we might have more real teachers among us.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

A LITERATURE OF SONG.

[BY LADY JEPHSON.]

The peasant literature of Canada is unique. It does not find expression by means of "penny dreadfuls" and "shilling shockers." Even the *Family Herald* has no compeer in the Dominion, and the *Police Gazette* is unknown. Yet, though French Canadian literature is devoid of blood-curdling themes and thrilling adventures, is neither tragic nor heroic, it is a far remove from dullness. The topics chosen are domestic and religious, often sporting, and not seldom sentimental.

For the greater part these songs are those of the Provinces of France, but, in comparing the ballads of French Canada with those of the Mother Country, we find marked differences. Everything likely to offend in point of morality or gross expression has been carefully expurgated from the French Canadian version. The early settlers were men of proved mettle—deeply religious, strictly moral, and not of a stamp to encourage loose verses. Moreover, these pioneers were surrounded by a community of priests and nuns. If we are to believe contemporary evidence the life of colonists in the young days of "New France" was almost that of a religious community. Parkman describes it as follows:—"A stranger visiting the Fort of Quebec would have been astonished at its air of Conventual decorum. Black Jesuits and scarfed officers mingled at Champlain's table. There was little conversation, but in its place histories and the Lives of the Saints were read aloud as in a monastic refectory. Prayers, masses, and confessions followed each other with an edifying regularity, and the bell of the adjacent chapel built by Champlain rang morning, noon, and night." It follows as a matter of course that the song literature of provincial France should be considerably modified in the New Country, the morals taught by the Recollets and Jesuits of Canada being scarcely those in vogue at the Court of France.

In studying the songs of Canada we find among a certain number of original ones a large proportion which we can clearly trace to the French Provinces. Many in constant use in the Province of Quebec are to this day sung in France. From Ernest Gagnon's interesting preface to "Chansons Populaires du Canada" and other sources we learn the derivation of many of these songs. In Poitou, for instance, the popular sonnet, "J'ai tant dansé, j'ai tant sauté," is constantly heard. "J'ai tant d'enfants à marier!" is sung in the North and West of France. "Je n'ai pas de barbe au menton" we find in La Rochelle. "Dans Paris ya-t-une brune plus belle que le jour" is sung in Provence. "A Saint Malo beau port de mer" is a Breton ditty. "Au jardin de mon père un oranger lui ya" comes from Normandy. "La Bibernoise" is sung to this day in Dauphiny, and lastly, the "Clairo Fontaine," the national song of the French Canadian, hails from Normandy.

the two songs most often heard in Canada. The following:

A la Clairo Fontaine M'en allant promener, J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle Que je m'y suis baigné. Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t'oublierai.	Tu as le cœur à r Moi je l'ai-t-à ph J'ai perdu ma m Sans l'avoir mérit Lui ya longtemps, A
--	---

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle Que je m'y suis baigné ; Sous les feuilles d'un chêne Je me suis fait sécher. Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t'oublierai.	J'ai perdu ma ma Sans l'avoir mérit Pour un bouquet Que je lui refusai Lui ya longtemps, A
---	--

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne Je me suis fait sécher ; Sur la plus haute branche Le rossignol chantait. Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t'oublierai.	Pour un bouquet Que je lui refusai Je voudrais que l Fût encore au ros Lui ya longtemps, A
---	--

Chante, rossignol, chante, Toi qui as le cœur gai ; Tu as le cœur à rire, Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer. Lui ya longtemps, &c.	Je voudrais que l Fût encore au ros Et que le rosier tr Fût à la mer jeté. Lui ya longtemps qu Jamais je ne t'oublie
--	---

"En roulant ma boule" comes from the West of France by adoption it is a National Song of Canada. Lumbermen as they float down the broad river St. Lawrence on wood "Jacques Bon Homme" fiddles its tune at his cottage *gamins* hum it in the streets. No *habitant* merrymaking place without this song forming some part of the program weddings and christenings alike it is sung. *Habitants* are curiously quaint in their customs. The marriage takes place early in the morning, and is followed by a l in which the wedding guests join. All but the poorest own horses and *calèches*, or buckboards; therefore such is not the expense to them that it would be to English. When a long procession of *calèches* or sleighs (according to of year) passes along a country road, all the world's wedding bells have been ringing not far off. Faithful religious traditions, they return for vespers, and then supper, followed by a dance and songs. An American graphically described a part of the ceremonial observed weddings. "When they rise from the table, the bride seat, and some one asks her with great dignity, 'madame wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?' She 'Somebody has stolen my slipper, I can't walk.' Then her, chair and all, into the middle of the room while knocking announces a grotesque ragged vendor of shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride and a succession of old boots and shoes of every variety and at last he finds her missing shoe. The groom redeems good price, which is spent in treating the company. Church forbids round dances, so they content themselves country dances. The event of the evening is a jig, i guest volunteers to outdance the bride. If successful t demands a prize from the groom."

"Dans les prisons de Nantes" is a favourite song of Canadian *voyageur*. "Nos bateliers et voyageurs Ca says M. Gagnon, "la chantent sur deux airs également. Le premier se chante surtout en canot, chaque couple marque le premier temps de chaque mesure. Le mouvement est plutôt celui de la rame: c'est un air de Cette chanson paraît être complètement ignorée en France."

Elle lui porte à boire,
Elle lui porte à boire,
A boire et à manger, gai, faluron, falurette,
A boire et à manger, gai, faluron, doudé.

Un jour il lui demande :
Un jour il lui demande :
Qu'est-c que l'on dit de moué ? gai, faluron, falurette,
Qu'est-c que l'on dit de moué ? gai, faluron, doudé.

Le bruit court dans la ville,
Le bruit court dans la ville,
Que demain vous mourrez, gai, faluron, falurette,
Que demain vous mourrez, gai, faluron, doudé.

Puisqu'il faut que je moure,
Puisqu'il faut que je moure,
Ah ! déliez-moi les pieds, gai, faluron, falurette,
Ah ! déliez-moi les pieds, gai, faluron, doudé.

La fille encore jeunette,
La fille encore jeunette,
Lui a lâché les pieds, &c.
Lui a lâché les pieds, &c.

Le garçon forte alerte,
Le garçon forte alerte,
A la mer s'est jeté, &c.,
A la mer s'est jeté, &c.

De la première plonge,
De la première plonge,
La mer a traversé, &c.,
La mer a traversé, &c.

Quand il fut sur ces côtes,
Quand il fut sur ces côtes,
Il se mit à chanter, &c.,
Il se mit à chanter, &c.

Que Dieu béniss' les filles,
Que Dieu béniss' les filles,
Surtout cell' du géolier, &c.,
Surtout cell' du géolier, &c.

Si je retourne à Nantes,
Si je retourne à Nantes,
Oui, je l'épouserai ! &c.,
Oui, je l'épouserai ! &c.

The *voyageurs* of the Red River sing a joyous ditty :—

Par derrière' chez ma Tante un oranger lui ya
Qu'est si chargé d'ranges qu'un croit qu'il en rompra,
Mon cri era, tir' la lrette, mon cri era, tir' la lira, &c.

Where the songs are so many and so varied in theme, the difficulty is in choosing between them. At best it is impossible to give within the compass of the present article more than a few characteristic songs. Patriotism vaunts itself in "Vive la Canadienne," of which the air comes from Franche Comté :—

Vive la Canadienne
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Vive la Canadienne,
Et ses jolis yeux doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux, &c.

Love is a fertile source of inspiration ; it is frequently treated in a humorous fashion, as for instance :—

Je me suis au rang d'aimer
Qu'une seul' fois dans ma vie ;
Mais à présent je reconnais
D'avoir fait une folie,
D'avoir aimé si tendrement ;
Mais à présent je m'en repens, &c.

The unromantic theme of domestic life finds its happiness or misery in verse. Take for example

Dans tous les Cantons	De pein's et
Ya des fill's et des garçons	Bien souvent
Qui veul'nt se marier,	Sans en coun
C'est la pure vérité.	Qui vous l'ra
Les garçons vont les voir	La maison q
Le plus souvent le soir ;	Etant marié
Les fill's se réjouissent	Il faut tout
Quand ell's voi'nt leurs amis :	Tous les agre
Ell's se dis'nt en souriant :	D'être avec l
Le voilà mon amant !	Faut rester a

Jeune fill's, écoutez !	Pour plaire à
Qui voulez-vous marier ?	Vous êtes m
Votre engagement	Par votre pr
Vous causera du tourment,	Vous avez pu
Vous prenez un' état	C'est pour lu

One might for ever multiply instances of or tender sentiment if space allowed. In those I runs may read "a simple, natural, wholesome f The *chansons* of the French-Canadian *habitant* which, if not exalted in aim or musical in r less one of which no peasantry needs to be asha

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN G

The recent general session of the German Society at Weimar, on "Shakespeare's I splendid services of this society to the study, especially by the publication of its "Jahrbüch of these, the thirty-fifth of the series, contains a biographical sketch, with details unfamiliar to readers, of F. A. Leo, one of the founders of for nineteen years editor of the "Jahrbuch in the book-sellers' business at Leipsic, and then and on his return to Germany put his knowledge to good use in a verse translation, published in 1814 of Henrik Hertz, *König René's Tochter*, which success on the German stage, and was presented as an adaptation by Sir Theodore Martin, with the rôle of the heroine. Henceforth Leo's literary work, and in 1817 he became engaged to Friedländer, daughter of Heine's cousin Amalie Heine. The marriage, however, dissolved in 1851, and though it set Leo free from marital wife was an heiress, yet it was not entirely without intellectual activity, for the hardy-won bride hated Shakespeare as a rival to herself. Leo's enthusiasm for the English dramatist a year before Oddly enough it was the publication of the text and Emendations to the text of Shakespeare's his forgeries in the margin of the "Perf stimulated Leo to issue a kindred monograph, *Verbesserungen zu Shakespeares Dramen*, which such equivocal inspiration, was of little value in a controversy with the sharp-sighted self spite of this passage of arms, the two men friendly association in the founding of the German Society in 1864, to whose first "Jahrbuch" Leo contributors. In 1879, he became editor, and nineteen years. Under his management became increasingly the recognized organ of German criticism, alike on its methodic and

Studien, contains a biographical sketch of its late editor - Eugen Kölbing, who presided over its fortunes for twenty-one years. His earliest publications were on Scandinavian subjects. He settled at Breslau, in 1873 as "Privatdozent für Germanische Sprachen." At Breslau he remained till his death in the summer of last year, becoming in 1880 "extraordinary," and in 1886 "ordinary" professor of English philology at the University. He made a special study of the mediæval, and in particular the middle-English verse-romances. In order to collate MSS. at the British Museum, Bodleian, and elsewhere, he often came to this country, and the fruits of his labours appeared in his editions of "Sir Tristrem," "Amis and Amiloun," "Bevis of Hamtoun," "Arthur and Merlin," and other metrical tales. In 1877, he set on foot the periodical *Englische Studien*, which, with the kindred magazine *Anglia*, started about a year later by Witker, has done so much to stimulate and foster the expert investigation of our literature on the Continent. Under Kölbing's guidance middle-English subjects at first occupied a predominant place in *Englische Studien*. Later on, more space was given to modern literature, partly because Kölbing himself had turned about 1890 to the curiously different subject of Byron. He collected a vast Byron library, and on his last journey to England, in 1896, visited Newstead. His plan, however, of editing all Byron's works in twelve volumes was only very partially fulfilled. Two volumes containing "The Siege of Corinth," "The Prisoner of Chillon," and some minor poems were issued, a third containing "Childe Harold," was never completed. Perhaps one need not regret this, since Kölbing could not have had access to the unique Byron MSS. in possession of Mr. Murray, now being utilized in Mr. Coleridge's and Mr. Prothero's edition. His true memorial is in his middle-English work, and above all in his beloved periodical, the editing of which was for long an unremunerative and always a laborious task. That under its new editor, Professor J. Hoops, of Heidelberg, *Englische Studien* may keep alive the spirit imparted to it by its founder will be the wish of every lover of literature.

FREDERICK S. BOAS.

THE DRAMA.

THE THEATRE AND THE "CROWD."

[CONCLUDED.]

A previous paper on the theatre as a "function" of the crowd drew a protest from a correspondent of this review, Mr. C. C. Tarelli, who maintained that his consciousness, at any rate, was not merged in that of the theatrical crowd, and pointed out that a crowd assembled in a theatre is not so mere a crowd as a mass meeting in Hyde Park. It was more "segregated," and moreover was a "passive" crowd. Well, "who's a deniging of it, Betsy?" My position was the simple one that the mind of a crowd is built up of the like elements in the minds of its individual members, the unlike elements counting for nothing in the collective mind. Of course, the more favourable the conditions, i.e., the greater the preponderance of like over unlike elements in the individual members, the greater the force of the collective mind. Hence the collective mind in Hyde Park is a more potent thing than the collective mind at the Adelphi. But Mr. Tarelli, as I understand him, does not deny the existence of a collective mind at the Adelphi, and thus he leaves my position untouched. For I was not commencing this collective mind with

seems to resent the dead weight of the crowd, its press-consciousness. That, too, is a common attitude of unhappy Ludwig of Bavaria, who used to enjoy perform Wagner's operas all to himself, furnishes a famous case had the same feeling. His Epicurus (in "Epicurus and Terpsilla") objects to the theatre because of "To me nothing is so odious as to be at once among and among the heroes, and, while I am receding into the most exquisite of human sensations, to feel upon my the hand of some inattentive and insensible young officer. The theatre is delightful when we erect it in our own arbor, and when there is but one spectator."

In point of fact, Mr. Tarelli has somewhat shifted the point of discussion. The question was: What is the influence of the crowd on the theatre? His question is rather: What influence of the theatre on the individual spectator? This may be worth considering a little more closely. Remem seated in the playhouse, we are in a peculiarly receptive state. A crowd, as has been explained, merely because it is has its emotional pitch raised and its intellectual-judicial capacity, lowered—the very condition favourable to the hypnotists' call "suggestion." There is a notable instance in one of S. T. Coleridge's letters which establishes the first to put into shape a correct theory of this play-ground of mind:—

It is among the feeblenesses of our nature (he says) we are often, to a certain degree, acted on by stories asserted, of which we yet do most religiously receive every syllable, nay, which perhaps we know to be false. The truth is that images and thoughts possess a power of standing by themselves, independent of that act of the judgment by which we affirm or deny the existence of correspondent to them. Such is the ordinary state of the mind in dreams. It is not strictly accurate to say that we believe our dreams to be actual while we are dreaming. We believe it, nor disbelieve it. With the will the power is suspended, and without the comparing power of judgment, whether affirmation or denial, is lost. The forms and thoughts act merely by their own power, and the strong feelings at times apparently connected with them are, in point of fact, bodily sensations which are causes or occasions of the images; not (as when we see the effects of them. Add to this a voluntary tendency will to this suspension of one of its own operations that of comparison and consequent decision concerning the reality of any sensuous impression) and you have the theory of stage illusion, equally distant from the absurdity of the French critics, who ground their principles on the assumption of an absolute delusion, and of Dr. Johnson, who persuades us that our judgments are as broad awake and most masterly representation of the deepest scenes of life as a philosopher would be during the exhibition of a lantern with Punch and Joan and Pull Devil, Pull Be on its painted slides.

I have given you [he adds] a theory which, as you know is new, and which I am quite sure is most important ground and fundamental principle of all philosophical common-sense criticisms concerning the drama and the

Coleridge has been describing the mental state of the goer as one midway between absolute non-illusion and delusion. Of the first of these extremes the best illustration known to me is Tolstoi's account in "What is Art" visit to *Siechtoid*. "When I arrived," he says, "an actor

sible." Here Tolstoi, of course, deliberately detaches himself from the surrounding influences for a specific purpose; he stands outside the crowd. Instances of the other extreme state of mind, complete delusion, are found in the many well-authenticated stories of unsophisticated audiences who have interrupted acts of violence on the stage and have chased the villain from the theatre. Any one who wants a classic case from literature will find it in the famous paper by Addison on Sir Roger de Coverley's visit to a performance of the *Distress Mother* (No. 335 of the *Spectator*), when the knight objected to Andromache as a perverse widow, and dismissed Hermione with "On my word, a notable young baggage!" Nor are instances lacking of the playgoer showing non-illusion and delusion at one and the same time. Joseph Jefferson, in his autobiography, tells the story of an actor playing Richard III. on the Texan frontier; when it came to the wooing of the Lady Anne, an indignant cowboy shouted, "don't you believe him, marm, he has two Mexican wives down in San Antonio." For this cowboy there was absolute delusion as to the wooing, and absolute non-illusion as to the chief actor. But for the average spectator in the playhouse the state of mind, no doubt, is midway between the two extremes, the quasi-hypnotic condition which Coleridge describes.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

THEORIES OF EDUCATION.

There is no subject on which it is easier to write than on education, and there is no subject on which it is more difficult to write anything that is really new and practical. In the teaching of Froebel and of Pestalozzi may be found most of the educational principles which are so persistently enunciated by the highly-enlightened writer of to-day; nay, they were slated, some of them, with equal force in the pages of Ascham three centuries ago; and more than 2,000 years ago the ideal propounded by the modern educational reformer was outlined, with differences characteristic of his age and nation, by the author of "The Republic." Yet it must be conceded that there is also no subject on which a constant reiteration of principles is more necessary. Education as a profession differs from all others in two points—the supreme importance of the constant presence of an ideal in the mind of the teacher, and the incessant, overwhelming temptation which he labours under to forget it. In theory every educational act is of the most vital import, and demands for its proper performance the highest gifts of character and intelligence; in practice it inevitably tends to be a matter of routine, sometimes of drudgery. Hence the teacher requires, as it were, a continual tightening up; his ideal needs to be continually redrawn; and the restatement, or even the mere discussion, of principle prevents him from becoming the slave of mechanical detail or stereotyped system. The fault in so many of the books on education which come weekly, almost daily, from the press is their indefiniteness. They tell us that children must be taught through their emotions, but that it is dangerous to yield to the emotions unduly. Children must at all costs be interested in their lessons; and yet how valuable is the moral discipline of an uninteresting lesson! How admirable is the instinct of that mother who postpones the day of books and teaches her child wisdom through the eye, the ear, and the hand! Yet how cruel to close the one avenue of knowledge to which children take with alacrity and which widens their horizon every

years, aimed against ignorant and meek children. It has much to say that is good about the side of education—the work of the emotion in the environment. There are plenty of ideas of clever writing in the book, but, like so much of the class, it does not go far to help the despairing managers whose one question is How? How? How? can we realize these fine theories? How, in the matter of reading, can the doctrine that we should develop with "long days, wide horizons," and that the best literature, be applied to the denizens of the alleys?

Sir Joshua Fitch is no mere theorist; he has the experience of teaching both in its practice and in its theory. He realizes the needs of teachers, and though he does not leave a large space to methods of teaching, what he does say is to the point, and we may add, after a perusal of his book, *AIMS AND METHODS* (Cambridge University Press), that he is the master of a most lucid and agreeable style. His book of addresses and essays covers a great variety of subjects, and appeals alike to the teacher, the historian, the philosopher, and the statesman. It contains chapters on Educational Methods in America; on the Schools of the Renaissance; on the Modern Public School; on Lancaster and on Primary Education; on Sunday Schools. The interesting parts of its chapters are on "Methods of Instruction in the Bible"—an invaluable study of the principles of Testament in an educational curriculum, and on the teaching adopted in the early exposition of the Bible; on "Endowments"; and on "Women and the Future of Education." On these two latter subjects it is well known that the side of progress, even radical progress, has been the "pious Founder" he is undoubtedly justified in taking by public opinion. The anxiety and the anxiety caused by the early working of the Endowed Schools have been to a great extent dissipated, and the newer principles tends to influence the future of education inasmuch that the best of them are possible to spend their money on endowments by the terms of their bequests will be continually subject to the interests of public utility. So, at least, Sir Joshua Fitch before a House of Commons committee in 1880. The case was illustrated by the case of Sir Josiah Mason, who probably not have founded the Science College if he had not relied upon the public authorities. The mistakes as occasion might require. On the subject of "the Universities" public opinion is much more favourable. Sir Joshua is strongly opposed to a "Women's University" on the ground that it is premature to differentiate between men and women. It is therefore, one might think, to forestall the issue by creating a mixed University, Sir Joshua is, we think, too optimistic, even in his survey of the movement for a mixed University. He does not mention the decisive movement received in 1897, contenting himself with that "at present, notwithstanding the good work of the resident members, the grant of such a University has not been sought by the University." Another chapter on "Socrates and His Method of Teaching" is together with the latest volume of the "Cambridge Schools and Training Colleges." This is *THE YOUNG IN THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO*, edited by Professor G. E. Hughes (Cambridge University Press, 1900).

THE BRONTËS.

The seventh and last volume of the excellent Hawthorne edition of the *LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER SISTERS* (Smith, Elder, &c.) consists of Mrs. Gaskell's well-known "Life" of Charlotte, with an introduction and notes by Mr. Clement Shorter, who has made the subject his own. He probably knows more about the Brontë family than any one else now living, and he has conveyed his knowledge to the public in delightful form. We prefer his book on "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle" even to the famous Gaskell "Life." The reader obtains a truer idea of the extraordinary Brontë family from the one than from the other, nor is the reason far to seek. Mr. Shorter, in 1896, was able to speak out more openly than was Mrs. Gaskell in 1857, only two years after Charlotte's death. The consequence of having to please friends and relations produced, in Mrs. Gaskell's case, a portrait in which much of the strange, rugged characteristics of the original were softened—a literary pendant, in some measure, to the patently flattering Richmond drawing. In this academical drawing we see a smooth-faced, smiling, gentle woman, with the faithful, loving eyes of a dog and an imposing breadth of dome-like brow. Not one of these traits belonged to Charlotte Brontë, and we should imagine smiles and gentleness to have been an unknown combination in the Brontë family. Anne was gentle, but her short and hard experience of life did not express itself in smiles. Charlotte was not gentle, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, and, well aware of the storm that we shall raise, we will add that she was not lovable. Intensely narrow, fiercely bigoted, sternly self-repressed, with a country school-girl's ideal of conduct against which she measured every one she met, she condemned unhesitatingly all who failed to attain to it. Thus, in London, she went to hear Thackeray lecture at Willis' Rooms. When the lecture was over he spoke to her as she was leaving and asked her how she had liked it—surely the most natural, the most inevitable of questions. But she, who would have died sooner than make the smallest concession to human nature, thought this showed *mauveté* on Thackeray's part, over-eagerness, want of self-control. She despised him for it, and this trait, with others, helped to shake down the altar she had raised to him in her heart. She never had the least comprehension of, or love for, children (which must have added considerably to the bitterness of her lot as governess in earlier days), for there had never been any children in her own family—the little Brontës were philosophers, politicians, and stoics almost before they were able to speak. Hence the amazement she felt, mingled with other conflicting emotions, when she went to visit Thackeray in Young-street and witnessed his wonderful kindness and gentleness to his little daughters. The very fact that his forbearance with his children should surprise her seems to us to paint her rigid austerity better than anything else, although one of those two little daughters has given a vivid description of the peculiarly depressing effect which it had on those actually brought into contact with her.

But in society Charlotte Brontë was always completely out of her element, and at that time she was fitted only for the grim, cold, isolated existence of the Yorkshire moors. It is true that, later, a more prolonged married life would have inevitably mellowed and broadened her, but it would not, probably, have benefited her work. For her power lay in the very narrowness of her mind, in the concentration of her energy, in her starvation for joy; and as we muse upon her extraordinary genius, her

And yet, after all, if the intimate side must be unveiled, the world will always insist on the unveiling of it—it will be presented with a real likeness, a likeness with its well as with its lights, such as we can piece together. Shorter's book, rather than with the meaningless down Richmond drawing which serves as its frontispiece to the volume under review is a true hand, of Mrs. Gaskell. We can readily understand the charming and gifted author of "Wives and Children" looked like this; but the punishment of the habit of exacting the truth from his crime. Even when he is telling you you hesitate to believe him.

ROMANCE IN GERMANY.

THE SUNKEN BELL. A Fairy Play in Five Acts by HAUPTMANN, freely rendered into English verse by HENRY MELTZER. (Heinemann, 4s. 6.)

When Goethe named the autobiographical acceptance of "Wahrheit und Dichtung," he characterized in the distinguishing mark of the German temperament—the hardest and most prosaic facts of every day life, the social misery of all the world can destroy the romance at the bottom of every German heart. In the realistic of German novels and plays of the last decade a strain of idealism that has no counterpart in work-class in other lands. Even uncompromising realists Hauptmann and Hauptmann feel at times compelled to look into the slums, and their excursions into life as much public favour as their investigations into reality is due to the peculiar quality of the German mind not be regarded as a revolt from realism.

Hauptmann's fairy drama, *The Sunken Bell*, was written in 1896. It is one of the best examples of the German literature of to-day, of the romance in which the imagination predominates, but from which the actual not eliminated. It possesses greater artistic unity of Hauptmann's compositions, except, perhaps, "Henschel." Heinrich, the bell-founder, had almost reached the high ideal he had set himself; he had completed the bell ever turned out from his foundry, a bell destined to the belfry of a chapel situated high up in the mountain its journey to its final resting place, a malicious force it to roll down the mountain side into the tarn to remain sunken for ever. Heinrich is mortally in confusion. His highest hopes have failed. Desperate at point of death, he is saved by Rautendelein, the mountain nixie with red-gold hair. She falls in love and persuades him to leave wife and children and the narrow life for a free existence with her in the lofty mountain. Heinrich feels himself a free artist soul, and is inspired to a temple whence shall ring a wondrous chime—

Filling the air with such sweet passionate sound
As wakes each breast to sob with rapturous joy
and as the sound rises—

all the ice in every human breast
Is melted, and the hate and pain and woe
Stream out in tears.

For a while all goes well. Heinrich pays no heed to friends who try to save him from what they deem a mistake and declares that he will no more feel remorse than

Here, then, the artist presents a beautiful fairy tale, in a beautiful setting of mountain scenery, told in most melodious verse. What it symbolizes, if it symbolizes anything, is another question. Perhaps Heinrich represents the artist who, in striving after his ideal, neglects the common duties of life, follows the sirens to heights unattainable by man, and suffers the fate of all great souls whose reach exceeds their grasp. But it is no great matter; as Hazlitt said of the "Faerie Queen," if we do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with us. The translator, who is an American, has succeeded well in a difficult task, and has preserved much of the charm and glamour of the original. The play is now being acted in New York, where three of Hauptmann's dramas have already been seen. It would be pleasant hearing that England was to enjoy a like advantage.

ENGLISH PLAYS.

IN *ANDROMACHE*: a Play in three Acts (Heinemann, 1s. 6d.), Mr. Gilbert Murray has made an "interesting experiment," and we congratulate him on his success. We can hardly call it an attempt to restore one of the lost Greek plays; it is rather an attempt to restore the Greek moral atmosphere in the heroic age; and the point in particular illustrated is the dawn of tenderness and pity in human breasts. *Andromache*, for whom the bitterness of death is passed, feels it, and tries to lead her son away from the frank brutality of the age. The boy rushes in full of excitement: "Mother, look, I have slain a man!" *Andromache's* feeling is something so odd and strange in the eyes of her friends, that she passes for a witch. The boy's ambition is this:—

I want first to slay many, many men, and many wild beasts, and burn a town, that people may fear me, and call me slayer of men. And after that—after that, I will be merciful, and slay only those I hate.

The scene is laid in Phthia, where *Orestes* arrives after his madness has left him, and claims *Hermione* as his promised bride. It answers in some degree, then, to the period of the *Andromache* of Euripides, but the treatment is quite different. Here *Pyrrhus* is present, and the drama ends with the death of *Andromache*, whom *Hermione* stabs. The character-interest centres about *Orestes* and *Hermione*; *Andromache* is carefully thought out, but she does not develop during the play as the others do. There is not a little skill in the way *Orestes* is taught *Hermione's* real nature by the influence of *Andromache* upon her, and in the constant suggestion of madness when *Orestes* thinks of the past. The other characters talk and act consistently with themselves. The action is simple, but it moves, it interests the reader. Between *Pyrrhus* and *Hermione* is some pretty fencing, but the best scene is that where *Orestes* mocks at *Pyrrhus* in the character of troubadour. Behind all is the "background of blank savagery" which the author has tried to reproduce.

We have called this an "experiment," not only because this is Mr. Murray's own word, but because there is a suggestion of more behind it. There is a stern restraint in the style, which is perfectly simple, yet strong and telling; moreover, the play is written in prose, so that we are forced to judge it by its dramatic merit only. Mr. Murray may be unable to write verse, and incapable of filling the outlines he has sketched; but we do not think so, and we hope he will try.

jest at the travesty; the libertine who miswatches his step; the worthless counterfeit; are all in their turn as play is a play of humours in the Jonsonian sense. A little compression and revision would have improved the undeniable talent and power.

We come to more ambitious work in Mr. Murray's fourteenth-century play, *TIT PRINCE* (Macmillan), a tragedy which merits attention if only for the lesson it leaves upon us that the author has put into it his command. Simple as the plot is, it is one which affords scope for the delineation of character and legitimate justification for the final catastrophe. With few characters Mr. Jack has achieved considerable success, though he has not carried them quite far enough—and the *personae* form a sufficiently picturesque background for knocking about and a little focussing the play more fully staged.

Mr. David Graham's *DARNLEY* (Constable) shows an abundance of vigour, which is not infrequently marred by extreme carelessness in the versification; it also suffers from being rather badly arranged. There are seven scenes in the last two acts, and the constant transition tax the characters of Bothwell, Moray, Ruthven, &c., is well conceived, but the Queen is inadequate.

POMPEII.

Like the *Tanagra terracottas*, like many other objects recently recovered from Egypt, the remains of the Heracleum help us to understand that the fond idea of antiquity derived from the great monuments of literature is untrue, in so far as those monuments do not rise above the ordinary level. In *POMPEII, ITS LIFE AND ART*, by August Mau (English by F. W. Kelsey (Macmillan, 25s. n.) and *TWO BURIED CITIES*, by Dr. John Fletch (Hazzell, 10s. 6d.), we have two striking examples of the fascination which the buried cities, quite apart from their destruction, exercise on the modern imagination. Too, of the fine results that a trained scholar can achieve in the study of their remains, and of the fatal snare of the ignorant amateur. August Mau is, without doubt, the chief living authority on Pompeii, and a new book by his pen, summing up the results of many years of research, has been translated by Mr. Kelsey into English, of an excellent American-English. The book will partially supersede the standard work so well known as *Overbeck-Mau*. To suit the requirements of certain modifications have been made by the translator, with the author's consent. No exact indication of these changes is given; but we seem to trace the proleptic influence of American readers in such a passage as the couplet: "The Zeus of Otricoli and the Pompeian Jupiter—verges on the 'highfalutin.'" In general, however, the book is concise and lucid, and never dry; plus ça change, plus ça change, and would be faultless if only they were in so as to face away from the corresponding technicalities of course, matters of detail which admit of dispute. For instance, that the pretty Vettian picture (fig. 10) is not gold-smithery, but coinage; and that in the wall paintings the stall are provisions, and not "iron utensils."

make notes, well and good; when they rush into print, they mislead the inexperienced. In a volume of this size the numerous mistakes, which might have been forgiven in a small pamphlet like its predecessor, "The Hurled Cliffs of Vesuvius," need to be pointed out, but we can only mention a few. Strabo is an "eminent historian"; the meeting-place of the Senate is "Curia"; "basilica" is derived from two Greek words, "basileus oikos"; on p. 104 Marthul (whose name is disguised as "Mastral") flourishes in the first century before Christ, and the Cascellius whom he mentions is called "Calecellius." On p. 24, Palladio (whom we had hitherto thought, with Evelyn, was "of all the moderns the most judicious") is supposed to have designed the theatre at Herculaneum, which, by the way, is described as elliptical in form. Only those German authorities which have been translated into English are given by the author in his "Bibliographical References." Unfortunately, these errors are not compensated for by any great charm of style or imagination. Some of the plates are effective; but one, in which a paltry razor, tibia, and pair of scissors figure aimlessly against a full-page background, is only extravagant. We take no pleasure in criticizing unfavourably what the author describes as a labour of love, and we should have been glad to be able to say more in its favour.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS.

Was Chateaubriand sincerely a Christian? Periodically this question has been debated in France ever since Sainte-Beuve, in a famous book, "Chateaubriand et son Groupe Littéraire sous l'Empire," contested the sincerity of the author of the "Génie du Christianisme." This study has always been a thorn in the flesh of M. Edmond Biré, and lately the old quarrel has been revived at the Sorbonne in the discussion of a thesis by the Abbé Bertrin, entitled "La Sincérité Religieuse de Chateaubriand." The young abbé frankly expresses the belief that Sainte-Beuve's book is a "book of bad faith." And M. Biré has rushed to his aid in the Royalist journal, the *Gazette de France*, with congratulations and arguments. The congratulations are justified, for the Abbé Bertrin has done his work well. The arguments are less perfect in their kind. They consist solely in the demonstration of Sainte-Beuve's natural vindictiveness. For proof of this vindictiveness we are given quotations from his private journal in which he abuses the very contemporaries whom, in order to be elected to the Academy, he was regularly acclaiming in the *Débats* or the *Revue des deux Mondes*. But this does not prove that Sainte-Beuve was wrong about Chateaubriand. It does not do away with the famous passage cited by Sainte-Beuve from the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," as read to the select company of the *Abbaye-aux-Bois*, which seems to disprove the thesis of the Catholic writers, the Abbé Bertrin and M. Biré. The Abbé Bertrin's thesis has now been published by M. Victor Lecoffre, and since the appearance of this book M. Jules Troubat has published in the *Revue Bleue* a *fac simile* of the contested page now in the possession of M. Spoelbech de Lovenjoul, the erudite Belgian collector. His comments render the Abbé Bertrin's book a piece of supererogation, although a brilliant one.

Respectable as such inquiries are, they tend, after all, to degenerate into what the French call *querelles de boutique*. They do not represent the real problems evoked by the name of Chateaubriand, some of which were marshalled in August of last year at St. Malo by the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé. His address, delivered on the Grand-Bé rocks at the celebration

of his study of the French Parliamentary system in his M. de Vogüé calls it a novel "Les Morts qui Parlent." The career of Lassalle has not so directly M. de Vogüé as it did Mr. Meredith in the "Tudians." But for Lassalle, however, and perhaps Seillière, it is doubtful if this study of Palais Bourbon ever have been written in this form. M. de Vogüé Deputy although not a successful one. But he is an intelligent and sensitive, and his book certainly has value as a picture of Palais Bourbon life. In the *morts qui parlent*, the author sums up the whole philosophy of the "Nationalist" movement in France. Here Vogüé's own statement:

... nous ne valons que par la force des morts, par la continuité de leur action en nous.

M. de Vogüé has much of the sad lucidity and irony of Matthew Arnold. He gazes on the world from a tower; but he is an admirable writer, and may be regarded as another product which we owe to Chateaubriand.

This is by no means the case with another *Vie*, G. d'Avenel, in his third series of studies on the "Histoire de la Vie Moderne," including entertaining essays on "The Parisian House," on "Alcohol and Liqueurs," on "Football," on "Racing," following upon the same author's investigations into the condition of the peasants and classes of the Middle ages: "Paysans et Ouvriers du Nord" (Colin). Thanks to Madame Edgar Quinet, the letters passed between her husband and Michelet are now in a small, but closely printed volume, entitled "Cinq Lettres d'Amitié." They form a marvellous document for the study of the early careers of Michelet and Quinet. The letters read, their interchange of ideas, the complete disintegration in their common search for truth and their passionate devotion above all the rôle in French spiritual life of the "Génie de France" all this these letters reveal. These are the letters of men who have added lustre to the French name; surprising that M. Brunetière still seems to be unaware of their existence. His own academic colleagues correct him. In the introduction which M. Albert Sorel has written for the "Histoire et Philosophie," in Calmann Lévy's new edition of Michelet, this academician says:—

The greatest writers of our time, especially Renan, have felt the influence of Michelet's early work. . . . Michelet occupies a place of honour in the national treasure house.

But the fact that even to the slightest degree Michelet has been held responsible for Renan is enough, in M. Brunetière's opinion, to render Michelet's influence pernicious.

Certainly in the latest publications from Renan it is difficult to verify M. Sorel's statement. The appearance of his "Life," we are to have a new edition of posthumous works by Renan, which will reveal an unfamiliar light. M. Calmann Lévy has already published the first volume of this series, "Études sur la Vie Religieuse du Règne de Philippe Le Bel." The moods of Renan have misled superficial readers, and fundamental seriousness. Much of the work which has become popular was the mere recreation of an artist in the fatigues of his efforts in philological pursuits and erudition. Students of his work are familiar with this in the preface to his "L'Avenir de la Science," where he confesses his willful sacrifice of that completeness, and even of that dulness of style required by the undivided truth, to lucidity and brilliancy. His motive was

In the series of "Great French Writers," edited by the French Minister in Copenhagen, M. Jusserand, for MM. Hachette, there is now a volume on "Bossuet," by M. Alfred Rebillion, interesting chiefly as being an attempt—and a successful one—to "explain" Bossuet as a normal and natural product of his time. We have also the second volume, covering the periods from 1806 to 1818, of Comte de Montalivet's "Fragments et Souvenirs" (Calmann Lévy)—a unique series of documents on the reign of Louis Philippe; and finally the third and fourth volumes of M. Marsden's translation of the "Mille et Uno Nuits," a daring undertaking for the publishers of the "Revue Blanche," but one which, as I am told by the Paris booksellers, has been largely recompensed, for the sale of this book, although each volume costs 7f. 50c., has been immense, making it the success of the year.

W. M. F.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Kipling Influence.

Few people can have been so sanguine as to expect a really sane estimate of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's work and influence from the pen of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, whose latest book is *RUDYARD KIPLING: A CRITICISM* (Lane, 3s. 6d. n.). For that purpose one desiderates an hour of Matthew Arnold, who had other standards of comparison than those furnished by contemporary and recent literature, knew the difference between a barbarian and a Philistine, was acquainted with the use of firearms, and able to a certain extent to enter into the barbarian's feelings. In the case of Mr. Le Gallienne's monograph what one gets is not so much criticism as a conflict of tendencies, reminding one of those battles between bulls and lions which enliven the arenas of Spanish South America. It is the high priest of sentiment standing up to the prophet of blood—the writer who once declared that more courage was needed to wear your hair long than to charge a battery assailing the writer who, beyond all others, has made it clear that quite other attributes than those of the minor poet are required to run the British Empire—the poet who wrote that a French conquest of England would not much matter, as it would at least introduce *cafés* into Regent-street, denouncing the poet of "The Seven Seas." Sport rather than instruction is what one looks for in such a criticism.

At first there is a disappointing timidity about Mr. Le Gallienne's attack. He salutes; he pays tributes of admiration; he draws distinctions between Mr. Kipling at his best and Mr. Kipling at his second best. But presently he warms to his work, says that "we are in the thick of one of the most impudent triumphs of the Philistines that the world has seen," that "all the nobler and gentler instincts of men and women are ridiculed as sentimentality," and that "for this state of things in England Mr. Kipling is the most responsible voice." And he goes further and makes the personal charge that Mr. Kipling is himself intoxicated with the joy of the slaughter-house, and revels in "the sheer glee of the slaying of men"; and he sums up thus:—

And now the literature of beauty, of thought, of fancy, all the literature of idealism, can go pack. It must subscribe to the new fashion or die. All the old literary ideals must be discarded even by the literary journals. Idealism flies in panic; or bows down, abjectly sacrificing in terror one reputation after another before the conqueror. . . . Wilder

recognize the merits of work which does not conform to them. Perhaps the most useful feature is a bibliography of Mr. Kipling's writings con- John Lane, and compiled with great diligence and accuracy.

The Declaration of Paris.

Students of foreign politics will find much in *THE DECLARATION OF PARIS OF 1856*, by Thomas M.P. (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.). The book omits engagements with Sweden, Switzerland, Belgium, Turkey, and other countries, which might at any time have been of great importance to Great Britain in a foreign war not actually involving the protection of the British Isles, and it shows how the Declaration of Paris, with its careful provisions for the rights of neutrals, interferes with our power ourselves effectually. Mr. Bowles is of opinion that we lose no time in repudiating the Declaration and believing our representatives to have signed it without assent, and he points his argument by showing how it happened in the case of the Transvaal War if the Declaration had not barred the way.

But for that surrender all merchandise, property of the Transvaal or of the Orange Free State, now be liable to capture at sea and to confiscation in prize of war, whatever might be its nature or under whatever neutral flag it might be found. If Great Britain might capture every vessel produced in the Transvaal and shipped to Belgium for arms, ammunition, or services of any kind, she could capture every kind of merchandise and the property of the enemy, whether carried or not. In short, but for the Declaration of Paris, Great Britain could stop the supplies of the Transvaal under neutral flags, as well as the payment of taxes carried from it under those same flags.

Whether the actual exercise of the rights of the Declaration have precipitated those foreign complications, which are generally understood to have recently kept us awake at nights, is a question which hardly belongs to this province to discuss.

Conscription.

A STRONG ARMY IN A FREE STATE, by G. G. Kin, Marshall, Esq.), is a plea for compulsory military service in England on the lines of the Swiss militia. That Switzerland is the European country which has a strong army with the least inconvenience to the traveller through the country without suspecting that he is a soldier, but you know that 100,000 men can do anything on a war footing with a solid reserve behind them, explains how this is done. His pamphlet will interest, though we fancy he exaggerates somewhat, those who insist upon the good that the army has done for the interests of the different Swiss cantons. The Swiss militia is by no means as harmonious as Mr. Coullon says. It is only a few years since there was a revolution in Ticino which had to be put down by the strong Swiss army. Nor should it be forgotten that still more recent reforms to reform the army on lines which commended themselves to the militia expert in the world broke down simply on account of intercantonal jealousies.

South Africa.

LEADING POINTS IN SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY (Murray, 7s. 6d.), is a *précis* of South African history in the form of a diary from 1850 to

ignored by Mr. Pratt. His book, however, will be a very useful work of reference for journalists.

Drake's Voyage.

Mr. Miller Christy's attractive volume entitled *THE SILVER MAP OF THE WORLD, A CONTEMPORARY MEDALLION COMMEMORATIVE OF DRAKE'S GREAT VOYAGE, 1577-1580* (Stevens, Son, and Styles, 1000, 12s. 6d. n.), shows great industry and wide reading; but the author, in our judgment, is mistaken in his conclusions as to the origin, date, and meaning of the object treated of. The medallion is well-known to antiquaries, for there are two specimens in the British Museum, and the late Sir A. W. Franks, so long ago as 1874, furnished to the Society of Antiquaries an almost exhaustive account of it. It is a thin silver disc 2 4/5-in. in diameter, representing the two hemispheres on its two surfaces, and having at the top an excrescence intended to be pierced for suspension by a small chain or riband. The meridians and parallels of latitude are drawn according to the conical projection, and there are altogether 110 place-names. There are also notes in Latin, indicating the discoveries of Cabot, Frobenius, and Drake, and the course of Drake's famous circumnavigation is indicated by a dotted line; but the dates given are in some instances incorrect. Mr. Christy rightly points out that the map of the Western Hemisphere found on the medallion resembles in many respects a French map published with Hakluyt's Paris edition of Peter Martyr's "Decades," and dated 1587, but he inverts the relation between the two. The silver map is in several places based on Hakluyt's map, and contains particulars not to be found in the latter. Mr. Christy contends that the two maps were designed by the same cartographer, and remarks that almost the only differences between the two are the absence from the Paris map of the line indicating Drake's route and of the representation of the imaginary continent called Terra Australis. Yet the most cursory observer cannot fail to see that the two maps are constructed on different projections, that the one reckons the longitude westwards from Toledo, the other eastwards from Ferro, that there are marked differences in style of lettering, and that the lettering on the silver map, the rendering of which Mr. Christy in some instances curiously misapprehends, is unmistakably Dutch. Mr. Christy is convinced that the medallion was struck in commemoration of Drake's voyage shortly after his return in 1580, and cannot be later than 1581, or at latest 1582. Since it contains the name "Virginia," spelt "Virginea," as on the Paris map of 1587, it is absolutely impossible for it to have been executed before 1581, and it may safely be placed some years later. It has not a single "commemorative" characteristic, and a medallion of such a description would surely have been free from chronological mistakes. We believe it to be simply a Dutch map of the world struck as a cabinet medallion, and possibly intended as a geography prize for schoolboys.

Bibliography.

Bibliography is a subject which requires more delicate handling than it receives in *NOTES ON PRINTERS AND BOOKSELLERS*, by Mr. Charles Gerring (Simpkin, Marshall, 10s. 6d. n.). It can be made entertaining, as Burton and Lang have proved, but Mr. Gerring's style and method of composition are not attractive. Even the student requires something more than an imposing array of facts arranged in the fashion of Dibdin. Some of these facts, too, are misleading. The statement that some specimens of the art of Aldus Manutius "are at times to be met with" is curious in view of the present "slump" in Aldines when good examples can be procured in plenty for about ten shillings each. Mr. Gerring is similarly untrust-

Sappho.

Mr. T. G. Johnson's monograph on *SAPPHO THE* (Williams and Norgate, 1s. 6d. n.) will give pleasant students of the "greatest erotic poet of antiquity." Johnson, without formulating any very new theories, brings all the most interesting information connected with Sappho and her school. The renderings quoted are from the most recent translation of Mr. H. T. Wharton. The German critic especially utilized, but Mr. Gabriel Beau's work "Poétique" has helped Mr. Johnson. In 1730 Richard heard of a stone coffin in a marble mosque which was supposed to be the tomb of Sappho. The Hellen has not yet discovered it, but, as Mr. Johnson points out, still remains an untilled field for the archaeologist. Mr. Johnson's book will interest those who would recreate "the deserts of Hellas and also those who would learn more of the island, "the pearl of the Æolian race," which he knows of which he writes, to use one of his own favourite in such "melic" sentences.

FROM THE *EGYPTIAN RAMELLE*, by Alexander A. B. B. and Bird, 7s. 6d.), gives an account of modern life from the point of view of a clergyman. Most of it is about cycling, but there is also something about Ch. It is pathetic to read in Mr. Boddy's pages of the failures and labours to improve the condition of the Coptic Church. Funds were raised, it appears, for the purpose of employing a number of intelligent Copts for the ministry; but as they had got their education these intelligent young men found that it also qualified them to compete successfully for positions in the Egyptian Civil Service. So they went in for the Government appointments, holding appointments, however poorly paid, was that of an humble village priest at a precarious salary of a few shillings a month. Mr. Boddy's book has no literary qualities, but contains a good deal of interesting information. His photographs there are 270 of them—would be more if they were not so very small.

A book well conceived and well written is Mr. Balmforth's *SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PIONEERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY* (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.). Mr. Balmforth is an advanced thinker who is not too narrow, dogmatic, or too repel those who do not agree with him; and he gives a book brief, but discriminating, sketches of the chief movements of the century connected in most cases with names—Cobbett, Paine, Owen, Cobden, and so on—arranged down to more recent times and more disputatious ground—Ruskin, Morris, and the later educational and social movements.

Tewkesbury Abbey was well worthy of being included in Messrs. Bell's Cathedral Series. It dates from Anglo-Saxon times, and at the time of the Domesday survey, the already owned was 3,000 acres of land valued at £241. The first chapter of *TEWKESBURY AND DEERHURST*, by H. L. Bell, 1s. 6d.), sets forth these facts and others equally interesting. The chapters which follow describe the architecture.

IN *STORY-TELLING*, by Benjamin Taylor (Elliot Stock), a number of facts and legends bearing on folk-lore, sea-lore, and lore are strung together in a very readable way. It is a scientific folk-lore, though it may provide him with a convenient form; nor does it theorize unduly, save perhaps its discovery behind the phrase "Davy Jones' Locker" Sanskrit Devil, the Hebrew Jonah, and the Scandinavian

THE PIANIST'S VIDE-MECUM (Deacon, 2s.) is a useful plain in a short space the rudiments which every one ought to know—the meaning of technical terms and elementary rules of harmony, and so forth. A good number of ladies who play their set pieces, quite ignorant of the through which they pass, should read this book. A short history of the sonata form might have been added.

FICTION.

"Smart" Society.

THE WEST END, by Percy White (Sands, 6s.), is a satire directed at the so-called "smart" society. It relates how a certain John Treadaway, a hard-headed, and not particularly soft-hearted, manufacturer of the Midlands, discovered that admission to circles generally supposed to be exclusive and select could be bought for money, and how he and his wife and his son and his daughter set out to conquer this new world. The story is put into the mouth of the millionaire's nephew, who was also the confidential adviser of the various members of the family in their love affairs and other embarrassments. Judging the book by the very highest standards we are inclined to find fault with Mr. White for "rubbing it in" too relentlessly, and making his satirical purpose too transparent. He does not balance cynicism with sentiment so successfully as Thackeray did, and he leaves the impression that he is better at observing externals than at reading hearts. Yet the book will probably gain in popularity from the very fact that the author makes his points so clearly that the meanest intelligence cannot miss them. We ourselves found the book—which is a long one—interesting from cover to cover, and we fully expect that other people will do the same. But there is something wanting in it. It contains no character likely to be remembered as at once an individual and the type of an idea—as Becky Sharp, and Dodo, and (let us add) Mr. Baily Martin are remembered. At the same time, Mr. Percy White has written a very remarkable book and one upon which he may be sincerely congratulated. It is a slashing satire, carrying the conviction that its bitterness was justified. It is also a graphic picture of a certain kind of London society which figures very prominently in the papers and is the object of unqualified admiration in the suburbs. And, finally, it is a story of which the interest is sustained. The current war is brought in in the closing chapters and used in just the proper way. There are no tawdry scenes of carnage, and there is no unnecessary harrowing of the feelings; but the emotion which the war arouses is the touchstone by means of which the hidden qualities of the various personages are brought to light. When we compare "The West End" with "Vanity Fair" we find it wanting. But it deserves a high rank when compared with the average novel of the day.

In the Old Style.

"In a Grass Country" and "A Soul Astray" made for Mrs. Lovett Cameron a wide circle of readers, who will welcome A LOYAL LOVER (Pearson, 6s.). No doubt the author or publisher has some occult reason for giving the book this name on the title-page, and heading all the other pages "A Vain Sacrifice." Both titles, however, are of the popular type, and either will serve to show that Mrs. Cameron has written another novel in the old manner. Marnaduke Payne had two beautiful daughters. Elsie is frivolous; Venetia is apt to speak and act "sadly and earnestly," and she is determined on a tremendous sacrifice on her sister's behalf. But after 300 pages of well-conducted complications all comes right in the orthodox manner.

... And so, in the midst of the fair enchanted city whose name she bore, Godfrey Charter drew this other fair Venetia into his arms, and, in all sweet solemnity, swore to make up to her in the happy future for the mistakes and sorrows of her stormy past.

Lucky Venetia, lucky Godfrey, to be children of Mrs. Lovett Cameron, and have everything arranged so prettily for them!

old friend, "Slow-footed Nemesis." And to s fore, we recommend Mr. T. W. Speight's *THE WEA OF FATE* (Chatto, 6s.).

By the same author is *CHAINS OF CHIR Long, 6s.* The chains hold prisoners worthy people; the usual honourable matrons, fair young girls, and manly youths usual Russian villain endeavours to rivet round innocent limbs. Then, in the last chapter makes a clean breast of past errors of judgment to the ground, and everything ends happily. I have done this in the very first chapter of a with twopence worth of sense must have done T. W. Speight would have had no story to tel

Celeste Marquette is a very charming Downe, who tells her history, which lay in t after the War of Secession, in *CELESTE* (atmosphere is pleasant and the interest well s

New South Wales is the scene of Miss novel *HEARTS IMPORTUNATE* (Heinemann, 6 with excellent characterization and a vivid pi Wales life. Many of the characters are am able we have met with among latter-day fle versation is often both witty and wise. We ca Dickinson on her latest work as well as her on the pleasure of reading it.

Miss Helen Shipton has chosen an excel man for the hero of *THE STRONG GOD CIRCUM* (6s.). Arthur Kenyon, the youngest Fellow University and a successful coach, is accused of the papers for forthcoming examinations, a is aware that he is condemned. The auth this critical point, and relates his hopes, his d his love, until at last his future seems "The Strong God Circumstance" gives a things still to come from its author.

"Rita" gives us another clever piece of OF SAMARIA (Hutchinson, 6s.). Here we mee English vicarage girl who lets herself play cousin's false Romeo and who finds herself d to fly from her home. The various stran which the fates befriend her when she has world form the story "Rita" has to tell. written—the details of stage life have often b the characters detain one, and the autho almost impossible incidents wear an air of tru being a remarkably good novel, "A Wom interest the reader throughout, and may oec to laughter—hardly, we think, as "Rita" w

LIBRARY NOTE

The importance of careful cataloguing the want of it during the sale, in New Y Augustin Daly's library. A writer in the catalogue as "a pitiful exhibition of incompl lay in the omission of valuable features—so frontispiece by "Phiz" to Dickens' "Stra in the description of the items. Of cours that blows nobody good," and purchasers

attempted, so that many of the most precious books extant occupy only a line or two of text. Forty productions of Caxton's press in the library are not chronicled under his names. But of these objections the third is the only one for which an obvious explanation cannot be offered. The catalogue is in three large volumes, and occupies almost two thousand double-column pages. Much bibliographical detail must have increased it to an inconvenient extent, while to pick and choose among so many rarities would require much keener criticism than is possible at present. In all probability the compiler, Mr. Gordon Duff, would wisely prefer to issue separate hand-lists, dealing with his subjects in detail, and in convenient form. The Rylands Library certainly deserves a worthy catalogue, but its evolution must be a matter of more time than the compiler has yet been able to give.

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The annual meeting of the American Library Association is, for the first time, to be held outside the States—in Montreal, upon the invitation of the Governors of McGill University. The conference will last from June 6th to 17th, and the programme furnishes an attractive syllabus of literary and social enjoyment. The A. L. A. have extended a cordial invitation to any members of the English Association who may be able to cross the water. This is a pleasing sign of the kindly feeling which exists between American and Canadian librarians. It may be hoped that some of their English *compères* can make the journey, and so lend an international aspect to the meeting.

* * * *

A correspondent calls our attention to a letter in *The Times* from the librarian of Harvard University advising collectors of a theft of book plates. The front covers of many of the books have been removed, and the mutilated volumes replaced on the shelves. Our correspondent thinks that the system of open access is to blame, but similar misfortunes have befallen libraries under all systems.

* * * *

The sixth annual report of the Carlisle Public Library records a successful year. The number of books issued increased by over 17,000, a noteworthy fact since so many libraries show a decrease. There is a subscription department, which contributed £115 for the purchase of books and magazines. The committee possess, in the "Bibliotheca Jacksoniana," the basis of a bibliography of Cumberland, Westmorland, and North Lancashire. The original collection of nearly 3,000 volumes was bequeathed by the late Mr. William Jackson, F.S.A. More than 1,000 volumes have since been added, and the committee appeal for further gifts before printing a special catalogue. Such local bibliographies are most valuable as a preparation for the undertaking of a national catalogue.

A branch reading-room and delivery station has been established in Pentonville by the Clerkenwell Library authorities. The delivery station is an American institution which is gradually finding favour in England. There is every likelihood that it will be more widely adopted, as being cheaper to keep up than a fully equipped branch library. In many parishes where a good central library exists, an agency for the distribution of the books, with possibly a reading room, is all that is needed.

We have received from the Librarian of West Ham a note on the recent poll for an increase of library rate which ended unsuccessfully. The effort (he says) was defeated by the pluralist voters, and asks if such should exist? This column is scarcely the place to discuss the question; but plurality of votes represents also plurality of rates, and those that pay the piper must be allowed, in reason, to call the tune. There is no

OBITUARY.

GENERAL PITT-RIVERS, who died at the close of last year, was one of the most distinguished anthropologists that England produced during the century. The Anthropological Society of London was founded in 1863, and General Pitt-Rivers became a distinguished member. The society was merged in the Anthropological Institute in 1871, and of this body he was for many years president. In the Index volume to the journals down to 1891 the General's papers occupied two half columns. The variety of his learning and the extent of his travels can often be gleaned from taking up an old volume of this journal or of the transactions of kindred societies in which he was a contributor. For instance, the volume for 1861 contains the following from his pen: "On Stone Implements in Egypt"; "On the Principles of Classification"; "Cultural Implements from Patagonia"; "On Flints from Costa Rica"; and "On Early Modes of Navigation." Or take the Report of the British Association, where General Pitt-Rivers, as well known and ever welcome a personality;—"Excavations at Danes Dyke, Flamborough"; "Flint Implements in Stratified Gravels of the Nile Valley, near Thebes"; "Excavations at Ambresbury Banks in Epping Forest," also vice-president both of the Society of Antiquaries and the Royal Archaeological Institute, and his last appearance in an address was as president of the summer meeting of the institute at Dorchester in 1897. Colonel Lane-Fox (for his original name) was always distinguished for his eagerness to communicate his knowledge and make his collections available to the public. In 1871 a catalogue of his noble anthropological collection, lent for exhibition in the Bethnal-green branch of the South Kensington Museum, was published by the Science and Art Department. Its main object was to show in what the modern savage actually represents primeval man. Since considerably enlarged in subsequent years, this collection is now presented to Oxford University, and now forms the distinctive feature of the new museum. When, in 1880, he inherited the property of Cranborne Chase, on the Dorsetshire-Wiltshire border, he found that it abounded in the remains of the life of the Romano-British, who lingered on there for so long after the departure of the Romans before they were either absorbed by the conquering West Saxons. He at once commenced elaborate and systematic excavations, the smallest details of which were carefully chronicled. The result, in a literary sense, was the issue, between 1887 and December, 1898, of four monumental volumes (privately printed), sumptuously illustrated, various Rushmore excavations. The more material is the storage of all the finds, with models of the various objects, in the most admirably arranged county museum of the British Isles. The arrangements for seeing and visiting the museum in the retired village of Farnham are on the most liberal and thoughtful scale. We have every reason to expect that General Pitt-Rivers will be found to have made provision for the preservation and moderate endowment of this unique mu-

Correspondence.

THE STATUTE BOOK AND ITS LESSONS. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your issue of the 28th of the following passage in a review of a book entitled "The Conscience of the

This is not quite correct, and, as to the last sentence, it is misleading. The work was not abandoned as impracticable. On the contrary, it was successfully carried out so far as it went—covering (I think) a large part of the fourteenth-century legislation. It was not undertaken as a commercial speculation, and it came to an end for the reasons given by Mr. Herbert Spencer in a letter to *The Times* of November 21, 1891, from which I extract the following:—

In 1887 a tentative step was taken towards execution of this scheme. There existed at that time a weekly publication entitled *Jus*, established and edited by Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, and partly devoted to the exposure of mischievous law-making. In pursuance of a suggestion which he says I made to him in 1873, he commenced giving instalments of such a digest as that described above; and these instalments were continued from September 1887 to March 1888, when the death of the periodical brought them to a close. A further step was subsequently taken. In 1892 I named the project to a philanthropic millionaire, and the interest he displayed in it led me to think that he would furnish funds for carrying it out. That he might be able to decide, however, it was needful that a finished portion of such a digest should be produced, and in consultation with Mr. Donisthorpe a final form of Table was agreed upon. Prompted by the expectation raised, Mr. Donisthorpe enlisted in the cause Mr. J. C. Spence, by whose labours, aided by his own, a Table was duly prepared, put in type, and printed. . . . Unfortunately when this sample Table was put before my millionaire friend he expressed the opinion that he could devote his surplus revenues to purposes of more importance. The project thus dropped, and nothing further has since been done.

Mr. Spencer concludes his letter with a hope that the work may some day be accomplished, when "the ambitions which now prevail among the wealthy, and in fulfilment of which they spend large sums, may be replaced by ambitions of a higher kind."

I think, Sir, I have shown that there is nothing essentially impracticable in the scheme, except that of diverting the "philanthropy" of prosperous men into literary and scientific channels, rather than into those of a more immediately self-advertising character, such as the erection of monuments, the building of churches or the establishment of so-called free libraries, coupled with the condition that the donor's name is to remain attached to the institution in perpetuity.

I should like to add that whether Mr. Spencer is right or wrong in holding that "such a work, containing easily accessible information, might have considerable effect in preventing some of the legislative blunders which are daily made," yet in either case the scheme should be welcomed not only by individualists, but also by socialists, as calculated to illustrate *the truth* (which is, I suppose, what we are all aiming at), by furnishing a synoptic history of legislation in this country. Any attempt to hide away or hush up the true history of law-making in the past betrays surely a lack of faith in their own gods by our State-idolaters. If those who advocate Government interference, national and municipal (what may be called the attenuated virus of socialism), fear to face the facts presented by history; and if they admit, as their champion Mr. Bernard Shaw has admitted, that their creed cannot survive the operation of logic analysis, then the inference seems pretty obvious. Yours &c.,

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

Willows, Kintbury, Berks, 1900.

their names are household words, while the clamouring for more of their wares, and on the style of the snippets they read.

That the English tongue should suffer the existence of people of this class is only a serious matter when a writer in the *Spectator* over the charm of the motor car, describes novelty as "tireless" and exulting in its "tires" would fain suggest a lapse in spelling, and the gentleman was writhing of wheels mashing as well without tyres as with them. It is to repeat that an adjective formed by a noun, and not from a verb. Mr. "fadeless bloom" is probably responsible for monstrous use. The sentimental novelist in the use of the word "ashen" when the colour grows livid. Of course the writer means "the other word seems to sound better, and heroines' cheeks are never made of the wood." Excessive use of the possessive is a pest in English, and is especially dear to the lips of the sheet of which will often show half a dozen "London's Walthalla," "Bristol's double of Biggleswade's lady turncock," but I mention an English writer of repute, who once wrote "whom's." English journalists have also adopted the American form "Hello," instead of our own of an exclamation undoubtedly confounded.

But the craving to be a little French is a mischief—witness the evolution of the "Hotel Great Central." The Englishman on his Continental tour long ago, and in due time a tourist. Over these words we must grin as this root has put forth fresh growths, mountainous highways defaced with references to "touring club," so I suppose that the verb "to be" has become a noun, and the verb "to be" into being. Let us be thankful that it is not except through its present participle. The "traveller" is a sort of traveller; why, then, did he not say "travelling club"? I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

7, Mansfield-street, Portland-place, Mr.

MR. FITZMAURICE-KELLY'S "D TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your Reviewer began by invoking the aid of the Spanish Academy as expressed prudently silent on that matter, and is content with the sole question is, "Which is the best edition?" Quite so. But in that case he might have invoked the authority of the question is to be settled by the arguments, and your Reviewer's arguments of greater force—are met by anticipation in the edition published by Mr. Nutt. Adopted and originally started by Juan Antonio Pellicer nearly two hundred years after Cervantes' death holds that the author, contrary to the practice of the corrected edition of 1608. This is an uncorrected edition. For reasons given at the end of our Preface, the late Mr. Ormsby and I have corrected it.

It is "not to the point," apparently,

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A new announcement we have to make this week in the way of war literature is that of a book entitled "With Methuen's Column on an Ambulance Train," to be published in a few days by Messrs. Sonnenschein and Co. The author is Mr. Ernest N. Bennett, Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, who gives his experiences as a volunteer on one of the ambulance trains which accompanied the Imperial forces on the western side of Cape Colony and took an active part in dealing with the wounded troops, especially after the engagements of Belmont, Graspan and the Modder, and Magersfontein. The profits derived from the sale of the book are to be given to Lady Launsdowne's Fund.

Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett has just returned from South Africa and will probably issue a book upon the war. This will make his second campaigning publication, for it will be remembered that he brought out a volume on "The Battlefields of Thessaly," after his experiences in the war between Turkey and Greece in 1897. He wound up his African trip with a ride through Swaziland.

"The Rhodesians," which Mr. John Lane is publishing, consists of a series of sketches of English South-African life by Stracey Chambers, who knows the subject well. It is bound in khaki cloth—although we understand there has been such a run on that material that binders can only get it with difficulty—and a novel feature of an effective cover is a map of Rhodesia, by which, if necessary, one can follow Carrington's route from the coast.

Mr. Harold Bogbio has written a biography under the title of "The Story of Baden-Powell; the Wolf that Never Sleeps," which will be published on May 22 by Mr. Grant Richards.

The Société d'Édition Artistique is to publish a translation of the complete works of Ruskin. This is the first time that Ruskin has been translated into French, and this French house has received the exclusive authorization of Ruskin's heirs and English publisher to give him a French dress. The "Open sesame" for Frenchmen to the temple of Ruskin was pronounced by M. de la Sizeranne in his famous book, the "Religion of Beauty." But hundreds of Frenchmen have been unable to penetrate into the holy of holies owing to their ignorance of the language. The first volume to appear, with heliogravure illustrations, will be "The Crown of Wild Olives" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." It will be sold at twelve francs, and the translator is M. George Elwall. The volumes in general are to appear under the direction of M. Georges Art, who is the translator of "Modern Painters."

Messrs. Blackwood announce a reissue (to appear in two parts as well as in a single volume) of Sir Edward Hanley's work of authority on "The Operations of War." Except in the case of "Hundred Years and Thirty Years Wars," and such historical inflections, war is necessarily each time a new art for the majority of those who have to take part in it; yet the science is as old as the race, and the principles essentially unchanged; and it was no piece of pedantry when Napoleon recommended Cæsar and Hannibal for models. So in spite of smokeless powder, and the "slim" tactics of the Arcadians of the veldt, Hanley's lessons and doctrines are not likely to prove out of date.

Heraldry, though an occult subject, has been treated from many different points of view—from that of the strictly scientific as in Mr. Seton's "Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland," or that of the cynic, like Selden, who believed that the heralds were the best gentlemen because they made their own pedigrees.

of a Life of William C. Abbott. Sir George Trevelyan was unduly ready to sit in sackcloth in his account of the between the colonies and the mother country, and it is a relief to hear that Mr. Smith believes he has a good case for old country in the subsequent history.

An extraordinary amount of erudition lies concealed the curia of provincial France, and the same may be our own country clergy, especially those of the old type. Fame seldom comes to these modest labourers, and they go down to the grave without having published a line. An important genealogical work on Metz which is being prepared must have cost its author, the Abbé Polrier, curé of years of unremitting labour. It is an account of the nobility, magistracy, and *haute bourgeoisie* of Metz, based on parish registers from 1561 to 1792. Presumably the Abbé began his task before the war.

The translation of Nietzsche's works into French outstripped ours. The latest volumes added are "Dämmerung" (*Le Crépuscule des Idoles*), translated by Henri Albert, and "Menschliches, Allzu Menschliches" (*Humain, trop humain*), by A. M. Desrosneaux. The resuscitated Nietzsche's predecessor in the gospel of individualism, Sturmer, has been going on for some time in Germany in Paris. A translation by Henri Lasvigne of his "Dein und dein Eigentum" has appeared. Sturmer dedicated his audacious book to a young English girl, his pupil in a school, who afterwards became his wife. She died in London, an old woman, repudiating Sturmer and all his works.

Besides the "Richelieu" which we have mentioned Patnam have in preparation for issue this year in the "The Nations" Series; "Daniel O'Connell, and the Revival of the National Life in Ireland," by Robert Dunlop; "Louis (Louis IX. of France)," by J. F. Perry; and dealing with Owen Glyndwr, the national hero of Wales.

Messrs. Dent are bringing out a new edition of the works of Professor Frederic Spencer, of the University of Cambridge. It will be similar in size and appearance to the series of the "Dramatists," and the first volume will be ready shortly.

The new volume of Blackwood's "Periods of Literature" is "The Transition Period," by Mr. G. Smith, Lecturer in English Literature at Edinburgh University.

A "History of Postal Agitation," by H. G. Sand, will be published shortly by Messrs. Pearson. It will attempt to form a union in the postal service, and the Association.

Miss Isabel Savory, the authoress of "A Sportsman's India" (to be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson) has penetrated into regions where no Englishwoman, appears ever to have been before. Lippincott's are to publish the volume simultaneously in America an unusual thing with a work of this description, for American publishers do not care for books of this kind that there is no demand for them.

"Walks Round the Zoo," by Mr. F. G. Allalé, will be published this month by Messrs. Sands. It is to be an intelligent guide to the Gardens, a want at present supplied by the very small official guide for which the Secretary is responsible.

Messrs. Sands have arranged to publish a book on the sciences of Catholicism on the Sciences and on the Arts, the author is Mariana Monteiro.

Messrs. David Bryce, of Glasgow, announce a reprint under the title of "Highlanders at Home," of James "Picturesque or Gaelic Gatherings of the Scottish Highlanders," illustrated by Melan, published half a century ago, now a rare book.

There is to be published this year a "Life of James Lowell," by Mr. Horace E. Scudder. It will be in two volumes and be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, Boston.

Mr. Stanley Waterloo is engaged on a historical work relating to "the lost tribes of Israel."

"Paris in its Splendour," a popular study of Paris in the present, historic and picturesque, by Mr. Eustace A. Ball, the author of "The City of the Caliphs," &c.

This year's Greek play at Bradford College, Berks, which will be given next month, is the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus. The Greek text, with English verse translation by upper sixth-form boys at the College, is being published by Mr. Henry Frowde.

One of our notes recently referred to the humorous side sometimes to be found in publishers' announcements. In illustration we quoted an announcement which had appeared in a morning paper to the effect that Judge O'Connor Morris was inclined to regard his latest book ("The Campaign of 1815") as his best. We understand that in this case the statement did not, as a matter of fact, emanate from the publisher.

Mr. J. T. Grein opened the new programme of the Grosvenor-crescent Club's Literary Conference on Tuesday, May 8, with an address on "Gerhart Hauptmann and His Dramatic Works." Mr. Alfred Sutro will follow with an address on "Maeterlinck" on May 22, and later on Mr. William Archer will speak on "The Technique of Ibsen." Miss Jacqueline Sandberg, the young Dutch writer, will give poetical illustrations to Mr. Grein's "Alfred de Musset" on June 12.

We regret to hear that Mr. A. Patchett Martin is unable to undertake any literary work. He has been seriously ill, but, though now convalescent, is ordered a complete rest for the present.

Mr. Edward Arnold writes to say that the price of "A

Cynic's Conscience," marked 6s. in the copy of this office, and so given in our "Book List" is

Books to look out for at on

- SOUTH AFRICA AND THE WAR—**
 "With Methuen's Column on an Ambulance Train." Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.
 "My Hiocese During the War." By the Bp. of Natal.
- FICTION—**
 "The Sword of the King." By Ronald Macdonald.
 "The Thorn Hit." By Dorothea Conyers. Hutchin.
 "The Girl with Feet of Clay." By Edgar Turner.
 "Merciless Love." By the Author of "For a John Long, 6s.
 "Three Tales of Land and Sea." By Joseph Conrad.
 "The Nigger Knights." ("Novelist" Series.) By P. F. Colquhoun.
- MISCELLANEOUS—**
 "Recollections of My Life." By Surg.-Gen. Sir Joseph Vol. I. Memorial Ed. of G. W. Stevens' Works: "Lives of Men, Cities, and Books." Ed. by G. S. Stearns.
 "The Magic King of Music: An Introduction to the Young Children." By Hedwig Sonotag. Dent.
 "Fancy Cycling for Amateurs." By Isabel Marks.
- REPRINTS—**
 "Poems, Narrative, Elegiac and Lyric. By Matthew Arnold." Ed. by H. Huxton Thornton. (Temple Classics.) Dent.
 "Silex Scintillans." By Henry Vaughan. (Temple Classics.) Dent. 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
Artistes et Amateurs. By Georges Lafenestre. 8½ x 6½ in., 341 pp. Paris. Societe d'Édition Artistique. Fr. 6.
- BIOGRAPHY.**
The Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans. "Nathaniel Hawthorne," "John Brown," "Frederick Douglass," "Thomas Paine," and "Aaron Burr." Ed. by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. 5½ x 3½ in. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. n. each vol.
- Saint Jerome.** By Father Largent. Translated by Hester Davenport. 7½ x 4½ in., 196 pp. Duckworth, 3s.
- Charles Francis Adams.** (American Statesman.) By his Son, C. F. Adams. 7½ x 4½ in., 126 pp. Duckworth, 7s. 6d.
- BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.**
A Boy of the First Empire. By E. S. Brooks. 7½ x 5½ in., 362 pp. Partridge, 3s. 6d.
- The Fighting Lads of Devon.** By W. M. Graydon. 7½ x 5½ in., 300 pp. Partridge, 2s. 6d.
- The Boy from Cuba.** By W. Rhoades. 7½ x 5½ in., 322 pp. Partridge, 2s. 6d.
- CLASSICAL.**
Corpus Poetarum Latinorum Fasc. III. Ed. by I. P. Postgate. 11½ x 8½ in., 196 pp. Bell, 5s. n.
- DRAMA.**
Love's Comedy. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by C. H. Herford. 8 x 5½ in., 167 pp. Duckworth, 3s. 6d. n.
- ECONOMICS.**
Economics of Distribution. (The Citizen's Library.) By J. A. Hobson. 7½ x 5½ in., 301 pp. Macmillan, 5s. n.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
Educational Aims and Methods. By Sir J. Fitch. 11 x 8½ in., 148 pp. Cambridge University Press, 5s.
- The Education of the Young in the Republic of Plato.** (The Cambridge Series for Schools.) Translated by B. Bosanquet. 11 x 8½ in., 198 pp. Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d.
- King John.** (The Warwick Shakespeare.) Ed. by G. C. Moore Smith. 7½ x 4½ in., 111 pp. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
- FICTION.**
Crumbs Gathered in the East. By Gertrude Donaldson. 7½ x 5½ in., 192 pp. New Century Press, 3s. 6d.
- The Atherstone Bequest.** By Mrs. C. E. Terrot. 7½ x 5½ in., 331 pp. Burleigh, 6s.
- By Lone Craig-Linnie Burn.** By A. Melroy. 7½ x 5½ in., 133 pp. Unwin, 2s. 6d.
- Kiddy.** By Tom Galton. 7½ x 5½ in., 334 pp. Hutchinson, 6s.
- When Life is Young.** By Silas K. Hocking. 7½ x 5½ in., 274 pp. Warner, 2s. 6d.
- Tony Larkin, Englishman.** By Mrs. E. Kennard. 7½ x 5½ in., 336 pp. Hutchinson, 6s.
- The Crowning of Gloria.** By R. Heardon. 7½ x 5½ in., 308 pp. J. Long, 6s.
- The Giddy Ox.** By Harry Preen. 9 x 5½ in., 241 pp. Cook, 3s. 6d. n.
- Flute and Violin, and other Kentucky Tales.** By J. L. Allen. 7½ x 5½ in., 308 pp. Macmillan, 6s.
- A Kentucky Cardinal.** By J. L. Allen. 7 x 4½ in., 138 pp. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
- Aftermath.** Part II. of "A Kentucky Cardinal." 7 x 4½ in., 133 pp. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
- A Girl of the North.** By Helen Milette. 7½ x 5½ in., 330 pp. Greening, 6s.
- A Man: His Mark.** By W. G. Morrow. 7½ x 5½ in., 249 pp. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.
- Les Fleurs de la Passion.** By Gustave Kahn. 7½ x 4½ in., 198 pp. Paris. Ollendorff, Fr. 2.
- Pour Noël.** By Marguerite Poradowska. 7½ x 4½ in., 290 pp. Paris. Plon, Fr. 3.50.
- Ne Nous Frappons Pas.** By Alphonse Allais. 7½ x 4½ in., 332 pp. Paris. Revue Blanche, Fr. 3.50.
- FOLKLORE.**
Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folklore. Nos. 5 & 6. Ed. by A. Nutt. 6½ x 4½ in., 37 & 40 pp. Nutt, 6d. each.
- HISTORY.**
The Welsh People. By J. Rhys and D. Brynmor Jones. 11 x 8 x 6 in., 578 pp. Unwin, 16s.
- Napoléon et sa Famille.** Vol. IV. By Frédéric Masson. 9 x 5½ in., 295 pp. Paris. Ollendorff, Fr. 7.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
The Statesman's Year Book, 1900. Ed. by J. Scott-Keltie. 11 x 8½ in., 1,280 pp. Macmillan, 10s. 6d.
- The Amateur's Garden Book.** By C. E. Hunn and L. H. Bailey. 6½ x 4½ in., 239 pp. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. n.
- How to Learn a Foreign Language.** By W. Pulman. 7½ x 5½ in., 66 pp. G. Phillip, 6d. n.
- A Garner of Saints.** Being a Collection of the Legends and Emblems usually represented in Art. By Allen Hinds. 6½ x 4½ in., 279 pp. Dent, 3s. 6d. n.
- Among the Birds in Northern Shires.** By C. Dixon. 9 x 5½ in., 393 pp. Blackie, 7s. 6d.
- PAMPHLETS.**
The Archbishop of Canterbury on Reservation of the Sacrament. Lambeth Palace, May 1, 1900. Macmillan, 1s. n.
- The Archbishop of York on Reservation of the Sacrament.** Lambeth Palace, May 1, 1900. Macmillan, 1s. n.
- PHILOSOPHY.**
Introduction à la Vie de l'Esprit. By Leon Brunschwig. 7½ x 4½ in., 175 pp. Paris. Alean, Fr. 2.50.
- POETRY.**
Lyrics and Elegies. By C. N. Scott. Rev. Ed. 7 x 4½ in., 99 pp. Smith, Elder, 4s.
- POLITICAL.**
L'Angleterre et l'Impérialisme. By Victor Herard. 7½ x 4½ in., 379 pp. Paris. Collin, Fr. 3.50.
- REPRINTS.**
The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Vol. VII. With Index. By Edward Gibbon. Ed. by J. B. Bury. 7½ x 5½ in., 508 pp. Methuen, 6s.
- Marpessa.** By Stephen Phillips. 5½ x 4½ in., 66 pp. Lane, 1s. 6d. n.
- 1815 - Waterloo.** By Henry Houssaye. Translated by A. E. Mann. 6½ x 4½ in., 635 pp. Black, 10s. n.
- The Newcomes.** By W. M. Thackeray. (The New Century Library.) 6½ x 4½ in., 928 pp. Nelson, 2s. n.
- Esmond.** By W. M. Thackeray. (The New Century Library.) 6½ x 4½ in., 530 pp. Nelson, 2s. n.
- Martin Chuzzlewit.** By Charles Dickens. (The New Century Library.) 6½ x 4½ in., 928 pp. Nelson, 2s. n.
- The New M**
 Collins, 8½ x 5½ in.
- The Civiliz**
 R. C. Dutt, 4½ x 3½ in., 166 pp.
- The Greek**
 Primers.) 4½ x 3½ in., 114 pp.
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- Old Testam**
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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 85. SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of Patriotism in Shakespeare is rather a hackneyed one, and although Mr. Sidney Lee could, and in fact did, find something interesting to say about it, it was not the subject of his address at the Royal Institution entitled "Shakespeare and True Patriotism." His point was that patriotism has its duties to the memory of our national heroes, and that in the case of Shakespeare we fall short of true patriotism. It is startling but strictly accurate to speak, as Mr. Lee does, of the "practical suppression of Shakespeare on the London stage"; and it is melancholy to realise the fact that valuable Shakespeareana pass "almost automatically" to America. Perhaps the Americans may urge that their part and lot in Shakespeare is as great as ours; but there is no excuse for our falling so far short of the Germans and the French in a regular and judicious presentment of his plays.

* * * *

The International Congress of Comparative History is one of the most important meetings to be held in connexion with the Paris Exhibition. The sittings will begin on July 23rd, at the Collège de France, and continue for six days. The work of the congress will be divided into eight sections. M. Guizot, President

can be reconciled with those of the natural sciences wish to take part in the proceedings of the congress address the treasurer, 45, rue Cambon, Paris, or secretaries—MM. Joseph Bédier and M. Lanson, of Normale Supérieure, and M. Joseph Texte, Professor Faculty of Letters at the Lyons University—before The subscription fee is 20 francs.

Perhaps in anticipation of this congress, Professor Zurich, has published a "Bibliographic Essay on Comparative Literature" (Trübner, Strasburg), for which M. Jos has written an introduction. It is the first critical of the sort, and is an indispensable adjunct of research persons engaged in this comparatively new science. pleteness of his classification in chapters like "Germany" or "France and England" may be judged sub-heads in the latter:—"From the Middle Ages to the Seventeenth Century," "Shakespeare in France," "England," "France and England in the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries," "Linguistic and Literary Studies."

The question whether printing was "invented" or in Germany may be again debated in view of the Festival, which is to be held at Mainz in June next. The controversy has lasted at least four centuries, breaking out occasionally with extraordinary acrimony; and in all probability never will be settled satisfactorily. As far back as a few years after the completion of the magnificent "42-line Bible," the first-fruits of Gutenberg's press—the Mainz used to declare that God had blessed their city and other nations in bestowing the art of printing upon her. A strong point in Gutenberg's favour that has been seriously disputed for over a century. The first clear evidence in support of the Coster theory, which gave of the invention of typography to Haarlem, was published in 1588, and the controversy has been carried on more persistently ever since. Mainz, at all events, is doing full honour to Gutenberg's memory, and even the English will hardly begrudge him his festival. The splendid Psalter produced by Gutenberg and his associates, supposing that the crude fragments from the press which preceded them—are amazing pieces of work and deserving of the praise that the Gutenbergs bestow upon them.

himself is said to have been born in 1400. Fifty-five years after the record of his law suit shows that he was working the new method of book-work in 1450 and 1452, in connexion with John Fust, who advanced money for the necessary materials. It is not until the next century comes to an end

The abductee Comtesse de Martel has just given us the fifty-first production of her kaleidoscope brain. "Gyp's" new volumes, published by Calmann Lévy, is entitled "Trop de Chile!" and she is as *méchante* in this volume as she knows how to be. Her only excuse is that she is no respecter of persons; she is a caricaturist as bitter as Forain. One of her chief *bêtes noires*, for some explicable reason, is the English governess—*incapable, paresseuse, inutile et très sale*, &c. Systematic vilification with an acutely sharpened point of irony is her chief stock-in-trade. Her sole excuse is the universality of her attack. Jew and Gentile are all the same to her, and, as in some literary Lilliput, she pricks them through and through in the glee of a naughty child with her poisoned darts.

It is gratifying to find Chaucer so well appreciated by a Frenchman in M. Emile Legouis' pamphlet, "Quel fut le premier composé par Chaucer des Deux Prologues de la Légende des Femmes Exemplaires." Modern research has discovered that there are two versions of the prologue to Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women." Until quite recently the text marked A in Prof. Skeat's edition of Chaucer, which is only found in one MS., has been considered to be the earlier version. But in 1892 Ten Brink combated this view, and asserted that the text which Prof. Skeat marks B is really the first. M. Emile Legouis ranks himself on the same side as Prof. Skeat, and his pamphlet is written to prove that A is the prior text and B the revised version. His main argument consists of an ingenious attempt to show that text B is an improvement upon text A, both in the main plan of the prologue and in the details. This of course does not prove the priority of A. It might have been written later than B, though it is not so good. But M. Legouis goes far to persuade us not only that B is the better of the two, but that in its points of divergence from A it gives evidence of a revising hand. We have not space to enumerate all the signs of improvement that the writer sees in text B, but we may take one case out of many. Here are two lines which only occur in B, where as M. Legouis says "le poète fait voir le sautilllement des oiseaux sur les branches."

Upon the branches ful of blosmes softe
In hir delyt, they turned hem ful ofte.

If we believe with Ten Brink that text A was the later version, we must picture Chaucer deliberately deleting this beautiful picture, and in many other passages carefully spoiling some of his most beautiful verse.

Mr. Edward Arnold, the publisher, pleaded before the Select Committee on Copyright for a relaxation of the law of copyright, such as existed in Germany, in favour of educational works. For a reading book of extracts he suggested a limit of sixteen pages, which drew from Lord Davey the exclamation:—"That is rather a large order. A volume of sixteen pages might almost give you the cream of Wordsworth, for instance." This gives a vivid idea of the large proportion of skimmed milk there is in Wordsworth's poetry. Mr. Arnold explained that he did not ask that the author from whose writings extracts were made should not be remunerated, but only that he should be prevented from withholding his consent from their publication. This means the application of the principle of the Lands Clauses Acts to literature. In cases of dispute as to value, who is to arbitrate? The Publishers' Association or Sir Walter Besant?

or the extraordinary fidelity with which the reproduced them.

The Albany State Library in the United States each year to every librarian in the State a list of which they are invited to select the best for their library. The return for 1899 was recently made. Churchill's "Richard Carvel" came first, second, "Janice Mercedith," 110; third, 100; fifth and sixth, two books dealing with "Britain and Boer" (70) and "Oom Paul's People" (70). The fourth place was occupied by Fiske's "Dutch Colonies in America," with 88 votes. The first comes ninth, and that is Stevenson's "Letters," whilst immediately preceding it is Mr. Markham's "The Hoe." Of the fifty books selected thirty-eight books, nine English, two by writers of various nations, one a translation from the French. Mr. John Fiske's books selected, making an aggregate in value higher than Mr. Churchill's 125. The three are "Dutch Colonies in America," "Through Nature," "A Century of Science, and Other Essays," all English.

A correspondent sends us an account of a good deal of business done at a bookstall last year:—

I was looking over a barrowman's stock in the proprietor, taking up a bundle of small portions of the last leaf wherewith to light his pipe, what presumably valueless print it was that way I took the bundle up to see. I was astonished on reading the title of Thackeray's maiden work, "The Book of the Month," printed when I was at University. The eleven numbers were complete, one piece torn off to light the proprietor's pipe. I paid for two pence, and resold it for £10. Had the numbers of the series, entitled "The Gownsmen's Individual," been included, the lot would have

The literary associations of different countries are to form the excellent subject of a new series of handbooks. The material is immense, and it is a good idea to put up in the books and magazines of the day. His "Picturesque History of Yorkshire," for instance, J. S. Fletcher introduces us to the literary associations of Knarborough, which are two in number and of the first importance. The first literary hero of the town is Eugene Aron and buried his body in a cave in the neighbourhood. He afterwards also distinguished himself there for murder. The other literary personage of Knarborough is Mother Shipton, celebrated for her prophetic powers. Fletcher inclines to the opinion that there never was a person as Mother Shipton, and he cites a significant point to the accuracy of his conclusion. It seems,

Numerous prophecies, which were speedily fulfilled, as, for instance, the downfall of Cardinal Beaufort, the dissolution of the monasteries, and her death in that age have been followed by immediate fulfilment. Leland was at Knarborough just about the time when the reputation must necessarily have been at its height. He makes no mention of her.

It appears, however, that faith in Mother Shipton's prophecies was still strong at the present day. In the year 1899, when the volume of the literary

also contributing. Lord Beaconsfield ultimately gave him a pension of £100 a year from the Royal Literary Fund. Literature at Chelmsford to-day is represented and attended to by the Chelmsford Old Volume Society, whose operations are directed by Mr. Edmund Durrant, the editor of the *Essex Review*.

Mr. Grant Richards will publish on Tuesday a book of verses by Mr. Horatio Brown, entitled "Drift." Mr. Horatio Brown is already gratefully known in many characters—as the cultivated guide, philosopher, and friend of visitors to Venice privileged to seek his assistance; as the author of many delightful books about Venice, one of which, "Life on the Lagoons," brought the fresh air of the Adriatic to Louis Stevenson's sick chamber—

I took
Your spirited and happy book,
Whereon, despite my frowning fate,
It did my soul so recreate,
That all my fancies flew away
On a Venetian holiday—

and finally as the sympathetic biographer of Stevenson's friend and his own, John Addington Symonds. Like Symonds and Stevenson, he is now coming forth as a poet, after having made his name in prose.

The political unrest in Finland does not appear to have damped the literary energy of the people, for we have a considerable number of important new publications before us, issued chiefly by the Finnish Literary Society of Helsingfors during the last two years. Among these are two volumes of "Suomi," the official organ of the Society, containing papers on that never-failing subject of literary interest in Finland, the Kalevala, and its recensions, with collections of cognate ballads. Among separate publications are the first volume of a work by A. R. Niemi on the composition of the Kalevala; a book by Matti Waronen on the Service for the Dead in ancient Finland; parts V. and VI. of a Swedish-Finnish Lexicon; and parts XIII. and XIV. of the series of Finnish translations of Shakespeare's plays by P. Cajander. Mr. David Nutt, who has just issued in his series of Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folklore a very interesting little sketch of "The Popular Poetry of the Finns," by Mr. C. J. Billson, is also the agent in England for the sale of "Pro Finlandia"—an album containing facsimiles of the finely-engraved petitions which have been presented to the Tsar, with the signatures appended.

A correspondent writes:—

The new fashion of calling a preface a "foreword" illustrates the debasing of the language of which Mr. Thursfield complains. "Preface" has an interesting history which foreword has not. The old word "proface," now altered to preface, was a familiar term of welcome at a dinner or supper. According to Nares in his "Glossary" it was equivalent to "much good may it do to you," a sentiment parallel to that of the author who in his preface invites us to another feast, that of the mind. In one of Heywood's epigrams we find:—

Reader, read it thus: for preface, preface,
Much good may it do to you.

The festive meaning of the word is kept up in several of the old prefaces. In Stokes' "Vaulting Master" (1652) the metaphors are actually drawn from the table:—

you see 'tis in your power either to vex or please
which you will and so farewell.

The preface was not always for the reader, but sometimes for the publisher:—

Thy spirit groaning, like th' encumbered block
Which bears my works, deploras them as dead
Take up the volumes, every care dismiss,
And smile, Grief Gorgon, while I tell thee this
Not one shall be neglected on the shelf;
All shall be sold: I'll buy them in myself.

And here is a consolatory address to the bookseller, in a book of satirical epigrams published in 1610:

Nay, fear not, bookseller; this book will sell
For be it good, as thou know'st very well,
All will goe buy it; but say it be ill
All will goe buy it, too; then thou sellest still.

Another rhymed preface sheds light on a curious practice of the seventeenth century of advertising new books and playbills and posters of the day:

I've common made my book, 'tis very true,
But I'd not have thee prostitute it, too,
Nor show it barefaced on the open stall
To tempt the buyer; nor peast it on each wall
And corner post, close underneath the play
That must be acted at Blackfriars to-day.

OOM PRIGADIER.

(Overheard in the Boer trenches.)

Hans, do not shoot Oom Prigadier,
For he is bold and brave,
Und marches on mitoudt some fear,
To find a soldier's grave!
Ve eot no measy flanks to fear,
He hangs afay in froudt,
So do not kill mein Prigadier,
Let oders pear der prooandt.

Karl, do not shoot Oom Prigadier
Und schpoil his lovely dhrill,
Ven he kits oudt his markers here
You've only got to kill!
For ven he's made a nice shtraight line,
Mit silfer shepers on top,
He'll fetch dem on in order line
Undill dey've eot to shtop!

Wilhelm, reshpact dot Prigadier,
He never seems to tire,
He gallops roundt und lafs at fear,
No matter vot der fire!
So vare he cooms schoot qviekly py,
Pe slim, mein Piet, pe slim,
He brings der food for bowlder nigh,
So nefer schoot on him!

He'll eo pack home und dhrill, und dhrill
Und hate pig medals fine,
Und grindt along der same old mill,
Und make der same shtraight line,
He'll kit vresh men to dhrill, und dhrill,
He'll use der old ones here
For us to kill, und kill, und kill,
Gott pless dot Prigadier!

So, poys, kit roundt und sing a hymn
Und all defoutly bray,
Gott make dem all der same ash him
Dot cooms along our vay!
For ven dey gets to know some dings,
Oudtside shtraight lines kvight near

of diction, expresses thought—or conceals it—adequately, what matter if it be "good" or "bad"? There is a good deal of truth, when you come to think of it, in such a plea. One cannot simply dismiss or ignore the Individualist in the republic of letters, the protestant who will not be bound by rules of authority. It is he who keeps a language moving, who helps to preserve it as, in Mr. Thursfield's phrase, "a living organism," who enriches it with words of power. Selden made the same complaint about him that is made now. "We borrow words from the French, Italian Latin," said that shrewd conversationalist, "as every pedantic man pleases. We have more words than notions, half-a-dozen words for the same thing." Yet the process of borrowing, and of increasing the vocabulary which seemed to have reached its height two hundred years ago, has gone on pretty steadily, and yet the language is not unwieldy. There is sometimes a hint of unreality in the complaints of the purist. To detect grammatical faults is an easy task, and, for those who like Mr. Slurk are in search of an effective irritant, a not unpleasant one. Moreover, when once the idea has arisen that some common form of speech is a vulgar error, the tyranny of opinion is merciless towards the delinquent who unwittingly drops into it. The mere suggestion of heresy is thought to justify a sentence of excommunication from the pale of culture—and no one asks, is it a vulgar error, after all? Now, we frankly admit that we are to some extent, though not in the matter of bad grammar, latitudinarians, and we would ask the champions of "good English" not to be so involved with details as to lose sight of principles. We would not always reject new words, even if they are not formed with absolute precision, provided they supply the faintest shade of new meaning. Mr. Thursfield took exception to "litteral" as an otiose synonym. Yet we are not sure that the language is not the richer for a word signifying "a coast line regarded as the subject of diplomacy." It is not always easy to see at once what is the new suggestion supplied by a new synonym; it may be a mere matter of colour, of atmosphere; but it may be there all the same. There is also a distinct value quite apart from its meaning in the synonym; a large choice of words is surely necessary for the attainment of variety of rhythm in prose, and for rhyme in poetry. We want the Latin as well as the Saxon, not only to gain diversity, but to give our style a colour suitable to the subject. We are not, happily, now quite so much hampered as we used to be by the demand that words should be used in their "original meanings." It was, we think, the late Professor Freeman who protested against the modern use of the verb "inaugurate." Nothing could be more absurd. In its "original meaning" we have very little use for it; in its secondary meaning we have, and by using it we retain as part of the language a word round which cluster a host of interesting associations. We might as well taboo "disastrous," or "eccentric." The claims of Authority demand the highest reverence. But the judicious writer will not let them exercise too stringent a despotism. *Dabitur licentia vixta pudenter*. "No precedent," as Johnson said, "can justify absurdity," and even the classic writers are not impeccable. Yet we should be the first to recognize the value of whatever maintains the continuity of the language. It is a melancholy reflection that already we are losing much even of Shakespeare's meaning. The constant handling of the English Classics, the return (if it can be made without pedantry or affectation) to their phraseology, should be encouraged to the utmost in the interests of language. The Bible is the great antiseptic for the "living

Personal Views

UNIVERSITIES IN FICTION

Looking back at the various works of fiction which have been written about Oxford or Cambridge during the last reign, one cannot help being struck by a certain amount of quantity, but of quality. The standard authority on Universities) to them, from "Verdant Green" (which, I think, is the standard authority on Universities) to "The Standard Authority on Universities." If somewhat too imaginative, efforts of "Alma Mater." But they all have their obvious limitations. They are esoteric, and describe the *gaudia* and *discursus* of a small, socially circumscribed clique with which the author was familiar during his residence as an undergraduate. They are larger class, err by regarding Alma Mater from a larger *à priori* standpoint. They are conventional, and describe ideas of conventionality; the Don is invariably in academic dress and wears a cap and gown on the least appropriate occasion. His pupils are either legendary giants who recruit from other Universities without any preliminary tests, or naturally pallid scholars who are preparing a dissertation by hard study; and both are invariably in the line of duty and perhaps regrettable in the interest of the subject. They read rather for entertainment than instruction. They are talented ladies who generally provide these attacks on the only use the academic period as an episode, rather than for the whole plot. This is merely tautologous. One can read "Ouida's" *obiter dicta* on Christ Church Boat-race without feeling that here are the only possible work devoted exclusively to great achievements. But, apparently, it was not so for the late Mr. Thomas Hughes, no writer who deliberately attempted to see academic life side by side with it whole—that is, not from some standpoint so different from the author's own as to be inaccessible to the general reader. It provides an episode here and an introductory chapter there, hundreds or even thousands of stories. But there has been no serious attempt to depict its manners since "Tom Brown at Oxford" and "Verdant Green," the latter of which at least is a classic, probably in virtue of the fact that "Cuthbert Bede" only knew as much about it as he could gather in a fortnight's visit. Cambridge is more fortunate—at least its chroniclers have been more so. But "The Babe, B.A.," is cradled exclusively in the shades of King's; "Peter Binney," an admirable study, hardly reflects any considerable portion of Cambridge; neither "Julian Home" nor "The Junior Don" can be regarded as final and satisfying presentations of the subject that are.

Why should this be? It is certainly not because they have ceased to specialize, nor that the public no longer has an interest in its Universities. These have, it is true, been doing things in the way of picturesque scenes and rowing

by his own fault; he is the victim of a change in the conditions of English society. Every one now recognizes that in the course of the last hundred years the period of maturity has been advanced by at least a decade. It is a real change, acknowledged and, I believe, even explained by science; and it has affected every department of life. To our grandfathers, a youth of twenty or so was apparently in his prime, capable of doing and suffering all the things with which the ideal hero is concerned. By the age of thirty, your *jeune premier* had ceased to interest, he was well embarked on his proper career of "living happily ever after," and at forty, if he still survived, he was in the zero and yellow leaf. We have obviously changed all that; our barristers are rising at forty, and our politicians begin to bud at fifty. Boyhood is still allowed to have its fling in the columns of a daily paper or two; but these are youthful levities. On the whole, and as a general rule, we are merely adolescent till thirty, at the earliest; and fiction, naturally adapting itself to changed conditions, has abandoned its heroes of twenty as completely as its heroines of sweet seventeen. Not so very long ago, in fact, it seemed as if no *jeune premier* under forty need apply, but this was merely a natural excess, such as regularly accompanies the early stages of a reform. At present, the heroic age is fixed at about the end of the third decade, or shortly after; and unless universities are prepared to raise the age for admission to their colleges, undergraduates in general must remain useless for "fictional" purposes. For it is not only that they are young; the "Man" suffers from the various (no doubt salutary) restrictions which encompass the pupillary state. He is shepherded and spoon-fed; he is no longer a free agent; and fiction postulates at least free will for its heroes. It has been said with some truth that it would now be impossible to write a good story, so as to appeal to the public, about undergraduates, for as soon as they began to do anything at all interesting, artistic probability would require that their colleges should at once send them down. Hence it is, no doubt, that even Mr. Kipling, who takes most spheres of life for his province, and who, to judge by indications, knows one or two rather curious things about universities, has not, so far, attempted any sketches of academic doings. Yet Mr. Kipling has been to Oxford.

These, however, are no reasons why there should not be some good stories about the university life of half-a-century or so since. Surely that period of comfortable, whole-hearted, rather emotional belief in the greatness and finality of university examinations and university athletics—when men, and books, and games were all invested with a romance and a glamour which has long since passed away from them; when "great-goes" and triposes were regarded as ends in themselves and not as somewhat shaky stepping-stones to professions—surely that early Victorian period might have given birth to some work of noble note on Oxford or Cambridge! It did indeed produce "Tom Brown at Oxford" and "Verdant Green." But "Verdant Green" is purely farcical—excellent fooling, indeed, but still fooling; and the later "Tom Brown" is really only known now as a sequel to the earlier: wherefrom it may be inferred that there is something in the academic atmosphere which blights the

the Don is a Hugbo or a Crump, and the "Man" laughable; and Dickens only touches the universal undeserved stigma on the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Perhaps we must look for our salvation to the Colleges. A. D. C.

THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY AS AN ORATOR.

The presence among us of the King of Sweden is more than a pleasant recognition of the friendship between two ruling houses, and of the good will which British and the Scandinavian peoples. During recent years Englishmen have travelled as they never did before to the Scandinavian peninsula; and they have also discovered with avidity the Scandinavian literature. To the King (who has expressed his sympathy for England at the present time in the most generous and outspoken manner) as it were, the seal on this social and intellectual intercourse. King Oscar himself we have long respected as a man of ability and high character. His enthusiasm for the cause of literature to us; and we know his keen interest in literature from his skill as a writer both in prose and verse. On these characteristics Dr. Sandys, the Public Orator at Cambridge, drew in an interesting Latin speech last Monday when his Majesty conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. But of the King's oratory we have naturally up to the present known little; and his speeches he has made during his English visit give us an inadequate idea of his powers as a public speaker. He is almost alone among modern Sovereigns in the character of an orator. What is so remarkable about his speeches is that he never falls below his high position, he on the one hand practices the art of asserting it, and on the other hand he never hinders the free flow of his rhetoric. If his style may seem exuberant when compared with that of our own speakers, who seldom nowadays attempt any flights of passion, that is only because the King truly represents an imaginative and sometimes mystical Scandinavian genius. Oscar's speeches may not only be studied for their merit, but they have a peculiar interest when we remember that they are the public utterances of a European Monarch. A selection from them, translated for the first time into English, we believe, to be published; and we are indebted to Theodore Andrea Cook for the opportunity of reproducing the sanction of his Majesty (to whom the version was personally submitted) some excerpts from the speeches on artistic subjects.

The first speech which we give was delivered by the King when he was still Prince Oscar—at the opening of the Festival of the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm with the Art of Music. After a few preliminary remarks the Prince passed to a consideration of the origin and the gift of music. He led his audience back to the beginning of the world:—

"Already the whole creation echoed with an eternal melody of harmonies more or less perfect. The murmuring sea followed the roving of the wakened wind over the face of the waters; the wave swelled slowly on the shore, sighed amid its reefs and shoals and died in the breeze blew onwards, whispering softly through the where innumerable winged choristers soon woke to

imperfect. For not all the human race have to the same extent received the power of song, or learnt the art of drawing melody from golden strings. Yet, all men, with very few exceptions, have still been blest with some capacity for comprehending and enjoying the beauty of the world of music, whether it be the simpler sounds of melody, or harmony's more subtle charm; and therefore it comes about that we can trace what may be called an Art of Music even amongst the earliest races of mankind.

“ Since Man has lost that perfectly harmonious world which in the beginning we imagine that he was destined to enjoy, it must inevitably follow that perfect and unbroken consonance cannot be the only or the all-pervading element in any art that has to do with human music. For the thousand cares and dangers of life, the certainty of bodily death, the bitterness of many a parting, the chafing of unsatisfied desires, the blighting of so many hopes, even the sorrow that is all too often mingled with our earthly love—all these have naturally called into being a multitude of discords which find their echo in the notes of music. But whatever may have been the development of music, it has always been able to cheer and to console this life of ours. For these primeval chords of nature's melody have sounded in the depths of every human heart; they touch us more deeply than the countless perfections of modern harmony can ever do; for they express the true though sometimes mystical interpretation of the story of our life, and of our hope—that slowly brightens—of a future immortality.

“ Before this audience I am certain of not being misunderstood when I venture to suggest the thought that in the chord of the ninth the lower and more physical side of nature, with all its mighty tendencies to development, may be said to be expressed. In it are not only the unconscious, the imperfect, the transient phases of animal existence, but also the pathetic, the intensely tender feelings which that life can rouse. And on the other hand, the major third (which really, though indirectly, is contained in the chords both of the ninth and of the seventh), into whose pure harmony all discords by some strong and even irresistible necessity resolve themselves, may be said to reflect that higher supernatural world where all is clearness and accord.

“ We all have read how Saul the Jewish King, when the glory of his earthly crown could neither banish nor conceal his utter sorrow, found solace in the song and harp of David. And there are many like him, in the highest ranks of life as well as in its hidden and most lowly stations, to whom some David's harp has brought its consolation. Oh, that the deep heart of man, torn with the stress of passion and emotion, would but reveal the secret spell of music! Then might we learn its power to enhance the highest bliss, to soothe the bitterest sorrow, to shed upon the blackest night the light of sunshine or at least the lustre of the stars, to implant the nobler feelings of forgiveness in breasts once ruled by brutal hate; its power—in one word—to interpret the gospel of peace and of good tidings, on the earth.

“ We have said that no race, not even the most ancient, not even the least civilized, can be considered quite devoid of music. In its general characteristics, therefore, music may be rightly considered to be universal. For it is a gift to the whole human race, and is subject to common æsthetic principles which are constant for all places and all times. Yet this does not imply that music has remained untouched by all those influences which increasing human culture and development have exercised upon the sciences and the arts, nor that it has been indifferent to the tendencies and characteristics of various nations. In the earliest musical organization of a nation

might be tentatively offered by a more sup-
politan development.

“ The national music of the North occupies a position among that of all other lands and regions distinguished by variations of rhythm, by great rhythm above all by a purity and truth which mirror the rugged landscapes and our national character. Southern plains, among their populous villages could be found no fitting sounding board for strings, no proper setting for our music. Swedes are the pure echoes of the woodland depths, the rocky lakes, the rushing cataracts. They are those long winter evenings when the blazing sun on the hearth; their echoes are best heard far from habitation, beneath the cold pale skies of winter nights. No ardent passion blazes through them, but the natural feeling they reveal glows with an intensity they come from the very hearts of a people who alone can win subsistence from the frozen soil of a far larger majority than in any other country dwell in solitude; inevitably, therefore, they are a melancholy—almost a mystical view of life which they have also given proofs of a generosity and conviction as their seriousness and their iron

“ Small wonder, therefore, that the Swedes nowhere fail of their impression. A national basis that Swedish music should be foolish to deny that our music should perfect the guidance of the general rules of taste; for it is one-sided. Yet we must never deny, never And its harvest should, as far as possible, be upon its native soil, for there alone will results, and become the most powerful agent of refinement among the Swedish people.”

The Prince concluded by impressing on the Academy the needs of unselfish devotion to an indispensable condition of success.

The following speech on the work of the Academy of Poetry and Literature was delivered at the Palace at Stockholm on April 5, 1886:—

“ It is a beautiful, a magnificent ceremony more senses than one, to whose celebration you I have been this day invited by you worthy Eighteen of the Swedish Academy. And that must not obscure the day before a good and that a national one, too—has been observed. our glasses to the honour of the occasion of it to my lot to call upon you to do this. It is a it is its bidding alone that could induce reverent silence which otherwise should reign, melodious strains prompted by the feast itself”

“ The bard was of old a welcome guest fireside. When he stepped through the lofty franklin's-hall, master and men gathered about his lays, which were often highly picturesque able. In the Courts of the ancient Kings of honour was assigned to the minstrel, and the of all, he sang his Sagas of the deeds of great—the joys of fallen warriors dwelling with in Valhalla. So sang the Swedish language in the early dawning of our history. The day of our Northern skies; slowly also did Christ penetrate the white of heathendom and

ever indebted to such great spirits as Bishop Thomas, Olaus Petri, Tegel, Norberg, Stjernhjelm, Örentz, and Gyllenborg, to say nothing of others worthy of remembrance, for the fact that our language in all its developments has remained Swedish to the core, and has retained the wonderful metallic ring of its vowels and the virile strength of its consonants. Like all else that is human, language requires the protection of well-considered laws to shelter it from licence and disorder. The genius who, a hundred years ago, was Sweden's King, saw that better than most other people, and he, therefore, founded his Swedish Academy which to-day has celebrated its first centenary within the walls of the Royal castle where the third Gustavus grew to manhood, lived, spoke, worked, charmed and -blod. He showed also that he was able rightly to appreciate the power and importance of Swedish traditions when, together with the task of caring for the purity and welfare of the language, he gave to the Academy the two-fold mission of becoming the High Court of Appeal of the Swedish Parnassus, and also of lighting the Vestal fire of gratitude before the memorials of these Swedes who in the arts of peace or war achieve renown.

"How has the Swedish Academy fulfilled its great call during the first completed century of its existence? This question, which has naturally presented itself during the course of to-day's celebration, receives from the Academy this answer:—The verdict must be given by the people of Sweden. That may be true. I hope that verdict will be just, but, as the King of Sweden, I claim to have a voice in the matter, and I have no intention of concealing my opinion; for I think that, on the whole, the Academy has faithfully and well followed out the noble intentions of King Gustavus III. If the Academy has not at all times and upon all occasions succeeded in satisfying everybody's ideas and all requirements, or in winning general approbation, I believe the principal cause to have been simply that it was right in not having so succeeded. The mission of the Academy is not, and cannot be, unconditionally to make itself the interpreter or the guardian of all the varying literary schools; still less can it foster the literary tendencies of any special period. No; its mission is higher, or, if you will, lies deeper. As the 'organ-point' remains unmoved amid the swell of changing harmonies, and with unbiassed power leads all the shifting tones to consonance, so ought the Academy, firm in principles and clear of vision, to aim at knowledge and at harmony. I do not doubt that could the voice of its great founder speak from the vaulted tomb where he has now slept his sleep a hundred years, my judgment would receive his confirmation.

"Thus persuaded, I doubly congratulate the Swedish Academy upon this occasion of its high festivity. May the men, those eighteen yet unborn, who, at the close of another century shall be the guardians of our runes, be able to look back upon a successful and a glorious epoch. But above all, may their voices then be heard by a good Swedish people; by a race undegenerate; a race not unmindful of its lineage; yes, a race—

"That still with souls of flame and strong right hand
Shall keep their fathers' freedom, ward their land;
Shall sing their fathers' faith and virtuous fires,
With lips that speak the accents of their sires."

near Amlöside. It was sold on July 19, 20, and 21, 1899, by a "Mr John Barton, of Preston." The catalogue is one of considerable rarity; the library itself, apparently, thought of sufficient importance to be in London, and the books were of what booksellers call the "broad-and-cheese" order. Wordsworth's library of about 3,000 volumes, "not only of curious and rare of old English worthies, in black letter and other orthography," but also "an extensive aggregation of late editions of contemporary celebrities." The Prefatory like the two quotations just given, the work of the man who was clearly reared in the school which produced the to-be-forgotten George Robins. "No costly to 'arabesque gilding,' on 'russia' and 'morocco' decorations by which his shelves were thronged," declares Mr. Barton for "many, indeed, in quaint 'coltonian' covers, tattered guise, are those he most cherished."

Nearly every book in the library "contains evidence of the late poet's identity with its ownership in his own handwriting, and in numerous instances by that of the late Mrs. Wordsworth also." The 700 lots were grouped somewhat roughly into sections, and each of these sections is headed with one or more appropriate quotations. The first section comprises political economy, jurisprudence, and cognate subjects, and includes an incomplete set of the *Annual Register*; 61 volumes of the publications of the Camden Society; Blackstone's *Commentaries*, 1768, which, as we are obligingly reminded by the note, Sir William Jones describes "as the most beautiful outline that ever was exhibited in any human language"; Caesar's "*Commentarium de Bello Gallico*," 1508, title-page, but with presentation inscription in the autograph of Walter Savage Landor; the "*Proceedings of the Coleridge Association*," 1791, with the autographs of Coleridge and Wordsworth; Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," 1766, wanting the dedication; a copy of "*Political Disquisitions*," 1774, "From Thomas de Quincey to William Wordsworth, Friday, June 22, 1810," whilst Sandoval, Scaliger, and other authors are also represented. Two of the most particularly curious: of Potter's "*Archeologia Græca*," 1770, only the first volume, and of Southey's "*History of Brazil*," 1810, the third volume were discoverable, and this fact elicited from the auctioneer the foot-note:—"The missing volumes of the above-named works, having been lent (to whom is not known) may possibly be found in time for the sale, and, if so, will be sold with the above."

The section of biography, topography, geography, natural history, and natural history comprised many interesting volumes and included most of those which, at that period, no general library was without. They ranged from the "*Eikon Basilianæ*" to Dobrizhoffer's "*Account of the Abipones*," 1822; Culpepper's "*English Physician*," 1657, to Toland's "*Milton*." But it also included Friend's "*Evening Amusements*," 1803-9, inscribed "To Hartley Coleridge from his father, S. T. Coleridge, 1800"; a copy of Pomponii Mela's "*Situ Orbis, lib. tros*," 1616, without the title-page, but with the autographs of Coleridge and Wordsworth; and an autograph presentation copy of the "*Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse*," 1848, by Alan Stevenson, great-uncle of the poet. The section of theology and ethics, ecclesiastical history, and polemical divinity, was largely made up of battered and worn volumes that had lost their title-pages. One of

In the way of philology, bibliography, belles-lettres, and miscellanea we find a copy of the rare edition of Alciati's "Emblema," 1573; of Barclay's "Argenis," 1625; Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," 1660, inscribed "William Wordsworth, given to him by Charles Lamb"; Barton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1676; a long series of Coleridge's publications; an imperfect copy of the beautiful but little-known Etienne edition of "Rei Rusticæ Scriptores," 1513, with numerous annotations and observations in the handwriting of Wordsworth; a copy of Pryse L. Gordon's "Belgium and Holland," with presentation autograph by the author, dated Cheltenham, 1834, and a note in Wordsworth's handwriting: "My dear Daughter and I became acquainted with this gentleman at Brussels, where he showed great kindness to us both." In "Rudiments of the Italian Tongue," 1781, Mrs. Wordsworth has written: "This book was much valued as belonging to my dear husband when he studied the language at Cambridge. M. W., 1850"; and à propos of this may be mentioned Guicciardini's "L'Arte di Ricreazione," 1636, which has the autographs of Thomas Hayward the poet and W. Wordsworth. The copy of the Geneva edition of Scapula, "Lexicon Græco-Latinum," 1688, included the following note in Wordsworth's handwriting:—"This edition of Scapula is the next in value to the Elzevir edition of 1653, which is by some considered the best edition. The present value of this edition is from seven to nine guineas. March, 1817."

So far as poetry is concerned, the library included editions of most ancient and modern writers. Elizabeth B. Barrett's "Seraphim and other Poems," 1832, is in a bundle with five other volumes by poets whose names even are now utterly unknown. Of Burns there are two editions; R. H. Horne, Landor, Charles Lloyd, Talfourd, Bernard Barton, Howles, Southey, Coleridge, and others of the time are represented in autograph presentation copies; Thomas Cooper's "Purgatory of Suicides" is accompanied by an autograph letter from the author; the copy of Dryden's "Poems," published by Jacob Tonson in 1701, is inscribed "From the Rev. Charles Townsend to William Wordsworth in remembrance of a long and pleasant walk this day, May 23, 1836." One of the two editions of Gray's works bears the inscription "To W. Wordsworth from Samuel Rogers, January 27, 1835"; and Scott's "Marmion" and "Lord of the Isles" both carry presentation inscriptions from the author to Wordsworth. The rarest books of verse in the collection were the copies of Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600, and "Wit's Recreation," 1641.

But this sale did not include the whole of Wordsworth's library, for on June 23, 1836, a selection of twenty-six lots came under the hammer at Sotheby's. They were then the property of Mr. W. Wordsworth, LL.D., C.I.E., late of Elphinstone College, Bombay, and all were formerly in William Wordsworth's library. This selection comprised Matthew Arnold's "The Strayed Reveller," 1849; a most interesting and valuable copy of Sir Thomas Browne's "Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors," 1658, with a long letter relative to the book from Mary Hutchinson (afterwards Wordsworth's wife), with MS. notes by Coleridge and the autograph of Charles Lamb; a presentation copy of Keats's "Poems," "To W. Wordsworth, with the author's sincere reverence"; and other volumes not so generally interesting as those named. But doubtless sufficient facts have been given in proof of Wordsworth's claim to be ranked as a book-collector.

W. ROBERTS.

removed from the region of ordinary experience have been a noble convention in the acting of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Classic comedy, to may demand a convention, not noble, to be sure for their adequate playing. Joseph Surface, of which Charles Lamb declared to have vanished a century, was a triumph of convention; so Coquelin's Mascarille. Romantic drama requires of convention in the actor, a flamboyant copy of Cyrano and of Don César de Bazan. If overlooked the truth that conventional acting is necessarily bad acting, but may be the style of acting for the thing acted, the reason found in another of her assertions: "acting is illusion." No, the best acting is not illusive which illusion is not the object, and there are of such plays, as has just been seen. But in producing real life, acting is of course at its nearest to nature, when it is absolutely devoted. And such is the acting of Eleonora Duse.

In arriving at this judgment it is as well that it is not based upon a very common misconception a mistake generally made respecting force. George Henry Lewes, "one indeed which is unless the critic has long been familiar with I allude to the mistake of supposing an actor original, because he has not the convention we are familiar on our own stage. He has the of his own." May it not be, then, that for unadulterated nature in Eleonora Duse the convention of the Italian stage with which we are well, *en dépend*. I, for one, should not learn that many of the coquetries and wheedling of Signora Duse in *Mirandolina* (*La Locandiera*) instinctive, so spontaneous, are in reality the of Italian comedy handed down from Goldoni; I am quite sure there is nothing of the kind in Magda or Paula Tanqueray, for here we know she is about; we are familiar with the effect she undertakes it; we can compare her with nationalities. If then we find her acting in a way so fully natural, we need not fear that our judgment is the error of which Lewes spoke.

And when we find Eleonora Duse's acting in a way so fully natural, it is as well to be sure that we know precisely the words "nature" and "natural" being used by many worthy men, of whom Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. John Addington Symonds are the most. There are two kinds of natural acting. The first is that in which the player subdues his own nature to that of the character he enters, as the French say, into the skin of it; the second kind which we do not get from Signora Duse, is that in which the player, selecting the kind in which the character is to be represented, selects a naturalness of conformity with his temperament, which is itself seen through the part. This is, always, a process involving some omissions. So much cannot be made to harmonize with the play that will have to go by the board. But for omissions we are largely compensated. For where the player coincides we have something very much more than acting; for representation we get reality; a reality which is itself. Both the advantages and the drawbacks

is a woman with a vicious and vulgarizing "record"; she has been what the French call a "daughter of joy." Even when she has left her past behind, its vulgarities cling to her; she, like Magda, insults women merely because they are conventionally respectable; and she greets Captain Hugh Ardale with "you beast!" These elements in each play, elements essential to the author's design, are virtually eliminated by Signora Duse. They do not suit her temperament, and they have to go. All she cares about is the essential, instinctive woman in each character; in Magda, the woman struggling for liberty to live her own life and love her own child; in Paula the wild creature fighting down her own wildness and yearning for the affection of another woman, her stepdaughter. Such is her sincerity, her force, her truth of expression in all this, that she does not seem to be acting at all, but to be the very woman. Of course she is acting; were she not she would not be an artist; it is the perfection of natural acting. Such intensity of feeling as hers may be fairly common on the stage; what is rare is her power and subtlety and variety of expression, by face and voice, and hands. . . . And yet that will not explain all the charm of Eleonora Duse, its strangeness, its savour. There is something in this—there always is in the charm of woman, is there not?—which eludes analysis. One must leave it there, and be well content to enjoy, when she is on the stage, some of the keenest pleasure the theatre can afford.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

WAR LITERATURE.

Public opinion expects Mr. Winston Churchill to take the place of Mr. G. W. Steevens, to whose memory he pays a warm tribute, in his *LONDON TO LADYSMITH* (Longmans, 6s.), as the pre-eminently literary and picturesque war correspondent. His work certainly resembles that of Mr. Steevens, and differs from that of the average war correspondent in many important particulars. He draws pictures instead of merely relating the sequence of events, and he never offers mere facetiousness as a substitute for humour. If he does not rise as Mr. Steevens did to the level of really great occasions, he is on the other hand free from Mr. Steevens' fault of over emphasis, and he has, of course, in virtue of his early training a greater knowledge than Mr. Steevens had of military matters. Nor is he parsimonious of criticism, but speaks his mind with equal freedom of Boer and British plans and operations. On the one hand he shows how much more damage our opponents might have done if they had resisted the temptation to spend all their strength in besieging fortified towns and had carried out their project of raiding Natal. On the other hand he does not hesitate to take a different view from Lord Roberts as to the allocation of responsibilities for the disaster of Spion Kop. As he was himself sent by Sir Charles Warren with a message to Colonel Thorneycroft, he was at least in a position to form an opinion; and he reports with approval the Colonel's explanation: "Better six battalions safely down the hill than a mop up in the morning."

It is not, however, for military criticism that Mr. Winston Churchill's book is principally worth reading. One welcomes it more particularly for its bits of impressionism. The best chapters are those which relate the journey to Pretoria under Boer escort, enlivened by scraps of conversation with Boers of various

the horrors of war and the crime of aggression; have condemned the tendencies of modern Imperialism; both would have been in complete agreement over the names of Rhodes, Chamberlain, or Milner. . . . And then suddenly a change, a in the dust of agreement.

"We know how to treat Kaffirs in this country—letting the black blith walk on the pavement!"

And after that no more agreement; but argument keener and keener; gulf widening every moment.

The book contains, of course, the account of the escape from custody, and many graphic touches of life as a prisoner of war. It is all admirably done, distinctly emerges from the rank of khaki books, and more readers than most of them.

The army of war-books is represented this week by *MONTHS BESIEGED* (Macmillan, 6s.), which is the diary of H. H. S. Pearce, the *Daily News* representative in Ladysmith; *THE DIARY OF A SIEGE* (Methuen, 6s.), by Nevilson, who was beleaguered on behalf of the *Daily News*. Neither book rises much above the level of "reportage." Mr. Nevilson's is the better of the two. It makes suggestions against the behaviour of a certain section of the population which certainly show *prima-facie* grounds for holding of a Court of Inquiry.

CRICKET.

The cricket season has begun, and as nature slips into her more variegated dress the cricketer puts on his insignia of summer time. There is, of course, the musing aspirant of the willow, who,

Delaying as the tender ash delays

To clothe himself in green,

will wait for a little yet before he decks himself in the colour affected by his cause. But the season has begun, and remind us of the fact two books have reached us, both of the cricketer will be glad to peruse just as he is before his new pastures. Mr. W. J. Ford brings us well up to date the hold of the new season in *A CRICKETER ON CRICKET* (Sampson, 6s.). While the reputations which the wickets of 1900 may still be the secrets of the future, he treats us to two chapters on the names newly enrolled on the scroll of fame. Another chapter deals with the reform of cricket, which has lately so much taxed the energies of the "A Cricket Match in 2000 A.D." among other speculations the new "boundary" experiment to be tried at Lord's is introduced. But Mr. Ford is not only a cricketer. His long experience has made him intimate with all the mysteries of the game, especially the secrets of slog and hit. He attempts to reveal in his discussion on "Giant Hits." But there is always something in their art which artists can explain to others. Perhaps they know more than they can tell all. In any case a lesson on the right bat to use, the correct muscles to exert, will not make a Bonnet out of a lecture on rhythm and a book of synonyms of Milton. We will leave Mr. Ford's cheery yet pages with a quotation of his own ingenious idea of measuring the number of drawn matches:—

Let the captain of the batting side close his

trudlers of the West Indian elevens. The inclusion of a few of them in the forthcoming team is a triumph over a prejudice, justly censured by our author, against playing the natives. They will add a new element of colour to the cricket field. Mr. Warner, who has carried the best traditions of Oxford and Middlesex with him to the West Indies, Philadelphia, Portugal, and South Africa, sometimes as captain, and always as a mainstay of his team, is full of information on the state of cricket in these countries. We gather that there is a temporary falling-off in America, but the writer is sanguine as to the success of the West Indies in this country—always considering the possible effect of a new climate—and speaks encouragingly of the rising talent of South Africa.

A good deal of the humour of the book is supplied by the eccentricities of the black men in the West Indies. The presence of Lord Hawke—"a real live lord"—as captain of the visiting team was a never-failing source of delight to them. They regarded him as "a sort of god descended from some glorified kind of palace." No mundane whisper as to the real position of the Second Chamber had reached their unsophisticated ears. On each occasion as he left the pavilion for the wicket they would break forth into cries of "De lord, de lord; look at de lord." Their enthusiasm for cricket was equally pleasing. Mr. C. S. Lucas, who had earned success as a bowler in a previous visit some years before, was immediately recognized with exclamations of "De bowler, de bowler; look at de bowler." The downfall of an English cricketer would give rise to facetious remarks, such as "Stoddart, he only make six, sah." Here is a pretty story of the effect of success on the black cricketer.

At St. Kitts a black man became so puffed up with pride at having made some twenty runs off our change bowlers that he began after each stroke to strut about, gazing round him at the fielders as if he thought that their positions were being constantly altered to effect his downfall. At last, Bardswell, who was bowling, could stand it no longer, and, after the batsman had done his parade for the third successive time in one over, he went up to him, and with the utmost gravity carefully pointed out all the outfields, and concluded his explanation with "And I, Sir, am the bowler." "Right, sah," cried the black man, with a grin, "come on again!" But, alas for human hopes! he rushed wildly out and was stumped by Dick Berens.

The camera has lent valuable aid to Mr. Warner, who waxes enthusiastic over the scenery of the grounds in the West Indies. There are also photographs of the teams galore. Between his centuries the author found time to satisfy the curiosity of the traveller, in the gold mines at Kimberley, or in the Kafir's hut far away on the veldt. His book is a little long, some of it being written more for his companions than for the general reader. But the greater part is full of information for all cricketers and amusing detail imparted in a lively, open air style.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

The small volume published by Messrs. Duckworth as one of the series "American Statesmen," under the title CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS (7s. 6d.), by his son, Charles Francis Adams, is of exceptional interest. The United States Minister in England at the period of the American Civil War kept a careful diary

account of Adams' negotiations with Russell and be found full of interest, and forms a document well of the future cannot ignore. Mr. Adams received a "familiar" interview with Lord Palmerston shortly after the Trent crisis, which illustrates in a felicitous and statesmanlike manner. The seizure of the English steamer by the Confederate envoys Mason and Slidell on board of a Federal man-of-war was known in America and the news did not reach London until it had for some time been strongly suspected that the Government of the United States intended to have any vessels carrying Confederate envoys intercepted, and some apprehension was expressed in the presence at Southampton of a United States steamer. The presence of *James Adger*. The familiar interview with Lord Palmerston took place on Nov. 12. The Premier at once opened up the subject of the *James Adger*, and mentioned that accounts which had reached him the capture of a vessel taken in supplies at Southampton, "had got some brandy" and dropped casually down to the water as if for a cruise. The impression was that he had been sent to watch for the steamer carrying the Confederate envoys. Lord Palmerston pointed out the dangers of the Trent affair, in particular assured Mr. Adams that the presence of Mason and Slidell would make no difference to the policy of the English Government. Undoubtedly Mr. Adams' conversation lay before Mr. Secretary Seward, and his conciliatory despatch about the Trent affair. By minimizing the probable effect on British policy of the capture of Mason and Slidell's mission, Lord Palmerston endeavoured to prevent an "American fire," and Mr. Seward realized that a quite exaggerated importance had attached to their work. This persuasion influenced him to take into any general international considerations, a peaceful issue of a complication which in later years telegraph gives no time for passions to subside and things to be cleared up, would almost certainly have occurred. The same remark may be made with reference to the Trent affair. The judicious American Minister in London, hampered by the violent United States Secretaries, have been had they each been at one end of a telegraph. Mr. Adams is able to give a complete account of the schemes in connexion with the Laird Rams captured by the Confederate envoy—for hoodwinking both the English Government, for gaining the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France, and securing the services of Lord Russell as Foreign Secretary. The book closes Mr. Adams' public life, though he did not die. This brief memoir by the hand of his son is a clear and sensibly written book, which will no doubt interest both English and American politics to study Mr. Adams' diary and correspondence for a better understanding of a period so critical in the negotiations between the two countries.

EDWARD III.

THE HISTORY OF EDWARD THE THIRD (1327-1377). BY MACKINNON, Ph.D. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

Those who have some knowledge of Dr. Mackinnon's work will expect a good deal from this book, and they will not be disappointed. His study

folly and injustice of Edward's claim to the crown of France; but, in representing it as the outcome of a mere ambition for conquest, he rather overlooks the fact that France had previously supported the invasion of the Scots, and was actively hostile both to England's natural allies, the Flemings, and to her retention of Guenne. It is surely going too far to call Edward "the Napoleon of the fourteenth century"; there is a much more apt comparison, in a later chapter, to Louis XIV. As a "perferdy" patriot, Dr. Mackinnon is justly severe upon Edward for his conduct towards Scotland; yet even here it is but fair to remember that his claims were a legacy from his grandfather. The chapters which deal with Scotland are indeed a valuable contribution to the history of the time, and would alone suffice to raise the book above mediocrity. There are, however, some indications that Dr. Mackinnon is less familiar with Continental affairs beyond the limits of France. It is not correct to describe the Avignon Popes (with the exception of Clement V.) as the "creatures" of the French King. As Frenchmen and near neighbours, they were naturally subservient to France; but Avignon was not then a French town, being in the early years of Edward's reign—till it was sold to the Papacy—part of the dominions of Robert of Naples (wrongly styled "of Sicily," which was ruled by another dynasty). Nor is it true that "the Pope resided there from the death of Boniface VIII." (1303), for another Roman Pope intervened, and Clement V. did not arrive there till 1309. These inaccuracies are, perhaps, not very important; but they prepare us for Dr. Mackinnon's silence upon the most startling event in Edward's relations with Avignon—the threat of Clement VI. to employ against him the spiritual arm—a threat which actually issued in his being cited before the Consistory, and which, in case of his refusal to appear, would certainly have been followed by his formal deposition. An extant letter from Clement to the Queen of France unfolds the whole plot, which would doubtless have been carried into effect but for the Pope's removal by death.

We have already spoken highly of the style of this book, which is always lively and flowing, often eloquent, but occasionally, it must be added, slipshod and undignified. Such a sentence as "Anything in the way of business was the political ethic of the 'age'" may justify the former adjective; the latter may be illustrated by Philip's "playing the devil with Edward's little game of subduing the Scots," or by the frequent references to "Hodge," and "John Bull," which are anachronisms in writing of the fourteenth century. Dr. Mackinnon is fond of words and phrases which are either new, as "pugnative," "seethe" (noun); or unnecessary, as "dubiety," "mandments," "parliamentation"; or American, as "disrupting," "portraitist"; or words which to the ignorant Southron need a note of explanation, as "tulehan king," "Jeddart justice," "rieving," "furth," "homologate," &c. It should be added that a historical work of this size and importance deserves an index, which will no doubt be supplied in a future edition.

YEAR BOOK 16 EDWARD III. (Part II.), edited by L. O. Pike (Rolls Series, 10s.), is, like its predecessors, edited, translated, and indexed with the most scrupulous care; but it has more importance for the legal than for the general historian. There are, however, two interesting cases of the seizure by the King of the temporalities of benefices in consequence of the war then in progress, the advowsons being in the hands of a foreign monastery (Clairvaux), and of an alien prior, who was "under the power of France."

minority in the interests of that minority, the endeavour to consolidate the majority and instruct business of Government. Hence the formation of affiliated "Good Government Clubs" intended, first, to Tammany, and, secondly, to promote generally a more and public spirited policy. The clubs did much towards the overthrow of Tammany in 1891; but when, having done that good work, they fell to discussing the principles of government, the inevitable differences arose, and the clubs themselves at issue on the most fundamental question—the difference was highly curious. One can hardly find a practical man on this side of the Atlantic say anything against the Councillor—objecting to a proposed measure of reform on the ground that Mr. Herbert Spencer had declared Socialism an organism developing according to its own automatic laws, and that human interference with it was immoral and unjust. This is what happened in New York in 1891; and so the Spencerians—If one can so call the authors of such a doctrine of Spencerianism—urge their case that for a time the progress of good government was paralyzed. Nobody in this country is so fond of metaphysical abstractions as the American; and, crude as the problem which was presented to the New York Club may seem to be when proposed as an item in the agenda of a business committee, the matter of fact lie at the core of modern political theory. The discussion of it in this book is devoted. The author's argument is that Society may in some respect resemble a machine, but is not one; that evolution on the basis of natural selection, one main difference being the introduction of conscious deliberate action of the human will. This is the gradual assertion of self restraint in the institution of monogamy, though we must note that the order of evolution which Mr. Kelly describes—the association of families into communities better able to defend conjugal rites—means in harmony with the doctrine now generally accepted. But the predatory non-moral system which rules in our country exercises its sinister influence on men. It has created an artificial environment which is not in accordance with the true law of human progress. Observing the conditions of American life, the political philosopher roundly declares that the struggle for life is replaced by the struggle for the latter "is the law of human life." The business man is to make the environment consistent with the moral law, and justice consists in repairing the inequalities between men, and in diminishing the inequalities—a definition which does not, after all, differ from that of Hume, save that it is formulated with the aid of modern evolutionary theories. It is obvious that though an extremely acute and able one, is full of common sense. But Mr. Kelly has not yet come to the point where he explained his whole position. We naturally ask how can he be induced to respond to any motive but the egotist's? The answer is "justice" to be established on the earth? These questions are to be answered in two subsequent volumes, one on Individualism and the other on Collectivism as contrasted with Individualism.

Woman in Art, Sacred and Profane.

LA MADONNA, Svolgimento Artistico delle Rappresentazioni della Vergine, by Adolfo Venturi (Ulrico Hoepli, fr.30), a sumptuous work, beautifully printed and illustrated, recalls the splendid art books issued by the publishers, and does great credit to the author's

Imagination of the artist, both the individuality of the master and the tendency of the school to which he belonged found fuller and more perfect expression in representations of the Madonna. And since the Virgin early became the object of popular devotion, both her form and face and the picturesque legends of her life became the constant theme of painters and sculptors during the three great centuries of Italian art. Signor Venturi goes back to the earliest representations in the rude paintings of the Catacombs and the mosaics of Rome and Ravenna. He gives us many interesting examples of Trecento art, in which the first attempts at freedom and life are seen struggling through the rigid Byzantine types, and the great awakening is finally brought about by the Tuscan masters—Nicola Pisano and Giotto. We see how the new conception of Motherhood and Holy Childhood first held up to the peasants of Umbria and Tuscany by their great apostle, St. Francis, lives again in the half-effaced frescoes of the dim vaults of Assisi, and in the lovely pictures of the Arena Chapel at Padua. We see the same ideals set forth with rare purity and charm by Florentine sculptors and painters, by Fra Angelico and Luca della Robbia, by Sandro Botticelli, and Mino da Fiesole. We see how men of different schools and temperament have left the stamp of their own individuality on the Madonna's countenance, how the fiery energy of Donatello and the classic severity of Mantegna's genius are revealed in carved bas-relief or painted panel, and motherly love and majestic grace blend together in Giovanni Bellini's Virgins, until Christian art attains its highest perfection in the Madonnas of Raphael and Leonardo. Again we follow the story of the Virgin's life carved in stone and bronze, or painted in fresco and tempera, and see the infinite variety of form and detail lavished upon its incidents by successive artists, from the quaint fancies of the Giotteschi, and delicate grace of the Siense to the glowing colours and rich accessories of Crivelli's Annunciation or Titian's Presentation. And so we follow the Gospel story in the pictures of the Italian masters until we reach the closing scenes of the drama and realize the contrast between the stormy grandeur of Tintoretto's Crucifixion at San Rocco and the calm beauty of Perugino's fresco in the Florentine Chapter-house of S. Maria Maddalena. Signor Venturi's book, with all its admirable reproductions, is one that cannot fail to be appreciated by every lover of Italian art, while it must prove of invaluable help to the student.

Last year the house of Hachette brought out a magnificent volume entitled "Le XVIII. Siècle." It has received a worthy successor in *L'IMAGE DE LA FEMME*, compiled by a French inspector of Fine Arts, M. Arnaud Dayot. The page, which measures 8½ by 12½ inches, gives ample scope for the reproduction of the nearly 450 paintings, drawings, or busts chosen by the publishers from their unrivalled stock of plates, and described with much intelligence by M. Dayot. The engravings are grouped in six chapters. Chapter I. contains a quantity of documents on womankind in remote antiquity, from the paintings of the Theban tombs, through the Greco-Phœnician epoch, of which a famous example is here reproduced—the bust of a woman found at Eleche two years ago, and now in the Louvre—down to the Roman busts of Faustina and Messalina. Chapter II. carries us from the early Christian art, with the Ravenna mosaic portraits of the Empress Theodora, with many figures due to the great sculptors of the Gothic cathedrals, or public buildings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to the delicious arabesques of the Florentine Masters and the other "primitives" who usher in the Renaissance. The first century of the Renaissance is treated in Chapter III. with nearly fifty engravings from great collections. The seventeenth and

Eschatology.

Professor Charles, in *A CRITICAL HISTORY OF A FUTURE LIFE IN ISRAEL, IN JUDAISM, AND* (the Jowett Lectures for 1898-99) (A. and traces the origin and growth of Hebrew and Chædal doctrine as contained in the Old and New Testament, intervening Jewish Apocalyptic and Apocryphal has brought to bear upon his subject a mind analytical and exegetical powers, and a few some respects too fruitful—imagination. The enviable gift of being able to give expression to an admirably lucid style. In a disquisition of of course, room for considerable divergence of only a few instances, we question whether the the Talmud describes as astrological instruments ancestral images. We demur to the unqualified the "Sheol was in early times quite independent Divine presence, although not establishing a between God and the departed, seems to have at a very early date. "The designation of the points to the limited conception of the person in Israel." Nephesh is indeed used to indicate not constitute the *ego*. It is "only a link of account of Philo is somewhat misleading. philosopher did not believe in any material plan immortality consisted for him in the acquisition virtue, and was therefore attainable in this highly debatable points might be profitably discuss, e.g., that the author has unduly exaggerated and effects of the ancient ancestor worship. But although we frequently dissent from Professor readily admit the extreme value and importance to eschatological literature. There is unlike it in our language, and we strongly are interested in the subject to possess themselves to master its contents. Professor Charles' rigid eschatological views are largely influenced might have added anthropological—conceptions with regard to the Old Testament may be summed words:—

So long, indeed, as Jahwe's jurisdiction limited to this life a Jahwistic eschatology could not exist, but when at last Israel reached of monotheism the way was prepared for the future no less than of the present. The exile to this development. Thenceforth the individual nation became the religious unit. Step by thinkers of Israel were led to a moral conception of life.

The section devoted to the eschatology of Apocalyptic literature is specially interesting for the immortality of the soul. The books of the Maccabees do not, on the whole, go beyond the doctrine of the Sheol. In the Jewish Alexandrian as the Book of Wisdom, though there is no resurrection, the doctrine of a continued existence aspects is further developed. In the striking meet for the first time the doctrine of eternal second edition Professor Charles might prefer reference to the Rabbinical and Talmudic future life. In the New Testament, leaving on the Pauline writings on the subject occupy the The author traces four stages in the development

prise, well written and well illustrated. Mr. Holman Bentley was one of the earliest pioneers on the Congo, and his book narrates the experiences of twenty-one years among the savage tribes which live upon its banks. He has naturally much to say about subjects outside missionary work—about African trade, and about the sanitary precautions necessary for a European exploring the region. The danger to health is the great peril the missionary has to face. Though we may admire, it is difficult wholly to commend the hardihood which sends earnest men to perish of hæmoglobinuria in these pestilent swamps. The second volume is indeed but an expanded obituary. First one man died, then another, then some poor woman, who was followed by her husband. The careful record given by Mr. Bentley is sad reading, but we should be the last to undervalue the heroism of the lives which he describes, and his book, with its abundant pictures, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of this dark and obscure region.

Two Scotch Counties.

A HISTORY OF ABERDEEN AND BANFF, by William Watt (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.), is in some respects the most solidly informing contribution that has been made to Messrs. Blackwood's valuable series of "The County Histories of Scotland." Its author, Mr. William Watt, is not, indeed, so graceful a writer as Sir Herbert Maxwell or Sir George Douglas, both of whom have written volumes in the series, or so brilliant as Mr. Alexander Allardyce, who had been originally selected for this work and had indeed begun it. But he has read carefully all that has been written on the two counties, and in particular on the essentially Teutonic colony which at a tolerably early period in Scottish history was established in a Celtic region, and still regards as its capital the prosperous commercial and academic city that will be associated with the happiness of the Queen and the unhappiness of Byron. As the researches of a local antiquarian association, the Spalding Club, have thrown a flood of light upon the history of Aberdeen and Banff, Mr. Watt is able, with their help and that of his own genuine yet sober enthusiasm, to give such a history of the two shires as has not been possible before. He shows the parts they played in the War of Independence and "the battles of the kites and crows" that preceded it. Needless to say he does justice to the Battle of Harlaw, which in the beginning of the fifteenth century saved Aberdeen from sack, and perhaps the Scottish Lowlands from conquest at the hands of a Highland horde led by the Celtic Lord of the Isles, for in it the leading citizens of the town fell gloriously. But when he is dealing with the various traditions that enrust the memory of the extraordinary leader of these citizens and their military allies—the Earl of Mar—does not Mr. Watt go a little too far when he states confidently that this prince of Scottish adventurers "married a Walloon heiress with lands"? All this period in Mar's life is enshrouded in mystery. Mr. Watt is no less skilful in indicating the part played by the two counties in the various Stuart and Jacobite struggles; the "Cock of the North" and the Earl Marischal have ample justice done them. The present prosperity of Aberdeen is clearly traced. Mr. Watt verges on "parochiality" only when he deals with literary notabilities, as when he describes a minor but estimable bard as "the richly reflective, imaginative, and lyrically gifted preacher-poet of our time." Happily we have little of this sort of eulogium, and it does not impair the merit of a most important contribution to the national as well as the county history of Scotland.

chapter is historical; and this seems a pity, as one would have been interested to learn something more of the school. A list of scholars including such illustrious names as Richard Lovelace, Sir Richard Steele, Joseph Addison, Wesley, Sir William Blackstone, R. C. Jebb, Thackeray, Colonel Baden-Powell. It is interesting, however, to find that Colonel Baden-Powell and Mr. Max Beerbohm are among the most recent contributors to the school magazine. That the school itself was founded by a benefactor who made a fortune as a pirate. The other chapters of the book are devoted to the description of life at the Charterhouse on the present day, with particulars of the school exhibitions, prizes, scholarships and games. The chapter on exhibitions is particularly interesting to parents and guardians.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK FOR 1900 (Macmillan) edited by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, with the assistance of Mr. Renwick, is for its completeness and accuracy too well needed commendation. The new international arrangements in North-East Africa, British Nigeria, the Pacific, and America have led to considerable changes, and the book has been revised by Mr. Fred T. Jane. Much light is thrown on the question of conscription by a full account of the military service in Switzerland. There has hardly been time to take out Joubert's name as that of the President of the South African Republic.

Mr. Charles Dixon in AMONG THE BIRDS IN THE SOUTH (Blackie, 7s. 6d.) adds one more to his list of written books on ornithology. The birds are described in separate chapters according to their habits, and Mr. Dixon's Whymper supplies a number of good illustrations.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons issue, at a uniform price of 2s. 6d. each, a series of useful little handbooks for the education of the young. ADVANCED BOOKKEEPING treats, within the space of 184 pages, of almost every branch of the subject—the auditors, ledger work, bankruptcy dealings, income-tax and joint stock company formation and the hotel and restaurant. SHORTHAND COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE contains examples of business letters and a useful prefatory chapter on the clerk and his duties. The contents of FRENCH AND ENGLISH COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE (two separate books) are well selected, and fit almost any case, from letter of introduction to complaints over "the wrong quality of cloth being consigned." Their usefulness would be increased if they were published for the benefit of clerks whose knowledge of languages in question is as yet rudimentary. COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMERCIAL ENGLISH is equally good. The 322 letters given are brief and to the point. At the end there are 15 examples of commercial and legal documents, shipping orders, contracts, bills of lading, and bills of declaration. The series is well bound and clearly printed on good paper.

FICTION.

TWO ITALIAN NOVELISTS.

The new Italy, which has grown up since 1870, has a few interpreters. D'Annunzio, De Amicis, Foglia, and Matilde Serao have all gained a reputation outside their own frontiers, and in France especially the last of these has become known by translations and by the enthusiastic admiration of M. Bourget.

Matilde Serao deserves to be better known in England. She is, for only two of her novels have been translated into English, a writer of considerable merit. Her

South, who comes resolved to conquer Rome, and resigns at the last conquered himself. Nor can any journalist deny the sombre accuracy of the journalistic novel, "Vita ed Avventure di Riccardo Joanna," dedicated "to the Journalists of Italy"—the story of the young Neapolitan, who goes into newspaper-work in all the enthusiasm of youth and then finds out, as so many had found out before him, that a leader-writer at twenty-five may still be only a leader-writer, and perhaps an inferior or a worse-paid one, at fifty. But to the general reader, who is in quest for a new subject, "Il Paese di Cuccagna" is the best sifted of all Signora Serao's novels. The story traces, as one of her shorter stories, "Un torno secco," and her little volume of essays, "Il ventre di Napoli," had done before, the effects of the State lottery upon the lives and characters of the Neapolitans of all classes. Most people who have lived in Italy know that every week the Government lottery is drawn at the eight principal centres of the country, and that the five winning numbers of each of the eight "wheels" are posted up outside every *Banco di Lotto* in the kingdom and printed in every newspaper as soon as possible. But few realize the misery entailed by the lottery on the superstitious people of the South; the crowd of usurers, which it breeds; the swarm of illegal imitations, the so-called "small games," which it fosters; the constant resource to the "book of dreams," to inspired persons, to monks and priests, which the craving to know the right numbers produces. All this is described by the novelist in a way that is unique in literature. Signora Serao knows Naples, where she has made her home with her husband and their five children, better than any born Neapolitan. In "All'Erta, Sentinella," she gives us a vivid sketch of Neapolitan convict life in the *bagno* on the little island of Nisida; in "La ballerina" she takes us behind the wings of the Neapolitan theatres; in "Il Romanzo della Fanciulla" she depicts the life of the female telegraph clerks in the office at Naples, the studies of the girls in the elementary schools, the long summer evenings in "the Villa," and the last great eruption of Vesuvius in 1872. In "Addio, Amore!" she places a runaway couple amid the ruins of Pompeii; and in the new novel, which she has just been publishing in the *Flegrea* and in the *Mattino* in serial form, "Suor Giovanna della Croce," she has unfolded the feelings and experiences of a nun, buried alive in a convent for thirty years and then compulsorily turned loose on the world of Naples by Act of Parliament with the barest pittance and without the smallest worldly wisdom.

It is as a stylist, rather than as a deviser of plots, that Signora Serao has attained distinction. But she has "the defects of her qualities." Conscious that descriptive power is her strong point, she too often loses herself in interminable descriptions. Every woman, who comes before us in her pages, is minutely described, her *certi occhi scuri*, her *certe mani scorne*, her smallest dimple, her most insignificant ornament. She will take a page to enumerate all the objects on a lady's dressing-table, and she cannot take two characters to a restaurant without going through the whole bill of fare for the sake of local colour. Again, as in Bourget's novels, so in hers, the analysis of character is worked out to an inordinate degree. In short, the lack of incident is felt, but no one can fail to admire the beauty of the language and the accurate knowledge of human nature. But, like most Italians of our time, Matilde Serao is a pessimist. Her characters are rarely contented, or even tolerably happy. Often they are struggling with the most abject poverty, or grangling with the demon of shabby gentility, counting no

Southern Italy as it is in the days of sober and followed the heroic age of the *Risorgimento*.

With D'Annunzio's *IL Fuoco* we pass from and find ourselves in another world both of Most Englishmen are likely to know more as a dramatist than as a novelist; and be thought of *Gloconda* as a play, there its language often achieves a high level who agree with the Pope that D'Annunzio who knows how to write Italian will find ample view in the loveliness of the lyrical prose, which real merit of "Il Fuoco." It is called a roman a duet with an interlude, and the scenario charmed city of the Lagoons. It has been well be no half measures in our love for Venice. regard her with indifference or love her as a mis has looked upon Venice with the eyes of a poet lovers of Venice this will prove a wonderful which expresses for them their unte adult "anadiomene, magnifica e tentatrice." We is the book the Venetian crowd under the influ oratory beheld the Apotheosis—as if we saw her time or saw her in an aspect hitherto unk knows her melancholy and he knows her joy; t music, the laughter and tears, the *animula rag nera* of Venice. He brings to our view vis and of the starlit vault that rises over San C green sky of dawn, of the canals when the palaces are a miracle of opal and gold, of the are moonlit or in storm, when they are flus when they are quiet, gray and sad.

After the trilogy of the Rose and the series of the Lily, we have in "Il Fuoco" the Romances of the Pomegranate. This was expected. For months we have had forecasts contents. The episode of the last days of Waj closes has by anticipation been discussed in a with reference to the heroine a whole crop of has grown up. Now that the book has app under the guise of the intellectual and mora the confession and the apology of the author, never been niggardly in analysing his own emo Sperelli of "Il Pface," in Giorgio Aurispa of t Morte," and in Claudio Cantelmo of the "Ver he has given us the same carefully dissected cha aspects. In "Il Fuoco" we have it again, thi a pretence but that in the person of Stelio and art of Gabriele D'Annunzio are set forth a both in his literary aims, his theories of art, and failures, and his most intimate experiences revealed, naked and mashed. It is painf in its colossal egoism; and yet art shines thro a jewel in the forehead of a toad. By the sy granate which he chooses as the emblem of Effrena acknowledges and justifies this self-rev is no discord between my life and art," he gain the victory over men and things, nothing the constant exaltation of oneself and the n own dream of beauty and domination. . . . Nature whithersoever she may lead me, and flowering Pomegranate." That is the gospel of the apotheosis of self, the glorification of

novels, so profound an egoist will ever succeed in "creating" any character but his own. But in Foscarina, certainly, his astounding sincerity has enabled him to describe, if not create, the living and pathetically beautiful character of a woman. That is a good omen; and to one who can write prose-pictures as he does much can be forgiven.

Historical Novels.

Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson has done much excellent work. High hopes were based upon his contributions to the "Yellow Book," and he has given us some admirable collections of stories. Now the decorated historical romance is called for from him, and he gives us *THE REBEL* (Heinemann, 6s.). This novel certainly bears the romantic charm proper to the brave days of Royalty restored. The memoir of Anthony, fourth Earl of Cherwell, is "compiled and set forth" by his cousin, Sir Hilary Mace, who has a pretty taste in story telling and makes the adventures of Cherwell and his Althea very interesting affairs. The account of the rising at Taunton, in 1684, is well done, and, as a whole, "The Rebel," although a trifle artificial, is a very good example of the modern historical novel.

On the title-page of *WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX* (Harper, 6s.) Mr. Edward S. Van Zile gives the following synopsis of his work:—It is "an account of the strange adventures of Count Louis de Sancerre, companion of Sieur de la Salle, on the lower Mississippi, in the year of grace 1682." Accordingly we may expect to have cavaliers and priests, Mohicans and sun-worshippers, beautiful damsels in distress, and all the other accessories of a tale of that time and place. Nor does Mr. Van Zile disappoint us. What does disappoint and surprise us is that the hero born and bred in the court of the Grand Monarch should have so strangely limited acquaintance with his native tongue. However, the three words which he does happen to know—*Ma foi!* and *Ma petite*—he works off on every conceivable occasion, which shows us that his heart, at least, is in the right place. The book has some excellent illustrations by A. J. Keller.

Mr. Drummond's *A MAN OF HIS AGE* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.) is, to some extent, a continuation of his "For the Religion." De Coligny and Condé flash through the pages of Blaise de Bernauld's reminiscences; Catherine de Medici and Jeanne de Navarre are with us at every turn. For our own part we look a little askance at the first chapter of a novel if the hero be four-score years and begins to recount his fortunes and fight his battles over again. But the popularity of the quaintly-called "historical novel" does not abate, and, logically, those who admire Mr. Weyman's work should be equally pleased with that of Mr. Hamilton Drummond, for he writes, and writes clearly, of a stirring period, of love, of war, of fair ladies and brave men. He is fluent, fairly convincing, and always romantic in the theatrical sense.

WITH THE GRAND ARMY TO MOSCOW is the title of an historical novel by Thomas Henry Teegan (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.). The subject is a dangerous one, since the historical facts themselves are so interesting that it is almost impossible for the novelist to invent a story sufficiently thrilling to compete with them. Mr. Teegan certainly has not done so. His book is, in fact, really history, full of digressions and retrospects, in which the narrative of the adventures of the fictitious hero and heroine only pop up at intervals. If the fictitious element is skipped the book will be found interesting enough, though it is hardly likely that any reader will feel any emotion when he reads that the warrior into whose mouth the story is put "led Caroline

Mr. Jerome Again.

THREE MEN ON THE ICEBERG, by Jerome K. Jerome (Smith, 3s. 6d.), is quite worthy of the reputation of the of "Three Men in a Boat." It shows that Mr. Jerome still makes his jokes in the same fearless old-fashioned simple device of raising the truth to the nth power. A good example of his vein is the chapter in which he criticizes the Germans from an Anglo-Saxon point of view, and an example of their system of paternal government is given as follows:—

Not that the German child is neglected by a Government. In German parks and public gardens special (spielplatze) are provided for him, each one supplied with a heap of sand. There he can play to his heart's content making mud pies and building sand castles. To the child a pie made of any other mud than this would be an immoral pie. It would give to him no satisfaction; his soul would revolt against it. "That pie," he would himself, "was not, as it should have been, made of Government mud specially set apart for the purpose; it was manufactured in the place, planned and maintained by Government for the making of mud pies. It can bring no blessing with it; it is a lawless pie."

When you come to think of it, this is pretty much of the thing that a political philosopher would say. Only the political philosopher would say it differently.

As Dr. St. George Mivart's *CASTLE AND MANOR* (Scribner) has been published before, though anonymously, and under a different title, it is hardly necessary for us to discuss it at length. On the whole, it illustrates the old proverb about a cobbler and his last. It displays ability of a sort, but veils the true ability of the story-teller. The style is good and laboured. The incidents are too melodramatic to be convincing. The characters, with perhaps one exception, do not live. The preface warns us that the book is not didactic or universal. But for this warning we should have imagined it was written partially, if not entirely, for the purpose of a Roman Catholicism.

Correspondence.

M. ABEL CHEVALLEY ON "LITERARY CONCILIATION."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—There is much in M. Abel Chevalley's interesting article with which, as a student both of English and of French literature, I cannot agree. He appears to think that the symbolists have borrowed some of their ideas from the "aesthetes." Now this is really absurd, in my humble judgment. Symbolism is a force in modern French literature, however M. Chevalley may dislike it. He also considers that there has been an exaggerated worship of Tolstoy, Ibsen, and Nietzsch in France, and that it is full time this cult should be abandoned. As far as I can ascertain from reading French reviews, it is rather severely criticized by our Gallie neighbours. I know that an admirable translation of "Resurrection" has been made by M. T. de Wyzewa; but Tolstoy's extreme asceticism is not so tasteful to the French temperament. As for Ibsen, he was quite popular in Paris. Nietzsch has been much written about simply on account of his anarchic philosophy; but

by persons of culture in England. Mr. George Moore was a disciple of M. Zola, but even he has revolted from the tyranny of the literary *bête humaine*. It is not against realism, or naturalism (call it what you will), that we have a right to protest. It is against *inaesthetic* realism. Shakespeare was a realist—at least *Macbeth* and *Othello* are realistic in a higher sense. Fielding and Balzac dealt with life's realities, and had no prudery or false modesty in their treatment of them. So with Flaubert: he was a realist, but also a great artist—what M. Zola never can be, for in his uncouth lack of art he brutalizes even the realities of life.

It is idle to talk of the Dreyfus case in France or the war in England bringing about a literary reconciliation between the two nations. No such reconciliation is necessary. Literature has only one country—that of the mind and the imagination. But peoples are not ruled by literature!

Yours faithfully, D. F. HANNIGAN.

THE LANCASTRIAN TETRALOGY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The statement in the current number of the *Cornhill* that "no one who has not witnessed the whole play of *Hamlet* on the stage can fully appreciate its dramatic capacity," coming from so unassailable an authority as Mr. Sidney Lee, must have been welcome to many a humbler Shakespearian student, to whom Mr. Benson's *Hamlet*, in its entirety, has been a revelation. May we venture to hope that the company to whom we already owe so much will add to our obligations by giving us at some future time another of the great dramatist's mighty works, if not in its entirety, at least in the proper sequence of its parts. I refer to the Lancastrian tetralogy, the plays of *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, Parts I. and II., and *Henry V.* Three of these plays, if not all four, already form part of Mr. Benson's repertoire, and, could they be produced by the same company on successive nights, we should get a much clearer idea of the continuity of the leading theme, the relation of the Sovereign to the land and the people over whom he rules. We should gain also a clearer insight into some of Shakespeare's most carefully-developed characters, who have hard measure dealt them by the present arrangement. Who would wish to leave *Macbeth* when he has seized the Scottish throne, or to be first introduced to Cleopatra after the battle of Actium? Could we follow Bolingbroke, in Mr. Rodney's guidance, from the lists at Coventry to the Jerusalem Chamber we should understand why the man, whose sympathies are as narrow as his will is indomitable, fails to keep the affections of those who helped him to power. And there would be less talk of the sudden conversion of King Henry V. if Mr. Benson would demonstrate to our eyes the difference between the Prince Hal of Part I. and the same character, as he has already rendered it, in Part II., with the short flashes of madcap revelry, the deep self-dissatisfaction, and the final earnest assumption of responsibility. We would even venture to say, remembering how faithfully our dramatist usually followed his *Hollinshed*, that such a representation would teach us, not only Shakespeare, but English history. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

May 15, 1900.

M. H. D.

ENGLISH, GOOD AND BAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—My friend, Mr. W. G. Waters, hits several blots, but one of his generalizations appears to me singularly rash, and his suggested explanation still wilder. "An adjective formed by a suffix must be formed from a noun, and not from a verb." How

"PERICLES" AT STRATFORD. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The world is so frequently ignorant of its greatest men that it will scarcely excite when I avow that, until I saw your cor. attached to the above article in your issue, neither seen nor heard of it before. I plead not to depreciate his ability, but to excuse my inability, his capacity for sitting in judgment on a work many intervals of leisure during many years build up, but nothing is so easy as to pull a clumsiest navigator may destroy in a few hours taken an experienced architect years of patient labour. Apparently your correspondent was imbued with the idea that he attempted to demolish in fifteen minutes what took a poor actor fifteen years to erect! Well! Whatever his qualifications, or disqualifications, a gentleman is as much entitled to express his opinion as I am to express mine; but it must be premised that each man's individual expressions, while on the other hand the forces of pit, gallery, and boxes represent the collective opinion of public opinion which is the supreme arbiter. The ultimate issue depends in cases of this description on the opinion of the majority.

It appears to me, however, that a general opinion has been said, "These are my opinions, but cannot be admitted they are at variance with those of the spectators, who at first appeared cold and soon warmed into appreciation and ultimate pleasure, which found vent by repeatedly suggesting the antagonist before the curtain and greeting him with enthusiasm!" Opinion will pass for what it is, more or less—but when it is flavoured with quotation, and small personalities it suggests rather than sincerity. As to my product, it suffices me to state that, after carefully collating the work, I found that my residuum corresponded, almost exactly, with Dr. Fleay's "Birth and Life of Marina," by the opinion of Alfred Tennyson, Dr. Furness, and other eminent authorities, I have utilized in the every available line traceable directly to the original. My general treatment of the subject has been recorded at length in my "Forewords" to the play, which circulated amongst the audience on each representation at Stratford. My share of the work must be judged on its merits; and, as the play will shortly be produced, the public verdict will decide all points as to its merits and demerits. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Authors' Club, 1900.

JO

"THE ENGLISH CHURCH FROM ITS TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—My attention has been called to a recently appeared in *Literature* of the first volume of the Church of England which I am editing, by the Rev. W. Hunt, the writer of the volume in which you will allow me to point out several errors which your reviewer has fallen into. He includes a "Canon List of writers for the series. This must be a list of names, not of books." He complains of Mr. Hunt for not including into the organization of the Anglo-Saxon Church, and of the national life, although whole chapters are devoted to the subject of this kind: also for not mentioning John

pure and lucid English, which is something to be valued in these days of slipshod composition. Nor do I think the lack of "illuminating epigrams" is to be regretted. Historic truth is rarely susceptible of being expressed in epigrammatic form. The attempt to do so commonly ends in sacrificing accuracy to brilliancy of effect, as in the case of Lord Macaulay and other writers who might be named. I remain, faithfully yours,

W. R. W. STEPHENS.

The Deanery, Winchester, May 12, 1900.

* * Our reviewer called attention to three or four points which are inadequately treated in Mr. Hunt's book. The Dean mentions one of these—the organization of the Anglo-Saxon Church. After further perusal of the book we still think that the account of it is meagre; that we might have been told a good deal more about the founders of that Church, the doings of the Councils held in London, Grately, Andover, &c., the ecclesiastical legislation of Edgar's reign, the Church Services, the sermons of the day, the observance of festivals, popular religious beliefs and superstitions. As to *Erigona*, there is an apparently exhaustive Index, in which we have not been able to find his name. It was not, as the Dean suggests, necessary for an historian of the Church to mention Hengist and Horsa: if they are mentioned, some indication should be given us to whether they are legendary or historical personages.

Mr. Hunt's irregular spelling of proper names the Dean does not defend. "Adward" was a printer's error in our review for "Eadward," and we are obliged to the Dean for calling our attention to it, as also for his correction as to the name of a contributor to the series. But the substitution of Eadward for Adward leaves our criticism exactly where it was. The series of handbooks of which this volume forms one is, we presume, intended to be of a popular character. We appreciate Mr. Hunt's "pure and lucid English," but for a book of this kind something more is, in our opinion, urgently needed. The subject is not an easy one to render attractive to the general reader, but it is a pity that the attempt was not made. We still think that accuracy need not have been sacrificed by the introduction, by way of relief, of an occasional "happy phrase, or graphic touch, or illuminating epigram."

MR. FITZMAURICE-KELLY'S "DON QUIXOTE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly is hardly ingenuous in his reply to my last note. If I omitted to urge more arguments in favour of the *Don Quixote* of 1819 as against the *Don Quixote* (English) of 1900, it is because I feared to make too great a demand on your space. Nor have I ever blundered, as Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly rashly accuses me of having blundered, in confounding the two editions of 1805. But that is neither here nor there. An editor of *Don Quixote* who believes that all the corrections and additions made to the text in Cervantes' life-time were "printers' errors" is capable of believing that he alone, in the year 1900, is of authority sufficient to say what Cervantes wrote and whether he corrected his proofs or not—against all native opinion, all common sense and human nature, to say nothing of the Spanish Academy of Letters.—I am, &c.,

May 12th.

YOUR REVIEWER.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

All the correspondents who were shut up in Ladysmith with the troops are apparently bringing out books on the siege. The latest to be announced is by Mr. W. Maxwell, of the *Standard*,

very important journals, but, so far as Mr. Allen is concerned, a few scraps of unpublished manuscripts.

Mr. Heinemann has inserted the following notice of "Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtois," the one of which we questioned on April 28:—"As the accuracy of these Memoirs has been challenged, and as he has afforded an opportunity of seeing the documents on which they are based, the publisher wishes it to be understood that he cannot guarantee their historical accuracy. If, as the reviewer suggests, they are 'partly authentic and partly imaginary,' we must rely here, as abroad, on the absorbing interest of the story told, and it is only fair to remember that in the face of the compiler maintains his statement that he has conscientiously used his material."

Dent's new series of illustrated County Guides, announced in *Literature* a few weeks ago, is being arranged on new lines, and natural history will be dealt with by experts living in the districts described, while the scenery and history will be written "by a man of letters who knows his own county." The idea, of course, is to make the guides available to those who live in the counties concerned, as well as to tourists' guides. The two first volumes—"Somerset," by Mr. W. A. Dutt, and "Hampshire," by Mr. Goswami Dewar, the general editor of the series—have been published by J. A. Symington.

The fourth volume of the "British Empire" series, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., will be "Australia," edited by Sir J. A. Cockburn, who writes the introduction and the South Australia; Sir W. C. F. Robinson deals with New South Wales; the Hon. W. P. Reeves with New Zealand; Patchett Martin with Australian literature; Mr. J. G. Bennett with Australian fisheries, and Mr. Francis Hart with art. The other contributors include Mr. James Bealby (South Wales); Mr. E. J. Dyer (Victoria); Mr. Ch. Dicken (Queensland); Mr. J. Collins Levey (Tasmania); Mr. H. B. Vogel (the Maories). The fifth and last volume of the series will be "General," and will include "The British Empire of To-day and To-morrow," by Vincent; "The British Navy," by Mr. J. Cornhill; "The British Army," by Captain Beddoes; "Imperial Respects," by Mr. Herman W. Marcus; "Imperial Respects," by Mr. John M. Robertson; "Gibraltar," by Sir Boyle; "Malta," by Mr. Claude Lyon; "Cyprus," by Patrick Geddes; and "St. Helena."

Mr. J. Churton Collins has edited a reprint of *Early Poems*, published in 1853, for Methuen's Standard Series. Besides an introduction and notes, there will be a list containing all the poems which Tennyson afterwards permanently or temporarily. With Messrs. Macmillan's permission, Mr. Collins has embodied in his text the latest revised readings which are still copyright.

The advance of the motor car is producing a literature of its own. Two important books on the subject are announced—one by Messrs. Sampson Low and the other by Messrs. Constable. The first bears the comprehensive title "Horseless Vehicles, Automobiles, and Motor Cycles," and is written by Mr. Gardner D. Hiscox, author of "Gas and Oil Vapor Engines" and "Mechanical Movements and Appliances." It is liberally illustrated. The second, published by Messrs. Constable—very similar in scope—is Mr. W. Worby Beaumont's new work, entitled "Vehicles and Motors: Their Design, Construction, and Operation by Steam, Oil, and Electricity." There will be several illustrations and working drawings to Mr. Beaumont's text.

Another timely book dealing with "Mechanical War," for road transport, by Lieut.-Colonel Otrif, a German officer, and translated by R. B. Marston, is published by Messrs. Sampson Low.

Mr. Grant Richards will publish on Tuesday next Robertson's "Introduction to English Politics," which will deal in six sections with Political Evolution, Nationalism, and the History of the Constitution of Great Britain.

A translation of Camille Flammarion's book on "The Unknown" will be published by Messrs. Harper next week. It is a study of the phenomena of the so-called spirit world by a man of science, and deals with hallucinations, dreams, telepathic communications, on the theory that these are produced by forces which belong to an invisible and natural world still unknown to us.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark announce for immediate publication "The Ideal of Humanity and Universal Federation," by K. C. F. Krause, edited in English by W. Hastie, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow.

Messrs. Abraham and Sons, of Keswick, will issue almost immediately a second and much enlarged edition of the late Owen Gwynne Jones' "Rock Climbing in the English Lake District," with a memoir of the author.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will shortly publish another economical work by Mr. C. B. Phipson, "The Science of Civilization," giving, among other things, "a new explanation of the stoppage since 1872 of growth in British exports and the increase in those of other countries, notably of Germany."

Messrs. Putnam are publishing a work by Dr. Charles C. P. Clark, dealing with the problem of rule by "bosses" and popular elections in the United States, and also a new life of Paul Jones, the buccancer, by Mr. James Barnes, who promises some new material, and a new edition of "The Life and Journals of John J. Audubon," the naturalist (edited by his widow).

Mr. John Long announces a new novel by Mr. Richard Marsh, entitled "Ada Verham, Actress." The book will be ready for publication on June 1st.

Mr. John Milne announces a book entitled "An Absent-Minded War; being some Reflections on our Reverses and the Causes which have led to them, by A British Officer."

Books to look out for at once.

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY—

- "The Unknown." By Camille Flammarion. Harpers, 7s. 6d.
- "The Synoptic Gospels." (New Test. Handbooks.) By G. N. Carey. Putnam, 7s. 6d.
- "Oxford Conferences, 1900." Second Series. By Father Raphael Moss, O.P. Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- The Erskines.** By A. R. Mac Aiken. (Famous Scots Series.) 7½ x 4½ in., 190 pp. Oliphant, 1s. 6d.
- Rupert Prince Palatine.** 2nd Ed. By Eric Scott. 8½ x 5½ in., 384 pp. Constable, 6s.
- The Household of the Lafayette.** 2nd Ed. By Edith Schel. 8½ x 5½ in., 396 pp. Constable, 6s.
- Tentamina.** Essays and Translations into Latin and Greek Verse. By David Slater. 7½ x 5½ in., 103 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 3s. 6d. n.
- Aristophanes: Peace.** With Introduction by W. H. Merry. 11 D. 6½ x 4½ in., 60 pp. Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.
- Horace: The Satires.** (The University Tutorial Series.) Ed. by R. J. Hayes and F. G. Plaistow. 7 x 5 in., 190 pp. Clive, 4s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.

- Elementary French Grammar.** By G. E. Fassnach. 7½ x 5 in., 195 pp. Macmillan, 1s. 6d.
- A First Geometry Book.** By J. G. Hamilton and F. Kettle. (Mathematical Series.) 7½ x 4½ in., 90 pp. Arnold, 1s.
- Neil Gwyn, Comedian.** By Frankfort Moore. 7½ x 5 in., 325 pp. Pearson, 6s.
- A Lady of the Regency.** By Mrs. Stepany Rawson. 7½ x 5 in., 352 pp. Hutchinson, 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

- England and America After Independence.** By E. Smith. 9 x 5½ in., 36 pp. Constable, 11s.
- War and Labour.** By Michael Antchikov. 9½ x 5½ in., 578 pp. Constable, 18s.
- The Narrative of General Venables, 1654-1655.** Ed. by G. H. Firth. 8½ x 6½ in., 180 pp. Longmans, 10s. 6d.
- South Africa, Past and Present.** By Violet A. Markham. 8 x 6½ in., 420 pp. Constable, 18s.

FICTION.

- The Wedge of War.** A Story of the Siege of Ladysmith. By Frances S. Hulloves. 7½ x 5 in., 170 pp. Stock, 6s.
- The Legend of Eden.** By Harry Lanier. 7½ x 5½ in., 284 pp. Pearson, 6s.
- An Imperial Light Horseman.** By Harold Blore. 7½ x 5½ in., 328 pp. Pearson, 6s.
- From Sand Hill to Pine.** By Bret Harte. 7½ x 5½ in., 375 pp. Pearson, 6s.
- The Sack of London by the Highland Host.** By Jingo Jones. M.D. 7½ x 5 in., 336 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.
- Jem Carruthers.** By the Earl of Ellesmere (Charles Granville). 7½ x 5½ in., 240 pp. Heinemann, 6s.
- The Devil's Kitchen.** By A. H. Louis. 7½ x 5 in., 218 pp. Sands, 3s. 6d.
- Trop de Chic!** By Gyp. 7½ x 4½ in., 323 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy, Fr. 3.50.
- England and America After Independence.** By E. Smith. 9 x 5½ in., 36 pp. Constable, 11s.
- War and Labour.** By Michael Antchikov. 9½ x 5½ in., 578 pp. Constable, 18s.
- The Narrative of General Venables, 1654-1655.** Ed. by G. H. Firth. 8½ x 6½ in., 180 pp. Longmans, 10s. 6d.
- South Africa, Past and Present.** By Violet A. Markham. 8 x 6½ in., 420 pp. Constable, 18s.

- William Shakespeare: Prose and Text.** By H. A. P. Van Dain, M.D. 9½ x 6½ in., 437 pp. Williams & Norgate, 15s. n.
- Petite Portraits et Notes d'Art.** By Gustave Larroumet. 7½ x 4½ in., 327 pp. Paris. Haehette, Fr. 3.50.
- MILITARY.**
- London to Ladysmith via Pretoria.** By Winston Spencer Churchill. 7½ x 5 in., 498 pp. Longmans, 6s.
- Ladysmith: The Diary of a Siege.** By H. W. Newinson. 7½ x 5½ in., 304 pp. Methuen, 6s.
- Four Months Besieged.** The Story of Ladysmith. By H. H. S. Pearce. 7½ x 5½ in., 244 pp. Macmillan, 6s.
- NAVAL.**
- A Manual of Naval Architecture.** 5th Ed. By Sir H. H. White, R.C.N. &c. 9½ x 6½ in., 731 pp. Murray, 21s.
- Our Fleet To-day.** By Capt. S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N. 8 x 5½ in., 329 pp. Seeley, 6s.
- ORIENTAL.**
- Researches into the Origin of the Primitive Constellations of the Greeks, Phœnicians, and Babylonians.** Vol. II. By R. Brown, Jun., F.S.A. 9 x 5½ in., 261 pp. Williams & Norgate, 10s. 6d.
- Palestinian Syriac Texts.** Ed. by Agnes Smith Lewis, M.R.A.S., and Margaret Dunlop Gibson, M.R.A.S. 9 x 5 in., xal. + 111 pp. Constable, 18s.
- King Alfred's Consolation.** Englished by Litt. D. 7 x 1½ in. Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.
- The Dead C. D'Annunzio.** Symons, 7½ x 5 in., 300 pp. Lawrence, 6s.
- The Secret of and other Sermons.** Moulé, D.D. 7 x 1½ in. Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.
- The Gospel of Apollon.** 9½ x 6 in., 300 pp. Cambridge U. Press, 10s. 6d.
- TOFOG Oxford Univ Histories:** C. the Rev. H. L. 5 in., 288 pp.
- TRA Fifty Years Africa.** By T. 7½ x 6 in., 157 pp.
- Towards the Rising Sun.** Burma. By 7½ x 6 in., 160 pp.
- Exhibition P. Practical Guid Paris:** Hachette mann.

"The Joy in Harvest." Eight Sermons. Skelington
 "Outlines of Christian Dogma." By the Rev. D. St
 POLITICS—

"An Introduction to English Politics." By J. M. Richards. 10s. 6d.

POETRY—

"Drift: Verses." By Horatio F. Brown. Grant Ri

MISCELLANEOUS—

"The Struwelpeter Alphabet." By Harold Begbie Gould. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.

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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 130. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The "indiscreet" remarks of Mr. Redford about the House of Commons debate on the Censorship of Plays, and the official "rebuke" which followed them, remind one of Lord Mansfield's maxim for persons in Mr. Redford's position—never hesitate, and never give reasons. The system of licensing plays works pretty well in preventing the offensive travesty of individuals and the production of the sort of play that is calculated to cause a riot in the play house. Whether it works equally well in promoting a high moral standard in places of amusement is a more debatable question.

Probably the general level of propriety would be higher if the licence imperilled by impropriety were that of the theatre and not merely that of the play. Managers would then avoid risks as carefully as they have done in music-halls since the County Council took over their supervision. Nor is it improbable that the general wish of the play-going public is more correctly mirrored by the views of Mr. Samuel Smith and Mr. M'Dougall than by those of the present Examiner of Plays. Certainly the attempt to laugh down the County Councillors who denounced the

regard to the statement that by a codicil dated 1897 modified the conditions as to the employment of Mr. G as publisher. The impression left on many minds latterly Mr. Ruskin had withdrawn some at any rate of licence from the firm which owes its foundation to him on a misapprehension. In the first place the codicil 1887 and not 1897. Here the testator did revoke a contained in the body of the will anent future publishers Messrs. Allen; but he substituted therefor an explicit clause. It is laid down that if an agreement time in contemplation, be signed between himself publisher, not only shall Mr. Allen continue to issue but he shall do so on terms specified. Such an agreement signed by both parties, and a supplementary deed appointing the children of George Allen to the same rights father. Even if the codicil had been in opposition to the considerable doubt exists whether it would have been. As a matter of fact, it was confirmatory in every detail by the way, that Mr. Ruskin received over £50,000 of profits on his books during the last thirteen years." to the latter paragraph it will be remembered that that of Mr. Ruskin's estate was sworn at £10,311 7s. 6d., and estate, almost the whole of which he inherited, a about £200,000.

Two and twenty years ago John Ruskin placed the galleries of the Fine Art Society his collection of colour drawings by Turner. "Bond-street Notes" written for the occasion, and now familiar to everyone served as an introduction. Again, within a few months of his death, these drawings, brought together with some heed, are being exhibited in Bond-street, happily with of Ruskin's notes to remind us wherein for him lay the appeal of this or that work. We can pass from our possession in this kind—the "Richmond-bridge, Suffolk" father buying it for me, thinking I should not ask for it—to that vision of sea-washed coast, "Scarborough" since the 1878 show. The grouping is not so much intended to accord with the artist's moods. It is as a whole the most interesting collection of Turner drawings to have come into private hands. Can it be true that this collection is dispersed? According to the published accounts Mr. Ruskin prayed the future owners of Bray to be accord during thirty consecutive days in every year on permission to strangers to see the house and pictures done in my lifetime." The Turner water-colours were Ruskin, and should remain one of the chief glories of

Analysis of the Attic Art of the Fifth Century (in three volumes); an Exhaustive History of Northern Thirteenth Century (in ten volumes); a Life of Sir Walter Scott; a Life of Xenophon; a Commentary on Hesiod, "with a final analysis of the principles of Political Economy"; a General Description of the Geology and Botany of the Alps (24 volumes); a Life of Turner; a Life of Moses; a Life of Pope; a Treatise on the Principles of Music; and a General History of the Thirteenth Century.

The man who scrambles to the top of the tree naturally attracts the arrows of criticism. To criticize our Generals and our Poet Laureate has become a favourite pastime of the Press. Mr. Austin's poem on "Mafeking," in *The Times*, certainly gives some opportunity for this pastime. The rhyme here and there is a little weak; the word "with" occurs twice at the end of a line. "Kith" used by itself, divorced from "kin," is archaic, and the spear in the hands of the Boer is an anachronism. One critic objects to the poet rhyming "Cecil" with "wrestle." It is not a perfect rhyme, but in Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt," upon which the Laureate has modelled his metre and his rhyme, there is much the same sort of manipulation in order to bring in the proper names—"ran up" rhyming with "Fanhope." Two blacks do not make a white, but turn again to "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which is also similar in its metre to "Mafeking." There we have "hundred" rhyming with "blunder'd," "wonder'd," and "thunder'd."

The fact is that as a rule the poets are much less particular about correct rhyming than their critics are. The English vocabulary is peculiarly poor in rhymes, the average number to each word being about three as against more than double the number in French and Italian. In challenging comparison with Drayton the modern war poet is at a disadvantage, inasmuch as war is not nearly so picturesque a subject as it was in Drayton's or even in Tennyson's time. He can, of course, seek refuge in the dialect of the camp and treat his readers to the details of the barracks and the battlefield. But Mr. Austin is not one of those who offer cheap realism as a substitute for the picturesque. His latest poem—with all its faults—is true to the tradition of Tennyson and the older poets of stirring times, inasmuch as it founds itself on the models of classical literature.

The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, which has just been rehearsed with such success, does not depend for its interest only upon the merit of its performance or the greatness of its subject. The out-of-the-world surroundings, the peasants who make up the cast, and the insignificance of Ober-Ammergau itself are all peculiarly appropriate to the theme. Nevertheless some years ago, we believe, an American manager promised the humble villagers of Ober-Ammergau "to do the thing in style" if only the actors would consent to take ship across the Atlantic; and now it is stated that Mr. Daniel Frohman intends to ask the principal actors to visit America. Does Mr. Frohman think he can improve upon the atmosphere of Ober-Ammergau? We remember the American lady who said that though Chicago had not yet got hold of culture, when the time came Chicago would make culture hum. But we are not anxious that the Passion Play should be made to "hum," and we hope that such an attempt will be properly dealt with by the authorities.

Apocryphal "gag." Noah would be seen to send his insubordinate wife because she resolutely refused to enter the ark, or, more graphic still, his wife—as unbecomingly herself—would be discovered seated obstinately on the wharf while the water gradually encircled her. The spoliation of her nether garments convinced her of the futility of vengeance, and drove her into the ark. Such success at Ober-Ammergau, where indeed, the play is performed from the Old Testament, but conceived in a very

Kipling has for some years attracted attention until quite recently, it cannot be said that he has stood or appreciated. The story goes that Lord Carnarvon, whose knowledge of English is inimitable, pored for some time over Kipling's work when first published in *Literature*, and finally pronounced the dictum:—"Either Kipling has forgotten his English or I have forgotten mine." Since then Count Bernini, Italian Secretary of Embassy in London, has made a worthy attempt in the *Nuova Antologia* to translate for readers the "true inwardness" of the Barrack-Room Confessions, the Seven Seas, the Jungle Book, and the like. The May number of the *Italia Coloniale*, contains a study of Kipling entitled *Il Poeta dell'Impero* by Angelo Del Boca. "It is not easy for us Latins to understand the spirit of this new poetry," he writes, "but Kipling himself possesses a singularly accurate perception of strength and charm. He believes that Kipling's true secret and genius of the movement of imperialism is manifested in connexion with the present war. He analyses and translates the "Hymn before Action," "the Ladies," the "Song of the Absent-minded Beggar" with precision; and the paraphrases to which he resorts suggest that Kipling be really translatable into any Latin language."

Household Words, the popular magazine founded in the heyday of his success, with W. H. Wills, is celebrating its jubilee, and Mr. Wills, a survivor of its original staff, contributes a sketch of its history. It was, as he says, "a pioneer of the present magazine" which has attracted the work of such writers as Sala, Mark Twain, Henry Morley, Mr. Walter Thornbury. It has, with "All the Year Round," and has always had a wholesome readable character which it had from

The exhibition to be held at Mainz in celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of Gutenberg's birth promises to be of much interest. The British and St. Petersburg have sent all their specimen work; numerous photographic reproductions have been sent from the French authorities, and the German authorities have contributed largely. The exhibition will last for three months. The historical procession is to be a great affair, and will be divided into 40 sections, composed of between two and three hundred people and costing something like £22,000. In connection with the memorial it is proposed to establish a public museum dealing with the art of printing from Gutenberg's present day, and the Burgomaster of Mainz himself "to all those who enjoy the blessing of the printing press."

A fortnight ago we reviewed D'Annunzio's new novel "Il Fuoco." The beauty of its lyrical prose and its wonderful picture of Venice no one can deny, and over these the foreigner may linger without concerning himself too much with the personality of the artist. But such an appreciation of the novel is, as we pointed out, marred by the "colossal egoism" of D'Annunzio, and this cannot be separated from the scandal and gossip that, as we said, had arisen about the heroine. This feature of the book has proved too much for D'Annunzio's countrymen. Our Rome correspondent writes: "He is in danger of losing whatever sympathy he may have possessed in Italy. His antics in the Italian Chamber of Deputies excited the ridicule of his colleagues; but, in Italy, ridicule does not kill. As long as the details of his private existence did not stray beyond the limits of gossip his readers were fain to ignore the man and to consider only the artist. But when he foisted upon a too tolerant public all the details of real intrigue wantonly undertaken; when the victim of the outrage was recognized as the dramatic artist to whose genius D'Annunzio, as a playwright, owes his very existence, the conscience of his readers awoke. Enrico Panzacchi not the least among Italian poets—has written an "open letter to D'Annunzio," which, published recently in the *Nuova Antologia*, marks an important point in the history of modern Italian literature. Within forty-eight hours of its publication the sale of "Il Fuoco" almost ceased—sure proof that Panzacchi's scathing invective voiced a profound current of public sentiment."

As Mr. A. D. Godley suggests in his lines "to an old friend," the *Oxford University Gazette* does not often provide exciting reading, but in its latest banquet of unmitigated fact are some interesting details. The Curators of the Bodleian Library report that during 1899 they received by gift or exchange 10,085 printed and manuscript items, 47,143 under the Copyright Act, 7,023 by purchases of new books, and 501 by purchases of second-hand—in all 64,752. Under the Copyright Act are the following entries:—Periodicals 24,953, parliamentary papers 568, maps no fewer than 6,514, music 3,753, and miscellaneous 11,355. The following MSS. were bought:—English 20, Armenian 50, Latin 8, Syriac 5, Persian 2, and Dutch, Spanish, Catalan, Assamese, Pali, Hebrew, Chinese, Burmese, Javanese, and Mexican one each. Among the donations specially mentioned are 251 numbers of the 2nd series of the *Kandahar News* and 46 numbers of its *Overland Summary*, executed by a manifold process at Kandahar during the war of 1880-81; the donor being Gen. Sir S. de B. Edwards. The most important addition consists of four unique proclamations conveying alleged pronouncements of Popes Innocent and Alexander in favour of Henry VII.'s succession. These were found in the binding of one of the Magdalen College books. In the course of the year about 21,825 slips were transcribed for insertion in each copy of the catalogue, and additional cases were erected in the basement of the Sheldonian Theatre capable of holding about 10,000 octavos and duodecimos. The sum of £1,849 was spent in salaries and wages, and £1,711 in the purchase, &c., of MSS. and books. The binders' bill was £913. The total income was £8,189.

Paris is at last to have a statue of Auguste Comte. It is the work of Injalbert, and will probably be erected on the Place de la Sorbonne.

In reference to Mr. Hamigton's favourable mention of

charge of this kind against the literary camp, we well known as M. de Wyzewa has not yet added for M. Soubrierbelle pays a merited compliment to the 'Resurrection' has been presented to English readers, who at least are able to know exactly what ideas and manner of expressing them."

In the death of M. Ravaisson-Mollan, the France loses a distinguished member, and the Port a most picturesque figure. He was hardly 25 when a prize offered by the Academy of Moral and Polit for his "Essai sur la Métaphysique d'Aristote," remains a classic. This study soon secured him a University administration, beginning as Professor at Rennes, he passed from an Inspector General of Libraries to the Board of Education, and in 1870 Curator of the Department of Antiquities at the Louvre, his name for the first time reached the public eye, a measure, bound to excite rivalry in the Paris of O. Halévy, to attach vine leaves to the ridges of the Louvre was subsequently abrogated. Since 1874, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions. One of the theories expounded in his studies a "Venus of Melos" goddess was engaged in attaching her shoulder but lost her arms. We have not space even for the more than hundred learned monographs on philological and archaeological subjects which he produced.

Iris is the name of a new French literary paper the first number has been sent to us. Like *Lit* begins with notes, and proceeds to "personal views," "opinions," to poetry, and to reviews. "Les Deux Verhaeren," is the first week's poem. We wish *Iris* a successful career. It seems to be free from the decadent taint usually spoils such French publications.

Messrs. William Green and Sons, the Law publishers already done so much by the issue of their 1000 volumes of English and Scots Law, the Scots Revisers and Scots Statutes Revised to associate their own projects, have a new scheme which augurs a magnificent bookbinding proclivities of the legal profession nothing less than the republication of English cases 1300 to 1865. There have been something like 100 volumes of reports for the different Courts, and the publishers expect to compress into a hundred and 400 uniform size. The text of the originals will be done *et litteram*, thus avoiding an objection which has agitated a similar undertaking. "The Revised Reports begin with the year 1785. These are exactly the cases of Frederick Pollock, Mr. R. Campbell, and Mr. O. but the fact that the cases included are not in any printed in their entirety, and that they do not cover cases, but only such as are deemed to be still of value militated against their utility for the purpose. Rightly or wrongly the judges do not like abridgement hence the decision to reproduce the text. The English which names the publishers give their new venture, the *verba* of the old reporters.

Worde, "The Manna of The Christen Knyght," 1533, a good copy, £37; Bannock, "Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs," 1630, a very rare work, £35; Humo (Anna), "Triumphs of Love," &c., the scarce Edinburgh print of 1644, £9 5s.; Aloyne, "The Historie of the Wise and Fortunate Prince Henrie," 1638, £11 5s.; Defoe, "Robinson Crusoe," (part I.), 1719, £25 10s.; Goldsmith, "The Citizen of the World," 1762, a fine uncut copy, £30; Boswell, "Life of Samuel Johnson," 1791, presentation copy, £38; Bewick, "A New Lottery Book of Birds and Beasts," 1771, one of the earliest of Bewick's works, £6 5s.; Cruikshank, "The Humourist," 1822, &c., 4 vols., £20 5s.; Browning (R.), "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," first edition, presentation copy, £12 10s.; Browning (E. B.), "Poems," 1844, presentation copy, £6; Hugo, "L'Année Terrible," first edition, presentation copy, £6 17s. 6d.

One of the features of the history of the Society of Authors during the last twelve months has been the election to membership of a large number of dramatists—a class of novelists and of authors who, with some few exceptions, had previously stood aloof from the energetic association founded by Sir Walter Besant for the protection of literary property. Consequently it was quite in accordance with the fitness of things to find Mr. Pinero, as a representative dramatic author, occupying the chair at the Society's very successful annual dinner last week, and hardly less in accordance with the fitness of things to hear Mr. Pinero discoursing from the chair on the conundrum propounded, some years ago, by an evening paper: "Why do not novelists write plays?" To hear the question repeated is to realize vividly that we are living in a world of fleet and change. A few years ago the divorce between the two branches of literature was almost complete. Nowadays there are comparatively few novelists—especially among the younger men—who have not written plays; and a great many of them have written highly successful plays. The most conspicuous of them, of course, are Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Anthony Hope; but the list of novelists whose plays have been produced also includes the names of Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. J. Zangwill, Mr. Hall Caine, and Miss Marie Corelli. Our younger writers, in short, seem to pass from the one art to the other almost as readily as French writers have done from the time of Dumas to the time of Henri Lavedan. Nor is the reason why they do not do so more frequently, and in greater numbers, to be found, as Mr. Pinero seemed to suggest, in the overwhelming difficulties of the art of dramatic composition, or upon the fact—we should perhaps say the alleged fact—that it calls for an exceptional knowledge of human nature, and an exceptionally minute observation of human manners. The real obstacle is to be found in the material difficulty of getting plays produced—a difficulty which makes it absolutely impossible for more than a very few dramatists, whether they are also novelists or not, to succeed at the same time. The number of playhouses is very much smaller than the number of publishing houses, and a great many of them are given over to the production of the plays which are not plays but series of music-hall turns and knockabout entertainments. Moreover, while a publisher can publish any number of novels simultaneously, a theatre can only run one play at a time—which play, if it succeeds, may monopolize the boards of that theatre for a couple of years or longer. A good novel is practically certain to find a publisher at once, while a good play, even if accepted, may be pigeon-holed for an indefinite period, and then advanced for

TO ENGLAND.

"What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What that I would not do,
England, my own!"

My heart for England—so for her,
Queen, Empress, while the war-no
About our 'leagner'd walls, or win
The watch-word, her fleet messenger

Of hope—her heart so warm, her trust
So trustful. England, at our gate
Thy watchers slept; but thou art
So great; and we—thy children—dus

The storm shall pass, the wind shall fa
What shock can thee or change or
What slight can mar thy loyal lov
Or dumb thy freedom's clarion call?

Years that have made thee great are p
Years that must keep thee great a
From century to century
Thee, England's England to the last!

And while thy heart shall to the weak
With yearning love go out, and w
Thy strong world-watchers seawar
And seaward all thy bastions break,

God's self shall keep thee. God's own
Shall circle thee—till Freedom st
As fearless here as in the land
Where all thy hallow'd minsters are.

South Africa, May, 1900.

Personal Views

THE EBB TIDE OF ENGLISH LIT

There is a story told of two eminent Eng had dined together, and were eating walnuts as a post-prandial port. One of the pair remarked "I fancy the nuts are not as good nowadays be." "Brother," the other answered, "the nu some as ever, but our teeth are not as strong The moral of this story is one I always bear in inclined to fancy that things in general are not as they used to be *Consule Planco*. But I thin enthusiastic of the generation, who are young firmly they may believe—as I did at their time present era is the commencement of a new industrial, artistic, and literary millennium, with my assertion that, whatever progress our co during the Victorian era, our *fin-de-siècle* literat lower category than that of the earlier years of reign.

by rights to be classed among a different generation from that in which their mortal career came either to a premature, or an over mature, termination. Still, roughly speaking, the three score and odd years which have come and gone since the Queen ascended the Throne may fairly be divided for literary purposes into two periods of about equal length, from 1837 to 1870 and from 1870 to 1900. Now, my contention is that the former period was far and away superior to the latter in literary talent.

In order to establish my contention, it will, I think, be sufficient to recall the names of the writers who were in their prime in the first of the above named periods. The leading literary celebrities of the first period may be cited as follows. In history we could boast of Macaulay, Carlyle, Hallam, Froude, and Grote. In records of travel and adventure we could name Burton, Baker, Kinglake, and Borrow. In poetry we had Tennyson, the Brownings, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Matthew Arnold. In fiction we could claim Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Anthony Trollope, Charles Lever, Wilkie Collins, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Captain Marryat, and a host of minor writers who if they had lived at the present day would, I think, have been reckoned among the *Dii majores* not the *Dii minores* of the world of letters.

Against the above record what has the second period to show? In history Dr. Creighton, Dr. S. R. Gardiner, Dr. Stubbs, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Justin McCarthy. In travel and adventure no name of first-class eminence occurs to my memory. In poetry Mr. Alfred Austin, Sir Lewis Morris, and Mr. Watson. In fiction, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Meredith, the late Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Norris, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Hardy, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Corelli, Mr. Hichens, and Mr. George Moore. As the major portion of these writers are friends or acquaintances of my own, I say nothing as to my appreciation of their respective claims to literary repute. All I contend is that taken collectively the writers of the 1870 to 1900 epoch cannot be considered the equals of their predecessors from 1810 to 1870. It may be noted that in this list I have omitted the name of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The omission is not due to any lack of respect for his literary genius but to a doubt whether he can be properly classed in the category of our latter-day authors, whether he ought not rather to be regarded as the pioneer of a new era of English literature.

It seems to me also that literature has not quite the same hold on the English public as it used to have in my younger days. More books are published and readers are more numerous than ever. I am old enough to remember the intense interest which was felt at the time when the novels of Dickens and Thackeray appeared in monthly numbers. Indeed, my earliest literary recollection is of being allowed as a little child to sit up beyond my usual hour on the days when the monthly instalments of the "Old Curiosity Shop" were read out in the then remote country village where my childhood was passed. I doubt greatly whether at the present day the appearance of any work of fiction

think the great extension of the reading public through Board schools and the cheap Press, has done somewhat to augment the quantity and lower the quality of our current literature. I think, too, that the enormous increase of per cent high prices paid for contributions have tended to discourage ephemeral productions of talent that might otherwise have been employed in labour less lucrative but more enduring. The main cause of the decline, if decline there is, is to be found, I think, by the saying, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. In literature and other human affairs, fertile periods are succeeded by comparatively sterile, to be followed in their turn by abundance.

It is for this reason that I have chosen as the title of my article the title of "The Ebb Tide in English Literature." I have such faith in the future of our English literature strengthened by the experience of the last few months that I should be the last person to assume as my "personal theory" that the world of English letters has passed and has entered upon a period of permanent decay. So long as the ebb is bound to be succeeded by the flood. There are, I think, and comparatively blank periods between the eras of Ben Jonson, of Swift and Sterne and Fielding, of Scott and Shelley, and of Dickens and Thackeray, but I do not even entertain the supposition that our English literature is the simplest, noblest, and richest, as I hold, that the world has known since the days of ancient Greece—a language which has become the leading mother tongue of the civilized world. I find in the future any dearth of writers to carry on the achievements of English letters. We may be—I myself am—for the moment in slack waters. All we have to wait confidently for the turning of the tide.

EDWARD

Foreign Letter.

GERMANY.

The conviction that there is no contemporary Germany worthy of serious consideration largely prevails in this country. But those who keep abreast with what the German authors are doing are struck by the general excellence of their output. The kind of culture that implies a general interest in many subjects would seem to be more widely spread in France or England. Otherwise it would be difficult to account for the large number of excellently illustrated, low-priced books dealing with art—ancient, medieval, and modern—like the "Künstler-Monographien"; with the history of peoples, like the "Monographien zur Erdkunde"; with the history of the world, like the "Monographien zur Weltgeschichte"; with the "Monographien zur deutschen Kulturgeschichte"; with books, written by competent scholars, and issued in plentiful quantities, which could not possibly pay either author or publisher if there was a large demand for them. As an example of this class of work we may specially note the monograph on Elizabeth by Erich Mareks. It shows great skill in the use of the documentary illustrations are well chosen, and the interesting chapter deals with the description of

a large acquaintance with the whole domain of art and literature. This finds abundant illustration in Hermann Grimm's "Fragmente" and in Otto Harnack's "Essais und Studien." Grimm, best known through his masterly biography of Michel Angelo, here ranges over the whole field of European literature. Papers on Goethe preponderate, and Grimm points out the increasing demand for Goethe's works. He holds that Luther, Goethe, and Bismarck are the three personalities that have made Germany what it is. His appreciations of such widely differing writers as Ranke, Curtius, Treitzseke, Lowell, Leopardi, and Carducci are invariably interesting. Like Grimm, Harnack devotes several of his essays to Goethe, but writes with equal ease on Zola, Pushkin, Byron, Tolstoi, and Ibsen. The most valuable portion of his book is devoted to a consideration of the new literary movement in Germany, with which, during the last ten years, the names of Sudermann and Hauptmann have been so closely associated. Criticism of Shakespeare is, of course, not lacking. The most interesting contribution to the subject is perhaps Theodor Elze's "Venezianische Skizzen zu Shakespeare."

The new plays by Wildenbruch and Hauptmann are interesting, if not greatly important. Both authors have done better work. In his *Daughter of Erasmus* the Court poet upholds, as it behoves him, law and order and imperialism. But in the background hovers Luther, who was to endow those terms with a new and wider meaning. And thus the dramatist manages to reconcile opposing currents and to satisfy the scruples of a "Junker" audience. The figure of Ulrich von Hutten as presented by Wildenbruch is full of dramatic force. Hauptmann's *Schluck und Jan*, in which he returns once more to fairyland, is disappointing. Too many of the younger German novelists and playwrights who began so well have not sustained their reputations. Sudermann is perhaps the only one who maintains a high level of excellence, but then he is, and always has been, unquestionably the greatest genius of them all. *Schluck und Jan*, a poetical farce based on the oft-told tale of the toper who awakes in the prince's palace, and is made to believe himself for a day, verily, a prince, has been already noticed in *Literature*. Good acting makes it amuse on the stage, but there is neither the exquisite poetry of *The Sunken Bell* nor the grim realism and sharply-defined characterization of *Fuhrmann Henschel*. Another drama by a writer less known to fame is E. von Keyserling's *Frühlingsopfer*. The heroine is filled with superstition, and at the same time with the strong desire of living and of joy that comes to youth in the springtime. However, she determines to sacrifice her life in the belief that the Virgin will thereby be induced to save that of her father's wife—the woman who, out of pure kindness of heart, had sheltered her, the illegitimate daughter of her husband. The presentment is natural and true, tinged with the melancholy of the outcast soul who is convinced that the greatest good she can do for humanity is to die. The drama possesses charm, poetry, and romance—qualities that are enhanced by the grinding poverty and ignorant superstition of the villagers, whose recreations are invariably connected with religion and strong drink. The influence and importance of the stage in Germany are well established facts, but we may note as a further proof that the withdrawal (this week) of those clauses of the *Lex Heinze* which prevented the representation in art of any breach of the ten commandments is mainly due to the vigorous protests of the dramatists, with Sudermann and Hauptmann at their head.

In fiction, politics and social questions usurp to some extent the place of love and romance. This is a distinct loss—let us

Hausrath's attempts to reconstruct the past are interesting. In "Pater Maternus" he gives us a ca Rome in the early years of the sixteenth century society wedded to ceremonies whence the soul-hearted and eager for enjoyment, yet brutal and superstitious. The vivid realization of the militant Frederik the Great in "Unter dem Katalpe" Hausrath's ability to recreate the past. Gr "Frau Bürgerlin und ihre Söhne" is less arresting than her previous novels, but artistically it is a It is a tragedy of mother and sons, and the love rally understood is conspicuously absent; but the its interest throughout.

Gabriele Reuter is only one among the women who, in Germany as in England, are invading the realms of fiction. Another remarkable name is Clara Viebig. Her latest novel, "Das Weibchen" her power of describing broad pictures of German sufficient realistic detail. She touches on the with a wise, large spirit, both in her novels and in *Barbara Holzer* and *Pharisäer*, which are less deserve. They have distinction and force, though drawn with psychological accuracy, and they do effect.

In history, if there is nothing of striking brilliance, there is much useful and careful work. Eight volumes of Dr. Hans Helmolt's "monogeschichte," in which the editor is assisted by eminent contributors, are in the hands of the public from previous works of the kind not only in its plan in its arrangement, for Dr. Helmolt has conceived a plan of grouping the peoples of the earth in oceans, beginning with the Pacific. The value cannot, however, be justly estimated until it is finished. The many books called into being by the Crown Prince are none ranks as a more useful contribution to English history. Bischoffshausen's "Die Politik des Protectorats O. Its main object is to show how much Cromwell's Thurlow, his minister and confidant. Prussian history has produced many excellent volumes. The most interesting is "Preussische Geschichte" of Hans Prutz. It begins before us bring the story to 1740 and further we continue it to 1888. Although Prutz believes in the historian's duty to relate the history of a State that of the men who make it, the best part of his work which deals with the Great Elector. Prutz's prevailing notion that the work of raising Prussia from misery to the rank of a great European Power was done at once and with ease; he shows that it was only three years of his life that the Elector can have success. Contributions to the history of other lands are not to be sought; the best book we remember to have seen of Italy is Fischer's "Italien und die Italiener im neunzehnten Jahrhunderts."

No survey of contemporary German literature, incomplete, can omit a word of praise for the new *Jugend*, issued at Munich under the auspices of younger writers and artists. Variety, invention, manliness, combined with excellent methods of distinguish the illustrations, while the letter exception of certain attempts at wit which the sternly repress, is equally to be commended.

of the first of two browned and soiled flyleaves a bold hand has written, *Astrea's Booke*, and again, below, *Astrea's Booke*, unimitable Echard. To J. Hoyle. On the next page I find the word "Hieragonisticon," and below it, *Ex dono charissimæ Astræe prope orientis, March 23, 1673.*

The dullest of students, I think, could hardly turn to the title page and text of the book without a slight pang of sympathy, a regretful curiosity as to the personality of the beloved Astrea—girl or woman, maid or wife—and her affectionate association with this book. Such a curiosity, one may say at once, is never likely to be satisfied. The inscription, like the hundreds of others one comes across, is no more than a single footprint on the trackless wastes of Old-Book-land, the spoil of a single wanderer in "Libraria," long since arrived at the bourne whence none come back. I would not say that J. Hoyle (an ancestor, perhaps, of the authority on games) might not be traced. And a blinding study of that priceless boon of modern typography, the indexed Parish Register, would possibly unearth for us an Astrea or two of the period, for the name can scarcely have been common. The enthusiasm expressed for her "Booke" is, perhaps, more worthy of discussion.

The phrase reminds one, to begin with, that scarcely any but a schoolboy proprietor would nowadays call his book a book. Increased familiarity having (as Mr. Buckle would no doubt explain it) rendered this emphatic description of the article an outworn usage, we simply write our own names thereon, in no anxiety lest it should be mistaken for any other chattel. What this particular "Booke" was, the bibliophilous reader will have guessed at once from the date and name already given. It is, of course, the celebrated "Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion inquired into, in a letter to R. L." (1670), by one perversely signing himself T. B., but being in reality J. Eachard, D.D., (not to be confounded with Lawrence, author of a well-known ecclesiastical history), but a still more eminent College Don, in fact, as one would say at his University, the "Master of Cats." The work, known to most of us through Lord Macaulay and Mr. Lecky, is a vivacious contribution to the social history of a period when the parson—the chaplain at any rate—commonly married the ladies'-maid.

"Hieragonisticon" one may presume to mean a brilliant controversial essay; and not only upon the flyleaf aforesaid, but on the title page, and on that of the "observations" (a reply to one of his first "answerers"), bound up with the original pamphlet, and dated 1671, the author is described as *Ye unimitable Echard*, and on the back of the second title is added the testimonial, in capitals, *Here's wit enough to store a Towne*. These eucomia are, to my mind, fairly justified; but whether they were or were not it is almost certain that to the average modern person such remarks, relics of dead and gone human feeling, would be more interesting than the actual text of almost any "old book" on which they might chance to be written.

Manuscript is, any day, of more *primæ facie* human and personal interest to us than print. Even a sympathetic appreciation of the handicraft of the binder, of his particular attitude towards the "waste" paper (whether printer's or binder's), soon becomes, as the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw discovered, a passion scarcely less absorbing and more instructive than many a field sport. The old book, of course—to those who care for such things—explains itself, but remains a distant phenomenon, a mechanical product differing from those of our own day mainly in the inferiority of its materials.

Eternalen & in(t)ribit Rex Glorie
Est lato rex glorie? Dominus fortis & p[ro]p[ri]us
potes in p[ro]p[ri]o. Attollite p[ro]p[ri]os
principes v[est]ros, et elevamini
nales et in(t)ribit rex Glorie.] Qu

being the close of the twenty-third Psalm in which, by the way, one notices the curious pre-vocative "principes." But after the last lines—

Est lato rex glorie? Dominus hostium h[ab]it
Glorie.

follows a prayer to the Virgin which I have not idly

Gloria tibi, Maria, beatedicta?)
libribus & benedictus fructus centr in tui
Sancta del g[en]etrix? . . . Maria.
Inteede pro vobis . . . fornum :
noster Et ne n[on] . . .) dominu
nolice a] &c.

Here the reader may test his capacity for restoring recollection of Holy Writ. I confess to feeling much as to a certain fragment in French (the proper intimate records, not to say "scandalous chronicle" on a piece of parchment taken from the cover of a printed by C. and B. Adelkind, for Daniel Bom 1527. The book, which I bought some ten years ago the Hulbert and Capell collections, and former Edmund Gheest, Bishop of Rochester in 1565 (for whom see Dr. Keye *de Libris propriis*, ed., 1739), remains of the MS., which is on a strip of parchment, as follows,

. . . (Ville?) roy sergent Roial de Madame
. . . spond (or spers?) adquel ces p[re]sentes
. . . n Moys de Septembre l'an mil cinquant
. . . beau jovieux (? joyau) des N—ce (? Non
en Jean (?).
le feubre. . . Religieus aug (? Augustin).
luy ay fait (fait) commandement de pre (per) le
no. . . om. . . executeure leg (? lequel) lo
ne luy poyt (?) lius (?) somt a . . . n . . .
. . . I ce fait asechuy lefebire ay fait. . .
le tempore en la main du Roy et pou (? pour)
ma dit et declare qu'il ne me respondre . . .
est . . . personnes Julien . . . tou ce fre (frere)
to ma roy seygn(at) (?) de mon seigymannell —y

Considering its brevity and obscurity there is not to say tantalizing, completeness about this document with the full title of a Court official, *le Sergent roy* (some specialist in the period must surely know who was, and whether its holder bore the name of Ville-roy?), and ending with what looks very like the formula of a still more exalted personage. Further, we have a name (twice mentioned as the principal subject of the document) and a fairly definite date—1550-59, for the "cinq" is not a complete word. With little conjecture one may read thus:—*ce fait, à celui Lefevre j'ai fait [resign] en la main du Roy—* upon this I ordered the scribe to resign his temporalities into the hands of the Crown we say then that, about 155—, Jean Lefevre, a Augustinian Order (l. 5), had been compelled to resign his benefice to the King (Henry II., or possibly Francis I. succeeded him in 1539). So far so good, but there is one other thing that Jean Le Fevre would not do? *He h*

I had an inscription or two of this sort, but can only find (on the first and last page of Howell's *Parly of Beasts*, 1st ed. 1660):—*Je l'ay comencé le 20 de Juillet, 1688—Je l'ay finy le 21 de Juillet*(88), in which one racks one's brains to discover anything worthy of remark except the language and its possible connexion with the advertisement above the latter sentence to the effect that Mr. Howell's Dodona's Grove had been "translated into the new refined French by one of the prime wits of the Academy of *Beaux Esprits* in Paris, in 4to." Again methought I had stumbled upon some profound contemporary reflection on the flyleaf of Sir Francis Bacon's "*Sylva Sylvarum* or *Natural History*," fol. Lond., 1651; and what was it?—"To have inscriptions or engravings in fruit" (I do not want them, but the reader may) *write with a bodkin or a knife upon the fruit when it is young!!!*

The review of such "odds and ends" reminds one how seldom, after all, one does come across any interesting "foreign body" or even graphic appendage attached to a book; though, of course, it is not every binding one would pull to pieces in search of such things.

Having collected books—as books—for twelve or thirteen years at the average rate (as near as I can guess) of 1½ volumes per diem (Sundays included), I doubt if the number of autographs of any kind discovered in that period (inscriptions—that is, worth getting out and showing to a friend) would number much more than a score. "Exlibris" I do not reckon, for, though I have read in some bibliomaniac's pages that "The removal of a book-plate is a sacrilege," its insertion seems to me rather more often an impertinence—John Tompkins of the Glade, Rosherville, striving to attach the ephemeral commonness of his own personality to something rare and ancient which has been in the best society. We live, of course, in a free country; but no collector should be allowed to intrude his name and insignia into a book until he has (as lawyers say of other "abstract" property) "reduced it into possession" by at least a cursory perusal; whereas the immaculate condition of many "old books" too often proves the contrary.

On a beautiful copy of *Kytchen's Court Leete*, sm. 8vo., Rich. Tottel, 1580, a certain "J. Reynolds, Paris, 1751," appears, oddly enough, to be Sir Joshua—by comparison—that is, with the signature under the portrait prefixed to the 1835 edition of his works. Cardinal Newman figured clearly enough in a first edition of the *Itinerary of Giraldus Cambrensis* (now in a library in Wales, where it should be), and the additional inscription "Given by G. H. Exmouthire, 1842" could no doubt be expanded by a reference to a *Life of the donee*; and I have mentioned elsewhere that on the title of my *Cassiodorus* "Variarum," Augsburg, 1523, there was (till the binder cut half of it off) the inscription "Ex liberalitate M. and Q. T. Joannis Jacobi Fuggeri," the great bibliophile whose firm are famous for their connexion with the sale of indulgences.

More interesting than any of these, however, is an absolutely unpublished memorial of Pusey that lies before me. It is in a copy of Pickering's beautiful pocket edition of the *Imitatio Christi* (original ed., uncut, 1827) that bears on the title page "From E. Bouverie Pusey, D.D., 1811," and in the same hand (inside the cover) the note—"Dear Milman,—T. à K.'s devotion—not active enough,—does not tell us we are to imitate X^t as Him who went about doing good." This reflection, by the way, has considerable interest in relation to Milman's treatment of the "Imitation" in his "*History of Latin Christianity*."

G. H. P.

for the playgoer their beauty consists in their with her they are even more eloquent than speech were she dumb or veiled she would still be a why reason of her hands. Hence the obvious id their importance by the experiment of seeing without them—just as people desired to see Cay flies player celebrated by Hazlitt, win match hand or with his fists clenched. But if the Signora Duse were merely handicapped, like plays on one string, then the thing would be n—something related rather to "sport" than to it is not all. Though the catastrophe of the pl heroine of her hands *La Gioconda* is no mere T no mere melodrama of crude physical horror. I spiritual conflict, of passion and pity and fate. sion is not of horror but of beauty, and "the human things."

D'Annunzio, to begin with, is a poet, and m than dramatist. Mere theatrical adroitness he disdains. Instead of weaving a plot or arrangi in an ingenious pattern he is content to proce bursts of the chief personages addressed to most conventional type. One of these effusio sculptor Lucio Settala discloses his state of m Cosimo Dalbo, covers five pages of type, and is description in poetic prose which, were it not fo fervour and skilful variety of the actor who de Lyceum, Carlo Rosaspina, would be quite unsui Cosimo Dalbo, the friend, indulges in descriptio the Nile, also in poetic prose, which from the of view are sheer irrelevances. Much of th rather to lyrical poetry than to the drama. can be intensely dramatic, in the strictest s when he chooses; as, for example, in the cata the play, the scene at the sculptor's studio in t

This scene is really worth close examinatio theatrical merits; I do not know any master could beat it. Silvia Settala has come to the s and if possible to expel her husband's mod Gioconda Dianti. The struggle between the their influences, the wife standing for goodness for art, has been the theme of the two previous is the first time the opposing forces come fac Stevensonian phrase, "nobly to the grapple." reality of this struggle will be the test of the d of the whole work; and D'Annunzio takes car no sham fight. He sees fair play. In the r made to feel herself on alien ground, and so advantage law and society give her over her where. "You cannot feel safe here as in your Gioconda. "This is no home, no place of the It is a workshop, a place of art." "Qui uno statue." From her first entry into the plac strangeness of this atmosphere and the daug audience is made to feel it, too, by the undigr of Silvia's companion, her sister Francesca. Silvia, having dismissed her frightened sister the studio, waiting for the enemy, who is hear the key in the door, there is the thrill of e audience, which it is the very object of d theatrical point of view, to set up. Further, th a "scene," in the double sense of the term, is

his wife has been merely nursing his body, she has been nursing his art; she has been coming every day to the studio to moisten and so preserve the clay of his unfinished statue. Then in a fine *crecendo* the women are made to taunt each other into fury, and Silvia, the good and gentle Silvia, the soul of timid endurance, is driven into a lie. "La fatalità antica della menzogna," as the author somewhat quaintly calls it in his stage direction. She declares Lucre has himself sent her to expel Gioconda. Beside herself with fury, Gioconda rushes to destroy the statue that she has inspired, that is part of her own flesh and blood as it were, and in saving it Silvia's hands are crushed. As she faints in her husband's arms she can only whisper "È salva."

All this, unquestionably, is true drama inward and spiritual forces at work, but displayed in an outward and visible action of thrilling interest. The poet re-emerges in the last act, which wrings all the pathos that can be wrung out of Silvia's loss of her hands in the poor woman's interview with La Sirenetta, a child of the sea, half fairy, half mendicant, who consoles Silvia with child-like ballads and would offer her own hands, in exchange for those Silvia has lost, were they not so coarse and brown. It is a true poet who dictates Silvia's reply:—"Sono felici le tue mani; tocano le foglie, i fiori, l'arena, l'acqua, le pietre, i fanciulli, gli animali, tutte le cose innocenti." Then Silvia's child, who has not seen her since the accident, runs in bringing flowers, which her mother cannot take, and asking wonderingly for the embrace which her mother cannot give. Could there be a more pitious effect than this final touch? It has been said that D'Annunzio's title of "tragedy" is not warranted; but if his claim is not to be passed then I submit we must reject with it at least half the Aristotelian definition of tragedy. The people wholly blind to the tragedy in *La Gioconda* are the people wholly deaf to the poetic fantasy of *La Sirenetta*, who to one journalist appears merely "an odd little girl." The distinguishing quality of the play is beauty, beauty of feeling, a noble beauty of language; and about beauty there is no argument possible. Either one perceives it or one does not. And if any one tells me he sees no beauty in *La Gioconda* I will merely answer, "Very well, this is a free country, go and see *Sam Toy* or *Herr Seeth's* performing lions; and leave me to my illusions, to what is beautiful for me, the tragedy of D'Annunzio and the acting of Eleonora Duse."

Any one who wants to see the difference between beauty in art and mere adroitness in stagecraft has an excellent opportunity in comparing *La Gioconda* with *La Princesse Georges*, a play of Dumas fils on much the same theme—the struggle between indomitable wife and seductive mistress. It is an affair of small talk and pistol shots; none of the characters are real; it is immensely clever and quite devoid of significance. Why will Signora Duse play these things—which any moderately clever actress can play (why, even Mrs. Langtry has played *Princesse Georges*)—when she can play the other things—the things which no living actress save herself can play?

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

THE WELSH PEOPLE.

THE WELSH PEOPLE. By Professor JOHN RHYS and DAVID

with their views and aspirations will admit, not erroneously alleged that the Commission did, by the undue dissectional or partisan spirit. The first seven chapters of the remaining six, will interest the antiquarian rather than the Welsh progressive politician, who it is to be feared is not apt to bring his enthusiasms to the test of history. The inquiry into the ethnology and early history of Wales rather tend to modify the sometimes uninstructed modern Celtic enthusiast.

Professor Rhys is our chief authority for the history of Celt, and the opinions here advanced are in the main those of those which he has already expressed in his "Celtic The Cymry of Wales emerge into the light of his the invasion from the North of Cunedda, who assumed the title of "Dux Britannie," and who, after the departure of the Romans, established his rule over a wide confederate tribes in the West of Britain. Their history as a national unit ceased with the reign of Edward I. From the story of Wales is the story of England, and it is one of the United Kingdom that it claims attention in no small part on account of the religious revival which had a characteristic and peculiar course, and partly on account of intellectual renaissance which has caused, at any rate in so remarkable an enthusiasm for education. There is an obscurity about the ethnology of early Wales. It is as if there were two distinct Celtic immigrations—first of the Brythons, about four centuries later. Whom did these Celts find in the country which they invaded, and to what traces of the aboriginal inhabitants still survive the answer to this question that Professor Rhys and Mr. Jones make their most important contributions to the study of primitive Britain. That the Pietish peoples who came to us in the earliest mention of Britain as an inhabited country of Aryan stock has been a view long accepted. Sir James Mr. Skene, and Mr. Willis Bond speak of the Pietish. The argument that we can go back behind the Celts to the Aryan race founds itself on a study of customs and of the language. From what ancient authors tell us of the Pietish, it appears to have been unknown among the Pietish society; and the gradual process of the the inscriptions of the Pietland of the North shows that the Aryan syntax imposed upon Celtic phraseology.

An interesting appendix this theory is worked out further characteristics of Welsh syntax appeared to be represented such a relic of old Hamitic speech as the Egyptian consideration throws light upon the resemblance between the skulls found in the long barrows of Britain and those of the Ancient Egyptians. These conjectures are not particularly convincing. The matter comes closer home to us when we ask how far does the non-Aryan type survive? Our only supposition that the so-called Goidelic people found by the Brythons were as much non-Aryan as Aryan, but so far as to suggest that it is the Aboriginal race "which survives in force." This is a startling conclusion based on the probable conditions of the Celtic immigration. The study of modern types, and the ethnologist no less than the patriotic Celt will not hastily accept it. The historical value of this volume is, as we have said, the most important, but the most attractive to the general reader, nor have the authors made any attempt to make it so. It is a very large and complete study of early Wales, and the only subject which has been treated with such thoroughness.

Wales they say nothing, nor of the modification which has undoubtedly taken place in the older Calvinism. And as they fully recognize the improvement in Church work in Wales—an improvement sorely needed—we must not perhaps complain if they say nothing of the intolerance of the Nonconformist Welsh journalism. In the matter of style our authors find that journalism is being more and more invaded by shoddy Welsh—due largely to the practice of filling the column with hasty translations from English newspapers; and this is going on side by side with a real revival—despite the want of enterprise on the part of Welsh publishers—in the serious study of the best Welsh literature. Of this Englishmen know too little, though readers of "Iavengro" gain a pleasant acquaintance, at second hand, with Ap Gwilym. It seems to be certain that hundreds of Welsh books never find their way to the British Museum, and, in view of the intellectual revival in Wales, our authors have some reason on their side in urging the establishment of a national Museum in the Principality. This, especially to the opponents of the "British Museum Bill," may savour of undue decentralization, so far as local records are concerned; but as a centre of instruction in matters literary, artistic, and industrial, it would be of great value. Our authors bring out very clearly the disadvantages under which the Welsh farmers labour, through their ignorance of English, in understanding Acts of Parliament in which they are interested—a circumstance which, one would have thought, does not encourage the Welsh separatist in his attempt to revive in common speech a decaying national language. There are innumerable questions suggested by this volume into which it is impossible for us here to enter. It is a work which, as we have hinted, is not attractive or popular in its style; but it is, in its thoroughness and scholarship, worthy of its authors, and is certainly the most important contribution that exists to an historical study of the Welsh people.

GIBBON.

Gibbon is almost the only English historian—it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that he is the only English historian—whose work has stood the test of time. Perhaps Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Macaulay's "History of England" will live as long as the "Decline and Fall," though owing their vitality to quite other attributes; but that is a point which the greater part of a century will be required to settle. In the meantime it is clear that Gibbon's position is different from that of Smollett, Hume, and Robertson—different even, though less different, from that of Clarendon. In the matter of reputation he stands to them very much in the relation in which Scott stands to Mrs. Radcliffe, or Shakespeare to Beaumont and Fletcher. To put it in another way, Hume and Smollett and Robertson have been superseded, whereas Gibbon has only been supplemented by work done in the clear dry light of modern scholarship. His English prose style affords occasional illustrations of almost every solecism which one associates nowadays with the dialect known as "reporterese"; but that was because he sometimes thought in French—a language which admits the pendant nominative, and allows "and which" to be written without reproach. It is easier to avoid his blunders than to imitate his effects, save in the way of ponderous parody; and he remains a great stylist in spite of them. His accuracy, too, was only "relative to his opportunities," and sometimes not even that. Our own copy of the "Decline and Fall" is

on a small scale. Though some of his predecessors treated more ambitious themes—the history of the world—he was the first historian to see the whole in a continuous panorama rather than as a series of disconnected episodes. He anticipated Professor Green in perceiving that ancient and modern history are indivisible. So that the verdict of scholars, if Gibbon else may be read, Gibbon must always be read better than in the new edition in so far as the DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE (1788) is concerned. Professor J. B. Bury's admirable introduction

One feels, perhaps, a certain sentimentality in the disappearance from Professor Bury's edition of the annotations by Dean Milman. Their independence of their critical value. They were thickly and had a particular piquancy on the part of the historian developed his theses concerning the decline of religion. They frequently failed to make the point which has been most damaging; the Dean failed to expose Gibbon's ridiculous exaggeration of the number of Protestant martyrs who suffered death in the reign of Charles V. But one always looks for something of the interest of the sportsman. Gibbon felt as if one were looking on at a gladiator. The Dean, with Dr. William Smith for bottle and retiarins who did not quite know how to throw the spear. Now this spectacular pleasure is taken from the edition by Bury. The criticisms which he substitutes are, of course, more useful to read, but they are not so interesting. It seems a pity, too, that the Autobiography of Gibbon in the 1881 edition, bound up with the historical autobiographies no less than the "Decline and Fall" among histories. It affords what the dramatist would call "relief" to the history; and it requires no more to be supplemented in the light of information from other sources. There is the passage, for instance, in which the historian explains that he does not climb mountains for any kind of exercise. A useful gloss to this is given by the remark of the witty Frenchman in the Autobiography of Lausanne:—"Quand j'ai besoin d'exercice, je fais le tour de M. Gibbon." Nor is there any reason why the story should not have been told in a foot-note to the Autobiography. An affair with Mlle. Curchod, summed up as "Gibbon's affair with Mlle. Curchod," summed up as "Gibbon himself in the famous passage began as a lover, I obeyed as a son." For this very reason longer holds the field since Vicomte d'Halévy's access to the Necker archives. From these we learn that he behaved abominably, and that Mlle. Curchod was very proud. Having left Lausanne engaged to be married, he kept her waiting four years for a letter. Within a short interval, the letter ultimately did come, in the form of a mademoiselle, it is necessary for me to renounce her. And still—a matter on which the Autobiography is silent—Mlle. Curchod ran after Gibbon with a perseverance of the modern young women who bring a promise of marriage. There was a passion for Voltaire's house, and, finally, Gibbon had to leave that it was unfair to persist in offering him a letter. Prudence compelled him to decline, and the correspondence should be discontinued. It is a pity which the next editor of the Autobiography should have the privilege of dealing with to the diversion of the

CHURCH PROBLEMS.

CHURCH PROBLEMS: A VIEW OF MODERN ANGLICANISM. By Various Authors. Edited by H. HENSLEY HENSON, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. (Murray, 12s. 6.)

"The Church of England is the most perplexing of institutions." Such are the opening words of Mr. Henson in the first of the sixteen most interesting essays which he has collected for the enlightenment of puzzled England; and they are characteristic of the whole book in their frank avowal of diffidence, their freedom from the cant of ecclesiastical jingoism. The contributors to "Church Problems" seem all inclined to rally round the Bishop of London's position, and to say with him that the "note" of the Church of England is sound learning; they certainly give evidence of that quality in themselves; but they also show that another mark of the Church is a certain humility, rare among religious institutions, which makes the average Churchman ready to confess errors in the past, weakness in the present, and a desire for future amendment. This temper is shown in nearly every essay of the book—it is, indeed, the natural result of sound learning; but it does not lessen the writers' love for their Church nor their belief in its splendid future. How great that future may be is set forth by Mr. Bernard Wilson, the head of the Oxford House at Bethnal-green, in one of the most stirring and convincing pleas for missionary work that we have read, "The Church and the Empire"; but his faith in the future is based on a candid study of the dismal slackness of the past. Mr. Wilson writes as a practical man; so, needless to say, does Mr. C. A. Whitmore, who points out, as a Member of Parliament, that the dream of disestablishment without disendowment is not within the range of politics, and describes the practical results that would come of alienating property from religious uses, which "are the highest and best uses to which property can be devoted." Practical also is the headmaster of Felsted School, Mr. H. A. Dalton, who analyses the problem of religious education with perfect clearness and fairness. These three essays, on the Empire, Disendowment, and Education, should certainly be read by every politician.

Some of the writers are a little overweighted with their historical learning. We doubt, for instance, whether English people will become more attached to the principle of Establishment by reading Mr. Henson's appeal to Hooker and Bramhall and Thornlike and Warburton. It is perhaps the special weakness of the Church of England that some historical knowledge is required before its position can be understood; this weakness will never be overcome by the mere teaching of history, for the simple reason that the average man takes little interest in the past; and we should have liked to see many of the writers in "Church Problems" dwelling more upon the present and less upon the seventeenth century—which after all is but a small fraction of the Church's life. It is not without significance that three separate writers dwell on the fact that a foreigner, Isaac Casaubon, did in the reign of James I. show great friendliness to the English Church. It is even more remarkable that Mr. H. C. Beeching should not think it worth while to pursue the "Anglican Spirit in Literature" later than George Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar. Dr. Gibson and Mr. W. H. Hutton, on the other hand, though in dealing with such subjects as the "Parochial System" and "Convocation" they are bound to be historical, are both conscious that the Anglican Church existed for some centuries before Hooker and is now, three centuries after, face to face with

with "Anglican Worship," and is inclined to slur eyes by a benevolent vagueness; we fancy that the actual clergy of both sides would condemn his ideal of a "sober and sober" worship as donnish, and retort that "masses have been soothed a great deal too much and great deal too little in the past."

To our mind the most valuable essay in the book is Mr. T. B. Strong on "The Bible and Modern Criticism"; people have as yet emerged from the confusion which has come from the overthrow of the old view of Scripture; a number will be largely increased if acute and well-thinkers like Mr. Strong are read as they deserve. The essays must be mentioned. Professor Collins is admitted "The Roman Controversy," and Mr. A. J. Headlam gives the most interesting account of the Eastern Churches in relation to the Anglican Church. Lord Hugh Cecil is put to the book with the rather ungrateful task of denouncing in the Church; he is not always quite successful at it, but he insists with justifiable energy on the folly of agitation, coercion, and all party conflict.

GREEK HISTORIES

A HISTORY OF GREECE. By EVELYN ABBOTT. Part III. (Longmans, 10s. 6d.)

SPARTA AND THEBES: A HISTORY OF GREECE, 401-362 B.C. DECLINE OF HELLAS: A HISTORY OF GREECE, 371-321 B.C. A. H. ALCHOFF. (Clive.)

In spite of a world of new material which has been made available, both by exploration and the discovery of inscriptions since Grote published his history, no work has been published either here or abroad which can be said to supersede it. Perhaps the combination of historical instinct with the scientific method in stones and potsherds which marks the archaeologist is not to be expected in any high degree; whatever the cause, it has not appeared yet, and we still fall back on Grote. He is ready to stomach his political prejudices for the sake of completeness and accuracy in the record of facts. But it is necessary to keep a corrective at hand, not merely to prevent him with the evidence of inscriptions, but to counter-prejudices. For the former purpose, we already have Halm, not to mention others; for the latter Mr. Abbott is most refreshing. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Abbott has not used the new sources of information; on the contrary, there is evidence that he has, and that his book is based on independent research. But it is the tone of this book which interested us most. If Grote's History is a pamphlet in the blessings of democracy, Mr. Abbott's may be called a pamphlet in its dangers. He never applies his moral directly, but is continually driven to apply it ourselves to England. He is apt to think that because England, like Athens, is the "genius of development" (page 91), it is therefore in no danger from the civilized Powers; and it should not be lost on us that the genius of Athens could not save her from a Power which followed the pattern of "regimentation." Any one can supply the name. Again, Athens was defeated in the struggle for sufficient land army. We have no space to follow out the line of thought, but the present volume seems to us likely to be useful to practical politicians. For the student, it has the merit of being extremely clear in style and statement, and

than either, and his character and genius are with justice praised highly. We do not observe any startling novelty in Mr. Abbott's views of particular actions during the Peloponnesian War. In his account of Pylos he is conservative, though forced to admit (by implication) that Thucydides had never been there himself. He well brings out the importance of the battle of Delium. In his account of the general questions involved in the period, the nature of the Athenian empire, the causes of the war, the tendencies of the age, he takes a view at once broad and sane. We could wish, however, that Mr. Abbott's style were a trifle more exhilarating.

Mr. Allcroft's "History of Greece" is of a different type. It aims at giving the facts of history in a concise form for examination purposes. He has an inspiring theme, including as it does Epaninondas and the career of Alexander, but he does not allow that to stir him to any great emotion. We find no fault with this, nor will it interfere with the usefulness of the book for those who are meant to use it. From the compiler's standpoint the work is well done. Each of the two parts has a few pages of test questions attached, but there is no index. The parts overlap somewhat and they are not meant to be sold together.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

A New Life of the Queen.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF QUEEN VICTORIA (Cassell,) is to be the work of two writers. The first part, telling of the Domestic Life of the Queen, is by Mrs. Oliphant; the second part is to be a reprint of Mr. Robert Wilson's "Life and Times of Queen Victoria," which, as it was originally published in 1887, will, we suppose, be brought up to date. Mrs. Oliphant's work is new, and is believed to be the last task on which she was engaged before her death. Judging from the first instalment (6d. n.), we may say that Mrs. Oliphant's latest production will compare favourably with anything she ever wrote. The subject is one which easily lends itself to the commonplace phraseology and to wearisome adulation. Mrs. Oliphant successfully avoids both. Her literary skill is as conspicuous as ever, and though the materials (from which she quotes largely) are plentiful and familiar, there is a humanity, a good taste, and a breadth of view about her treatment of them which add a new charm to the well-known story. The illustrations are well chosen and in many styles.

The War.

Still they come! The latest is THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH, by R. J. M'Hugh (Chapman and Hall, 3s. 6d.), who stayed to be bombarded in the interest of the readers of the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. M'Hugh endorses Mr. Nevinson's complaint of certain Ladysmith scandals—scandals mainly relating to hospital management and the mysterious disappearance of hospital supplies, resulting in the loss of valuable lives that might otherwise have been saved. Let us hope that this matter will be duly inquired into. The book is not the most interesting Ladysmith book that we have read.

Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us a new edition (1s.) of Mr. M. G. Jessett's handy little book THE KEY TO SOUTH AFRICA, a dissertation, mainly political, on Delagoa Bay.

Alfred's Boethius.

Mr. W. J. Sedgefield has already earned our gratitude by his edition of King Alfred's *Old English version of Boethius*

now lies in the Record Office. It was made by WindSOR in 1590, and, according to the text itself, occupied that busy Monarch not more than two hours of actual work. The present version follows as closely as possible, and the same may be said of the Lays, in which the old English type of paragraph—separated by a pause—is preserved, though with some alterations. Alfred's additions to Boethius' prose are interesting; for his omissions details must be sought in the original edition. Mr. Sedgefield must be warmly congratulated on a successful attempt to interest modern readers in what was the most widely read philosophical work in Alfred's version of it, as he says, "heads the list of philosophical writings; it likewise heads the list of translations."

Some Musicians and a Publisher.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, by H. Sullivan (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), contains, like other books of its kind, a lot of talk that might pass muster over "the waltz" but is hardly substantial enough to be subjected to the processes necessary for the production of the book. It is also a good many amusing *personalia* in it; and the author has a pleasant faculty of selecting the minor lights of the literature of an earlier time. His pages, and some of the greater ones; but he is not about musicians and revolutionaries, two classes which possess the common charm of an engaging eccentricity. The latter class Bakunin is the chief figure; among the former Verdi, Bülow, Rubenstein, Paehmann, and other agreeable gossip. The modern hostess may learn a lesson from the ethics of asking a professional to play for your party. The rule which seems to be of universal application is "Don't ask him, but behave nicely toward him; if he is a friendly appreciative company he will certainly play for you." "I ate so little," he plaintively replied to such a request. Mr. Sullivan has been so much in the society of professional musicians that he can say also of amateurs, and he quotes the words of Heine on the men who say that they are not to write, paint, or compose—"It would be better for me to say that a windmill is not obliged to turn, for there is no wind, otherwise it remains still." Our author's knowledge is surely somewhat defective in this respect, he says, "about the aforesaid, cannot give himself airs." Mr. Sullivan sympathizes with the complaint that we neglect the modern stage. Certainly we do better than we did of fifty years ago, when one of the chief critics wrote an article, from which Mr. Edwards extracted the following remark, "We know *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*; we would rather sit at home and stare for four hours at a wall than see either of them performed." One of the most interesting chapters is a sketch of the career of Tinsley, the publisher—a curious piece of literary history on the personal and commercial side. Tinsley was a book-keeper, and had a love of books, though very little literary education. As a mere boy he picked up a book, and when the youthful critic spoke of the book, he proposed to the secretary of a literary institution, to deliver a lecture on the book. The secretary was a humorist and an older brother of the author, and when the youthful critic spoke of the book, he proposed to the secretary of a literary institution, to deliver a lecture on the book.

the novel was "Lady Audley's Secret." He was a very unassuming man of quiet habits, and at his first dinner party confided to Mr. Sutherland Edwards that it was a great nuisance having one's aunt for a cook. The conditions of the publishing world were not then quite what they are now, and when Tinsley contrasted his own modest expenditure with that of his rivals—saying "When they go in for parks and preserves or things of that kind, they can't do much for the author; they want all the money for themselves"—he naturally attracted authors. Unfortunately he died young, and quite suddenly, on the eve of taking over a large business. His success was due to his simplicity and his self-confidence, and, as Mr. Edwards remarks, "it would be rash for any one to try to imitate him."

Books About Books.

THE WITCHERY OF BOOKS, by J. F. Crump (Robinson, Wadsworth), which consists of short papers under such headings as "Books as Companions," "The Dainties Bred in a Book," "Thought Seeds," is a volume which, as a literary journal, we regard with much respect—with the kind of respect, indeed, with which we listen to the perfectly well-meaning discourses of a country parson. Mr. Crump has a large repertory of cuttings on the subject of books, as well as of lines of poetry on other subjects, nor does their familiarity deter him from quoting them. He strings them together with quite unexceptionable sentiments expressed in quite readable English.

GREAT BOOKS AS LIFE TEACHERS, by Newell Dwight Hillis (Olliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 3s. 6d.), is another collection of essays which may once have been sermons on the writings of such eminent authors as Ruskin, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, and Tennyson. Viewed as sermons, they must be voted above the average, but viewed as criticism, a branch of literature in which the standards are higher, they hardly pass muster. The author is guilty of the extraordinary blunder of saying that Tennyson was an Oxford man.

Another book about books comes to us at the same time, but this is an old and tried friend, THE BOOK HUNTER of Dr. John Hill Burton, the Scotch historian, of which, as of his "SCOT ABROAD," Messrs. Blackwood now issue welcome reprints (3s. 6d. each).

Canadian Literature.

BRITISH AMERICA (Kegan Paul, 6s.) is a volume in the British Empire Series. It gives us such information as the best encyclopedias give about the various provinces of Canada, British Honduras, and the West Indian Islands. One turns with interest to the chapter on Canadian literature, written by Sir J. G. Bourinot. The one branch of literature in which Canadian authors have so far excelled is poetry. Bliss Carman, Wilfred Campbell, Professor Roberts, and Frederick George Scott are poets of whom any country might be proud. Fiction has not developed so rapidly. The first Canadian novelist, Major Richardson, author of "Wacousta, or the Prophecy," is described as "at the best is a spirited imitation of Cooper"; and the writer says that "with the exception of 'The Golden Dog,' written a few years ago by Mr. William Kirby, of Niagara, and still reprinted from time to time, an evidence of intrinsic merit, I cannot point to one which shows much imaginative or literary skill." What is still more to be regretted is that the best historian of Canada should still be Mr. Francis Parkman of the United States. Canada, however, is still a young country with plenty of time before her within which to build up a characteristic literature of her own.

the East—even an idea on the discovery of which a politician so warmly congratulates himself as "local-ment," and which is known to the Indian native who experiences of its working as "Lokil Stuff." For the attack of famine General Fendall Currie sees no remedy; manufactories for the working of the raw material, was sent away to be manufactured elsewhere and brought

Russian History.

It is a melancholy thought that such an interest THE RISE OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE, by Hester H. M. Richards, 10s. 6d.), will find so few readers. The author a new subject; he has studied it carefully, and has treated fully. But, however much the English relish Russia novels and conversation, there are not many who will selves to the labour of reading through a solid volume history of Russia before the seventeenth century. A man does not care for out-of-the-way historic studies, show on the face of them some connexion with the contemporary trend of human affairs; and it cannot honor that the early history of Russia, as it appears in M book, is stamped with the character of contemporary Peter the Great put a gulf between Muscovite Russia general reader which it would need a cunning engineer.

Mr. Munro does not seek the laurels of the investigator. He has gone to the standard historical country he writes about and made a clever résumé conclusions, which we strongly recommend to serious history, for whom the Tartar invasion, the rise of the autocracy, and the adventures of the False Dmitry matters of deep and abiding interest. The genuine "Story of Igor's Expedition" against the Polovtsy vexed question—over which acres of paper have been on our own part, we believe the judgments of its upholders warped by patriotic prejudice; and we have little Count Musin-Pushkin, the "discoverer" of it, wrote its ingenuous atmosphere of heathenism, its pageant of names, its epic personification of injured innocence, the divisions of the nation are all so much too good they savour so hopelessly of eighteenth century folk we cannot commend Mr. Munro's sagacity in offering Slavonic folk-song, handed down from the dead prehistoric document worthy of reproduction in a serious

It is so hackneyed a practice, in criticizing books to assail their authors for their spelling of Russian we would willingly have abstained from it had not wantonly provoked us. His preface trumpets his skilliteration, and his book bristles with pedantic horrors "Petr" for Peter, "Lit'uanian" for Lithuanian. Great signed himself "Piter"; the Russians pronounce "Pyotr." The Lithuanians are called Litvá or Litó should John the Terrible be disguised as "Ivan." England knows him as "John," Russia as "Ioann" is neither convenient nor correct. Mr. Munro has lecture his elders for calling a nobleman a *boyar* i *boyarin*. *Boyar* may be, pedantically, a bad singular *boyarins* is certainly an abominable plural—for the *R boyare*. For a reformer of spelling, *Korolovitch* i *Koroleritch* is a bad mistake to make so often.

THE STORY OF MOSCOW, by Wiri Gerrare, delightfully by Helen M. James (Medieval Towns Series, Dent) will go further to make Russia known to English readers many works of far more important bulk and pretensions

contemporary evidences; a complete bibliography of them may be found by the curious in the volume "Russia" published by the St. Petersburg Public Library. The author is so deeply imbued with the spirit of Moscow that he has been unable to escape the curious Moscow superstition that Peter the Great did nothing for the civilization of Russia. It is not fair to attribute the hutchery of the Streltsi to sheer devilry on Peter's part; they represented not only reaction and "Raskol"—or persistence in traditional heresy—but also disloyalty in its most insidious form. It is the height of partisanship to say that Peter's life-work resulted in "stagnation and corruption," and to declare that "it was not until the nineteenth century, and the complete abandonment of Peter's policy, that Russia once more advanced towards civilization." This is the doctrine of the early Moscow Slavophiles, long since exploded. What little civilization there is in Russia has been achieved by the study of the West, and Peter did more to promote that study than any of his predecessors or successors.

OUR STOLEN SUMMER, by Mary Stuart Boyd (Blackwood, 18s.), is one of those chatty accounts of a voyage round the world which gives an opportunity for comparing experiences to others who have done the same thing—pleasantly enough written, and gaining enormously from the skilful little drawings of Mr. A. S. Boyd.

FRANCE AND ITALY, by Baron Imbert de Saint Amand (Hutchinson, 6s.), is an account of the Franco-Austrian War of 1859—a war in which France figured chivalrously, though her chivalry had afterwards to be paid for at her own price. The translation by Miss Elizabeth Gilbert Martin is very vivid. "The Government of H.M. Britannic," "the *Kimpress* got into a haek," are examples of the sort of English that Miss Martin writes. The author's courtier-like attitude towards the Man of Destiny somewhat impairs the historical value of his work.

FICTION.

"The Princess Sophia."

In search of subjects for his industrious pen, Mr. E. F. Benson has travelled from Dan to Beersheba and found all productive. But his travelling has seldom brought him to a more delightful country than "the independent principality of Rhodopé," part of whose history he tells in *THE PRINCESS SOPHIA* (Helmsham, 6s.). Three generations of the noble and high-spirited and reigning house of Rhodopé move before us. Sophia's father, Sophia's self, and Sophia's son and, incidentally, Sophia's husband, who is spoken of as a man with all the charm of cleverness and the brains of a fool. But, whatever their consorts may be, the reigning house are not fools, although they have their faults. The Princess, for example, turns her peaceful happy land into a more delightful Monte Carlo that echoes to the thrilling cry "Faites vos jeux, messieurs et mesdames—faites vos jeux." The story of the Princess's life is told with nerve and wit. If the novel is to amuse we cannot recommend a more agreeable companion than Mr. Benson's brilliant friend "The Princess Sophia."

Mr. Grant Allen's Last Book.

Thackeray wanted to write like Dumas, Walter Scott would have liked to catch the manner of Miss Austen, and, as a general rule, novelists of ability harbour a desire to be other

things of Miss Wade by his own simplicity. With the ordinary reader will anticipate the development far more quickly than does the doctor. The book in which Mr. Grant Allen has placed his many opportunities of showing his knowledge of chance to be familiar with the routine of a large surprised at the strange things occurring to Sebastian at "St. Nathaniel's," and the world Miss Wade holds there. The general behavior characters at "Nat's" robs the opening of the of truth which the author intended to give. I beg this, "Hilda Wade" is an acquaintance made, and Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations as those he supplied for the life of "Colonel C

A New "Iota."

There are absurdities and to spare in Mr. Cuffin's new book *THE MIXX* (Hutchinson), many other more agreeable qualities. "Si Aster" no other work of hers has shown insight into certain types of mind or so equal with diverse—if occasionally rather feeble—people. The heroine is of the world of poor, earnest work and daughter of sadness and endeavour. Circumstances the life of "county families." Her ideal, her life-blood of her nature fights against the ordinary of lightness and gaiety. This picture of content is admirably drawn by Mrs. Mannington. An Austiss happens to be beautiful, and that account of pleasant country gentlemen, among whom I find she loves, Jock Hallows, allowing her ridiculous things. The effect of contrast is a book. Joyce (The Mixx) is agnostic; Jock servative, is on the side of the angels; Jock's mother, Anthony and Cecilia Hallows, and other personages, are as much unlike as the author. The charming Elinor Thorpe and her husband apart, and so on; and the dissimilitude is always effective. Thus one suspects "Iota" a conscious artist, and it is, therefore, not peculiarly unfortunate lapses in style. Although how to construct an admirable story, time and *gaucherie* of her literary method. Meredith phrase does not make her exposition of valuable, nor lavish use of capital letters to her readers. If one may hint another method it would be that many of the dial minable length and read like conversation for with all its faults the story of "The Mixx" her failures and her love and pain is a delightful book, and one that will remain of interest of the social life of to-day.

South Africa.

A FIGHTER IN KHAKI, by Ralph Rodd (Dodd) is not actually "a romance of the present" before we reach the second half of the book anything about South Africa. This latter half better, the conversation of the soldiers being done. It is not a badly-written book, but the characters, including the hero, are uninteresting. Mr. Rodd's first book, it may be said to show things.

Every Year of Clean Faces. By H. A. Baskin.

professor of magic and spells, and his daughter, Mary, are admirably drawn with a fine and consistent feeling for the air of mystery—half chicanery and half actual psychic force—which envelops Mary's performance. "Nemo" is a book both amusing and sincere.

The author of *THE DEAN OF DARENBDALE* (Hutchinson, 6s.), "Wynton Eversley," has no very wonderful story to tell, but the eccentric Parson's queer ways might amuse if not given at such interminable length—"In the dark depths of her eyes lay a soft brilliancy, restful, yet changing with the pulsation of her thoughts," and so forth. The eyes are those of Mrs. Pattison, a delightful person, whose husband is a ne'er-do-well, regenerated by the Rural Dean, many dull chapters being devoted to the purpose. Mr. Eversley delights in his picture of the Dean and in his minute sketches of village types. A more accustomed hand would have sacrificed much of this detail to the general effect and produced a more entertaining volume.

In *LITTLE LADY MARY, &c.* (Smith, Elder, 6s.), by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, the humorist of the golf links proves himself equally at home in the wider field of fiction. He is always entertaining, but these three stories, with their motto *vincit qui patitur*, are something more. The difference between the self-sacrifice of a man for a woman and that of a woman for a man is admirably worked out. In "Little Lady Mary" and "Her Best Friend," Mr. Hutchinson writes of fashionable society with much tact and just the right touch of satire. "An Interlude" introduces us to the more sordid atmosphere of a strike, and culminates in a realistic incident during the building of Forth Bridge. We have space for one example of the facile humour which is wedded to the real pathos of these stories:—

"Of course he's charming. No one ever doubted it," Lady Malory said. "He's so understanding."

"Isn't he," the girl echoed, enraptured. "He seems to understand what you mean before you've said it."

"Or even after, as that Fletcher Blakeney woman says."

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Library Association will hold its Annual Meeting at Bristol, beginning on September 25th next. The new president will be the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Fry, a distinguished lawyer and also a man of letters. Few more appropriate places than Bristol could be found for the meeting. The new branch libraries there are fine buildings, well supplied with books, while, thanks to the public spirit of some leading citizens, the Corporation have at disposal a bequest of £50,000 for a new city reference library, and a promise of at least £20,000 for an art gallery.

The Paris Exhibition is to be made the occasion of a Congress of Librarians from all parts of the world, to be held from August 20 to the 23rd, for the discussion of many questions "so complex and so embarrassing," which present themselves to most administrations. Invitations to take part in the gathering have been issued, and a committee of organization appointed. Moreover, a reduction of 50 per cent. in fares has been conceded to members of the Congress by the French Railways. Nothing is more likely to promote mutual regard than a courteous interchange of ideas on delicate questions of bibliography in a Congress which purposes to create a bond of friendship between all librarians and friends of books of every country.

The April number of *Public Libraries*, a useful journal by the American Library Bureau, we have an account of annual meeting of the Illinois Library Association, and speeches delivered on the occasion one gathers that, as such, is an heritage of the sex. The Illinois general was always spoken of as "she." Is this only a tribute to Boston culture, or must we sceptically su librarianship—a profession which does not offer unity for successful "deals" is too unexciting for the male American? The change may add to the social p annual meetings, but we doubt whether it is to the advantage of the public library.

Two rather notable library appointments are th D. McKimley, hitherto a cartwright by trade, as Librator of Campbelltown Public Library and Museum; E. P. Dash, formerly a sailmaker in the dockyard, as at Gosport. Mr. Dash resigned the office of Council to apply for the post.

The modern librarian makes a practice of issuing of the work he has performed, accompanied by columns of us " corroborative detail." We have received annu from Bootle (together with a well-arranged reading list Africa), Great Yarmouth, the London Library, Str Glasgow Public Library, and the Birmingham Library have a copy of the *Reader's Index*, a journal from the Public Library, and an exhaustive list of prints relat City of London contained in the Bishopsgate Institute of these are of much interest. At Bootle a decrea issues in fiction is attributed to the war, but, on the o we are told that the reading of history, biography, increased considerably. Is this also owing to the v Birmingham Library is an old proprietary institution c in 1770, but it keeps well abreast of the times. I transferred to larger and more convenient premises telephone and despatch bureau, and also a conversa At the annual meeting of the subscribers of Str Glasgow Library special reference was made to th Glasgow would soon have a very complete system libraries, which should certainly have some effect upon institution. But they cannot detract from the glory o As the Lord Provost said, for more than a century has been the chief lending library in the city, and fourths of that time it was the only free reference Glasgow. This is an honourable record of good work unique. The Committee of the London Library pres satisfactory report. Three points are worthy of cong The membership has increased to 2,725, and the circ books was 1,909 more than in the previous year. incurred by new building, covered by the issue of d will now be met by the surplus of the ordinary inco material reduction will be effected before any further to the building become necessary. The catalogue steadily continued, and may be sent to press at the year. Pains have been taken, we are assured, to make factory to modern bibliographers," and accuracy w sacrificed for the sake of speedy production. The pe logue has yet to be made, but the London Library, if to its principles, may go far to achieve it.

We have received a communication from Mr. A. C the Librarian of West Ham, taking exception to our co "Library Notes" on the unsuccessful poll to in Library Rate in that district. He considers that ou

success of the public library movement by providing a guarantee against extravagance. We are afraid that coercive measures, such as the exclusion of property qualification from a vote in the expenditure, would not assist the spread of libraries, and would be a most effective weapon for ill in the hands of opponents.

Correspondence.

"PERICLES" AT STRATFORD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A cat may look at a king—even a king on the stage; so I will not apologize for being unknown. Nor will I apologize for having written, at your request, on the literary rather than on any other aspect of the play of *Pericles* as presented by Mr. Coleman.

I was not fortunate enough to obtain a copy of Mr. Coleman's "forewords" when I saw the play on the afternoon of April 25. I have now read them with interest; but they do not alter the opinion which I then expressed. If Mr. Coleman has printed his version of the play, all who are interested can decide for themselves what is its relation to the text of Shakespeare. I had to rely only on the words said by the actors, and of these I can but repeat that they did not represent any known collection of the Shakespearian passages in the play. "Shakespeare wrote all the part relating to the birth and recovery of Marina and the recovery of Thaisa"; Mr. Coleman endorses the opinion of Dr. Furnivall and of Tennyson. Well and good; but it was just those very scenes in which there were again and again the gravest additions to and alterations of the text by Mr. Coleman and his companion, so that I felt justified in writing that "not one single speech was left as the text prints it."

What I am compelled to condemn, as a lover of Shakespeare on the stage and in the study, is the presentation as his work of a play which is largely the work of another and, presumably, a modern author—I do not understand whether or not Mr. Coleman wrote the new scenes and speeches himself—and so strangely alters even those scenes of the original which it retains.

I, for one, wish nothing but well to Mr. Coleman and his enterprise in producing *Pericles*; nothing could be further from my wish than to misquote, or to be inaccurate, or personal in my criticism; but he must remodel the version which was presented at Stratford on April 25 if he is to do anything but make the judicious grieve. Your obedient servant,

W. H. HUTTON.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Monsieur,—On sait combien est répandue, dans la presse comme dans les livres, la manie de citer du français ou de l'anglais, suivant le cas. Or il arrive assez souvent que, croyant faire preuve de connaissances, le citateur se trahit et montre qu'il aurait mieux fait de ne pas s'aventurer sur des terres inconnues. Voici quelques exemples des faux pas dont je veux parler :—

The Times, 3 Aug., 1898—"avant courrier" pour "avant-courreur."

27 Aug., 1898—"nouveaux riches" pour "nouveaux riches."

27 Aug., 1898—"faire grande" pour "faire grand."

National Review, Aug., 1898—"Etat Majeur" pour "Etat-

Maintenant, passons le détroit. Là nous d'un autre genre, et plus sérieux :—

Le Matin—14 mai 1900—annonce que l'a annulé un mariage (entre Français) comte de Westminster, comte de Londres.

En décembre 1895, un grand jour prisonnier sera probablement enfermé dans laquelle est réservée aux criminels appa de noblesse anglaise."

On ne dira pas que ce sont là des coquilles mentionner quelques-unes pour l'édition *Littérature*.

Le fameux abbé Sicyès lisait une épreuve devait prononcer pour justifier sa conduite et on lui faisait dire :—J'ai *abjuré* (pour a . . . "Le malheureux imprimeur venait guillotiner? "

Le Journal des Débats mit un jour de Guizot, premier ministre sous Louis-Philippe, "Je suis à bout de mes farces" (lisez forces

Enfin, un compositeur d'imprimerie, qui nombre de coquilles, crut devoir so confesse carrière, et disait :—

S'agit-il d'un homme de bien
J'en fais vite un homme de bien
Fait-il quelque action insigne
Ma malice la rend indigne ;
Et, par moi, sa capacité
Se transforme en rapacité.

"FOREWORD," "PREFACE," TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A correspondent on page 379 "foreword" as an illustration of the debased language. He does not tell us why he disapproves. The word is a stumbling-block to him, and, it! Why the use of an English word "foreword" "preface" should be deemed a debased language I cannot for the life of me see. A reasonable objection to be made to the word is not a solecism. It is perfectly correct in answers exactly to the German "Vorwort," is surely nothing debased. I remember the prejudice was shown to the new word "Foreword" was said, cannot we be content with the "Manual." But now the English "Foreword" French "Manual" live on together side by side. A correspondent does not know who was the author of the word. I do not think that he, or any other, is rashness to affirm that Dr. F. J. Furnivall has had an influence on the English language.

After relieving his feelings on the use of the word "foreword" is now altered to "preface" are entirely distinct. The word "foreword" "preface" nor anything like it. It was a substantive. It was a French word used politely to guests before a meal, meaning "may it please you." It is in the *Etymological Glossary* (s.v. "Foreword" (s.v. "Foreword.")

Oxford.

the trouble to show that "fadeless" is a whit better. The authority of one great name can scarcely avail to establish a word formed by a vicious process. Rossetti wrote "ashen" for "ashy," and in Stevenson's letters we find "writing you from the Riviera," but it will go hard with our tongue if expressions like these are allowed to stand on account of the fame of the men who used them. With regard to "arguable" and the rest of the misformed adjectives quoted by Mr. Storr, I had these and certain others as well in my mind when I wrote, but I deemed their case was too familiar to need citation. They have achieved a certain respectability, and have found a home in our dictionaries, and there it will be well to leave them. I will even suggest a "boycott" of them, to show that I am no purist in the matter of neologisms. The world as it grows older naturally wants new adjectives, and I venture to think it will be able to get these, formed by legitimate rule, and not by the process Mr. Storr excuses. In spite of our slipshod ways I do not believe that a new word, fashioned as "fadeless" is fashioned, would escape censure. Mr. Storr is an accomplished translator, and I invite him, the next time he hankers after a variant of "immortal," to try "dieless," and see what the critics say.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

W. G. WATERS.

7, Mansfield-street, Portland-place.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

It is to be hoped that Major-General Baden-Powell will follow up his "Fall of Prempho" and his "Matabele War" with a book on the siege of Mafeking. We believe, however, that he made no definite arrangements to do so before he left for South Africa, but he probably has received some very tempting offers within the last few days. Messrs. Methuen published his other campaigning books. "It has always been an understood thing between us," he writes in the preface, addressed to his mother, in his book on "The Matabele War," "that when I went on any trip abroad I kept an illustrated diary for your particular diversion." The Matabele diary was the basis of the book, and no doubt the Mafeking diary will be turned to equally good account.

Mr. Murray is about to make an important departure in his publishing business. Fiction, which has hitherto played a comparatively insignificant part in the affairs of this old-established house, is to be taken up seriously, and a start will be made early next month with a new series of short copyright novels to be published at 2s. 6d. net. The first volume will probably be entitled "The Compleat Bachelor," the author being an artist named Mr. Oliver Onions. Other tales will follow at the rate of about one a month.

Mr. Walter Winans, the crack revolver shot and vice-president of our National Rifle Association, has written an elaborate work on "The Revolver and How to Use it," which Messrs. Putnam's will publish simultaneously in this country and America during the summer. It will first appear in an *édition de luxe*, and subsequently in a more popular form. Mr. Winans thinks that if men devoted a twentieth part of the time they now spend in "useless games" to attaining skill with the revolver, rifle, or even gun, they would make their country invincible. "The difficulty of finding rifle ranges in a densely populated district," he says in his preface, "is one that will not grow less as time goes on. Meanwhile it should be borne in mind that with gallery ammunition a five yards range in any odd corner or cellar is sufficient for revolver practice." Among other things there are chapters on the revolver in war, revolver clubs, and revolver shooting for ladies.

votions to S. Douhaie," by Father Willerforce, O.P., second "The Dominican Tertiarles Daily Manual," by John Proctor, O.P., Provincial of the English Dominic a few weeks the same publishers will issue the second "Oxford Conferences, 1900," by Father Raphael M. the subject dealt with being "Faith." They are also pu a volume entitled "In the Beginning: A Study of th and Antiquity of Man," translated by G. S. Whitna "Les Origines," by J. Guibert, S.S., Superior of the "Catholique" of Paris, and formerly professor of Science. The main object of the book, of course, is to furnish an against scientific objectors who aim at the destructio Faith.

Messrs. Putnam's are bringing out a life of "Watson Andrews," with extracts from his letters and writings, prepared by his brother, Samuel J. Andrews, "The Life of Our Lord upon Earth," &c. Other books ar by the same publishers are "Railway Control by Comm by Frank Hendrick; "History of the Territorial Expe the United States," by Charles Henry Butler; and a li by Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, entitled "Living by the Mr. Dresser now publishes, through Messrs. Putnam's, a under the title of "The Higher Law." It is devoted to ideals—notably of education, physical development, h and the moral training of children—individuality, self-ko and the spiritual life.

The next volume in Messrs. Greening's Ma Library will be Thomas Moore's prose romance "Epicurean," edited by Mr. Justin Hennaford, with illu by Mr. W. Smart. It will be ready in about a month.

Mr. Heinemann has nearly ready "Annals of San by Major Moekler-Ferryman, Instructor at the Royal College, with illustrations. The same publisher will issue "Village Notes," by Pamela Tennant. Fourteen tions are reproduced from photographs taken by Mrs. The authoress is one of the three daughters of Mr. Per ham, who form the subject of Mr. Sargent's Academy p

The Cambridge University Press will shortly publi on "The Use of the Apocrypha in the Christian Chu the Rev. William Heaford Daubney (Jeremie Prizem). The author supports the position taken up by the Six of Religion in regard to the apocryphal books.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree begins his revival of *Rip Va* at Her Majesty's Theatre on the 30th inst., and on the Messrs. Greening will bring out a special edition of W Irving's story, edited by Mr. S. J. Adair Fitzgerald. edition is dedicated to Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Two new volumes of "The Artist's Library," by Laurence Binyon, will be published, at the Sign of the in a few days. They are "Aldorfer," by T. Sturg and "Goya," by Will Rothenstein.

The next volume of Bell's Cathedral Series "Worcester," by E. F. Strange, and "Chichester," Corlette. Messrs. Bell are about to start a foreign uniform volumes, beginning with "Chartres: The C and Other Churches," by H. J. L. J. Massé.

Messrs. Skellington are about to publish "The Je vest: Eight Plain Sermons for Harvest Thanksgiving Sermon for a Flower Service," by Dean Hole and other

Messrs. Frederick W. Wilson and Co., of Gla publish immediately a book entitled "A Scots Wam by Mr. David Lowe, the author of "Gift of the Night.

"Aberration: A Study of the Relations between and Matter," by Mr. G. T. Walker, Fellow of Trin bridge, to be published shortly by the Cambridge U Press, is one of two essays which won the Adam Cambridge last year.

Mrs. Craigie has only one more chapter to "Robert Orange," the sequel to "The School for Sa the book will be out shortly. These two novels repr years' work.

The title of a new novel by Mrs. Edith Wharton, Murray announced in his last list, is to be change

Books to look out for at once.

- THEOLOGY**
 "The Use of the Apocrypha in the English Church." By W. Heaford Daubney, B.D. Cambridge Univ. Press.
AUTBIOGRAPHY
 "Recollections of My Life." By Surg.-Gen. Sir J. Taylor. Blackwood.
 "The Last of the Climbing Boys." By George Elson. John Long. 6s.
NATURAL HISTORY
 "Nature in Downland." By W. H. Hudson. Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.
 "With Field Glass and Camera." By Oliver G. Pike. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
FICTION
 "The Foolsfall of Fate." By Mrs. J. H. Biddell. White and Co. 6s.
 "Ada Verulam, Actress." By Richard Marsh. John Long. 6s.
 "The Avenging of Ruthanna." By Mrs. Conlan Kernahan. John Long. 6s.
 "Merciless Love." By the author of "For a God Dishonoured." John Long. 6s.
 "Affairs of the Heart." By Violet Hunt. Freemantle. 6s.
 "The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest." By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Blackwood. 6s.
 "Black Heart and White Heart." By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans. 6s.
 "Voices in the Night." By Mrs. Flora Annie Steel. Heinemann. 6s.
 "The Second Youth of Theodora Desauges." By the late Mrs. Lyon Linton. Hutchinson. 6s.
 "The Whistling Maid." By Mr. Ernest Rhys. Hutchinson. 6s.
SCIENCE
 "Aberration: A Study of the Relations between the Ether and Matter." By G. T. Walker. Cambridge University Press.

MISCELLANEOUS

- "The Greatest Queen in the World." By Marie Co.
 "The Early History of Poor Law Relief." By E. bridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
 "Social and Political Dynamics: An Explanation of Money as the Measure of Contract, Trade, and Malcolm Mackenzie, Williams and Norgate.
 "Royal Ascot: Its History and Its Associations." and R. S. Herod. Longmans. £1 11s. 6d. net.
 "All About Dogs." By Charles H. Lane. John Long.

NAVY AND ARMY.

- Brassey's "Naval Annual," 1900. Edited by John
 "Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present" by W. Laird Clowes. Sampson Low. 25s. net.
 "Social Life in the British Army." By a British Officer.

NEW EDITIONS.

- "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life." By G. Unwin. Two vols. 7s.
 Her Majesty's Edition of "Rip Van Winkle." By FitzGerald. Greening. 2s.
 "Prehistoric Times." 6th Ed. By Lord Avebury.
 "History of the United States." By E. Channing. Newman's "Lives of the Saints." Vol. II. Free.
 "A Treatise on the Theory of Screws." By Sir R. University Press.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
Essais sur l'Histoire de l'Art. By Emile Michel, de l'Academie de Beaux-Arts. 8x5in., 331 pp. Societe d'Edition Artistique, Fr.3.50.
BIOGRAPHY.
John Ruskin. (Modern English Writers.) By Mrs. Meynell. 7x5in., 399 pp. Blackwood. 2s. 6d.
Robert Raikes. (Splendid Lives Series.) By J. H. Harris. 7x5in., 142 pp. Sunday School Union. 1s.
Charles Henry Pearson. Memorials. Ed. by H. Stebbing. 9x6in., 320 pp. Longmans. 11s.
The Letters of Jöns Jakob Berzelius and Christian Friedrich Schönbein. Ed. by G. W. A. Kahlbaum. Translated by F. V. Parishure, Ph.D. 7x5in., 112 pp. Williams & Norgate. 3s.
En Emigration: Souvenirs Tirés des Papiers du Comte A. de la Ferronnays (1777-1811). By le Marquis Costa de Beauregard, de l'Academie Française. 9x5 1/2in., 128 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.3.50.
CLASSICAL.
The Story of Eros and Psyche. Englished by E. Carpenter. 7x5in., 87 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.
Livy. Books XXI., XXII., & XXIII. Translated by J. Baker. (Bell's Classical Series.) 7x4 1/2in., 66+72+61 pp. Bell. 1s. each.
The History of Thucydides. Book VII. (Bell's Classical Series.) Translated by E. C. Marchant. 7x4 1/2in., 73 pp. Bell. 1s.
Cicero in Catilinam. I, IV. (Blackwood's Classical Texts.) By H. W. Auden. 7x4 1/2in., 90 pp. Blackwood. 1s. 6d.
ECONOMIC.
Rural Wealth and Welfare. (The Rural Science Series.) By G. T. Fairchild, LL.D. 7x4 1/2in., 381 pp. Macmillan. 5s.
EDUCATIONAL.
The Metric System. A Practical Manual. By L. Holbo. 7x5in., 126 pp. Methuen. 2s.
Topics on Greek and Roman History. For Secondary Schools. By J. L. Goodrich. 7x5 1/2in., 28 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Tarr and McMurray's Home Geography. First Book. 7x4 1/2in., 79 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
A Manual of Composition. By E. H. Lewis, Ph.D. 7x5 1/2in., 29 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Herr Walther von der Vogelweide. Von Theodor Ebner. 7x5in., 272 pp. J. Long. 6s.
A Corner in Sleep, and other Impossibilities. By E. E. Keltell. 7x5in., 259 pp. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
A Gentleman in Khaki. By J. Oakley. 8x5 1/2in., 176 pp. Chatto & Windus. 1s.
The Northern Belle. By J. W. W. 7x5 1/2in., 359 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
Woman and Artist. By Mar O'Rell. 7x5 1/2in., 285 pp. Warne. 3s. 6d.
The Queen Wasp. By Jean Muddemusa. 7x5 1/2in., 280 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
Mona Maclean. By G. Travers. 7x5in., 174 pp. Blackwood. 6s.
Charlotte Leyland. By M. Bowler. 7x5 1/2in., 111 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
The Mystery of Monerig. By H. J. Muir. 7x5in., 320 pp. Unwin. 6s.
The Quest of Mr. East. By J. Sloane. 7x5in., 292 pp. Constable. 6s.
Les Histories risquées des Dames de Moncontour. By Françoise de Ninon. 7x4 1/2in., 355 pp. Paris. Editions de la Revue Blanche, Fr.3.50.
Les Manonilles. By André Couvreur. (Les Dangers Sociaux.) 7x4 1/2in., 121 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.3.50.
Le Drolit Chemin. By Gustave Guéseller. 7x4 1/2in., 281 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.3.50.
HISTORY.
The Life and Times of Queen Victoria. Part I. By Mrs. Oliphant. 10x7in., 61 pp. Cassell. 6d.
The Annual Register. Vol. for 1899. 9x6in., 615 pp. Longmans. 18s.
LITERARY.
The Witchery of Books. By J. F. Crump. 7x5 1/2in., 273 pp. Walsall, Robinson.
Shakespeare's Hamlet: A New Theory. By H. Ford, LL.D. 7x5 1/2in., 108 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d. n.
MILITARY.
The Siege of Ladysmith. By R. J. McHugh. 7x5 1/2in., 213 pp. Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.
MISCELLANEOUS.
The Unknown. By Camille Flammarion. 9x5 1/2in., 498 pp. Harper. 1s. 6d.
The Queen, The Shamrock, and St. Patrick. An Address by Sydney Sm Wisdom. 2 1/2in., 128 pp. SC Comparativly Animals. Series.) By 7x5 1/2in., 280 pp. Chemistry chanical G. Edwards. TH Interpretat and Hellig 7x5 1/2in., 280 For Quiet M Readings of Wilkinson, Burn, B.D. Y TOPC Black's Gu Ed. by A. 1 1/2in., 120 pp. Oxford Un Histories C. H. Danie 7x5 1/2in., 280 Guide to th Ed. by A. H 4 1/2in., 223 pp. Scotland. Glasgow, and M. J. Budge. Baddeley's and Shelt A Pictures Yorkahire S. Fletcher. Handbooks Schools: Braddy. 7x TH Rhodes' Rh Ed. by T. Rh "The Conti France and spokel. 511 Grenouillere 110 pp. Guide to Pa with a Cyell 4 1/2in., 125 pp. The Kingd Robe. New 8x5 1/2in., 330 The Key t Delagon B 7x5 1/2in., 100 p u. d. h. k

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 137. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Oxford has been seriously affected by the war, though this week's developments will no doubt make it more cheerful. Dr. Fowler—one of the most capable and popular Vice Chancellors of recent times—has had the responsible task of selecting undergraduates for Commissions in the Army; and the Sheldonian Theatre will not witness this year the festive and familiar scene usual at Commemoration. No honorary degrees will be conferred, and the only celebration will be a reduced one in the Divinity School, where the prize compositions will be recited. It is possibly this break in the continuity of the *Enceenia* in the Sheldonian Theatre which accounts for a letter published in the Oxford Magazine. The writers date from Pall Mall, and address "The Proprietor of the Sheldonian Theatre, Broad-street, Oxford." They have, they say, recently sold a theatre at Reading at a satisfactory price; and "it occurs to us whether you may be disposed to sell your theatre, provided we can get you a good price. We have a party open to entertain the purchase, and if you are willing to sell we shall be glad if you will send us particulars, on the understanding that no charge is incurred unless business results."

the genius and sincerity of the artist. A simple me power is to compare in a moment's reflection what we for our fathers and what it means to us.

Mr. Beerholm Tree, in the elaborate apology made at Oxford for the modern Shakespearian himself frankly with popular novelists who exclude frequently do, "You may criticize the literary qu work as you like, but look at my sales"! The fact tha of people go to see all the beautiful things Tree provides at Her Majesty's Theatre, and t Shakespearian productions have brought "a pecuniary reward," does not alter the fact that for Shakespeare presented simply, and are ready to presentment of a much wider variety of plays t Another argument used by Mr. Tree was that " himself not only foresaw, but desired, the system of that was now most in public favour." This shows knowledge of Shakespeare's mind which we cannot h with Mr. Tree, but we much doubt whether the o justified by what we know of the poet and of directions.

Carlyle had a theory that the real poet would ability in any walk of life, and the career of the late Grove shows that a musician may be equally ver former principal of the Royal College of Music was musician but an able writer, and a contributor to the of the Bible as well as to the literature of music. he showed as much ability in the erection of High West Indies as afterwards in analysing Beethoven's In 1856 as secretary of the Crystal Palace he beg of analytical programmes to the Saturday aftern It was the first attempt to give the amateur a p through the mazes of compositions performed bef immense benefit has resulted from the "analytical p now provided at all big concerts. The analyses of symphonies afterwards appeared in book form. Oth tions to musical literature were a short history music and an appendix to W. von Hellborn's Life But the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," star when Sir George was editor of "Macmillan's Mag completed in 1889, was his most important wor articles on Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schubert the best in the book. No musical critic of our o exhibited a sound knowledge of his subject in a more entertaining manner.

on the publisher but on the author, the author being debited in the publisher's accounts with the five presentation copies as with all other copies distributed gratis on his behalf. Mr. Spence described the provision as a bit of national extortion, as Dives taking an alms of Lazarus. Mr. Spence's correction, however, does not cover all the cases. Take, for example, the case of the "Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Mr. Murray. The loss here falls entirely on the spirited publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder. And they are hit both ways, because inordinate use of the great dictionary at the public libraries destroys their market. Mr. Murray mentions in his own case the compulsory gift of five copies of a 12-guinea atlas. In some countries such works as the "Dictionary of National Biography" would be regarded as a national undertaking to be paid for by the nation, not received as a gift.

Have Messrs. Smith, Elder, by-the-by, considered the suggestion of re-issuing collections of selected articles from the Dictionary of Biography dealing with special classes? A volume, for instance, containing articles on English men of letters, or directly connected with the history of English literature, would be an extremely handy book of reference for a large class that has not the purse nor the shelf-room for the Dictionary as a whole. The same might be said of military or naval or musical or other special classes of biography. If we may judge by the immense use made of the Dictionary at public libraries such volumes would find a large sale; and as there would only be the expense of reprinting, the sales might be remunerative. Perhaps the publishers might recoup themselves part of their generous outlay. They would certainly confer a boon on impecunious students.

In one of his notes to "Old Mortality," Sir Walter Scott, referring to a Cameronian poem written on the occasion of the crushing defeat of the Covenanters at Bothwell Brig, observes that the poetry is nearly as melancholy as the subject. As a matter of fact most of the Cameronian and Covenanting poetry of Scotland is wretched stuff. Almost the solitary exception, certainly the only outstanding exception, is "The Cameronian Dream" of John Hyslop, to commemorate whom a monument has now been erected in Nithsdale. "The Cameronian Dream" made its appearance seventy-nine years ago in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and brought its youthful author favourable notice not only in Scotland, but in England and America. It was reprinted in numerous periodicals and collections of poetry, and in the moorland districts of Scotland it was copied and circulated in manuscript among the peasantry. It has done duty in the school books of succeeding generations, and thousands of persons at the present day could repeat the opening lines, at least, of the famous poem:—

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the moorland and mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engrav'd on the stone where the heather grows green.

Eleven or twelve years ago "The Cameronian Dream" was set to music by Mr. Hamish McCunn. Hyslop's was a short and troubled existence. He was almost entirely self-taught. Alone on the hillside he wrested from books most of the knowledge he acquired. He had only one year's regular schooling, yet by the

vigorous, or lofty. A few of his poems are vernacular, but most are in graceful English. One of them was published thirteen years ago, and was called "The Cameronian Dream." It breathes the true piety of the Covenanters. Its author justly deserves the meed which his countrymen have so tardily raised in the district where his pastoral life was spent, and most of his poems

Much interest has of late revealed itself in the literary men. The reputed birthplace of James Hyslop, in Market-square, Lichfield, has been purchased by the Council for the nominal sum of £250. The house was bought in 1887, restored to its original lines, and preserved as it stands. The Cowper Museum at Lichfield, another literary shrine which has just been taken into public. A recent article by Professor William G. Clark in the *Century* showed how Dove-cottage, the home of William De Quincey, continues to grow in popularity. It was secured about ten years ago, and the trustees have done it as much as possible as it was in Wordsworth's day. Thousands of visitors who now find their way to Lichfield every year include, as at Shakespeare's birthplace, the literary landmarks in England, great numbers of

Speaking of Johnson, we may note Mr. G. H. Colver's "Johnson and his Circle" (Jarrod, 1s. 6d.)—a volume of talk about the doctor and his friends, drawn out of Boswell and other well-known sources. Mr. Hoste's bibliographical remarks would be more valuable if he had covered a larger field. He confines himself to the books published soon after Johnson's death and to the labours of recent editors, such as Dr. Birkbeck Hill. Few things are more instructive in the history of criticism than the fluctuation of opinion about the merits of Johnson. His death was followed by a general sounding the requiem of a great man, who to his contemporaries possibly seemed greater than he really was. In our day, though our standards of criticism are so different, Johnson's influence is still felt, as the careful work of the sympathy of essayists like Mr. Austin Dobson. But midway between our own sober appreciation and the excessive praise of his contemporaries come the caricatures of authors like Macaulay and De Quincey. These should not be overlooked in an estimate of Johnson.

In connexion with the literary associations of the country the reconstituted London Topographical Society do some excellent work. We mentioned the Society's record of noteworthy buildings swept away. How it is to examine some of the old maps, only the student with ample leisure can from their living city. The idea of Lord Welby to utilize Stow and other writers on London by way of a singularly happy one. William Dunbar, the thought of London as "the boue of cities all," the kindest ways of preserving the aroma of that flowery interest in the associations which cling to the street and district, associations which in the past we are apt entirely to forget. During the past year the libraries have subscribed to the Topographical

Carpenter, Dr. Garnett, and Mr. Percy Alden were among the speakers who strongly urged support for the scheme.

A conspicuous member of a class which is doing much good work at the present day—that of local antiquaries—has passed away in the person of the Rev. Henry Fowler, Chaplain of her Majesty's Prison at St. Albans. He was perhaps the highest authority on the archaeology of Hertfordshire—certainly on that of St. Albans. For a long period he was hon. secretary of the St. Albans and Hertfordshire Architectural and Archaeological Society, and his numerous contributions to Society's Transactions show most careful and painstaking research. He prepared and published, in 1876, a large plan of the town as it existed in monastic times—undoubtedly the best plan yet produced.

There is some grim humour in the *Mafeking Mail*, which will hereafter be a most interesting memento of the siege, and of which facsimiles may now be purchased. Special slips of it were sent to Kimberley between the soles of a native runner's boots. An editorial paragraph announces that a bomb-proof office is being erected, and that, until it is ready, the paper may be irregular in its appearance, as "our staff are not conchophiles."

The right of the literary artist to use his own experiences as human documents whenever those experiences involve the reputation of his friends or acquaintances has just been discussed in Paris by M. Marcel Prevost. His remarks were absolutely general, without precise allusion to "H. Fuoco," and raised a point which could have been as easily discussed apropos of George Sand or Benjamin Constant as of this new novel. Some journalistic busybody, however, by telegraphing a truncated passage of the essay to Rome, gave the impression that M. Prevost had attacked personally M. D'Annunzio, and the latter instantly telegraphed off to Paris the following retort:—

This generous feminist has desired the honour of giving the support of his sentimental authority to the miserable campaign which has been waged against me for some weeks past in certain ignoble journals. I knew very well that I should have to pay dearly for the reception formerly accorded me in Paris. I awaited it with tranquillity. I am not one of those who can be frightened or discouraged. No one will ever bar my route, but I did not imagine that under colour of a chivalrous revolt the name of one of the most noble women who honour Latin art would be associated with expressions of illwill as stupid as they are contemptible. I did not imagine that any one would have attempted on account of a work of pure invention to throw illth in this low fashion on an inalterable friendship of which I am and will always be proud. But I cannot give expression to a doctrine by a telegraphic despatch. I only desire to express regret at seeing a work of art so unjustly misconstrued by a writer upon whose frankness and loyalty I thought I could count.

M. Prevost may justly congratulate himself upon his success in evoking these declarations from the Italian writer.

In the last number of the *Revue Blanche* M. Wyzewa replies to the charges brought against him by M. Soulerbielle as to the inadequacy of his translation of Tolstoy's "Resurrection." He admits that the translation is not literal, and says that he is not a translator "either by taste or profession." He adds that

Wessex. He rendered Norman life as faithfully as and in more variety, observing its humour as enjoying them more keenly. His short stories may anecdotes," as Mr. George Moore calls them, now been converted to the gospel of Mr. W. B. Yeats; as much better than other people's anecdotes as Shakespeare's plays are better than those of the other Elizabethan literary ceremony, coming in the midst of the clash passions, must have afforded a pleasant relief to men.

The prices realized at the sale of a complete Kelmscott publications, which took place at Messrs. on May 21th, appear to indicate that generally have reached their highest limit. The complete £550 8s., as compared with the issue value of about £100. The Chaucer continues steadily to rise in money-value is not surprising when the beauty of many of its up of Gothic type, initial letters and borders of Morris, with the woodcuts after Burne-Jones is re-issued in the summer of 1896 at £20, it is now worth greatest advance, however, has been in Mr. J. W. "Biblia Innocentium," 200 copies on paper of which at a guinea apiece, and now fetch from £25 to £27. five works made more than on any previous occasion, the three-volume Shelley, delivered to subscribers which brought £28 10s.; the Savonarola letter a the Poems of Coleridge, originally valued at one now at £8 7s. 6d.; the Chaucer at £60; and "The Sigurd," of which 160 copies on paper were in guineas each, now priced at £21. We quote the price each item, and also, for the purposes of comparison parentheses the prices quoted in *Literature of Ju* year:—

- "The Glittering Plain," 1891, £26 10s. (£24 10s.)
- "Poems by the Way," £12 5s. (£11 5s.)
- Blunt's "Love Lyrics," £11 15s. (£13 5s.)
- "The Golden Legend," £9 17s. 6d. (£10 5s.)
- "Reynard the Foxe," £5 (£7)
- "Histories of Troye," £7 10s. (£7 15s.)
- "Biblia Innocentium," £25 (£21)
- "Dream of John Bull," £11 5s. (£9 15s.)
- "News from Nowhere," £5 2s. 6d. (£5 10s.)
- "Defence of Guenevere," £8 5s. (£8 15s.)
- "Nature of Gothic," £4 (£4 15s.)
- "Order of Chivalry," £5 18s. (£5 17s. 6d.)
- "Life of Wolsey," £4 10s. (£5 5s.)
- "Godfrey of Boloyne," £6 15s. (£7 10s.)
- "Sidonia the Sorceress," £11 5s. (£12 5s.)
- "Utopia," £8 5s. (£8 10s.)
- "Gothic Architecture," £1 14s. (£2 4s.)
- Rossetti's "Ballads" and "Sonnets," £7 (£9 10s.)
- Shakespeare's "Poems," £15 15s. (£15 15s.)
- "Maud," £3 10s. (£3 10s.)
- "King Florus," £1 15s. (£1 15s.)
- "Keats," £27 5s. (£28)
- "The Glittering Plain," 1891, £10 15s. (£10)
- "Wood Beyond the World," £6 10s. (£7 3s.)
- "Aims and Ankle," £13s. (£20)
- "Psalm Pentecostales," £13 5s. (£13 5s.)
- "Book of Wisdom and," £20
- "Atlantia in Fairy," £11 5s.
- "King Constans," £2 10s.
- "Herriek," £17 5s. (£18)
- "Child Christopher," £3 10s.
- "Jason," £15 (£15 5s.)
- "Hand and Soul," £3 10s.
- "Shelley," £28 10s. (£25)
- "Syr Percy velle," £3 5s.
- "Beowulf," £5 10s. (£6)
- "Coleridge," £8 7s. 6d.
- "Lauds," £7 5s. (£7 10s.)
- "Well at the World's," £120
- "Flourie and the Leaf," (£3 5s.)
- "Sire Degrayant," (£1 16s.)
- "Shepherd's Calendar," (£7 15s.)
- "Chaucer," £90 (£28 10s.)
- "Love is Enough," £8
- "The Earthly Paradise," £10
- "The Sundering Flo," (£3 15s. 6d.)
- "Water of the Wind," (£6 12s. 6d.)
- "German Woodcuts," (£10 10s.)
- "Str. Lumbas," £1 10s.
- "Frial Pages of Frois," (£10 10s.)
- "Note on the Kelm," £1 5s. (£3 10s.)
- "Sigurd the Volung," £10

Philosophers assure us that the only knowledge acquiring is the knowledge of causes. This consideration fortify the social observer in his e-
The *Ebbtide* find causes for what Mr. Edward Dicey of *English* of last week called the Ebbtide of En-

appears in another column, points out that this is an age of research, not of imagination, and that when the genius of creation comes into play again it will have broader and deeper foundations upon which to build. The *Liverpool Daily Post* in an interesting leading article on Mr. Dicey's paper sees in it an echo of the complaint which has been raised in every age by those who think regretfully of the enthusiasms of their youth. "Nearly every generation," it says, "between Horace and Tennyson, in the opinion of some middle-aged gentle pessimist has been the point and the moment where and when the flood of human progress has begun to ebb." Mr. Dicey, it must in fairness be said, did not write as a pessimist, but as an optimist who recognizes that "in literature, as in all other human affairs, fertile periods are succeeded by periods comparatively sterile, to be followed in their turn by periods of abundance." After all we cannot make poets by talking about them, and the inquiry into causes is perhaps one not very likely to achieve any useful result. We may, or we may not, in the sense of the philosophers, understand the theory of the tides or be able to give a scientific explanation of the ebbing of the waters. What is quite certain is that the ebb tide is followed by a rising tide. In that our faith is justified by an induction as perfect as an induction can be, and Mr. Dicey performs the same act of faith with regard to the tides of English literature. But there is one feature of the present time which has not, we think, received due recognition, and which is closely connected with the undoubted dearth of great writers. Look back at the history of the last hundred years and compare it decade by decade with our own day. At every point there is motion, stir, enthusiasm in the things of the mind. The opening of the century saw a revolution in poetry and in art: a return to simplicity and to nature was hailed as a new gospel. Then came the age of romance, the poetic appreciation of the past, leading later to the Anglican revival and its immense influence on religious thought and religious architecture. In social movements the same keen note of progress was sounded. From 1830 to 1890 the nation was almost continuously interested in politics. Slavery, Church rates and Test Acts, the franchise, national education, Home Rule, and many other questions have always kept burning the fire of controversy and made people talk and think about things often not directly connected at all with their own personal and material interests. Then in the middle of the century came the great revolution in science: our view of the world was entirely changed, and men who had never troubled themselves as to the meaning of nature followed with the keenest zest the controversy which raged between the old and the new schools as to the highest problems of life. In philosophy Mill raised anew the old standard of the relativist and the utilitarian, and the hot breath of philosophical debate passed over the academic groves once more. Then came the aesthetic movement, and side by side with it the day of philanthropy and the "bitter cry" of the poor, and for a time we were all for the friendly union of class with class. And so we come to our own day, and we cannot help feeling that we have grown old with the century. Each movement had its day: it often ran into extravagances; but it generally left some enduring memorial. These memorials we have with us still, and they are none the less useful because their novelty has worn off and the fervour with which they were inaugurated has subsided. But we cannot live by bread alone: we want words, words of stimulating power to give the nation something on which its mind may work. Of course we are stirred by the war; and the war may, as M. Abel Chevalley suggested,

THE NAVY'S CRADLE

Dedicated to the Boys of the Royal Hospital School

Trafalgar Road in Greenwich runs out of Nelson

And it's there the Navy's cradle may be set
Where the little Jack is nurtured who will one day

And it's, O, he'll keep the decks of England
At the desk in sombre serges while a nibbled pen

Jacky's learning how to read and how to write
And with cutlass and with carbine in his varied

He is learning how to drill and how to fight

He can pedal at a Singer when it comes to stite

He can knot and he can splice and he can

He is carpenter and blacksmith, and the jolly

Every signal in the Royal Navy's book:

All the flags of all the nations Master Jack has

And it's, O, the things they've packed into

He can make the toughest pannel-mat, mend a
And he's up to all the dodges of the wind.

He has names we never hear of for the common

And he doesn't always call a mop a mop,

It's a chunk of toke he butters with his Governor

But the butter is not butter, it is flop;

O'er his shirt he wears a jumper, on his head he

Such a playful little humour he has got!

He's a mason, he's a baker, and he's only at a

When you order him to tell you what he's

He can march like gallant Gordons, he can drill

And his father's little quicker in a boat.

He's as proud as any gunner that his jacket is

And he swims—about as nat'ral as a float.

With his toys of guns and rigging jolly Jacky

In the rooms that smell o' cordage and o' t

While his nurses preach the gospel and the glor

Of the life aboard a British Man-o'-War.

You may sail the wide world over but you'll never

On a cradle like the crib where Jacky crows

And you'll never find a bantling half so cunning

As the little chap who lies in it and grows.

With his goss pulled on his eyebrows, in his ducks

With his chubby hands laid easy on his hip

He is waiting till we tell him that it's time to

That we'll trust him with Britannia's prett

O, the joyful waves come leaping to the shingle

Rock the cradle, rock the cradle, Jack's as

O, the gallant Fleet's abuilding which will answer

When he's rocking in the cradle of the dee

When he's rocking in the cradle where the ship

Where they went in vallant days of wood a

O, there's steam upon the ocean, but the iron

With the blood of ancient days that cannot

HARC

Personal Views

It is, however, greatly to be regretted that the publication of this invaluable material has been in the form adopted by this Commission—that is, as appendices to certain reports, a plan at once unsystematic and tending to difficulty of reference. Thus Volume III., of the Duke of Portland's MSS., which is the first volume of the Harley papers, forms the second part of the appendix to the fourteenth report, Volume IV., published three years later, finding a place in the appendix to the fifteenth report. The change in the publications of the present year cannot make up for past confusion. In every respect, too, as little as possible has been done to bring these publications, as regards form, up to the standard of library works. They have been done the cheap but at any rate stiff binding of the *New State Trials* which were published under the authority of the Treasury. In type, in paper, in binding, they are no better than the most trumpery of official returns, and volumes which were ostensibly issued as permanent records have been published as though they were intended to last only for a week. As to advertising them in those journals where they would be likely to come to the notice of persons desirous of meeting with historical material this has never yet been thought of. The official mind has never penetrated to the difference between these publications and statistics of wages or colonial products, and they have been presented to members of Parliament as perquisites of their position in the usual sessional output of reports of the various Government offices and departmental committees.

One gratefully gives full credit to the gentlemen who have been entrusted by the Commission with the responsible duty of investigating and collating and preparing the manuscripts for the press for their industry and ability. Those who have had occasion to study any of these collections of original manuscripts know well the difficulties of the task. Yet one must, at the same time, protest because in many cases the publications of the Commission contain only selections from correspondence. The object of these publications is, I take it, to place in accessible form before the student or reader all the material which is preserved in England and has come under the notice of the Commission, and, at the least, if space will not allow of the publication of an entire collection, to give a *précis* of each document which is not printed in full. There can be no certainty otherwise that parts omitted may not have a value bearing on historical events or the lives of prominent personages. This Commission is not in the position of a private biographer or editor; its duty is to render accessible private property which its owners are willing should be known to the public. It is sufficient to give a single example among many others of the arbitrary character of these omissions. The quotation is from the introduction to the manuscripts of the Earl of Lonsdale, preserved at Lowther Castle and the Castle at Whitehaven. "Among other letters of the present century at Lowther Castle, which, for various reasons, have also been omitted from the present report, are some from Dr. Burney, dated at Chelsea College, between 1806 and 1812; from Lady Hester Stanhope, 1805-1806; from Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, written between

the Index is deferred till the series is complete, so that one must waste time and labour through the indexes of an Index to every volume.

It is now just thirty years since the first appendix of the Commission was issued, which contains letters from the manuscripts of the House of Lords, colleges at Cambridge, and of Abingdon and other schools. During the period which has elapsed since 1870 many men of the past emerge vividly from these piles of letters. I do not realize them so well in the disagreeable form of correspondence and memoranda of the past are presented to us as when the very letters lie before us, open, one on portfolio on portfolio—when care has been taken to place them—the writing clear, the great events which stand out themselves into historical prominence and permanently visible among the little details of the day; the anxieties, the hopes, and the jealousies of statesmen and politicians down for the instruction and the amusement of posterity. News of the family, of the parish, throw us into the life of the past age. The very locality in which most of these letters are preserved tends to render them more life-like. Memory goes, and owner succeeds owner, but the house, the garden, the park, the large trees remain little different, though the years have passed. The pines at Dropmore are grander in size than when Lord Grenville strolled about his new-macledon. The woods at Castle Howard may be higher than when Selwyn, after painful journeyings from London, brought news of Brooks' to the fifth Earl of Carlisle. It requires little imagination to see their correspondent reading the letters of Pitt and of Canning in the library of Lowther Castle.

No figures, indeed, stand out more vividly than those of the Eighteenth Century. There is Thomas Boscawen, grandfather of Chatham, Governor of Madras, frugal, irascible, and kind-hearted, a type of the capable and energetic who governed and traded in India nearly two centuries ago. It was his good fortune to become possessed of a diamond which eventually found its way over to France, and which "the Regent" became one of the national jewels. How does one see the character of this able and arrogant man in his letters. He is writing to his son Robert, entrusted with the management of the family affairs: "I rejoined you at parting not to be guided by your advice, which you have hitherto neglected, and which you had hardly written to me from the Cape but for the accompanying bill which I hope you took up for the ship's expenses and not your own, for no one went better provided than I, in a condition to spare rather than want." He tells his young man to go to Oxford to study civil law, and to make himself "master of fortification and gunnery," and never to lend money but upon "unquestionable security." When the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury claim as "lost" the trees blown down on his estate, he asks angrily "Do not let the men of Sarum think that God Almighty sent that storm to take advantage of others' losses." Later in the same letter he says "I have not yet all published—and in the long run I shall still want an index—the statistics

we meet him in boyhood, quiet, studious, and yet lazy; we see something of his patient industrious official life in early manhood, of his character in the high position of later years. We are brought in contact with Defoe, a trusted agent and adviser of Harley, reporting sagaciously the political feeling of all parts of England and Scotland.

These are but examples of the people whom one meets with in this long series of letters which to me are always of increasing interest. No doubt it requires some perseverance and time to sift the gold from the dross, for necessarily there is an immense quantity of trivial detail in correspondence which the writers never for one moment expected would be scanned by a distant posterity. But there is a habit in reading the correspondence of our ancestors as in everything else, and an eye which has practised itself even a little with a volume or two of these reports is soon able to see the letters which contain matter interesting from a political, a social, or a personal point of view. And after all there is a satisfaction and a pleasure in dispensing with the historian and the biographer, in seeing things at first hand, and in being spared the platitudes either of the pious relative or the paid panegyrist. These men—some distinguished, whose names are known in history; some only respectable and pleasant, who belong to the great majority of the forgotten, yet who make up the aggregate of the society of the past—live again in the letters which repose in the great houses of England. They reappear as they lived without comment, without praise or blame, in the dress of their everyday life.

E. S. ROSCOE.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM BILL.

We are glad to hear that the members of the Library Association—a body certainly entitled to be heard on the subject—have passed a resolution calling upon the Council to oppose the "British Museum Bill" by every means in its power. The hostility to the proposal in Parliament is, we understand, increasing, and there is already some hope that the measure may be withdrawn. The Bill, however, has not met with that amount of discussion which so serious and revolutionary a step requires. Isolated articles and occasional protests such as that by Mr. Sidney Lee in *The Times* there have been, but it is surely time that some more vigorous remonstrance should be made to strengthen the hands of those who are opposing it in the House of Commons. The Bill proposes to give the authorities power (1) to deposit copies of local newspapers with local authorities, and (2) with the approval of the Treasury to destroy matter "not of sufficient value to justify its preservation." Not even the most expert and conscientious official can assert that contemporary records of the most trivial nature will not become, in the course of generations, valuable to the historian. The page which seems of such trifling importance to-day may some day supply just the link that enables the biographer to complete his task. Mr. Sidney Lee has stated that his great Dictionary would be far less complete than it is had the Trustees possessed the power which they now demand. Supporters of the Bill assert that the safeguards which surround it render impossible any mishap such as carelessness or indiscretion would cause. But the supervision which

or the zeal of a "new broom" might easily be remedied by any Parliamentary inquiry or any

In the provision which empowers the Trustees to deposit copies of local newspapers with local authorities, both dangerous and ineffective. For one thing, they often possess files of local journals which are more numerous than those which exist in the British Museum. In the Museum there may be little room in the Museum, yet in small county towns, and the transference of these papers, with the prospect of a continued increase, only mean that the files would be buried in a warehouse where they would be ill-kept and where disinterring them would mean innumerable hours of labour. In fact the present difficulty of finding space in the Museum is multiplied fiftyfold. But the strongest objection against the proposed removal is that in consequence of the inconvenience the authorities will incur in removing the British Museum Library is intended and many important topographical and biographical records which would be dispersed to every corner of the country if this Bill were approved? It would be impossible for the historian or biographer should have to pursue a journey across several counties, and that he might be obliged to go to Bristol to verify a reference made in Newcastle when the Museum authorities offer their local copies. In county and borough councils refuse to accept the Bill, it is gathered that there is any provision for compelling the owners of the rejected bundles thrown upon them to be unreasonable to think that the Museum authorities are very much inclined to treat them as worth anything. The experience of the past has shown that any great confidence in the local authorities is a neglect of the records previously entrusted to them. As an instance, although there has been a census since the twelfth century, yet, if we correct the records earlier than the last years of the eighteenth century, we could cite innumerable instances in which ignorance, apathy, and neglect have effected the loss of records which has called into being the Committee on Local Records.

The tendency of the age has been to conserve these memorials of our own and past times, and they have been of the utmost value to many. Above all, any destruction—is strongly to be deprecated in the case of duplicates, if any scheme of disposal, further legislative safeguards are needed to ensure accessibility. The Bill does not so much respect the wishes of the British Museum authorities as the Treasury in the matter of extending the access to the records. A strong manifestation of public opinion is needed to defeat this reactionary measure, but to obtain it the library that extension without which the vast printed matter cannot be adequately dealt with

THE MODERN REVIEW.

[The Rev. Anthony C. Deane, who has been criticised in the *Modern Review*, sends us the following criticisms on "The Marriage of Marian."

the fiction-writers' path, carpet-laid, its texture bruised by the oppression of a myriad hobnails. Nimbly the facile authors pace its smoothness in grotesque procession; epicureans these, from the thorny bypaths of Art so palpably averse. . . . Raucous insists the editorial voice:—"Review this book." 'Tis intitled "The Marriage of Marian"; to say more were otiose, save that here is triteness manifest. Yet perchance in triteness even something of virtue is discoverable; since to retread the way, not the servile follower of an alien mind, but yourself precursor, yourself subsequent, makes for divine repetition, the true ally of the artist. This, which you read here, I have said before; this, editors propitious, shall I say again. Boldly to re-iterate argues consciousness of value; 'tis your evanescent hypothesis alone for which you crave no more than a single utterance. Moreover thus to review a novel—or, rather, many novels—is a means to gain that ultimate emprise, the discomposure of the Philistine. Your criticisms will be read, at first agape, then wholly tumid with surprise; at the close, perchance, cholera will prevail, hair be torn, or the furniture be sent hurtling through the window.

II.—THE FRANKLY PERSONAL.

We had boiled pheasant for dinner, a dish for which I don't much care. No, boil your common fowl, if you will, but when you've caught your pheasant, roast him. But boiled it was that night, and I mention the fact, partly because it may have influenced my opinion of "The Marriage of Marian," and still more because little details of this kind do so interest the reader. Well, after dinner I went to my study, and sat down in the second-best armchair; the best one had been sent that morning to have a new castor put on it. Some people prefer a sofa, I know, but a really comfortable armchair takes a lot of beating. Then I filled my pipe; it's an odd thing why that new meerschaum of mine won't colour properly. Perhaps a briar is better on the whole, but as my sister gave me the meerschaum, one feels obliged to use it, you see. Presently, when my tobacco was well alight, I took up "The Marriage of Marian," about which I'm writing this review. It's bound in red, and the title is printed on the back. I am sorry that I cannot tell you more about it, but, unfortunately, my space is exhausted.

III.—THE OLD-FASHIONED CONVENTIONAL.

We are glad to welcome yet another novel from the prolific pen of Mr. Smith, and in "The Marriage of Marian" we have a work in no way unworthy of its long line of predecessors. While in no way remarkable for its originality, the plot is constructed with considerable skill. Without divulging its conclusion, we may hint that the last chapter is in more than one respect the logical outcome of the first. The characters are drawn on familiar lines, yet it is not impossible that some of them are reasonably true to life. Perhaps the story suffers a little from undue compression, but it must be remembered that to have written a few more chapters would have resulted in the addition to the volume of some extra pages. On the whole, while we are scarcely prepared to admit that "The Marriage of Marian" is a novel of the highest order, we have no hesitation in recommending it to those in search of a volume wherewith to beguile the tedium of a railway journey.

IV.—THE PLAYFULLY ALLUSIVE.

This is the sort of book which Miss Pinkerton would never have allowed her young ladies to read. There is a flirtation in it which lasts through six chapters! "Prodigious!" as the dear old Dominic would have said. Of course we must have some love-

that the hero of a novel can give any one else a stroke this game. The heroine is charming; "a reg'lar out Sam Weller would have termed her. By the way, the gl the nineteenth chapter reminds me of a curious legend among the Filibberjee Indians, which, as it covers not ten pages, and is quite remarkably apposite to the novel, I shall now quote in full. . . .

V.—THE DEPRECIATORY.

This is a dull and disappointing production, because its writer has missed so many opportunit scene of one of his chapters is laid near Canterbury only the author, in place of a tenth-rate novel, has give us a history of that town, with short biograp Archbishops, we should have had nothing but pra Or he might have written an epic poem, or a g keeping, or a treatise on the multiplication-table single reference to any of these important subje found in "The Marriage of Marian." In a wor fault of this book is that it is not some other book fore we feel bound to condemn it.

VI.—THE EULOGISTIC.

Here is a masterpiece. We write that word sense of our responsibility, but to use any other w shirk the plain truth. Nothing can be more contem the indiscriminate way in which some of our critics books which happen to please them, and even in "The Marriage of Marian" we are scrupulously ex exaggerate its merit. For instance, it has been fre that its author has immeasurably outdistanced Shake cannot share the mistaken, if pardonable, enthusi prompts this utterance. On the contrary, our o judicial standpoint compels us to admit that two, per passages in *Hamlet* are scarcely inferior to some graphs in this novel. We make no absurd claims for the fact that its writer contributes to our columns in opinion in the least. Using, then, the cold lang carefully-weighed judgment, we will only say that ance of this book unquestionably marks the beginni epoch in English literature. The writer, of cours Thackeray and Dickens, but we are by no means so some of his Highland scenes—which are far below the rest of the book might not have been written his best. And, if it were not to state the obviou add that "The Marriage of Marian" will be read a when most of the so-called classics are buried in obliv

ANTHONY C.

THE DRAMA.

"THE DEAD CITY."

Ford's greatest and most appalling tragedy came from Italy, as we know. Does not Annabella sing Italian? "Che morte piu dolce che morire per amore die for love she does, by the hand of her brother-lover Very few writers have dared to rehandle Ford's dread for obvious reasons. When we meet with it once again from Italy that the story comes in *La Città* Gabriele D'Annunzio, now translated into English by Arthur Symons (London: Heinemann). Again the sister brother's hand. Giovanni stabbed Annabella

the very same spot where theirs befell them. That is the idea, or rather an idea, of the play. These modern people, Alessandro, the poet, and his blind wife Anna, Leonardo the archaeologist, and his sister Bianca Maria, are not in "thirsty" Argos for nothing. "The earth," says Alessandro, "that Leonardo digs in is evil; it must still give out the exhalations of monstrous deeds. The curse that weighed on the Atride was so deadly that there must have remained some vestige still to be dreaded in the dust that was trodden by them. . . . I fear that the dead whom he seeks, and cannot succeed in finding, have come to life in him again violently, and breathe within him with the tremendous breath that Æschylus infused into them, vast and bloodthirsty as they appeared in the 'Oresteia,' thrust through carelessly with the sword and brand of their destiny. . . . All the ideal life with which he has nourished himself must have assumed in him the form and impress of reality." And by-and-by these fears came true. "For two years you have breathed the deadly exhalations of the uncovered tombs, bowed under the horror of the most tragic destiny that has ever overwhelmed a human race. You are like a man who has been poisoned." And Leonardo answers: "Yes, yes, true, I am poisoned." It is as though the opening of some ancient plague-pit had infected the modern world; out of the sepulchres of Agamemnon and Cassandra and the rest, which Leonardo lays bare, rises a mephitic vapour of grim primeval tragedy to envelop and overwhelm four people of to-day.

Here is an idea, of course, and a poet's idea. It comes in as a perpetual leit-motiv. But D'Annunzio has his own way of telling his story, a wholly modern way, and one eminently characteristic of the teller. He paints the landscape, and gives it a significance, as no Greek could possibly have done. Thus Bianca Maria says of Argos:—"It is too sad. At certain moments I feel almost frightened. When we went to Mycenæ for the first time, my brother and I, two years ago, it was an afternoon in August, very burning. All the plain of Argos, behind us, was a lake of flame. The mountains were tawny and savage, like lionesses. We went up on foot, in silence, suffocating, almost unable to breathe, our eyes dazzled. Now and again a silent vortex rose suddenly at the side of the way, like a pillar of dust and withered grass, and followed us noiselessly, with the footsteps of a phantom. Seeing it coming near us, I could not help an instinctive terror, as if that mysterious form revived the terror that had been inspired in me by those ancient sins. . . . All things took a funereal appearance to me, giving me I know not what anguishing apprehension." Before he commenced dramatist, D'Annunzio was novelist and poet, and he carries their methods into drama. Remember the dramatically irrelevant descriptions of the Egyptian landscape by Cosimo Dalbo in the later tragedy *La Gioconda*, which Signora Duse has been playing at the Lyceum. D'Annunzio is for ever describing—with a wealth of imagery, to be sure, and in language of exquisite rhythm—but still describing with more or less irrelevance to stage exigencies. One gains more by reading than by seeing his plays.

And, to be frank, I would not see *La Città Morta* acted, as Fortunio says, "for an empire." Its theme is too shocking. Think of it. Anna, the blind wife, with the "second sight" of blindness, has divined that her husband Alessandro loves Bianca Maria, and she has perceived, too, that Bianca is all fevered with love. Bianca has striven to hide the truth from herself. But Alessandro, who is one of D'Annunzio's typical Nietzschean egoists—an unbroken line, from the voluptuous egoist of *Il Discorso* to the ecstatic saint of *La Città Morta*,—is not at all

Anna that Leonardo learns of the love between Alessandro. Then driven to frenzy, and his sister shall die pure, he drowns her as she is in the fountain of Perseia. The two men are a corpse when the blind Anna enters, groping for them, and stumbles against it; and the piercing shriek, "Ah! . . . I see! I see!" the subject matter is, the form is, as always with D'Annunzio, work, exquisitely beautiful, full of haunting images and phrases. There are scenes, as those between Anna and her old nurse, of the tenderest pathos which could not bear to see the thing acted.

I have not read *La Città Morta* in the original, but from Mr. Symons' translation, I almost see it. For, apart from certain "echoing" dialogue obviously of Maeterlinckian inspiration, D'Annunzio's unmistakable style of his own fashioning, and which Mr. Symons reproduces with notable fidelity, is everywhere in evidence. For example:—"Seen from there, the free sea lurks inexpressibly." That final adverb, dropped in a pause, like a lingering melancholy chord, is D'Annunzio "all over." I take up his *La Città Morta*, and on the very first page I find the effect:—"Uno sguardo le adunò negli occhi una bellezza diffusa per l'ultimo crepuscolo di morte." It is just here, in the scrupulous presentation of little individual things, that translation shows its

A.

Reviews.

TENNYSON AS POETICAL CRITIC

THE EARLY POEMS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.
JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. Methuen.

"A critical edition of Tennyson's poems," says John Churton Collins, "has long been an acknowledged desideratum. The first volume of such a critical edition of the productions of Tennyson up to the year 1842, giving the poems published in 1830 and temporarily or finally suppressed. The edition is complete in itself, and gives no warrant us in hoping that Mr. Churton Collins will do the earlier. He has taken with "In Memoriam," as the son's achievement. So, as a complete revelation of Tennyson's lyrical power, they undoubtedly are; but whether we would exchange half-a-dozen of them for all that the poet produced between 1850 and 1860, I am not sure that we like the terms of such a condition. We deprive us of "Enoch Arden," and of the four other poems published in 1859. The loss would not be over the development of the poet's mind in the latter part of his thought of his age, but would leave us with a less complete conception of his power in the writing of blank verse of the originality and variety of which Mr. Collins' introduction might, as we think, have emphasized. One, however, will doubt after a study of this book that it is almost an ideal editor of Tennyson. His quotations are an exact and accurate scholarship and a style which has been trained and polished by the

"Illustrations of Tennyson," made a special study of the innumerable reminiscences of classical poets which these poems display, and he gives many of them in the notes to this edition. This hunting for parallels may easily become fanciful. It is a dangerous thing to state too positively that a particular line of Virgil passed through Tennyson's mind at a particular moment, especially as it often inspired or moulded the English verse quite unconsciously to the poet. Here, again, Mr. Collins is a sure and sensible guide.

But the chief interest of his edition is its collation of early and later versions. A study of this book provides an admirable object-lesson in poetical taste. Nothing in English literature gives such a happy opportunity for watching a poet at work as these early poems of Tennyson. The precious Milton Manuscripts at Trinity College, Cambridge, possess this critical interest; but perhaps no English poet shows so completely as Tennyson the continual straining after perfection which marks the thorough workman. The years of silence between 1831 and 1842 brought him knowledge of life and maturity of view; but they also gave him an unerring poetical judgment. His gift of song when he left Cambridge was a fresh and beautiful one; but his taste was uncertain and sometimes faulty. Ten years later it had become an instrument which scarcely ever failed as a touchstone of beauty. As a reviser of his own poetry Tennyson compares favourably with his friend FitzGerald. The poems which are most changed are "The Lady of Shalott," "The Miller's Daughter," "Enone," "The Palace of Art," "A Dream of Fair Women," "The Sea Fairies." Many of the changes made are pointed out by Mr. Collins in his introduction, but the reader will find it worth his while to make a close study of them for himself. They seem to consist of alterations in single phrases; changes in the form and rhythm; and changes in the way of chastening and compression. In the first class take the reapers in "The Lady of Shalott," "*Underneath the bearded barley*," changed to "*In among the bearded barley*"—a much fuller picture. Or in "Locksley Hall": "*Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change*," for "*Let the peoples spin*," &c. Or one mentioned in the introduction,

A tear
Dropt on *my tablets* as I wrote,

which now reads

A tear
Dropt on *the letters* as I wrote.

This shows a true instinct for simplicity; but perhaps Mr. Collins, who calls the first version "one of the falsest notes ever struck by a poet," should have added the words "since Wordsworth." For an instance of the second class see the opening of "Enone," and mark the immense advance in dignity of rhythm and in graphic insight:—

1833. There is a dale in Ida, lovelier
Than any in Old Ionia, beautiful
With emerald slopes of sunny sward that lean
Above the loud glenriver, which hath worn
A path thro' steepdown granite walls below
Mantled with flowering tendriltwine. In front
The cedar shadowy valleys open wide.

1842. There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters slowly drawn. On either hand

"What touching simplicity," said Lockhart, "with resignation—he cut my throat, nothing more!" All lines ran—

The bright death quivered at the victim's throat
Touched; and I knew no more.

But perhaps the most significant change of all, but is a touch of dramatic instinct in it, is the closing of "Shalott." To us the later version seems worth the earlier in poignancy of effect.

1831. They crossed themselves, their stars they
Knight, minstrel, abbot, squire, and guest;
There lay a parchment on her breast,
That puzzled more than all the rest
The well-toed wits at Camelot.
"The web was woven curiously,
The charm is broken utterly,
Draw near and fear not. This is I,
The Lady of Shalott."

1842. Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the Knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

Of the careful priming down of what seemed there are many instances. They almost always intensity of effect. One sometimes wishes, as on Tennyson's gift of terse and vivid expression, that he taken in hand the work of other poets. There course, in rich unrestrained utterance; and yet—is to say that Tennyson could have distilled all t Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" into a stanza of "The Lady of Shalott" was overhauled with sever- sion. Many touches, such as "the squally east- erased from the picture of the Lady embarking and the simile of a swan song for her dying ear- away. Sometimes one cannot but regret the poet's his own work. One fine stanza vanished from "Locksley Hall." Some readers will certainly like "The Sea Fairies" better than the poem as it appeared in 1833. Ten to have thought there was too much repetition in sacrificed some of the lilt of the song, and the refrain away with the sail? Whither away with the oar?"

Space forbids us to deal fully with many points in Mr. Collins' introduction. It is a thoroughly sound appreciation of the merits and demerits of Tennyson's genius for grasping and the facts of nature. To his power of word-painting add his power of reconstituting the facts of e He seems to us unique in his faculty for registering the most impalpable evanescent sensations, as in the lines in "The Princess," beginning

Ah! sad and strange, as in dark summer dale
Or in the stanza from "In Memoriam"—

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers
We heard behind the woodbine veil

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY.

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Edited by J. A. H. MURRAY. IV.—Glass-coach—Graded. By HENRY BRADLEY. V.—In—Infer. Edited by Dr. J. A. H. MURRAY. (Clarendon Press, 5s. each.)

Mr. Bradley's new instalment of the Dictionary contains many articles of importance. The classical derivatives which disfigure scientific works are here not so much in evidence as in the last section, though under *glossa* and *glyce* we find some even more hideous than usual, such as *glossopiglotidean*, *glycyrrhizin*. Gabriel Harvey is responsible for "glossomachical Thomas," and Dean Farrar for *glossolaly*, which we prefer to call using the Gift of Tongues. But the pages are rich in the treasures of our old national speech. Some of the most important are *go*, the verbal form taking up forty columns, *good* with fifteen, and *God* with ten, not to mention compounds. *Go* has been rapidly spreading of late years, especially in the substantive form. Many of the old compounds are worth reviving. We still use *go-between*; why not also a *go-before*? As with so many other words, the local names of plants and the like are curious; there is an apple called *go no further*, a sort of *ne plus ultra*, no doubt. Under *Good* are given many idiomatic phrases. *Quick good* would be a capital translation of *ἄψυχον κτήμα*. New light is thrown on the plant *Good Henry* or *Good King Harry*, which may, perhaps, be of German origin. *Good-bye* seems to have been first used in its contracted form by Gabriel Harvey soon after 1573, and first commonly by Shakespeare. If we are not mistaken, the Baconists make *good-bye* one of their arguments, but they do not seem to assume that Bacon wrote Harvey's "Letter Book." The Americans are not the only people who *have a good time*, but they only follow the example of Pepys. It is certainly appropriate that the genial diarist should be the earliest authority for this phrase. Under the word *God* are collected a host of extraordinary oaths. The name appears as *Cock*, *Gog*, *Dod*, *Gag*, *Gar*, *Ged*, *Gog*, *Goles*, *Golly*, *Gom*, *Gosh*, *Gum*, and among the expletives we find *Adad*, *Adod*, *Bedad*, *Begud*, *Begor*, *Beod*, *Egad*, *Ical*, *Igad*, and *Ads*, *Cocks*, *Uds*, or *Z-* with additions (*zooks*, &c.), *Gods bodikins*, *Gods nigs*, *Godsworbet*. The word *Gospel* is clearly traced to a confusion between *God* and *good spell*, its original meaning.

The origin of a number of words is made clearer here than before. One of the most interesting and obscure is *gossamer*, sometimes called *summer-goose*, which is traced to a connexion with St. Martin's summer, when filmy webs commonly fly about. Others still remain dark; such are *gnone* (which may have been invented by Paracelsus), *grede*, *goal*, *gog* "a bog," *goll* "a hand," *goven*. The connexion of *gloom*, *glum*, and *glouning* is carefully traced. The article *glen* contains curious matter; it appears to be one of the few Celtic words in this section. Historical or social lore may be found under *golf*, which dates from 1457, the bay of a house or barn, *goal*, *glomerel*, a grammar-school boy, a master of *glomery*, *gosepen*, the perquisite of a miller's man, *golfather*, -brother, -sider, and so forth. It may be new to most readers that a hanging jury were called *golfathers-in-law*. Plant and animal names are as odd and as pretty as ever. Many may be found under *gold*, *golden*, *gout*, and *goose*. *Goose* presents us also with some good proverbs—"a goose may get it," "every goose must go for a swan," "to shoe the goose." Since 1583 geese have been stupid; "Sir giddy goose-gagger" is a good name for a man you do not like. There are some expressive words which

age," *Inch*, from Latin *uncia* (specialized to lin therefore cognate with ounce. It seems to have very early, and is found in the laws of Ethelber and thence continuously. The verb *Inch* is expressive, but appears latterly to have been language of the West—"Inching along like a says the negro rhyme. *Inch*, an "island," is taken from the Gaelic. The prefix *in* comes sources in different words; besides the Latin genuine Gothic and O.H.G. prefix, which, al naturally to *ou* and *u*, seems to have been arti Middle-English under Latin influence. This c the suffix has not, we think, been traced clear English compounds embody interesting piece custom. Such is *inborgh* or *inborrow*, "bail"; U in the thirteenth century was called *Inbarrow* as giving security to the Kings of England persons passing between the two kingdoms. *inbread*, the extra loaf in a baker's dozen, t sure there was no short weight which might penalties; others, again, are *inbring*, *inden infangstheif*. The Latin compounds are hardly the real English words, though they are very u of expressing thought. The seventeenth centu incubator of these; some of them died an early we are not sorry—incircumscribable and i example, may well be spared. A good ex compounds is *inclearing*. Many of these I presented unexpected difficulties in tracing out many have undergone odd changes. Both ch are disentangled with the skill which we now t course. We may mention amongst these *incense*, *incontinent* (the adverb), *incarnadine*, which l with blood originally; *individual* is here expl time. *India* is an important article, especia ordinary number of compounds it enters into few foreign words:—*inca*, *indaba*, dating fr Words worth reviving are *inbeing* (used by Rusk for inland districts.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The War.

Military biographies have lately been showers for multitude. None that we have comparable in interest with *THE STORY OF B* Harold Begbie (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.). It have no mere compilation, and no mere strin authentic anecdotes, but a real live picture of literary artist. Our youngest general is intro his many characters—as regimental officer, scout, as humorist. In confirmation of our what our Army wants is a larger number of offi gence is equal to their courage, we read with the "wolf who never sleeps" passed second without the intervention of a crammer. M should be read by every one—but more particul who means to make the Army his profession. T moral are both good.

The need for soldiers who are clever as we demonstrated clearly in *AN ABSENT-MINDED W*

also speaks strongly about the principles on which promotions to the higher ranks are made. "Few outsiders," he writes, "are aware of the extraordinary amount of weight which is attached by the War Office to the pleadings of certain highly-placed individuals. I know of one talented lady who can obtain any vacant appointment for any of her friends." The matter is certainly one to be looked into when the hour for military reorganization comes. A very complete and acute analysis of the published despatches of Sir George White, Lord Methuen, General Gatacre, and Sir Redvers Buller completes this timely and instructive pamphlet.

We do not know why Miss Violet R. Markham should have imagined that "a sketch of South African history dealing with the present struggle might be of interest to readers." The booksellers' shops are full of such sketches at the present time, and there is nothing in *SOUTH AFRICA PAST AND PRESENT* (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.) which makes it likely that it will supersede its predecessors in the field. The best thing in the book is the chapter on "the humours of South African travel." This, at any rate, is not taken from Theal, and is brightly written. So small a book, issued at so high a price, ought to have had a map. The "historical chart" does not compensate for this omission.

The sermons collected under the title of *THE REDEMPTION OF WAR* (Longmans, 2s.), like anything coming from the pen of the scholarly Dean of Christ Church, are worth reading. The subject of the sermons is: "War in its Redeeming Features." "There are great types of character, traits of moral and spiritual beauty, standards of loyalty and duty and endurance, which soldiers and sailors in the scenes of war have attained and held before the world, and the world has thereby been the better, and individuals and sections have been brought to live more worthily of their vocation." The idea of Salvation by war, the truth of which is borne out by history, which shows that the greatest calamity which could befall the world, as at present constituted, would be an unbroken peace, is not exactly new, but it is well worked out and eloquently brought home. The profits accruing from the sale of the book will be sent to the Lord Mayor's Transvaal War Fund.

Ruskin.

Mr. Ruskin wrote so much that his works have naturally produced a considerable crop of criticisms, appreciations, and the like. Mrs. Meynell's contribution to the series of modern English writers, *JOHN RUSKIN* (Blackwood, 2s. 6d.), is not a biography, but an account of nearly all the great critic's books and lectures, and is inspired by unstinted enthusiasm for his work and his principles. Perhaps a little cool criticism would not have been amiss, for it is impossible not to see that, in spite of his great intellectual gifts, there were one or two subjects in which Ruskin's mere nobility of nature led him astray. As to political economy, for instance, Mrs. Meynell remarks that, while Mill writes with difficulty of the knottier questions of this science, "Ruskin thinks his way through them as though they were easy to him." That is only too true; but it is eulogy and not censure only on the assumption that Mill failed and Ruskin succeeded. However, if we put aside the more dubious parts of Ruskin's teaching and turn to such great works as "Modern Painters," the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and the "Stones of Venice," we can only say that Mrs. Meynell writes of them with much insight and discernment, and not without suggestive thought and fancy of her own. Her

Temple Primers.

We have already dealt with the first four volumes Dent's happily conceived series of Temple Primers, now before us *THE CIVILIZATION OF INDIA*, by Romes; *THE HISTORY OF LANGUAGE*, by Henry Sweet; and *DRAMA*, by Lionel D. Barnett. The aim of such a series should be to give a clear and reasonable account of a subject—enough for the beginner or the general reader, but not too deep into detail or too readily adopting new theories—short list of standard books for the help of those who carry their work further. These three books are uneven in these respects, and suggest the need of an editor. Mr. Sweet is a trifle abstruse, Mr. Barnett eager not to be old-fashioned, and Mr. Dutt has no business. They are all capital books nevertheless. "The Language," in particular, stimulating in a high degree, a general question of the origins of language has not been treated in any English book of this kind before, though it is an attractive field of speculation. The worst of it is, that so much of speculation. Mr. Sweet makes too much of the imitative element in language. Nor does he recognize that, so far from language being originally a jumble of sounds, it is quite as likely to have been disintegrating: sentences and words afterwards by applying a kind of G.U. to the sentences. We recommend those who are interested in the subject to study E. A. Payne's brilliant study of the American language, "History of the New World." We hope Mr. Dent will issue a primer of Aryan Philology, like Dr. Peile's, but far more up to date. The book on India is well done, and could only have been written by one who knows his subject thoroughly. The names and art are not forgotten in the recital of the historical events, and the contributions are laid under contribution, but hardly enough to show the importance of coins for certain periods of Indian history. Mr. Barnett treats his "Greek Drama" in a spirit of good sense, but he follows Dörpfeld blindly in the account of the early history of the theatre. It would do him good to study Mr. Haigh's more sober account of vexed questions; we cannot see any reason why his account should be so curtly dismissed as it is.

Rugby.

In Bell's Handbooks to the Great Public Schools, Mr. H. C. Bradby's *RUGBY* follows the book on Charterhouse which we reviewed the other day. Full description is given of the school buildings and premises, lives and racket courts, gymnasiums and baths, with pictures; the present state of the history of school societies, such as debating and literary societies, and field clubs, rifle corps, and so forth; and the history of the houses is explained, duties of prefects and faculty, and the cost of living and the prizes or scholarships available by the fortunate. The book is written in an interesting style, and enlivened by anecdotes of the school. The information given is clear and accurate, and a good index. Parents who think of sending a boy to school will find this book useful, and old Rugby boys will be interested to see how the school has changed since their day. The only fault we have to find with it is that it gives too much of the early history of the school. This part is a mere repetition of what has been printed already, as Mr. Bradby frankly admits, and were better shortened.

The Navy.

OUR FLEET TO-DAY, by Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot (Longmans, 5s.), is a revised edition of the book published by the author some years ago under the title "The Development of the British Navy." It is a very good book, and one which should be read by all who are interested in the history of the British Navy.

principal, if not the only, navies that have discharged torpedoes in anger. There are only a couple of pages, however, about submarine boats, which Captain Eardley-Wilmot does not seem to take very seriously. "When," he writes, "a submarine boat is in such a state of equilibrium as to freely rise or sink when its buoyancy is increased or diminished, this equilibrium is easily disturbed, and the tendency is then rather to go to the bottom than rise to the surface." The book is a useful, though popular, contribution to the literature of naval architecture.

A new (5th) edition has been sent to us of Sir W. H. White's great *MANUAL OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE* (Murray, 24s.). One naturally turns to see what Sir W. H. White has to say about such modern matters as submarine boats and turbine propellers. No doubt it is because these two inventions are still in the experimental stage that they are not discussed with that thoroughness which is likely to satisfy the curiosity of the general reader. For "further details" on the latter subject one is referred to papers by Mr. Thornycroft in the *Transactions* of the Institution of Naval Architects, in 1883-85; but there is no full account given of the experiments made on a torpedo-boat of the Royal Navy, and no expression of opinion as to the feasibility of using the propeller on larger vessels. Submarine vessels are treated without reference to the experiments of the *Gustave Zédé*.

Ecclesiastical History.

ENGLISH DIOCESES, by the Rev. Geoffrey Hill (Elliot Stock), is a lengthy and laborious compilation which the author defends, in an interesting preface, by the authority of William of Malmesbury. The book was well worth writing, but it would have been greatly improved by compression. Where the author fortifies his opinion by reference to modern writers of eminence—as he does on every page—it was quite unnecessary to give extremely lengthy extracts from books which are within reach of every one at all likely to be interested in the subject. On the other hand there is much in the book which will be new to ordinary readers; for instance, the breaks in geographical continuity during the Danish wars, and, indeed, the fact that the English dioceses have been constantly in process of reconstruction. Chapters X. and XI. on the Diocesan changes in the reign of Henry VIII. and in the present century would be improved by a thorough revision and by a more complete and accurate restatement of boundaries. The book, as a whole, must be read with caution, as Mr. Hill is far from critical in his treatment of the sources to which he has referred. His account of Roman Britain, for instance, is hopelessly antiquated. He writes it from Bingham, and is apparently quite unaware that there is no authority for the civil divisions which he names and on which he proceeds to base the diocesan arrangements. The book, in fine, is the work rather of an antiquary of the period of Monkbaron than of a modern scholar.

In *CRANMER AND THE ENGLISH REFORMATION*, by A. D. Innes (Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark, 3s.), we have a bright and vigorous sketch of the English Reformation, as a first volume in a new series to be called "The World's Epoch-Makers." Cranmer was certainly not a world epoch-maker, but he was an interesting figure in a great epoch, and as such Mr. Innes treats him. Impartiality is the great aim of the writer, and it is on the whole well achieved. His book adds nothing whatever to common knowledge of the times or the man, and in personal details of biography it is singularly deficient. Sometimes Mr. Innes' knowledge fails, as in his account of Cranmer's opinions on the

It is convenient, however, to have these different questions dealt with in a compendious volume. *THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION*, by the late Alex. Mitchell (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.). Dr. Mitchell writes in an old-fashioned and orthodox point of view, but is a taking scholar and a fair-minded man, and not to be taken to his manner of discussing such difficulties of Knox or Wishart's connexion—or want of connexion—conspiracy to assassinate Beaton. Dr. Mitchell's complete the revision of his work for the valuable notes have been supplied by Dr. Hay, a mercilessly accurate of all Scottish antiquaries. The best chapters in this book is that in which the little known reformer, Alexander Alane of

Messrs. Blackwood are the first to give an autobiography which provides some curious glimpses of national and Church life in the period succeeding the year of 1688. It is entitled *GIDEON GUTHRIE: WRITTEN 1712-1730* (5s.), and is now presented to us by the author's descendant, Miss Guthrie Wriald, under the direction of Dr. Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh. It affords some vivid pictures of the strife between the Presbyterian and the Episcopal Church, to which Guthrie's frequent device of his opponents was to set up and so exhaust his opponent. Here is a spirited account how Guthrie's parish—Fetteresso—helped to secure the ordination of a Presbyterian in his own church.

I think it was in March, and proved that it had been for many years; but the Parish of Fetteresso they were convened at the church before the church was manfully defended church and churchyard, and access into neither, and when they find them retired to the fund (foundation) of an old D. they ordained their candidate but with such their Psalms, Prayers, Sermon, and Ordination but the space of fourteen minutes.

Another rival in the camp—for the church scene of battle—was compelled to arrive very morning, in time to remove the barricades put up by loyal parishioners before service time. General included on the families of Guthrie, Sibbald, and profits on the sale of the book are to be devoted to the branch of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute.

THE ERSKINES (Oliphant, Anderson, and Fife) At R. McEwen, is added to the Famous Scots which these stalwart theologians made for the right, of congregations to choose their own recorded, though not in a very bright and entire

THE ANNUAL REGISTER (Longmans, 18s.) is a useful book of reference. It would be expected to anticipate that it would be quite without is Colonel Picquart degraded to the rank of Captain is the word pronunciation written, over without its second "i"? The work as a whole and will continue to be indispensable to many of

M. Henry Houssaye's *WATERLOO* is a well known work which has already reached a 31st edition. A translation by Arthur Emile Mann (Black, 10s. n.) now ready for English readers. It is a work which treats the battle of Waterloo in a very interesting and

As an example of learning, put lightly like powder in jam, we can recommend **THE STORY OF THE ALPHABET**, by Edward Clodd (Newnes, 1s.). It is the story not only of the English alphabet, but of almost all the alphabets that the world has ever seen. It is not quite so technical as Canon Isaac Taylor's work on the same subject, but it is more readable and more up to date. The uses of the Rosetta Stone are explained in a manner which will make them clear to the dullest understanding.

The Paris Exhibition.

Messrs. Black and Messrs. Ward, Lock send us new editions of their Paris Guides (1s. each.) brought up to date with reference to the Exhibition. The Ward, Lock Guide contains an interesting history of Paris from the earliest times, but it does not contain an index—as the result of which omission it took us nearly a quarter of an hour to find something which we wanted to know about the Musée Carnavalet. Except for this omission, it is a good guide and well illustrated. The Black Guide has an index, and has also another valuable feature in the shape of a cyclists' vocabulary. One may know French pretty well, and yet be at a loss to translate such expressions as "the wheel is buckled," "I want the front tire inflated," "I should like my machine overhauled."

THE CONTINONG, by Anar de la Grenouillère (fifth edition, Dent, 1s. 6d.), is a more unconventional guide-book, principally written in slang. It does not tell you much about picture galleries, but it tells you how to behave in a restaurant, and how to talk to a cabman. The slang vocabulary at the end will be more useful to students than to tourists. A tourist who said *poser un lapin* when he meant "deceive," who told a lady that he had un *béguin* for her, who requested silence by saying *fermez la boîte*, who referred to his umbrella as his *pépîn*, and saluted a constable as a *sergot* would hardly increase his reputation as a man of culture and refinement.

A PILGRIMAGE TO PARIS, by A. F. Morris (Horace Cox, 1s.), is a guide-book presented in the form of a narrative of a tour. It contains plenty of weird English sentences such as:—"Like many visitors to Paris it was a place that I had repeatedly intended seeing, but beyond the tomb conveniently opened every day had never done so." It also contains plenty of weird French expressions such as:—"Chambre des députés," "Chapelle de l'expiatoire," "Chausée d'Autin." The proofs apparently have never been corrected, as in all French words the "N's" and "U's" are hopelessly mixed and plurals are substituted for singulars on the smallest provocation. The book, however, contains a certain amount of information about places of amusement not to be discovered in the more serious guide-books of Baedeker and Murray.

There are also some special "Exhibition Numbers" to be noticed. Two come from the office of the *Art Journal*, and devote special attention to the picture galleries. The letter-press on this subject is by M. Armand Dayot, and it could not have been entrusted to any one more competent. The *Ladies' Field* also contains an Exhibition supplement; but a great deal of it is not devoted to the Exhibition, but to the exposition by Lady Jenne of a portion of her philosophy of life.

A capital plan of the Exhibition combined with a map of France and a plan of Paris and its monuments is published by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston. The maps are coloured and the sheet costs 1s.

FICTION.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.*

Readers of French fiction can be divided into two classes—the "intellectuals" and the Philistines. The novelists who write for the former class represent abroad the characteristics of modern French fiction: the wit, the brilliancy, the wickedness;

those who aim at obtaining the preferences of the possessors more or less of the literary qualities of the writers, but they must never, on any account, part with wickedness. Nor is it easy for a novelist to pass from glory to another; the bourgeois who glories in his will not allow M. Zola's "Rève" to remain on his book must needs be locked up with the other wicked of a naturalistic pen; he thinks even Daudet suspicious. "Sappho" is a stumbling block, and hardly "Nabab." But Henry Gréville's novels, and the fiction which are distinguished by coffee-coloured and the reassuring *impress pour les jeunes filles*, any Philistines allow in the hands of his daughters.

Certainly M. Topfy has not intended to write country attorneys' families. They will delight in closely packed with *romance* than are the *contes* with the title of "C'est arrivé." These tales purport to be shots at real life, but it is real life as seen on the boards. We do not recall any other essay of M. Topfy's fiction, and his first effort is highly commendable. His stories, in point of view of style, would admit of revision; his subjects as he treats are made acceptably only by diligent workmanship. Style is the characteristic of M. Topfy's recent book—we hardly dare call it a novel. The plot is thinnest, the characters are shadowy; there is no reason for its existence than its elaborate style. The descriptions strung together on what the French would call a *leit-motiv*, a general theme, a *leit-motiv*. M. Vernon studies the conduct of two men whose opposite characters are described—Bunyan-like—in their names: Georges and Bertrand Dessoir. There is much of the ironical suavity to the young writers of the *Revue Blanche*, and a disdain of the conventions affected by Mrs. Grundy's Philistines, without which, after all, nations can have no more than families. There is some monotony of purely descriptive portions, the short sentences are constructed on the same plan; and another defect is the Flaubert's style, without the profound meaning which to every word he used. M. Vernon writes, for instance:

Des camélias blancs étaient moins pâles que lui. In such a parallel we recognize the influence of Flaubert. But in Flaubert the two terms of the comparison find in his disciples, less so. There are witty sayings now

Il parlait comme un livre d'enseignement primaire.
Si honnête qu'il ne réfléchissait pas.

But side by side with these amusing sallies and curious shortenings, the following impossible, out-of-place scene is supposed to take place between heroes and the daughter of a leading counsel:—

Elle le conduisit au buffet où elle le pria de lui donner de la glace. Elle y mordit une bouchée: Finissez-la, dit-elle au passant, je ne puis l'avaler.

This recalls some of M. Bourget's most celebrated when describing articles of feminine apparel. The *let us say*, the *rise droite* and the *rise gauche* want no further mention.

M. Psichari's "Croyante" will not be to the taste of the bourgeois, whose tendencies are Roman Catholic and Conservative in politics. This remarkable analysis of a important factor in modern France has been already proposed of the Dreyfus affair. But it is more than a literary work. Dreyfus, the subject of Dreyfus's affair, is

"L'Appel au Soldat" are the arsenals in which both armies will find arms and ammunition. In the historical part of the novel, especially in the chapter entitled "Sourdes Rumeurs," M. Michari is at his best, now and then recalling, in the patient discrimination of motives, his master and father-in-law, M. Renan: the apologetic part will not greatly impress a Protestant for whom a critical mood is habitual. A family like the Egli family, now fanatically devout, now by a natural reaction consistently free-thinking, can be the product only of a country imperfectly emancipated from priestly rule. "La Croyante" is a curious book, very useful to the modern historian, and, as a freethinker's noble confession, it is written from the heart.

"L'Heure décisive" is a pretty little story of a young girl, Denise Muriel, who redeems by her voice the declining fortunes of her family. She resists tempters in the shape of a diplomatist and a wealthy manufacturer, and finally accepts the stage as a career.

M. Pauly writes about the army. Captain Vauclair, a remarkable officer, having met with an accident in the Alps, which maims and disfigures him for life, is obliged not only to resign but to give up his fiancée, a fellow-officer's sister. Readers who are fond of sentiment will like the book. We fail to find the hero interesting, and the careless workmanship is a serious fault.

"La Dame du Lac" is more interesting. M. Gauthiez is a poet and a critic, who has produced some creditable studies on the sixteenth century. The scene of his novel is laid in Florence and Geneva, the characters are Italians, Russian noblemen, and Nihilists. There is no little skill in bringing together, in sharp contrast, the Russian veteran officer, of French origin, Colloudalles, bearing the marks of the siege of Sevastopol—an admirer of the Tsar Nicholas, for whom Pobiedonotseff is the ideal statesman—and young Marco, the traditional romantic Italian.

Let us cull from this book an opinion on Ruskin of a Frenchman who has nothing in common with M. de la Sizeranne:—

Forgery (an academician in the novel) trouvait Ruskin aussi pédant que pas un. Cet énergumène qui formait une véritable Armée du Salut de l'esthétique, le faisait rire. Lisait-il certaines pages de ces livres aux titres étranges, le long desquelles se battaient des épithètes en furie, des pages où se disloquait un style copié sur les facéties des clowns Shakespearieunes, des pages pesantes et trop épiquées à la fois, comme les friandises de l'Angleterre, le vieux Rabelaisien qu'était Forgery se répétait souvent: *Omnis clocha clochabilis in clochario clochando facit clochari clochantes.*

M. Jean Sigaux has added to the remarkable collection of novels *pour les jeunes filles*, published by Colin, an interesting story of a retired tradesman, Malambart, who is ruined by speculation, but who courageously pays his debts, and henceforth leads a simpler life.

It is strange to think that comparatively few French people read characteristic French fiction. Outside the fringe of the Paris fortifications inoffensive literature alone is acceptable. It must be added that such novels are becoming year by year of a higher literary quality. Whether we can say this of the latest work of M. Max O'Rell, of which an English translation has just been published by Messrs. Warner (3s. 6d.), is a question. The book is really not so much a novel as an *étude de mœurs*, and it will certainly be read with greater interest in England than in Paris. But the novel form, which M. O'Rell has now adopted, affords a good field for the display of his fine gifts of observation. On a very slender thread of a

Unis. . . Le snobisme est une maladie qui chez tous les Anglo-Saxons avec des complications chez certains américains.

There is scarcely a page where the peculiar "smartness" does not scintillate:—"Les Français sont souvent de ce qu'ils ne font pas; les Anglais jamais de ce qu'ils font." One thing, at least O'Rell understands is the English gentleman understands the French journalist. All in all both Englishmen and Frenchmen will admit the justice of M. Max O'Rell's appreciations.

In M. Paul Adam's latest book, "Basile" have another proof of the wide range of this writer. What Rodenbach did for Bruges-la-Morte, D'Annunzio is now doing for Venice, M. Paul Adam for the Constantinople of the ninth century. He has the fascination of Byzantium. His book has magnificent beauty of the hieratic mosaics of Saint Mark's at Venice or of Sainte Sophie, of the Byzantine manuscripts, of the reliquaries and ivory boxes and tessellated pavements which splendoured during the middle age, even into Montaigne and the fastnesses of France. The style by M. Paul Adam is the beginning of that modernism which was for expression the birth of multiple. The passions involved are too elemental and modern complex souls. But it is a *tour de force* of interest to the artist.

NICE SORTS, by Benjamin Swift (Heinemann) is a pleasant book to read, but perhaps that quality which Mr. Swift would claim for it. The tragedies and mostly unpleasing people can be, of course, but nothing else in the world, matter for the artist to depict; but they present to him a very exacting task. In this case it has certainly proved too exacting. There is much insight into character or true observation, but absolutely no humour in this picture of a village. Horneck, the big cynical doctor, is a character that is well conceived; though the picture of his niece with whom the squire of the village, a very young peer, falls in love, is also meritorious. Mr. Swift's contempt for what he terms romance, and Chapter II. he "warns the reader to expect no sense here, but a most tragic business." Unfortunately occupies a considerable portion, and much the same portion of life. Chapter IV. is devoted to a description of the treatment of Elsie, Horneck's daughter, who is mere lay figure, by a very ordinary villain called her out to Australia, and eventually lets her be eaten by cannibals, the chief "rubbing his stomach as she would make a tolerable meal." The story is very simple, and is only a relief to the rest by being so pleasant. The end of the book when Nicolay, the blind niece, and the peer's steward who are all disposed of by death, tragic or natural, is a power; but the rest of the book is what Mr. Swift calls "a chronicle of outward events" of a very ordinary nature narrated without any graces of style.

Lords and Ladies.

Among the novels before us there is a little which is crowded with scenes of medieval and modern

but it's delightful to reflect that "they've got blood in them!" First, then, enter, with acclaiming voices "of thunder-pride," as Mr. Crockett has it, JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND (Ward, Lock, 6s.), duchess of a North-German Principality in the times of the Italian renaissance. It comes into her wilful young head to ride, disguised as a secretary, to the neighbouring State of Courtland and Wilna, in order to see its unknown prince, to whom, for purposes of State, she has been betrothed, "without his trappings and furbelows." From this expedition spring more than one romance and quite a sheaf of villainies and perils. Though it is possible to weary a little of some of Mr. Crockett's pet mediæval idiosyncrasies, few would deny his gift of story-telling, and here are many boldly-conceived scenes and incidents. Among the best are the wedding-scene in the cathedral of Courtland, with Joan's subsequent border-ballad-like action, the tent scene between Theresa von Lynar and Ivan of Muscovy, and Princess Margaret's supplication to the same subtle villain—this, by the way, being the only place in which we can really lose ourselves in the situation. In happier moments this impetuous little lady is surely less dignified than Mr. Crockett is aware of. As to Captains Boris and Jorian we had quite enough of them as men-at-arms in the "Red Axe." Could not Mr. Crockett, in promoting them, have contrived also to promote their sense of humour? In the style there is more than a suspicion of vocabulary-flogging, and why call the last chapter an "epilogue of explication"?

Then there is Mrs. C. N. Williamson's ADVENTURE OF PRINCESS SYLVIA (Methuen, 6s.), a pleasant, airy little comedy after the "Ruritanian formula." The Princess Sylvia of Eltzburg-Neuwald is quite sure that she would like to marry Maximilian, the Emperor of "Rhaetia" and the unseen hero of her girlish ideas. But on learning that he, too, is contemplating an alliance with her she promptly decides upon the *sine qua non* that he shall "love her for herself alone." Hence a madcap adventure, involving a visit to "Rhaetia" under a less exalted name, romantic perplexities for the young Emperor, and distracting dilemmas for his Chancellor (it is clear from whom these fancy-portraits are drawn). The finale is excellent. It is quite refreshing to find Mrs. Williamson weaving stories in such pleasant by-paths.

All through Mrs. Arthur Kennard's book, THE SECOND LADY DELECOMBE (Hutchinson, 6s.), we keep as fine company as ever, or nearly so. As a tale of modern society it is clever, fluent, and well written. Some of the naughtier characters, however, seem distinctly unnecessary—the first Lady Delecombe, for instance. As to the second Lady Delecombe (*mère* Rita Frost, the American heiress) her mission in life is obvious. After marrying her husband for his title she has gradually to fall in love with him, be proud, plucky, and miserable by turns, and eventually to make him happy. Most of her circle possess an inexhaustible flow of small-talk, but there is a good deal of real life underlying their frivolity. We have read plenty of novels laid upon similar matrimonial schemes, but not many that we like so well.

If the Duke of Oaklands in Mr. Hulme-Beaman's scientific romance ever knew Lady Delecombe or any of her gossiping friends he had long since withdrawn from society at the time of the chance foregathering which led up to DR. NEVILLE'S EXPERIMENT (John Long, 6s.). Indeed, this is the only way we can account for the absence of a public scandal shortly after it. Surely a distinguished physician might have foreseen that in annexing the brain of an executed criminal for use in the

Correspondence.

THE EBBTIDE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, - Mr. Edward Drey in his paper on this subject does not touch on one circumstance which certainly bears witness to the poverty of English imaginative literature, though names which he gives might suggest it. Most people think that Creighton, Gardiner, Stubbs, and Lasky will not unfavourably with Macaulay, Carlyle, Hallam, Frothingham, Grote. (What about Froude, by the way?) They may be such great writers, but they are sounder historians, and more, than their predecessors. The fact is that in literature, in any rate we are now unearthing records and finding great deals that we did not know before. It is a new era of research, and the task is quite sufficient to occupy us for the present. We are learning "reculer pour mieux sauter" when we start again perhaps we shall do better than we have done before.

Yours faithfully,

PAV

"A LITERATURE OF SONG."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Lady Jephson's article on the above in the *Literature* of May 12 gives the Canadian version of one of the two most popular songs of the French-Canadian peasantry, "A la Claire Fontaine." The song is one of the oldest *Populaires* of the French peasantry, and is believed to have been introduced into Canada before the middle of the 17th century. It is still sung all over France, and I have repeatedly in the Vosges, in Picardy, and in Auvergne. The French version, which, however, varies slightly in different provinces, is as follows:—

En revenant des noces J'étais bien fatiguée; (<i>bis</i>) Près de claire fontaine Je me suis reposée. Ah! je l'attends, je l'attends, je l'attends, Celui que j'aime, que mon cœur aime, Ah! je l'attends, je l'attends, je l'attends, Celui que mon cœur aime tant.	Chante, rossignol, Toi qui as le cœur Ah! je l'attends, &c.
Près de claire fontaine Je me suis reposée. (<i>bis</i>) Mais l'eau était si claire Que je m'y suis baignée. Ah! je l'attends, &c.	Chante, rossignol, Toi qui as le cœur Le mien n'est pas d Il est bien attristé, Ah! je l'attends, &c.
Mais l'eau était si claire Que je m'y suis baignée; (<i>bis</i>) A l'ombre sous un chêne Je me suis ressuyée. Ah! je l'attends, &c.	Le mien n'est pas d Il est bien attristé: Pour un bouton de Mon ami m'a quitté Ah! je l'attends, &c.
A l'ombre, sous un chêne, Je me suis ressuyée. (<i>bis</i>) Sur la plus haute branche Le rossignol chantait. Ah! je l'attends, &c.	Pour un bouton de Mon ami m'a quitté Je voudrais que la Fût encore au rosier Ah! je l'attends, &c.
Sur la plus haute branche Le rossignol chantait. (<i>bis</i>)	Je voudrais que la Fût encore au rosier Et que le rosier m'e Fût encore à planter Ah! je l'attends, je je l'attends, Celui que j'aime, que aime, Ah! je l'attends, je je l'attends, Celui que mon cœur a

How far the French version has itself undergone

vicious process," my eye fell upon the following passage in the *Daily Telegraph* of the same date, page 8 :—

The correspondent speaks with admiration of his tireless activity and marvellous energy.

It seems, then, that journalists and others are beginning to use this word "tireless," but why they should do so when we have the faultless word "untiring," which means exactly the same thing, I cannot understand. Every one, I trust, will agree with Mr. Waters, that if a new word has to be coined in order to express some new shade of meaning, it should be coined, if possible, on approved principles. I question, however, whether we are justified in putting our language into a strait jacket and condemning as "vile" every word that has not been formed in the regular way, provided such a word has been stamped with the authority of good writers, has come into general use, and answers a useful purpose. Mr. Storr has already mentioned the word "ceaseless," which has long been so well established that now it offends no one's ear, even if it did so at first. To this let me add the word "resistless," which has been used for centuries by the best writers and disgusts no one. Let me also add the extremely common word "tiresome," the opposite to "tireless," and formed, like "tireless," by adding an adjective suffix to a verbal stem. So far as I am able to judge, our Saxon ancestors, from whom our language has descended, were not so strict about "vicious processes." Look at the word "buxom," formed by adding the old suffix "sum" (now spelt as "some") to the verbal stem of A. S. "būgan," to bow or bend, thus making up an adjective which in middle English (according to Professor Skeat) was spelt as "boxom" or "buhsun," and was formed on precisely the same principle as "tiresome." Are we really to consider all adjectives as "misformed," because they have been produced by adding such a suffix as "able" to a verbal stem? Why, then, has Mr. Waters himself in one of his letters to *Literature* used the word "probably," an adverb formed from "probable," Lat. *probabilis*, to which we have the doublet form "provable," the etymology of which answers to the French "prouvable"? If the Latins could form an adjective by adding "-abilis" to a verb-stem, as in "probabilis," and the French by adding "-able" to a verb-stem, as in "provable," why should we object to adding the suffix "-able" to verb-stems in English? I open at random p. 807 of the *Nineteenth Century* for May, 1900, and I find the following :—

In dealing thus with quantity alone, I have by no means forgotten the "presumable" influence of quality.

We have no other single word, so far as I know, which would express exactly the same thing as "presumable," and if this adjective is a useful addition to our vocabulary, why are we "to leave it to the dictionaries" or place it under a ban as "misformed"? The most orthodox formation—viz., that according to which "an adjective formed by a suffix must be formed from a noun," does not always render an adjective acceptable, as in the following :—

It is a "fearsome" tale he has to tell.—*Review of Reviews*, p. 468, May, 1900.

The petitioners assert that they are unjustly taxed for the benefit of the "coastal" districts.—*Daily Telegraph*, p. 11, May, 1900.

A year or two ago there was a rather hot discussion in *Literature* about the propriety of the word "aloofness," one writer condemning it as a corruption, because it was formed with a suffix added to an adverb, and the other defending it

He reveals in many places a broad out "aloofness" from dogma.—*Literature*, p. 1900.

The Ameer complains of British "aloofness"—*Homeward Mail*, p. 647, May 14, 1900.

It has subsided for the most part into and moody "aloofness."—*Daily Telegraph*,

The "aloofness" of the truly great in the expression of our likes and dislikes.—*L* 1900.

But Irene cannot be so readily called "aloofness" from passions, which is not forbidden classification.—*Fortnightly Review*,

If we could get rid of "aloofness," as do on account of its being formed by "a know of no word that we could put in its compensate us for its loss. No one objects because it was formed by adding a suffix was originally an adverbial phrase "à drol" was originally an adverbial phrase "an Nor does any one object to "advantage," F it was formed by adding the suffix "age" to "avant," Lat. "ab ante." In pp. 379, 38 May 19, 1900, there were some excellent the question of "English, Good and Bad," leave, in conclusion, to quote one or two ex most persons, I think, will heartily con admit that we are to some extent, though bad grammar, latitudinarians. We would no words, even if they are not formed with abs vided they supply the faintest shade of ne Authority must not hinder fresh and sugg It must not promote too captious an inquiry or correct derivations; it must not forge to of analogy. Correctness after all is not so and lucidity. There are many influence debasing nature at work on the language. counteracted by an excessive purism. Al justifies itself, if it honestly helps the cu chief virtues of modern speech—variety of p expression of subtle distinctions."

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Ealing.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. W. G. Waters says that t great name cannot establish a word formed I assume Mr. Storr does not agree with I for example, that "moveless" ("witho that may mean) is good English, because, i Unbound," Shelley wrote :—"Thung mute a hushed abyss." I could mention several "moveless" and Mr. Storr's word "cease this would not prevent both from being class English; for bad English is bad English, no it. "Motionless" and "unceasing" woul words.

Your issue of May 19th, in which you p letter, also contained the following senten the King of Sweden, which is worth quoti this controversy. "Like all else that requires the protection of well-considered

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Whitsuntide brings the end of the spring season in sight, and few of the publishers will be sorry to see the last of it. It has been a dull, disastrous season on the whole, and shorter than usual, though spring, of course, is always of secondary importance in the publishing world. Six months ago it was suggested that the output of books should be more evenly distributed over the year, but the war, for the present, at all events, has upset any such plans, and the annual congestion of the autumn season will probably be worse than ever this year. A good many books have still to come out, however, before the summer slowness begins, and a few novels by popular authors have been promised for the summer months themselves. There is room for some really good novels during the holiday season, when the libraries are eager to take them up, and only guide-books are competing against them.

It is curious to hear the different opinions in the publisher's world on the war and its effect on trade. One publisher seriously expressed a doubt whether the British public would ever amuse itself with books again. It is so fickle, and has done without books for so many months that he was inclined to think it would not settle down seriously to reading again for a very long time. Another view, on the other hand, was that the public was getting so tired of the snippets which had flooded the market since the war began that a reaction was bound to set in after the declaration of peace, and that literature would then reap its reward. The surrender of Pretoria will, we hope, mark the beginning of better times.

The monograph on Mr. Thomas Hardy, which Mr. W. L. Courtney is preparing for Messrs. Greening's series of English Writers, will not be ready until the autumn. It will be preceded in the same series by a volume on Swinburne by Mr. Theodore Wratzlaw, and another on Bret Harte, by Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton. Bret Harte himself has supplied Mr. Pemberton with a good deal of new information.

Messrs. Methuen will take up the sixpenny book in earnest again this summer. Major-General Baden-Powell's history of "The Matabele War," which came out in its paper cover a few days ago, was the first number of Methuen's Sixpenny Library. It will be followed, on the 12th inst., by the same author's "Downfall of Prempeh," the three succeeding volumes being Clark Russell's "My Danish Sweetheart," Baring Gould's "In the Roar of the Sea," and Mrs. B. M. Croker's "Peggy of the Bartons." The next volume in Messrs. Methuen's other sixpenny series—"The Novelist"—will be Clark Russell's "A Marriage at Sea," which has been out of print in its larger editions for some time.

"A Brief History of English Printing," by H. R. Plomer will shortly be added by Messrs. Kegan Paul to their "English Bookman's Library," and will be followed in the autumn by a volume on "English Book-Collectors," by W. J. Fletcher. Volumes III. and IV. of their complete English edition of Janssen's monumental "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages" are nearly ready. In their new Series of "Westminster Biographies," after Mr. Arthur Waugh's "Robert Browning," the next three volumes will be Mr. Frank Banfield's "John Wesley," Mr. Wilfred Whitten's "Defoe," and Mr. H. W. Wilson's "Duncan, First Viscount Camperdown."

It is satisfactory to learn that Vigo-street, although, like

"stirring, patriotic, and loyal sentiments expressed on every page."

Messrs. Cassell and Co. write:—

In the review of Part I of "The Life and Times of Victoria" which appears in your last issue, after advising the new Life of her Majesty by Mrs. Oliphant, you state in a second portion, "It will, we suppose, be brought up to date." May we ask you to state that not only will the new edition be brought up to date, but it will be revised and a number of new illustrations added; whilst a series of Rembrandt engraving plates has been expressly prepared for the new edition.

This is the jubilee year of Bradford College, and a volume of the school, by Old Bradford Boys, will shortly be published by Mr. Henry Frowde. It has been edited by Mr. A. F. B. the author of "English Schools at the Reformation," a historian of Winchester College. This year's Greek edition of Bradford is the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, and, as announced in *Literature*, the text, with English version by upper sixth-form boys at the College, is also published by Mr. Frowde.

Mr. H. H. Munro writes from 1a, Middle Temple-lane:—Following the authoritative lead of Professor Merz, the writer of the criticism on "The Rise of the Russian Empire" in your issue of 26th May pronounces my Russian rendering of the name Peter to be incorrect, and, going further, to pronounce "Ivan" as equally inaccurate. I am restrained, by considerations of space, from submitting a list of Russian historical names which employ these erroneous spellings; I shall content myself with pointing out that the same blunders are to be found on Russian inscriptions on the coins of Peter the Great and Ivan IV., whose names are there rendered in the forms adopted, with of course their respective terminal syllables which are not capable of reproduction in our alphabet. "Groznie," which according to your reviewer is convenient nor correct, is the title of an historical work by a Russian author.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written for the *Daily News* series of six stories based upon his experiences during his visit to the scene of operations in South Africa. They will present under the guise of fiction phases of the administration and the actual conduct of the war.

Miss Hetherington's "Annual Index to Periodicals" covering the year 1899, is now in the press and will be ready for subscribers in June. It is published at the Review Office, Norfolk-street, W.C.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish a book "The Speaker's Chair," by Mr. Edward Lummis. The book deals with the origin of the Speaker's office, the procedure in connection with it, and its most notable holders.

The last book Mrs. Lynn Linton wrote before her death was called "The Second Youth of Theodora Desange." Messrs. Hutchinson will publish shortly.

Mr. Ernest Rhys, the author of "The Fiddler's Game," has written a new romantic novel entitled "The Maid," which the same publishers announce.

Mr. William Orway Partridge, the American sculptor, has written a romance of the studio which Messrs. Putnam will publish shortly. It is called "The Angel of Clay."

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. are publishing two volumes in their series of illustrated shilling guides respectively with Llandudno, Lowestoft, and Yarmouth.

Professor Knight's book on "Lord Monboddo and his Contemporaries" will not be ready before the autumn.

The volume on "Modern Italy" which Professor R. Lico Foscarini, Venice, wrote for Mr. Fisher's series of "The History of Italy," is now in the press.

"The Synoptic Gospels," by George Novell Cary, President of the Meadville Theological School, which Messrs. Putnam's are about to issue in their series of New Testament Handbooks, edited by Dr. Orello Cone, includes a chapter on Text Criticism of the New Testament. The arrangement of the Synoptic matters adopted by the author is substantially that of Holtzmann in his "Hand-Commentar" and Huck in his "Synopsis," though Huck's 23 sections have been reduced to 203.

Messrs. Duckworth are publishing another volume of the "Modern Plays" Series, an English version of Gerhart Hauptmann's play *Das Friedensfest*. Mrs. Charrington (Janet Achurch) is the translator, and the English title will be "The Coming of Peace."

Besides the ordinary copies of the new edition of the dramas of Molière (edited by Professor Spencer), announced in *Literature* the other week, Messrs. Dent will issue a special edition for the use of schools, and a separate volume with hints for teachers. The same publishers are bringing out a new edition of Heine's "Buch der Lieder," set from new German type, and illustrated with several portraits of Heine.

An illustrated "Handbook to British East Africa and Uganda" will shortly be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein. The author is Mr. John B. Purvis, who, until recently, was Director of Technical Instruction in Uganda. The book is intended more for the prospective traveller, settler, and missionary, perhaps, than for the general reader.

Law classes for women have lately been established in many towns in the United States, and they have been eagerly attended. Messrs. Putnam's have prepared a work which is intended as a general text-book in the classes, and as a substitute for them where they have not been established, called "The American Business Woman: a Guide for the Investment, Preservation, and Accumulation of Property, containing full Explanations and Illustrations, of all Necessary Methods of Business," and is written by John Howard Cromwell, Ph.B., LL.B. An English edition will be published shortly.

A comprehensive "History of the Isle of Man," written by the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. A. W. Moore, of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Mr. Fisher Unwin in the autumn. The book is the first of the unprinted insular records and sible authorities. Sir Spencer Walpole has on the period during which he was Governor of the Isle of Man, and Attorney-General in the treatment of constitutional questions. The and political history of the island will all length.

Mr. W. W. Greener, of Birmingham, has published copies of his new book "Sharpshooting for the National Bazaar, which was opened on the Princess of Wales. We reviewed the book on

Books to look out for at o

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE WAR—

- "The Rise and Fall of Krugerism: A Personal Recollections of South Africa." By John Seoble and H. R. Abernethy. 10s. 6d.
- "Cecil Rhodes: His Political Life and Speeches." By Vindex. Chapman and Hall. 12s. net.
- "Sir George White, V.C." By Thomas Coste. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.
- "The Little Bugler: and other War Lyrics." By Elliot Stock.

FICTION—

- "African Nights' Entertainments." By A. J. Dawson.
- "The Vanishing of Tera." By Fergus Hume. F. B. Rothemann.
- "The Utmost Farthing." By B. Paul Neuman.
- "The Whistling Maid." By Ernest Rhys. Hutchinson.
- "The White Flower." By Eleanor Holmes. Digi.

BIOGRAPHY—

- "Grant Allen: A Memoir." By Edward Clodd.

DRAMA—

- "The Cave of Illusion: A Drama in Four Acts." With Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. 3s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS—

- "Living by the Spirit." By Horatio W. Dresser.
- "Via Trita." By Gilbert Player. Skeffington.
- "A History of Postal Agitation." By H. G. Swift.
- "Talks with Old English Clergymen." By A. W. P. Wood.
- "Agricultural Botany, Theoretical and Practical." By M. A. F. L. S. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.
- "Walks Round the Zoo." By F. G. Adalo. San.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.
Oliver Cromwell. (Illustrations of the Nation.) By Charles Firth. 7s. 5d. net. Putnam, 5s.
Tchajkovsky. His Life and Work. By Rosa Newmarch. 7s. 5d. net. Grant Richards, 6s.
The Story of Baden-Powell. "The Wolf that never sleeps." By Harold Heath. 7s. 5d. net. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.
Wesley and Methodism. (The World's Epoch Makers.) By F. G. Snell. 7s. 5d. net. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 3s.

CLASSICAL.
Pausanias. and other Greek sketches. By J. G. Fraser. 7s. 5d. net. Macmillan, 5s.
Cæsar. Book V. (Illustrated Classics.) Ed. by A. Reynolds. 6s. 4d. net. xxix. + 163 pp. Bell, 5s. 6d.
Ovid Tristia. Book III. (Illustrated Classics.) Ed. by F. C. Marchant. 6s. 4d. net. Bell, 5s. 6d.
Selections from Virgil's Æneid. Books VII-XII. (Illustrated Classics.) Ed. by H. G. Coast. 6s. 4d. net. Bell, 5s. 6d.

ECONOMICS.
Social and Political Dynamics. By Malcolm Mackenzie. 2s. 5d. net. 424 pp. Williams & Norgate, 10s. 6d.
EDUCATIONAL.

Marlton. By Sir Walter Scott. (School Edition.) Ed. by W. M. Mackenzie. 7s. 4d. net. Black, 1s. n.

FICTION.

Voices in the Night. By Flora A. Steel. 7s. 5d. net. Heinemann, 6s.
Black Heart and White Heart. and other Stories. By Rider Haggard. 7s. 5d. net. Longmans, 6s.

Little Bob. By Gyp. (The Pioneer Series.) 7s. 5d. net. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. n.

Life's Trivial Round. By Rosa A. Carey. 7s. 5d. net. Hutchinson, 6s.

Mr. Boyton. By F. M. Allen. 7s. 5d. net. Dovesy, 3s. 6d.

The Nigger Knights. By F. N. Connell. (The Novelist, No. XI.) 9s. 6d. net. Methuen, 6s.

The Despatch Rider. By E. Glanville. 7s. 5d. net. Methuen, 6s.

The Burden Bearers. By Annie S. Swan. 7s. 5d. net. Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.

The Thorn Bit. By Dorothy Conyngers. 7s. 5d. net. Hutchinson, 6s.

Unleavened Bread. By R. Campbell. 7s. 5d. net. Hutchinson, 6s.

LITERARY.
The Transition Period. (Periods of European Literature.) By G. G. Smith. 7s. 5d. net. Blackwood, 5s.

MILITARY.

An Absent-Minded War. Being some Reflections on our Reverses, &c. By A. British Officer. 7s. 5d. net. Milne, 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Cyclopedia of American Horticulture. Vol. I. By L. H. Bailey. 11s. 7d. net. Macmillan, 21s. n.

Coutts & Co., Bankers. By Ralph Richardson, F.R.S.E., F.S.A. 9s. 6d. net. Stock, 7s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.
Nature in Downland. By H. H. Hudson. 9s. 6d. net. Longmans, 10s. 6d.

POETRY.

Sunbeams through the War Cloud. By F. J. Hamilton, D.D. 7s. 5d. net. Stock, 2s. n.

Fifty Epigrams from the First Book of Martial. Translated into English Verse. By An Elton Master. 7s. 4d. net. Skeffington, 2s. 6d.

Poems for Pictures. By F. M. Hueffer. 7s. 4d. net. Macmillan, 2s. n.

REPRINTS.

The Old Fa
8s. 6d. net. 13s.

Historical
says by
(The Miner)
48s. pp.

Total Eclip
Mabel L.
7s. 4d. net. 27s.

St. Paul's
Romans.
By H. G.
7s. 2d. pp.

The Epist
Churches
(Classical)
11s. 7d. net. 7s. 4d.

Spiritual I
Communi
late Canon
511s. 11s. 4d. net. Macmillan

Fifty-Two
Young F
Icarusmount

TOE
Sweet H
Associat
White, 9s. net. The Drea
tonian.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 138. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week a special illustrated Guide-Book and Travel Number.

* * * *

We wonder what will happen to the war correspondence in our next war. It seems to be agreed that so far as the authorship of books is concerned the present glut of war books by war correspondents is good neither for the correspondents nor for their publishers, nor for the public, which is confused among the multitude of its counsellors. And now we learn that no class will be more glad to see the close of the war than the newspaper proprietors, because of the enormous costliness of the correspondence, both in salaries and in the transmission of messages.

* * * *

A great loss falls upon the literature of travel, folk-lore, and ethnology by the untimely death of Miss Mary Kingsley, daughter of George and niece of Charles and Henry Kingsley.

sions are disputed by other authorities—cannot be neg any student of comparative mythology. "Travels Africa" and "West African Studies" are the tit books containing them. At the time of her death Miss was on her way to that coast which seems to exercise fatal fascination over those who have once visited it stopped in the Cape Colony on her way, and died at Sim She had undertaken a commission to study freshwater that part of the Dark Continent.

* * * *

Stephen Crane's brief meteoric career reminds one ways of that of G. W. Stevens. Like Stevens he was letters who became a war correspondent from love of and the desire to be in touch with the vivid realities like Stevens he has died young, without having acc the best work of which those who knew him well believ be capable, as the result of maladies contracted w paigning—though not, like Stevens, in a beleaguer Durling the Cuban war he suffered first from malarial from yellow fever. His two illnesses permanently weak constitution. He was taken for rest and change to Bad in the Black Forest, but, even in that invigorat could not recover. The book by which he will be rem is, without doubt, "The Red Badge of Courage," intro English readers by Mr. Heinemann. It describes identified by military historians with the battle of Ch ville, and is a marvellous study of the psychology of the the more marvellous when one remembers that, when the book, the author had never seen a war, and was on five-and-twenty years of age. "Maggie, a Girl of the a book describing slum life in New York, also attracte deal of attention from the critics if not from the genera but it was too full of the lurid realism in which very ye delight, to win favour with those who hold, with Aristot *τὸ αἰσχρὸν*—the merely ugly—is out of place in works of

* * * *

To-day is the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Dickens. Time shows little sign so far of reversing th of his contemporaries. Indeed, except in the matte pathos and his deathbed scenes, the objections r fastidious critics since his death were also urged durin time. Dickens' work is alive and persists. The Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris, Pecksniff and C Mr. Swiveller and the Marchioness, Micawber and these and a dozen other drolls and cranks are par mental furniture of the English race. Daudet, pardonable fling at the Flaubertists' cry for style, that to create characters that live, one must enow

The *Century* has a delightful and very Lowellian unpublished poem by James Russell Lowell, contributed by a Spanish lady, of whom he made a friend when he was U.S. Minister in Spain. It is on a portrait he received in 1879; and in 1889 he busies himself in rearranging his room to give it place. Here are four out of the 12 stanzas:—

Juan, I must need contrive some space
To hang this bit of old *repeussé* ;
One's gatherings grow at such a pace !
Ah, to be sure, there's just the place—
Why not have said so sooner, goosie ?

That portrait of poor What'shisname—
What was his name ? Well, I can spare it ;
It really has no sense of shame,
To stare so ! It can do the same,
Without offending, in the garret.

One's memory plays such tricks perverse !
But I recall his story now well ;
He used to bore me with his verse
And prose—I don't know which was worse.
A Yankee, and his name was Powell.

What tiresome notes he used to write
To his *Querida Doña Emilia* !
Some in such Spanish ! My delight
Was in the blunders. Well, good night ;
A bore should like the *Boardilla* (garret).

Mr. Beeching writes in the *National Review* on "Passion and Imagination in Poetry"—a subject on which there is much to be said, but on which it is very difficult to say anything original. What interested us most in his article was the study of Macbeth as a poet. It is the highest compliment to Shakespeare to say that the utterances of Macbeth reveal his own poetical nature, and not that of his creator only. Richard II., as Mr. Beeching says, talks poetry, but it is the poetry of the mere sentimentalist, and when to Bolingbroke's

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face,

Richard replies—

Say that again !

The shadow of my sorrow ! Ha ! let's see !
he shows the true spirit of the minor poet.

Macbeth reveals himself as a poet (1) in his power of objectifying impressions of sense. "He sees an air-drawn dagger. He hears a voice say "Sleep no more !" (2) In the intensity with which he realizes events or his own feelings. Thus he recounts exhaustively all the case against Duncan's murder—"he's here in double trust, &c." ; he contemplates with fine imagination his own deserted state at the end of the play—"I have lived long enough, &c." (3) He is full of apt images, as where he realizes that he has murdered not only the King, but Sleep ; and compares Life to

a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

(4) His simplicity is a poetic trait, of which one instance out of many is his speculation why he could not say "Amen" when the groom he was about to murder said "God Bless us !" (5) He has a wonderful power of expression. "Shakespeare," says Mr. Beeching, "whether by design or chance, has reserved for

the erection of detached and semi-detached r-auctioneers' notice puts it, it was offered a portion of the Gomer-house Estate, at Teddliday, by order of the devisee under the late will. Gardening, as most people know, was his hobby, but it proved rather an expensive one. Marston, his publisher, dated last July, his behaviour of my trees, to whom I have been forbidden all good will, or faith in fairness. The grim nakedness drive me into savage land cactus stands—for pears ! By the ironies of glorious time for fruit, but none to know "You see," he would sometimes say, "when there is no market for it. When one has little high ; so there you are."

Here are the rules for anonymous criticism he had always understood them," by Mr. C. life we review in another column:—

1. Never to attack any one with whom quarrel, except openly ; 2. Never to attack more than one magazine or periodical ; nothing to which you would hesitate to put
On the vexed problem of multiple reviewing the best solution we have seen of the question "cricket" in the game of criticism.

Many readers of the June *Fortnightly* have a statement made by Miss Helen Zimmern, Naples, "a town not morally squeamish," hissed off the stage, while in "Puritan England received without so much as a murmur of disapproval of Gabriele D'Annunzio is being eagerly read in our country just now, and the "tendency" underlined. In particular, by reason of Eleanora Duse's performance at the Lyceum, the charm, the strangeness of *La Criticista*. But was it not the *Citta della Tragedy* of Silvia, which the Neapolitans refused

A writer in the *Literary World* (June 1) has the reputation of Thompson, the late Master of the T of Tennyson, Spedding, Maurice, Alford, Arthur Hallam—is fading fast, and that before will be remembered only by a few epigrammatists. He exceeds to quote just the best known of these. The writer should in these Omarian days omit the name of Edward FitzGerald, for FitzGerald may prove a more effective passport for Thompson than even his own rather ill-natured "epigram" they will give posterity a much pleasanter man. In one of them FitzGerald gives a chapter of the genesis of his Omar. "As to my own Verse," he wrote to Thompson in 1861, "which to be original, this is the story of the *Rubáiyat* I dated them partly for Cowell ; young Parke years ago for something for Fraser, and I got wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them without using ; and as I saw he didn't want to copies with Quaritch ; and keeping some for my rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a Copy, was naturally being a very religious Man ; nor have I given but to George Borrow, to whom I had once

solid wall of principle—principle in art, principle in taste, principle in life. Iberian as he called himself, he was the sternest classic of his time. A reactionary who had passed through the school of anarchy, he could not endure any violation of moral or artistic law. Milton and Wordsworth were still in his eyes exemplars to be cherished."

"Bleak-house," Broadstairs, which, as already announced in *Literature*, is in the market, was called Fort-house when Dickens went to live there, and is not the only house in Broadstairs with which his name is associated. "Our Watering Place" knew "Old Charlie," as the natives irreverently called him, several years before he took his favourite Fort-house, for he first stayed at No. 12, High-street, going there to write Part 18 of "Pickwick." He was fond of Broadstairs, and, apart from the vagrant music of the place—"unless it pours of rain," he wrote to Forster from Bleak-house, "I cannot write half an hour without the most exasperating organs, fiddles, bells, or glee singers"—he always had a kindly word for it. In an earlier letter to Professor Felton, of Cambridge, U.S.A., he has given a characteristic sketch of his holiday life there :

In a bay window in a one pair sits, from nine o'clock to one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who writes and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. His name is Boz. At one he disappears, and presently emerges from a bathing machine, and may be seen—a kind of salmon-coloured porpoise—splashing about in the ocean. After that he may be seen in another bay window on the ground floor eating a strong lunch; after that walking a dozen miles or so, or lying on his back on the sands reading a book. Nobody bothers him unless they know he is disposed to be talked to; and I am told he is very comfortable indeed. He's as brown as a berry, and they do say is a small fortune to the innkeeper, who sells beer and cold punch. But this is mere rumour.

"Bleak-house" is now said to be in a bad state of repair, and the price asked for it is £3,000. The suggestion that it should be bought for a Dickens museum does not seem to have been taken up with enthusiasm.

It would be interesting to know if Aldworth has found a new tenant yet. Aldworth, of course, is the house at Haslemere which was built from Lord Tennyson's own designs, and in which the poet died. It was recently advertised to be let "for any period up to three years." The plot of land on Blackdown on which the house stands was originally called Black-horse Copse, but Tennyson changed it to Aldworth, taking the name of a village near Streatley, in Berkshire, from which several members of his family came. He laid the foundation stone, which bears the inscription, "Prosper Thon the work of our hands, O prosper Thon our handiwork," on Shakespeare's birthday, 1868.

Appropos of the performance of the *Nibelungen Ring* at Covent Garden, we may call the attention of Wagnerians to a translation of it by Mr. Reginald Rankin (Longmans, 4s.6d.). Though published chiefly for the benefit of opera-goers, we fancy that it will also be read for its own sake, since the enthusiasm which evidently prompted it has proved sustained enough to kindle the English blank verse into fire and life, and there are no tricks of style to detract from the interest in the narrative of one of the greatest of the primitive epics. We hope that Mr. Rankin will supplement this first volume (containing "The Rhine Gold" and "The Valkyrie") with a second.

and Mr. Standish O'Grady has promised an Irish play. Others, too, have written or are writing plays, and there will be no lack of work to select from. In all cases the plays must be published before they are acted, and no play will be produced which could not hold its own as a book.

A Special Commission has at last, after eighteen months, settled the question of the site for the new building of the Florentine National Library. The site chosen is 14,000 metres in extent. It lies between the Church of Sant'Antonio and the Corso del Tintori, and has the advantages of being situated near the Archives and the principal museums, galleries, and of permitting the construction of an edifice specially designed for the purpose. It is to be built on land belongs partly to the State and partly to the Municipality of Florence. The Government has already set apart £80,000 to defray the cost of building, while the Municipality will contribute its part of the land and a further sum.

Maurus Jókai is in Paris. The national novel of the Hungarians, the Victor Hugo of Eastern Europe, two whose volumes have been sold in Hungary, 140 translations of whom are to be had in the German tongue, 48 in the Russian, 22 in English, 16 in Finnish, 16 in Swedish, 7 in Italian, 7 in French, 6 in Danish, 4 in Servian, may behold at the Paris Exhibition the magnificent edition of his works which the Budapest publishers have brought out in one hundred volumes on the occasion of the jubilee. He will witness, in the Hungarian National Exhibition on the Seine, the flag of the second partner of the Dual Monarchy flying for the first time alone in the face of the world. It is completely as if Jókai had been the interpreter of Hungary at that this event is for him almost a personal triumph. He was banqueted by his compatriots at the Grand Hotel in Paris. "For centuries," said he at the banquet, "I knew nothing of Hungary, save that as noble knight I should how to shed our blood gloriously for the fatherland. But to-day at this brilliant Exhibition we show that we are along, with perseverance and prudence, been constructing the future of our fatherland. To what the greatest of our poets, Count Szechenyi, said twelve years ago: 'Hungary has been, but it will be,' the present Exhibition replies: 'It is here.'"

The French Academy has just conferred a prize of 500 francs, the *prix d'éloquence*, upon Mme. Jean Berthelette for her study of André Chenier. Mme. Berthelette is the author of the delightful "Danseuse de Pompéi" which *Literature* reviewed a year ago at its first appearance. Since the "Danseuse de Pompéi" this lady has published two volumes, one remarkable than this now famous book, and the other, a novel, "Lucie Guerin Marquise de Ponts" (Ollivier), which in a style rather too feminine for our modern taste, is a book, however, is worth the attention of English readers. It appeared in Colin's "Collection pour les jeunes filles" entitled "Le Journal de Marguerite Plantin." Mme. Berthelette here writes in the form of a girl's journal the story of a famous printing house of the Plantins at Antwerp which has given us a mirror of life in medieval Antwerp which has earned the highest praise. Every visitor to Antwerp has seen the Plantin Museum. Henceforth no one should go thither without taking with him "The Journal of Marguerite Plantin."

"Little Dorrit," £1 8s.; "Tale of Two Cities," £8 8s.; "Our Mutual Friend," £1; "Oliver Twist," £23; "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," £34; "Sketches by Boz," £56. The sale also included a copy of the same author's "American Notes," first edition, presentation copy to the Countess of Blessington, £20, and Forster's "Life of Dickens," 3 vols., and "The Letters of Dickens," 3 vols., the whole extended to 18 vols. by "extra illustration," £90.

M. Maeterlinck would seem to be enrolling himself in the ranks of the realists. His "mysticism" is certainly "evolving" into something very different in a lengthy disquisition in thirty-two sections from his pen, which is translated by Mr. Alfred Sutro in the *Fortnightly Review*. He is now of opinion that in what is known and explicable there is quite enough to occupy the "interpreter of life" without troubling himself about unknown and mysterious forces or inscrutable fates. This is not at all the idea which a study of M. Maeterlinck's plays produces in his admirers. But it is the idea which a study of them produces in M. Maeterlinck himself:—

These thoughts [he says] have arisen within me through my having been obliged, a few days ago, to glance over two or three little dramas of mine, wherein lies revealed the disquiet of a mind that has given itself wholly to mystery—a disquiet in itself, it may be, legitimate enough, but not so inevitable as to warrant its own complacency. The keynote of these little plays is dread of the unknown that surrounds us.

He would now guard carefully against the notion of any invisible fatal power ruling our destinies. Such a mistaken conception he finds even in the Ibsenian doctrine of heredity, that "veiled, majestic, tyrannous figure," with its entirely erroneous assumption that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. It is difficult to realize all that M. Maeterlinck in his new enthusiasm abandons in such passages as these:—

Let us ask ourselves whether the hour has not perhaps come for the earnest revision of the symbols, the images, sentiments, beauty, wherewith we still seek to glorify in us the spectacle of the world. This beauty, these feelings, these sentiments to-day must unquestionably bear only the most distant relation to the phenomena, thoughts, nay, even the dreams of our actual existence, and if they are suffered still to abide with us it is rather as tender and innocent memories of a past that was more credulous and nearer to the childhood of man. Were it not well, then, that those whose mission it is to make more evident to us the harmony, the beauty of the world we live in, should march ever onwards, and let their steps tend to the actual truth of this world?

It behoves the "interpreter of life" no less than those who are living that life, to exercise greatest care in their manner of handling and admitting mystery, and to discard the belief that whatever is noblest and best in life or in drama must of necessity rest in the part that admits of no explanation.

One welcomes the hope that M. Maeterlinck, becoming less mystical, will also become more cheerful. With the common fallacy of those who judge of life as if their own temperament was the key to it, he commits himself to the very erroneous statement that "our impulse is ever to depict life as more sorrowful than truly it is"; but, he adds, "this is a serious error, to be excused only by the doubts that at present hang over us." In the same *Review* Mr. Ernest Rhys is busy discovering a "new Mysticism" in the writings of Miss Fiona Macleod. Mysticism is a word

or a Soreha dying in the bitterest way of life is in a more tender sense of Nature as seen through the eyes of a woman's longing and in the vision of a man that it gains its emotion, and finds its spiritual interpretation of the revealed world.

Personal Views

ON THE SCARCITY OF PERSONAL

If we could test books as we weigh mere scientific instruments, if there were a literary institution, an annual trial of a literary Pyx, the place in criticism for the Personal View. All we have to do would be to say how far above or below each work was. The review columns of newspapers are printed in tabular form something like this:

Standard A.—Meredith, George—"The Egoist"
Hardy, Thomas—"The Woodlanders"
Hardy, Thomas—"Jude the Obscure"
Standard B.—Kipling, Rudyard—"The Jungle"
Henry, James—"The Awkward Party"
Standard C.—Caine, Hall—"The Christian"
Boothby, Guy—"Dr. Nikola"

And so on.

But since there are no recognized standard of criticism must be in the nature of a personal view, it is very well to say that a book must be judged for itself. Fair-minded reviewers, I suppose, make an effort to be fair, and try to say whether books seem to them to be of a certain kind. But it is an extremely difficult thing to do. The plan is to let a critic review only the books which he likes. The commercial objection to this is that a large number of novels would never get themselves reviewed at all. I do not consider this an objection; I think it is an enormous advantage.

However, under present conditions, novel criticism will not be denied. What is the result? It is, as I have suggested, and letting reviewers review for themselves, the plan is to let the reviewers to suppress their personal views and to write in a half-hearted manner the kind of review which "cannot hurt anybody's feelings." But half-hearted criticism is to hurt people's feelings. Bad writers who are admired must be thumped into a better way of writing. The rod, you spoil the child. If this was felt by the public, who longed for a journal which should be free from the unconscionable scribbling of the age, the deluge of bad and useless books, how much the better would be the state of the literary world nowadays? Schopenhauer would have had no objection to even the indifferent good in literature. "If I had a paper as I mean," he exclaimed with fierce indignation, "every bad writer, every brainless compiler, every plagiarist, every hollow and incapable place-hunter, every shallow philosopher, every vain and languishing poet, every shudder at the prospect of the pillory in which

ought to hold." They are mere colourless reflections; they have no individuality of their own; they are but shadows. No one likes them, not even those from whom they borrow their second-hand convictions. There is no more irritating character than the person who agrees with you because he imagines you will like him the better for it. So it is with these impersonal reviewers. They sedulously suppress their own opinions, they content themselves with expressing what they imagine, very often quite wrongly, to be the general opinion, and the consequence is that their reviews are not only without value as criticism, but utterly uninteresting. If a man who does not admire Milton has to write an article on Milton, he had much better say why he does not admire him instead of putting together so many mechanical phrases of commonplace and insincere admiration. The great fault of newspapers is that they will not give us enough fresh, individual opinions. Schopenhauer's "ideal journal" which would be written "only by people who joined incorruptible honesty with rare knowledge and still rarer power of judgment" is at the opposite pole from the cheap press with which the boon of popular education has dowered us.

Another difficulty which faces the critic who follows his own bent and writes as he thinks is that different qualities in art appeal to him and to the mass of people. For instance, the critic is generally taken with anything out of the common. He allows too much merit to originality. He is so tired of the average that he is refreshed by any work that is unconventional, even though it be not really good. If the mass of people read as many novels, or saw as many pictures, or sat through as many plays as the critic, they would find the same refreshment in the unusual, the unexpected. But to be surprised, to have their mental energies stimulated by being asked to look at familiar things from an unfamiliar point of view, is just what they do not want. The critic too often opens a book or takes his seat at the theatre with a weary feeling of knowing all about it beforehand. If he enjoys some sensation he has not expected, he is pleased and roused from his condition of lethargy. The public also knows what to expect, but, if it gets something else, it is not by any means pleased; it is disappointed. The usual is not tiresome to the people who only read novels occasionally or who go to the theatre once a month. Take the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Their amusing cleverness, the freshness of the points of view presented, the witty inhumanity of the characters—these all delight the critic, who for once in a way is glad to have an appeal made to the head and not to the heart. But they annoy the respectable theatre-goer, paying his monthly visit to the play, just because they are out of the common.

However, it is possible for a critic to combine a "personal view" with a hint as to the effect a work of art is likely to have upon the mass. It may seem as if all this were leading up to a plea for the signed review. But this is not my intention at all. There is no reason for not giving a personal view even if you do not put your name at the end. In fact, it ought to be understood that every review is a personal opinion. A reviewer who does not sign his name must not exploit his idiosyncrasies or push his prejudices into prominence. But he must form an

OLD SHAKESPEARE WORDS WARWICKSHIRE.

It is possible that few of those who have never any length of time in the Midlands are at all aware of an antiquated word and phrase employed by our poets is still comparatively common in the cottage of the native county. Let any one visiting Warwickshire this time make a practice of noting down, even for a Shakespeare word and expression he may hear employed, will, we feel sure, be surprised at the result.

On a cold winter's afternoon we set out to visit a some eighty odd years, when the weather and the "r" will, we know, confine to his fireside. We have so two hundred yards when we notice a man cutting a recognizing an acquaintance we pause for a moment to exchange friendly greetings. "You need to *lop* such a day as this," is almost his first observation, we should say but little heed to so very ordinary Shakespeare is, however, in our minds, and almost if we find ourselves repeating that pathetic lament of the King Edward, as he recalls too late the self-sacrificing murdered Clarence:—

Who told me, in the field at Towkesbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, Dear brother, live, and be a king!
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did *lop* me
Even in his garments, and did give himself
All thin and naked, to the moon-sold night
(Richard III., Act II.)

Our friend does not appear to be cutting and laying in the usual way, but, by means of a long-handled tool chopping off the loose and untidy branches. This, he called *plashing* or *platching*, an operation evidently to the poet, for in his description of the desolation of

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even *plached*,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs.

(Henry V., Act V.)

A few minutes later we pass a group of lads who goad laugh and jest as they pelt each other with handfuls of loose snow. One of them invariably misses his aim, we pass he walks away from the rest with a slightly. This, we are told, is because his companions have that is, teased him in a provoking manner, for his *w*. To *lure* is another word which is well known to us of *Troilus and Cressida*, *Hamlet*, and *King John*. A can forget that touching appeal of Prince Arthur when, pleading for his eyes, he suggests that the very to destroy them would—

—like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth *lure* him on
(King John, Act IV.)

Already, then, we have collected three of Shakespeare but before the end of the day we shall have gathered. As we turn the corner of the lane, a cart with a heavily through the newly-formed drift. "You'll business there," we remark. "Ay, that I have,"

a numerous family, has just gone to visit a neighbour, who is "uncommon unkind," having lately lost her youngest child. "She do feel the miss of her," adds the old man, ignorant of the fact that he is making use of an expression of the mad-cap Prince, who as he sees Falstaff lying apparently dead on the ground exclaims—

Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spared a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity !

(*I. Henry IV.*, Act V., sc. 4.)

We now inquire after his own grandchildren, three of whom are in the room. The elder boy—a merry, roguish-looking lad of six—he describes as a regular young *gallows*, not, however, with the idea of anything very reprehensible in the term, nor does the child appear to resemble Shakespeare's Cupid (see *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V., sc. 2) in being either "shrewd" or "unhappy." "He's the chap to send on an errand," continues the grandfather proudly. "He'll be there and back in a twink," speaking, let us hope, with greater veracity than Petruchio, who, whilst assuring his friends of the affectionate advances of Katharina, declared that *in a twink* she won him to her love. (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act II., sc. 1.)

Here our conversation is interrupted for the admonition of Mary, who has "well nigh *douted*" the fire by piling on it two huge shovelfuls of slack. "Give me the *tongs*," says the grandfather, as he proceeds to repair the damage, thus giving us time to reflect upon his words. To *dout* is another well-known Shakespeare term, the employment of which is perhaps recalled most readily in those pathetic words of Laertes—

I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,

But that this folly *douts* it (*Hamlet*, Act IV., sc. 7),

the "folly" being his inability to refrain from tears on hearing of his sister's death.

But we also noticed something peculiar in our friend's pronounciation of the word "tongs." He asked, not for the *tongs* but the *tongues*. This at once makes clear to us the pun of Sir Toby in *Twelfth Night* :—

"I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in feeling"—laments Sir Andrew.

"Then," answers Sir Toby, "hadst thou an excellent head of hair."

All this time we have been somewhat disturbed by the querulous whining of the younger boy, a weak-eyed child of four. His grandfather apologetically explains the cause—viz., a *quat* in the eye, which like the figurative *quat* of Iago (*Othello*, Act V., sc. 1) he has "rubbed almost to the sense."

"He's as good as gold in general," he declares, "but to-day he's that *tetchy* I can scarce do with him"; *tetchiness* being still as common a failing of Warwickshire children as it was of the baby Juliet (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, sc. 3), or of the infant son of the Duchess of York (*Richard III.*, Act IV., sc. 4).

We now rise to take our leave, but are detained for a moment by the entrance of the mother. A fortnight ago she returned from the hospital, where she had been treated for a bad abscess on the shoulder. She at once proceeds to recount her experiences, telling us of the wonderful benefit she has derived from her course of treatment. The shoulder is comparatively well, "but," says she, "the doctor said I was not to be *roaming* up and *roaming* forward," at the same time stretching out her arm in both directions, to illustrate her meaning. Little does she think with what a treasure she is presenting her hearers. It

what to think, and her father, punning on the word, in the following speech :—

Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a ban,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself in

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phras

Roaming it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

And this reminds us of another instance in which shire dialect serves to clear up an apparent obscurity. There are few who do not remember that touching meek blind Gloucester and his old master (*King Lear*, Act I, sc. 1), "Dost thou know me?" asks the former. "I know you well enough," answers the unhappy Lear, "but I do not know you as you are now." "I know you well enough," answers the unhappy Lear, "but I do not know you as you are now." The word "squinty" as here explained as a synonym for squint, but how could it be so when he had been deprived of his eyes? It is not without doubt that it stands for squint, a word still used in Warwickshire to denote a contortion of the brows to assist shortness of sight. The word, therefore, appropriately applied to the necessary contortion of the eyelids when the eyes were no longer beneath their lids, are but a few examples, amongst many, of the old Shakespeare words in Warwickshire.

EDITED

THE BOOK OF THE COURTIER.

Among the treasures of the "Tudor translation" of all those who love good letters are indebted to the "Castiglione's Courtier," presented in Sir Thomas More's incisive English. The Courtier, like several other Italian literary works, originates in a gathering of gallant, noble, and gentlefolk, where the ladies hold their own as well as the words, and the scene is the court of Urbino in the reign of Duke Guidobaldo, the same who stands by the side of Federigo in Melozzo da Forlì's picture. The subject chosen is the character of a perfect courtier, and the work, after the lapse of centuries, will be found to be as relevant to those who aim at the contemporary qualifications of the courtier as it is to those who are held to be brave and valour in battle, and in manly sports as well as in the last named, the aspirant must be careful to be a professional athlete. He must be nice in his words, but no precisian, his mind must be as his body, and he must especially avoid the vanity of those who regard it villainous for any man to be a clerk, to be skilled in music and dancing, and to understand sculpture, as well as the art of judging the same. The writers had already essayed in the same field. Agnolo Pandolfino had written from the burg of Arezzo "Del governo della famiglia," and about 1485 Alberti published his "Trattato della Famiglia." The ideal is attractive and elevated; to regulate the moment action and thought shall give, in part, the returns of purification and ennoblement to the studies, courtesy, honesty, and piety are the virtues which with them is contrasted the false, cruel, and fraudulent. Public service imposes on all who undertake it, and it is a *caso* in the city for society and cultivation,

of strong common sense which fills its pages. The decades which lay immediately behind Pandolfi and Alberti differed ethically little from those which Castiglione surveyed from the Palace at Urbino, but these writers had not the courage or the insight to take the material lying at hand, and make the best of it. They tried to trick out one age in the garments of another, and to command obedience to rules which failed to gain the respect or even the attention of contemporary men, while Castiglione, a wily politician who had taken service in divers cities of fifteenth century Italy, steeped himself in the philosophy of the life surging around him, and conserved as counsels of wisdom those rules of conduct which, in his judgment, would lead men most easily to the seats of power. From the days when the defenceless Venetians felt the onslaught of Goth and Hun, the genius of the Italian man of affairs has ever sought to meet force with finesse, and to dissolve opposition rather than overthrow it. In the "Prince" this point is urged more strongly than in the "Courtier"; but Castiglione fully appreciates it, and wins perhaps the more approbation by keeping clear of the strident cynicism of Machiavelli. In each case the book survived because the ideal it presented seemed an attainable one.

The "Courtier" teems with rare and eloquent passages. One on the final page is admirable as an appreciation of the *genius loci*:—

And not one of them felt any heaviness of slope in his eyes, the which often happeneth when a man is up after his accustomed hours to go to bed. When the windowes then were opened on the side of the Palace that hath his prospect toward the high top of Monte Catri, they saw alresie risen in the East a faire morninge like unto the colour of roses, and all sterres voided, saving onely the sweete Governesse of the heaven, Venus, whiche keepeth the boundes of the nyghts and the day, from whiche appeared to blowe a sweete blast, that filling the aer with a bytinge cold, begane to quicken the tunable notes of the pretty birdes, among the hushing woodes of the hilles at hande.

Thomas Hoby, the translator, was the Italianate Englishman at his best. He started on his travels in 1518, furnished probably with introductions from Cheke and other English scholars, and met the right people, and saw what was best worth seeing wherever he went. Mr. Raleigh in his scholarly introduction has used freely Hoby's MS. Diary, preserved in the British Museum, and has thereby raised a hope that he may later favour the world with an edition of this diary complete. The only blot in the book is the inflated verbiage on the first page which professes to be a dedication.

Reviews.

A LITERARY STATESMAN.

CHARLES HENRY PEARSON. Edited by William Stebbing. (Longmans, 11s.)

Charles Henry Pearson was not a name familiar to the English public until the publication of "National Life and Character." The fact that the readers of that book asked who Pearson was illustrates the perfect indifference shown until recently by Englishmen at home towards colonial life and politics. It was Pearson's work in Victoria which redeemed a somewhat unsettled career from being ineffectual. He was a type of Australian statesman much too rare, and of the greatest value to the colony. Mr. Stebbing's edition of his life and

training is intended to produce. "The Minister of said Dr. Cameron Lees in an account of a visit which Victoria in 1862." is a conspicuous figure in the H. the only man that bears on him the evident culture and refinement. His fine, thoughtful face that of the late Dean Stanley, seems out of place in the truth, looks rather a coarse and vulgar assembly

He supplied [said his colleague, Mr. Deakin intellectual elevation which has been greatly missed retirement. The graceful periods and ornate periods which his speeches abounded always stood out from of slipshod loquacity which goes to make up the discussion and helped to break its monotony.

The impression derived from reading this life, in editor has included Pearson's own autobiography, the of friends, and reminiscences by Mrs. Pearson, character which seems sometimes to want definite to fall short in full realization of its power; but it on colonial life partly by its assertion of the value of political life and partly by the great results achieved izing education—from the time when Pearson, at the immense labour, drew up at the request of the Berry in 1877 a report on education in the colony to Education Minister in the Gillies-Deakin Ministry of

The rest of the life is full of interest as the result of exceptional independence both of intellect and character was primarily a scholar and a thinker; yet he remarkable practical ability, whilst in the background latent Bohemianism, a loneliness of purpose, and convention which, perhaps, prevented him from doing full justice in his early career in England. These qualities prepares us for the keen and original observations its expression throughout this book. The historian will have to note what he says about the Dr. Arnold.

To one who looks back dispassionately it seems as if the doctor had been extravagantly overpraised world at large believes, or used to believe, to away the exclusiveness of a classical training great extent substituted modern studies, such French, and German. Now all this must be a good deal of allowance. In the first place was in no sense the originator of the doctor's studies might be leavened with a little of ledge. Edgeworth had preceded him in this, as the Hills of Bruce Castle had carried it into practice more thoroughly than was done in the Rugby. I cannot remember any attempt to teach history, and German each we had one short lesson a week.

The present First Lord of the Admiralty, who a school at Meiningen, used to be commanded over boys before the German lesson to give "a swift rendering of the day's task. I cannot think, Pearson, unkindly, "that any one learnt much system." The mathematical teaching, also, was by the moral tone of Rugby, Arnold went much too propensity to impel his pupils to take Holy Orders lived, too, in an atmosphere of priggishness, and "feeling their moral muscles."

The simple fact is that Rugby men were not the best set from any good public school—Eton Winchester. The difference was that the Rugby

gentleman of the old school, who was incapable of supposing that any one would lie to him, and indisposed to track any but the most obvious charge home. It was an accepted maxim that no one could tell a lie to the Principal because he always believed what was said.

Pearson was a great traveller, and wherever he went he utilized the same acute faculty of perception. America aroused his keenest sympathies. In the best representatives of American culture he found "that peculiar refinement and scholarly taste which we are apt to associate in England with the intellectual side of an aristocratic society mellowed by centuries and traditions."

With respect to national character, I agree with an observation made to me by an Englishman who knew the States well that the American's great advantage over the Englishman is his greater modesty. The Englishman is impatient of new inventions and ideas, because he believes that nothing more can possibly be needed than is already to be found in England. The American, on the other hand, believes the society he lives in to be susceptible of improvement, and inclines to give everything a fair trial.

The abundance of comments such as these filling in the picture of a powerful intellect and a very lofty personality make Mr. Stebbing's book one of the most interesting of recent biographies.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS' POEMS.

IMAGES OF GOOD AND EVIL. By ARTHUR SYMONS.
(Heinemann, 6s.)

To read the latest poems of Mr. Arthur Symons with the ear alone awake, or, better still, to listen to their recital, is almost completely to satisfy one at least of the senses. His feeling for form has become, through much devotion, refined and exquisite. This much at least is evident. It is only when, going a little deeper, we turn from the renderings to the themes themselves and the causes of their inspiration that difficulties of just definition confront us. We seem to be aware of one sitting a little apart from life and its experiences, steeped in the literature of the latter-day mysticism, giving himself up to the influence of a multitude of sensations and gradually singling out some imagined mood for exploration and analysis. The poem called "Weariness," for instance, seems to indicate some such process. At first the poet is only toying with the mood:—

There are grey hours when I drink of indifference; all things fade

Into the grey of a twilight that covers my soul with its sky;
Scarcely I know that this shade is the world, or this burden is I,
And life, and art, and love, and death are the shades of a shade.
Then, in those hours, I hear old voices murmur aloud,
And memory tires of a hopelessly hoping desire, her regret;
I hear the remembering voices, and I forget to forget;
The world as a cloud drifts by, or I drift by as a cloud.

Then the weariness on which he has been experimenting completely enchains him:—

I am weary at heart, yet not weary with sorrow, nor weary with pain:

I would that an eager sorrow returned to me out of the deep;
I could fold my hands in the morning, lie down on my bed again,
Oh Sorrow, angel of Joy, re-awaken my heart from its sleep.

I am weary than the old, when they sit and smile in the sun,
Dreaming of successful things, because they have not tried it.

lassitude, loneliness, sorrow:—"The loneliness of my heart"; "I have grown tired of sorrow and I"; "I have grown tired of rapture and love's desire"; "I hear music, for I am not sad, But half in love with you"; and, again, at the close of the poem which everywhere flows to the influence upon the poet of Spring's magic.

Something has died in my heart: is it death?

I know not, but I have forgotten the meaning

The same deliberate wooing of unhappiness pervades "Women," recurs to neutralize the philosophy of "The End," and, as it seems to us, forces the following beauty to take the wrong turning at the dividing of the turning leading nowhere:—

When I am old, and think of the old days,
And warm my hands before a little blaze,
Having forgotten love, hope, fear, desire,
I shall see, smiling out of the pale fire,
One face, mysterious and exquisite;
And I shall gaze, and ponder over it,
Wondering, was it Leonardo wrought
That stealthy ardency, where passionate
Burns inward, a revealing flame, and glows
To the last ecstasy, which is repose?
Was it Bronzino, those Borghese eyes?
And musing thus among my memories,
O unforgotten! you will come to seem,
As pictures do, remembered, some old dream
And I shall think of you as something strange
And beautiful, and full of helpless change,
Which I beheld and carried in my heart;
But you I loved, will have become a part
Of the eternal mystery, and love
Like a dim pain; and I shall bend above
My little fire, and shiver, being cold,
When you are no more young, and I am old.

Perhaps Mr. Symons is at his best in just the way he is safe from even the tentative charge of affectation. "The Unloved," "The Price," with its tender eulogy of faithless women who have loved, and the magnificent "Wanderer's Song" are good instances. And "On a Ground" he voices for a moment in a few brave philosophy for all lovers:—

Think what a little sorrow have we had
Who have seen beauty with the eyes of love
Who have seen knowledge, wisdom, evil and
With the eyes of beauty, having felt the flame
Cleanse, sacrifice, illuminate us with joy!
Think on all lovers who have never met,
Wandering, in the exile of the world,
Remembering they know not what, some vain
Unheard and yet remembered, some dear face
Which shines behind a cloud and waits for time
Then think how little sorrow we have had!

The translations from Stéphane Mallarmé and the Spanish mystics are admirably sympathetic which have given us the least pleasure are one contained in the section called "Souls in the Babe Rapture" the poet's good taste seems unaccountably deserted him, nor can any plea of devotionality in the hysterical utterances in "Sponsa Dei."

of Canterbury. Those who disapprove of the practice will welcome a writer who puts the arguments anew in their hands, and that in a manner frankly controversial, for Dr. Wright is not unconnected with the Church Association, and his book is for the most part an answer to Dean Luekoek's "After Death." Now the difficulty with which those on Dr. Wright's side are confronted is that modern criticism has shown that the belief in the immortality of the soul grew up very slowly among the Jews, and that, therefore, it is no longer possible to quote "the Bible" (as a solid) against prayers for the dead, since part of it may be quoted in the same way against the after life altogether. The argument from the Old Testament is, in truth, out of date, although Dr. Wright does not notice this fact, because he does not accept modern criticism. The advocates for such prayers, on the other hand, have often been guilty of straining the most innocent texts to suit their own views, and Dr. Wright has no difficulty in demolishing many of Littledale's instances.

But the strongest point urged by such advocates has really been that the Jews prayed for the dead in the times of Christ, and that the practice was too common in New Testament time to need any enforcement on the part of Christ and his Apostles, so that their silence would be conclusive evidence of their approval. In support of this is urged the admitted fact that the Jews *now* pray for their dead, and the evidence of 2 Maccabees XII., 42-5, that it was the practice 150 years before Christ. Dr. Wright answers that the Second Book of the Maccabees is not the work of an orthodox Palestinian Jew; he further quotes largely from both pre-Christian and post-Christian Jewish writings to show that there is a marked silence on the subject of prayers for the dead; and he demands evidence for a rather reckless Roman Catholic statement that Josephus mentions the practice. The formal commemoration of souls among the Jews he ascribes to some mediæval imitation of the Catholic Church—allowing to the mediæval Hebrew a wonderful measure of broad-minded eclecticism—but he admits that the Jews did pray privately for their dead at a much earlier time than the century when this public commemoration is supposed to have begun. Dr. Wright then takes those passages in the New Testament that are quoted in favour of prayers for the dead, such as St. Paul's reference in I Cor. XV. to baptizing for the dead, St. Peter's mention of our Lord's preaching to the spirits in prison in I Pet. III. and IV. (and this he explains in a very unconvincing way), and the reference in the sixth chapter of the Apocalypse to the souls under the altar. There remains St. Paul's well-known prayer for Onesiphorus; Dr. Wright has, of course, to prove that Onesiphorus was still living, and his confidence seems a little overdone when we remember that so eminent an Evangelical as Bishop Ellicott has written "the terms of the verse imply that he was dead."

The evidence from the practice of the early Church, so important to some minds, does not trouble Dr. Wright very much; he finds that the doctrines of the Primitive Liturgies are "often opposed to Scripture," and remarks that many strange views are to be found in the writings of the early Fathers—in fact "the corruption of the Church steadily advanced." In dealing with the teaching of the Church of England Dr. Wright is not at his best; he omits all mention of the fact that the draft of the Forty-Six Articles signed by the six Royal Chaplains in 1552 contains an express prohibition of prayer for the dead, which prohibition was erased by the authors of the Forty-Two Articles, and never since revived. His statement that

because of his "views" when he orders an incumbent the inscription "pray for the soul of J. Woodfrey churchyard, may we not also throw over a Judge's ground when he forbids some ritualistic practice? That of the departed in the prayer for the Church Militant Wright treats as if it had been used as an argument for the dead. The rawest High Church curate did to be corrected by Dr. Wright in this portion it is curious that he should think it necessary to of this feeble dummy of an argument on the page of his book, when he makes no mention of the collect in the Burial Service, about which the Wheatley wrote: "That the sentence, as it is still let may well enough be understood to imply the dead as living. For we pray (as it is now) that 'we, with all who are departed in the true faith of God's holy name, may perfect consummation and bliss,' which is not barely tion that all those who are so departed will have the consummation and bliss, but a prayer also that they may." Dr. Wright disposes of the well-known prayer on Bishop's epitaph by a reference to "the degenerate days of Charles II." which is a little hard on Cosin, Gunning, Soccroft, Pearson, South, Stillingfleet, and some others. We have to do even greater violence to history if we would Wheatley also to degeneracy.

We fancy that the average Englishman will rise up against Wright's book unconvinced; for, after all, what is the objection to Maccabaicus, and the son of Sirach, and Philo Judæus to him? The Archbishop of Canterbury has told us that we may pray for his departed friends; even Dr. Wright can produce any prohibition of the practice, but admits—in a candid admission—that the dead may be "more fully trained for the next life; and we fancy that the increased use of prayers for the departed is not so much due to the sacerdotalism of the Middle Ages as Wright so much detests as to the wider charity which such prayers for men like Dr. Johnson and Bishop Ellicott have to the "larger hope" which cannot be content with the old simple dichotomy to the future state.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE FIRST JESUIT

THE TESTAMENT OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA (Sands, 3s.) is a translation of the *Acta Quædam*, or autobiography of Ignatius, now published in English for the first time. A translation has been made from the Latin version of the original MS., which is partly in Spanish and partly in Latin, and both are to be found, bound together in one volume in the Vatican Library. The history of the compilation of the *Acta* is as follows:—Loyola had finished writing his "Spiritual Exercises" devised for individual souls, and his "Constitutions" destined to be the drill-book of his soldiers; he had received the confirmation of the "Society of Jesus" from Pope Gregory XIII. and thus the three dearest wishes of his heart were fulfilled. It is will power (and a few other things) which kept him alive; his friends and disciples feared, his work was accomplished, that the desire to live would diminish and would be taken from them. For he was past his 60th year and his strength was wasted by long austerities. He was anxious that he should give the brethren an example of life and conversion, which might serve as a last testamentary paternal instruction after he was gone. But it res

The narrative is written in the third person, and Loyola is never named, but is always spoken of as "the pilgrim." It constitutes an essential document towards understanding the life and character of the Saint, and shows, in a human and charming manner, how very unsalutly he was in the early days following his conversion. For spiritual growth, like physical growth, is an affair of time. We give an example. He had abandoned for ever his paternal home, and was journeying to Montserrat, his mind all aflame with the desire to serve God, and to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the conversion of the heathen, when he fell in with a certain Saracen, riding the same way, and the two entered into conversation as fellow-travellers naturally will do. But out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh ; Loyola could not talk on any other subject save religion, and presently the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin was under discussion. Needless to say on this point "the pilgrim" and the Moor could not entirely agree. But so threatening became the demeanour of the vehement, olive-complexioned young man, that the Saracen, whom we like to think of as a comfortable, middle-class Philistine, put spurs to his mule, and, hey presto ! was out of sight. Loyola was left filled with fury ; against the Moor who had not been convinced by his arguments ; against himself for having allowed the pagan dog to express disrespectful opinions on the Blessed Virgin, instead of slaying him on the spot. But it was not too late to slay him now. The family man had imprudently named his destination. Loyola was eager to follow and despatch him with his dagger ; nevertheless, he had doubts as to God's will in the affair. Which proves a singular honesty of heart, even during spiritual childhood. Finally, he decided to leave the decision to his mule. If, at the cross-roads, she should turn of herself to the right, then he would follow the Moor and kill him ; if she turned to the left, the Moor should be spared. God guided the mule to the left.

The book has many foot-notes as to matters of fact, and a bibliographical appendix, for which we are properly grateful ; but the commentaries following each chapter are not only superfluous, but annoying. Nothing whatever in the way of deduction or edification is left to the intelligence of the reader. We are not quite clear to whom we owe these commentaries, but no matter whose the authorship, they narrow the testament down from a human document of universal interest to a volume appealing chiefly to the piety of a very much smaller circle of readers.

SPORT.

The Young Sportsman.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN (Lawrence and Bullen, 10s. 6d.) is an adaptation, under the able editorship of Mr. A. E. T. Watson, from the "Encyclopedia of Sport" to suit the needs of the novice. The articles on subjects outside the sphere of boyish sport—big game, racing, the training of hounds, steeple-chasing, stalking, and so forth—have been excluded, and other contributions have been shortened or rewritten. The article on "Fencing," by Mr. W. H. Pollock, and another on "Rabbits," by Mr. Percy Stephens, are entirely new, and are in keeping with the object of the book *viz.*, to provide the young sportsman with elementary principles without entering too much into details. Excessive coaching often makes boys nervous, and there are difficulties in all games and sports which every boy has to face in his own way according to his temperament. A book cannot teach him everything, and its chief use is to inspire

we discover that a rabbit was unconcerned evening meal within gunshot of us ; how rare the ponderous breech-loader to our little levelled it at our unconscious victim ; what a it was that strained at the unresponsive trigger gun ; and oh ! what a shock was the kick antiquated weapon bestowed on us when with a roar that was the signal for every rabbit disappear under ground as if by magic, all with feebly twitching limbs, a testimony to our aim.

This is merely Mr. Percy Stephens killing passage is a good specimen of the spirit in which should be written.

In the articles which are reprinted—in shorter form—from the *Encyclopædia* there are points that need comment. It might be explained, adapted from the *Encyclopædia*, showing cricket should be played for fast bowling, 17 inches are assigned. The position of "third minton" certainly have been altered. The *Encyclopædia* minton is a quicker game than lawn tennis, and Sportsman "the word "better" is substituted. We doubt if the majority of readers will agree short history of rowing we miss the dates of the between Eton and Radley, and in the article on golf liked something about the quaint and ancient game. But in "The Young Sportsman" boys the information which is useful to them in the revised in a cheaper and more convenient form.

Another book for the same readers, on a much is SPORTS FOR BOYS (Melrose, 1s. 6d.), compiled Spicer, the editor of the Sports Library, and of Most of the book is taken up with pure athletic cricket, hockey, lacrosse, and running, proper, only fishing, skating, and swimming a article on racquets would have been more chapter on lacrosse. The progress of the C England is interesting, but the average school called upon to play it. Boys may study the y point of view with regard to cricket training Young Cricketers," by Mr. M. A. Noble, who made *début* in English cricket last year. Bowling says, are as popular with young Australia as most valuable hints in the book are supplied the groundman at the Oval, in a paper on "Wicket." Surrey cricketers, especially Abel large debt of gratitude to Mr. Apted, and it w for young school captains to learn some of the The fault of the book arises from the difficulty of information in so small a space. This in particular the chapter on swimming.

A Cyclopædia for Gun-users.

EXPERTS ON GUNS AND SHOOTING, by G. T. (Sampson Low, 11s. 6d.), is made up to a large and letters which have appeared in *Land and fourteen years during which the author has been large part, proprietor of that journal. In fact, the describing the sixteen chief gunmakers of the productions is reprinted verbatim and occupies h most is a heterogeneous mass of facts, figures, in less satirical and criticism about everything*

that he was ill-advised to devote so much space to the bitter controversies with the *Field* which he has waged in his journal.

The shooter who takes an intolligent interest in his weapons must nowadays be possessed of not a little highly technical knowledge. Of course many men leave themselves wholly in the hands of their gunmakers, order their guns and cartridges blind-fold, and only know that the latter explode at the right moment when inserted in the former. An increasing number, however, really study the numerous questions arising daily as everything connected with their sport becomes more complicated. To those the present volume will be a mine of interest and information, and to others it will show how elaborate and almost endless are the problems involved. The pressures in tons to the square inch are tested in the chamber of the gun by the pressure-gauge, the heat given off by the ignition of the powder is tested by the thermopile, the velocity of the shot is registered by the chronograph, a cartridge-loading machine weighs the powder and counts the pellets so accurately that the former does not vary more than a quarter of a grain in 42 grains, nor the latter more than two or three pellets in an ounce and an eighth, the flight of a bullet from the service rifle is photographed as it travels at the rate of 2,000 feet a second, and before long somebody will photograph the charge of shot from a gun, and thus solve several of the most difficult questions. The result in one field is a hammerless, single-trigger, ejector gun built to put in a thirty-inch circle at forty yards the precise number of pellets desired by the purchaser, and in another, the marvellous performance with the rifle of Capt. G. C. Gibbs, of the world-famous Bristol firm. He fired forty-eight out of fifty consecutive shots into a three-foot square target at a distance of a thousand yards. And this was the man who rifled with his own hands the barrel of every weapon used by the English, Irish, and Scotch Eighties in the great competitions of 1890. Such a double triumph of gun-making and marksmanship will probably never be equalled. Incidentally the reader will learn from this cyclopædia that the Maullieher rifle, probably on the whole the best weapon in the world, costs 32s. to produce. Our own Lee-Enfield, by no means a wholly satisfactory weapon, costs, we believe, three times as much. Moreover, the intelligent reader should come to the conclusion—though we know Mr. Teasdale-Buckell will say he had no intention whatever of inculcating this lesson—that he can buy for from fifteen to twenty guineas a gun to all intents and purposes equal to that for which the fashionable makers charge him eighty guineas. A gap in the book is that the author says nothing of American guns and rifles, the former of which, in our opinion, will become as popular as the latter, unless English makers follow the example of the one English firm which manufactures guns by machinery in London; but with this exception, and the one criticism we have made above, we can only say that Mr. Teasdale-Buckell's book should be upon the shelf of every shooter who is not content to be a mere automaton.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Grant Allen.

Mr. Grant Allen deserved just such a life as Mr. Edward Clodd gives us in *GRANT ALLEN: A MEMOIR* (Grant Richards, 6s.). It is brief and well written, and does not ignore the mental limitations which were as conspicuous as the extraordinary mental powers of Grant Allen. The presence of those limitations might well puzzle the enthusiasts of heredity. By descent

He was sometimes a thought too pedagogic, as when his novel "The Woman who Did"—and the origin and of which Mr. Clodd gives an interesting account—the first time in the world's history invented the parental responsibility." But he recognized and the full the too often neglected virtue of clearness and expression. And whether he wrote on botany, the origin of religions, he never fails to drive his point illustrate it from a richly-stored memory, and if not at any rate to stimulate. What he could do as a poet in a subject not originally "his own" was shown in his medieval towns. The story of how he took to no which became the staple of his livelihood, is well known; the record of his life is that of many others who have unresting activity for distinction and competence. It contains some interesting letters from Mr. Herbert S.

Sir George White.

The life of *SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C.* (Grant 3s. 6d.), by Thomas F. G. Coates, has none of those and sympathetic qualities which characterize Mr. Begbie's sketch of the career of General Baden-Powell—straightforward narrative of the events in Afghanistan and elsewhere in which General White has played his author notes that "George Stewart White, whose services in his country as a general officer have since been of the most and distinguished character, was so depressed by the of his progress for twenty-five years that he was driven out of the Army. That is to say he several determined to resign, and on one occasion actually papers." The book will not disappoint the many readers; its title is likely to attract.

Coutts'.

One would not expect a history of a banking-house written as to interest frivolous people. But *COUTTS AND RALPH RICHARDSON* (Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d.), is so written more with the personal history of the bankers—some were very picturesque—than with the financial history of the house of business. We are given, for example, the story of the siege of Sir Francis Burdett, in his Fort Chabrol in India, and an account, drawn largely from pamphlets in the collection, of the love affairs of Thomas Coutts. He was the banker of them all, and also the most unconventional. *Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori*—so aptly rendered as "ashamed of marrying the housemaid"—was his motto. He first married Elizabeth Starky, described in unearthy by the author as "remarkable for a banker's industry, and good humour when those humble virtues were much more common than at present among domestic and she bore him three daughters, who all made good matches. Then, in his old age, he fell in love with a Miss Harriet Mellon, of Drury-lane. Other eminent persons are sketched for us in the course of this history, and Principal Forbes of St. Andrews, the Alpine climber and Agassiz and Desor, who made the first British ascent of Jungfrau.

Lucretius and Omar.

Between Lucretius and Omar Khayyám, the Roman and the Oriental, there were vast differences, which are in the fact that the former took a much higher and more view of life, and that he was essentially a man of science and a poet, and the latter a scientific one. Still the comparison between so differently affected by the conviction that this life

and a reader who is unacquainted with the original will gain from the book a good idea of the Lucretian philosophy of life.

Are the English Non-Aryan?

The conclusions put forth in Mr. Nottidge Charles Macnamara's volume, ambitiously entitled *THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE* (Smith, Elder, 6s.), are not very satisfactory. Mr. Macnamara belongs to the school of ethnologists who derive the same sort of inspiration from "brachycephaly" and "dolichocephaly" that a certain old woman found in that blessed word Mesopotamia. His investigations lead him to think that the English people is substantially of Iberian origin. Some time in the neolithic epoch, chiefs of the Celtic Aryan stock appeared in the south of England, but disdained to associate communally with the Iberian population, and therefore produced no marked racial change. During the same period the north of England was invaded by Turanians, who, unlike the Aryans, "would seem to have intermarried with the natives." Next, "a multitude of the short, dark, broad-skulled Mongolian races of Central Europe emigrated from the south-west of France into Britain during the Bronze Age." These Mongolians, who were itinerant workers in bronze, established themselves for security in the numerous lake-dwellings, or, in scientific language, "lacustrine abodes," the remains of which are found in many parts of Western Europe. Originally, Mr. Macnamara thinks, they came from Burma; and he finds ethnical resemblances between the Irish and the Burmese. Mr. Macnamara's method cannot be described as scientific, and his views are decidedly of a rambling character. Many things puzzle us in the book, but what puzzles us most is the writer's repeated reference to the authority of "Titus Livy." Is this intended to distinguish the historian from some possible Marcus Livy or Publius Livy? Or is Mr. Macnamara merely translating from the French, in which language, for some mysterious reason, the historian invariably masquerades as "Tite-Live"? The volume is chiefly interesting for its numerous and well-executed photogravures of skulls and jawbones, taken from originals or casts in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Nursery Rhymes.

RHYMES OLD AND NEW, by M. E. S. Wright (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.), is a collection of old nursery favourites, local weather saws and sayings, animal rhymes, baby-songs, &c. Unfortunately the task of tracing them all back to their authors and first appearances has proved so difficult that practically no attempt has been made to do so, and though every one will recognize many old friends and the authors of some of them, much curiosity will have to go unsatisfied. This, however, will matter little to children, who are provided with a really delightful collection—if, indeed, the modern child cares any longer to be thus amused. Perhaps, after all, "grown-ups" will get more fun out of the book than Gladys, Helen, and Jack, to whom it is dedicated. Herriek is represented by his "Grace for a little child," and among some lullabies (from which we miss "Golden slumbers kiss your eyes") comes Scott's "Oh Hush thee, my Baby." Among others from whom contributions have been levied are Charles and Mary Lamb, J. and A. Taylor, and Mary Howitt. The following absurdity may be new to some:—

Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
'Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping-cough.

At the funeral, Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown

and is more successful than the poem upon ADAM Mr. A. F. Scot. As is well known, matrimony Lillith was a complete failure, so perhaps it is ex to break down rather badly in his reminiscences at her hands, but surely the jealousy of the angel of the creation of man might have inspired higher following mild remonstrance from Lucifer:—

Most of our kin will little have to do,
And some may envy lot of those called
I cannot say I would such course pursue,
Or map out such a plan,

Lucifer has done better than this before upon "The most ancient of all Gods" Rose's book is finely conceived, and there is s ns tenderness, of thought to be found in its verse monologues and choruses.

"The Ethics."

Professor Burnet was well advised in publi of the *ETHICS OF ARISTOTLE* (Methuen, 15s. n.), the existence of Mr. Stewart's more amb Indeed, the two books are in some degree co they take different views of the structure of the Burnet insists on its dialectical character th this hypothesis explains the "shifting founda trine here set forth." Aristotle not only gi sophical reasons for his teaching, but since hi addressed to a mixed audience he appeals cons opinion and common sense in support of it. appears to be gaining ground, certainly gives a account of the Ethics than any other. Profess are far shorter than Mr. Stewart's, but the deal, and they have gained much from the compr fessor Burnet tells us of in his preface. They c exegesis, but language is not neglected, and t Plato and Aristotle himself are enlightenin Introduction and the Introductory Notes to t are clear and useful; we would specially menti giving reasons why "Friendship" comes so and the demonstration (p. 108) of Aristotle's sl teacher. The text is eclectic, and several o jectures have been adopted. A happy thought of corresponding portions of the *Endemian Ethic* they refer to. These bear out Professor Buri the relation between the Nicomachean and l We are glad to see that Professor Burnet has no the remarkable confirmation of the reading 'Ae name, which has been found in the Oxyr (p. 117 fn.).

CHAPTERS FROM ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS, by (Murray, 7s. 6d.), is a popular work addressed n but to the "general reader." The cynic may suggest that such a person might almost as ve the list of the railway stations between Birning as trouble themselves with the Aristotelian con But people who mean to read the Ethics nig Mr. Muirhead first; while those who have : Ethics and found them puzzling might find that commentary smoothed their difficulties. He ex system not only in relation to other systems bu to the social life of Athens. He does no attempt to draw qualitative, as well as quantita between pleasures quite as it can be (and riddled; but his essay is in the main luminou

conclusion was twofold. In those animals (such as deer) in which the males fought with each other for the possession of the females, the most vigorous male would be the first to have offspring. This offspring would have a double advantage. They would not only inherit the constitution of their parent, but they would also be the first of their generation on the feeding grounds, and would be able to secure the choicest food. Again, in the case, for instance, of many birds, the males which have the finest plumage and the best voice "show off" before the females. The hen-bird chooses the most gaily-coloured and brilliant executive of her suitors, and hence the secondary sexual characters are developed. Since the publication of these views, scientific opinion has been much divided on the question. Mr. Wallace, for instance, has elaborated an entirely different explanation based upon the exuberant vitality of animals at the mating time. Mr. J. T. Cunningham, in *SEXUAL DIMORPHISM IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM* (Black, 12s. 6d. n.), emphasizes a fact which has too often been overlooked—viz., that the special adornments of the male are put to a particular use or are correlated in time with a special habit. For example, the antlers are secondary sexual characters distinctive of the stags. They are developed at the beginning of the autumn, and are used, during the fall of the year and through the early winter, in combat. The rutting season is followed by the spring when the antlers are shed, and with them goes the combative habit for the possession of the does. Mr. Cunningham develops a new theory. He attributes the origin of antlers to the fighting and consequent rubbing and butting of the stags one against another, or to an irritation which induced an outgrowth of the frontal bones. A difficulty lies in the fact that the antlers are at the present day full-grown before the fights begin. But the distinctive feature of the author's explanation is that he correlates the origin of ornament peculiar to the male sex with the onset of puberty. Mr. Cunningham's novel treatment of the subject is worthy of high praise, and though it cannot be said that he has proved his point, yet this book will, we hope, lead other naturalists to a closer examination of this fascinating subject.

Following up the useful work already done in publishing the collected works of Adams, Cayley, Stokes, Kelvin, and Tait, the Cambridge University Press has now added the first volume of Lord Rayleigh's *SCIENTIFIC PAPERS* (15s. n.) to the list. The period covered is from 1860 to 1881, and the arrangement is, as usual, chronological, though for many purposes a classified grouping would have been more convenient. On all matters connected with the theory of sound, Lord Rayleigh has proved himself a worthy successor to Euler, Daniel Bernoulli, Poisson, Sondhauss, and Helmholtz, but his work is by no means limited to this field. Optics, electricity, heat, hydro-dynamics, and chemistry have all engaged his attention, and never without receiving valuable additions. Nor is pure mathematics unrepresented, a step in some physical investigation occasionally requiring a special proof for its solution, or a side issue leading to some interesting result which has not been allowed to pass unnoticed. Except for the "Acoustical Observations," and a few other papers, the mathematical element predominates throughout the entire collection, but Lord Rayleigh is an experimenter as well as a calculator, and can employ both pen and apparatus with equal facility. This will be more evident when the investigations on argon appear, but the present volume is none the less a splendid record of intellectual activity. The publisher's share in its production is worthy of all praise.

English students of chemical theory will welcome the appearance in an English form of the second part of Professor Van 't Hoff's *LECTURES ON THEORETICAL AND PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY* (Edward Arnold, 8s. 6d. n.). On the obscure problems presented by the science of physical chemistry, which within recent years has made enormous progress, there is no higher authority than Professor Van 't Hoff, and it would be difficult to imagine a more masterly or more lucid survey of the subject than is to be found in these lectures. The volume is entitled "Chemical Statics," and deals solely with single substances and their constitution, not with their relations to others. Hence the three main topics discussed are molecular weight

as it left Dr. Zittel's hands and its present form their divergence; for Dr. C. R. Eastman, the principal and general editor, has had no less than twelve editors who have been given a free hand with reference to comments they have taken in charge. This excessive of labour, though advantageous in several ways, is a sense of unity. The original author is no longer except in a very indirect fashion, for many of the old down, still less for the style in which they are expressed. The general editor is relieved of what might be an in burden, and the specialists are practically secure on kopjes. One of the consequences has been in this case the book a kind of illustrated catalogue, with no entries in the index, and nearly 1,500 figures. Consider the invertebrates are alone dealt with in these 700 pages, the idea of the degree of elaboration indulged in may be seen. For purposes of reference this feature is no doubt valuable, and, since the figures are all models of clear identification of specimens is made as easy as possible, very qualities which are a virtue from this standpoint, the book unwieldy and less adapted to the needs of the than the original "Grundzüge." Upon the question of no final pronouncement can be made, for though views are brought forward, it does not necessarily they will be permanent. To take only one instance, classification of *Madreporaria* (into *Tetracoralla* and *Heterocoralla*) and of the latter into *Aporosa* and *Perforata*) impugned, after a careful study, by Miss Ogilvie, D.S. Her proposed subdivision of the group into twelve equal rank should find acceptance, a score or so of them will become antiquated at one blow. But so in moderation, and conscientiousness have been brought upon this compilation that even such portions will share some of their value, while others will as surely beset footing by later research.

FICTION.

GAELIC VISIONS.

THE DIVINE ADVENTURE (Chapman and Hall, 6s.). read in the lonely and lovely Island of Mull, or in the solitude of the Trossachs. It seems to ask for solitude and a beautiful breeze for sun-flood, and the wind playing in your hair. To seek enjoyment in London is like seeking to enjoy the sea in London as you catch glimpses of its pale or fiery marble through the soot-grimed chimney-pots. The peace of soul which give you is marred by the jar of cities, the chimneys, your winged thoughts back again to earth. But in the to-day, of necessity, the book may be re-read on some other when time and the place are more propitious. It is a book the beauty of which grows with re-perusal. The beauty of form, beauty of thought, and the deeper symbolism, and the book will be re-read for each of eventually the reader will come back to it for its first beauty of expression, since this is the greatest of all.

Dreaming over the mystery of man and his destiny, MacLeod envisages it from three points of view, the Body, that of the Will with which she identifies the mind and that of the Soul. These three which are one, and are never at one, resolve on a certain day to put aside their close companionship, and to go away together independent, as three good friends might do. Therefore at the Feast of St. John, a midsummer's morning, they alone and afoot, their common purpose being to do may be, the meaning of life and their own ultimate. The manner in which this seemingly impossible managed—we mean the mere technical skill of it—

sages may be detached and lose little for the want of a setting. Take the following, for instance, for beauty of expression, the Italics, of course, being ours :—

We left the low-roofed cottage, where, though the window was open, two candles burned with steadfast flame. *The night was listeningly still.* Beyond the fuchsia bushes a sighing rose, where a *continuous foamless wave felt the silences of the shore.* The moon-path, far out upon the bronze sea, was like a shadowless white road. In the dusk of the haven glimmered two or three red and green lights, where the fishlug-cobbles trailed motionless at anchor. Inland were shadowy hills.

In the next example one tastes the sea's saltness, and sees its colour and its flow :—

It was not more than an hour after noon that we came to an inlet of the sea, so narrow that it looked like a stream, only that a salt air arose between the irises which thickly bordered it, and that the sunken rock-ledges were fragrant with sea-pink and the stone-convolvulus. *The moving tidal water was grass-green, save where dusked with long mauve shadows.*

Here is a description of a starry night :—

Overhead was an oppressive solemnity. The myriad stars were as the incalculable notes of a stilled music become visible in silence. It was a relief to look into unlighted deeps.

And for a beautiful thought, the following is beautiful as it is true :—

In deep love there is always an inmost dark flame, as in the flame lit by a taper. I think it is the obscure suffering upon which the Dancer lives. The Dancer!—Love, who is Joy, is a leaping flame.

For symbolism, we will quote the Body's question to the Soul,

"Tell me, have you ever heard of the Three Companions of the Night?"—"The Three Companions of the Night? I would take them to be Prayer and Hope and Peace."—"So says the Soul—but what do you say, O Will?"—"I would take them to be Dream and Rest and Longing."—"We are ever different," replied the Body with a sigh, "for the Three Companions of whom I speak are Laughter and Wine and Love."—"Perhaps we mean the same thing," muttered the Will, with a smile of bitter irony; and later on "we three, who were one, realized how Prayer and Hope and Peace, how Dream and Rest and Longing, how Laughter and Wine and Love are in truth but shadowy analogues of the Heart's Desire."

Sometimes consistent, sometimes self-contradictory, Fiona Macleod sees life, which is the breath of God, in the clod and the pebble, in the grass and the wild-fox, just as truly as in man, and yet denies a soul to any but human beings; declares that soul to be immortal, but does not acknowledge it must therefore be eternal, and making it come first into being with the body, nevertheless foresees for it after death "one life, at least, it may be many lives," to be lived again here on earth. But the final conclusion she reaches is that taught by the most beautiful of religions—"Except we redeem ourselves there is no God," and love is the supreme force of all.

"Anima Vilis."

ANIMA VILIS, by Marya Rodziewicz, translated from the Polish by S. C. de Soissons (Jarrod, 6s.), is not a work of genius, but it has both power and charm—of a strange kind, unknown to English readers. Young as Marya Rodziewicz is she has been one of the first favourites of the Polish public for many years :

The hero of "Anima Vilis," Antony Mrozowiecki, as M. de Soissons always calls him, for an unfathomable reason—is a reincarnation of the author's favourite hero, a strong, dogged man, silent, and driven to roam by stress of competition, and in Warsaw, he emigrates to Siberia, where he suffers a possible misfortune. He seldom has clothes on his back; is accused of theft; once he is imprisoned on a charge of theft; he is robbed twice; thrown once into a river; freezing in the snow; his first fiancée dies; to his second; and in the end he is married, but cannot but consider a very disagreeable girl. The story, such as it is, affords the authoress a series of strongly lighted pictures of Siberian life and the psychology of exile. For the simple and direct Rodziewicz's style we might cite her description of the "epidemic," the desperate nostalgia of the exile of the Siberian summer on the steppe; or the Siberian winter (the translation is our own)—

The winter before last a whole wedding party was overwhelmed in a snowstorm. A train of some twenty sledges, driving from one village to another, did not contain more than forty people. They were sought in vain for them by chance in the summer. The skeletons were left, and the remains of the people lay scattered about. The feather-grass and herbage had swallowed up the horse-cloths and fur cloaks were full of holes. Even the tarbagans had no fear, though they were used to the sledges; they flattered in and out among the snow. It does the steppe both bring to life and bring to death.

The translation is below the average of most translations from Slavonic languages. M. de Soissons writes in English patois of his own, quite incomprehensible to Englishmen. "Drive the man with the yoke again will you have strength with you." "Turn out the fellow with the rascal's strength on your side again." "My Lord!" "My Lord!" "Have I dreamt it, or was I a dead man?" "Only half of you remained," he says of his daughter is worn to a shadow. The main theme of the whole book is the portrait of the authoress.

Bret Harte.

Something of what we recently said of "The Secret of the Mediation" must be repeated of the latest work of Bret Harte's stories FROM SANDHILL TO PRAIRIE. The old excellencies, the striking atmospheric and captivating characters and admirably developed plots presented by an author who has delighted the imaginations of readers. The titles of the stories, "The Sierras," "A Belle of Canada City," "The Redwood," and so forth, recall the tales which were a pleasure twenty years ago, and yet they are new. Mr. Bret Harte has discovered the secret of the secret of youth, and we can praise his present efforts more effectively than by saying that it is better than those which have gone before.

Miss Mathers.

to quote Thackeray's unfortunate phrase—"the fair Colonel's wife." As a matter of fact, this Becky is quite another sort of person. A member of one of those enormous families in which "Helen Mathers" delights, she develops her personality in an atmosphere of farce and melodrama, and among people occasionally well-observed, and more often shadowy and only partly drawn. But with many faults there is a considerable charm about the story.

Stories of the Future.

Sydney C. Grier has given us several examples of his skill in revivifying the past such as "In Furthest Ind" and "Like Another Helen," but his present book is in the spirit of prophecy. He calls *THE KINGS OF THE EAST* (Blackwood, 6s.) a romance of the near future, and tells us of the United Nation Syndicate that "runs" the new Palestine. There was only one man in Europe fitted to enable the Syndicate to carry out its great idea, an Englishman, "an heroic figure in an unheroic age," "his Excellency Count Mortimer," who has been practically king of Thracia, and the friend of princes. In the end Cyril Mortimer, after adventures which leave the most voracious reader satisfied, is content instead of ruling the world to make one woman happy. "The Kings of the East" is one of the cleverest and most amusing romances of the season.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EMPIRE, by Robert William Cole (Elliot Stock, 5s.), is another of the fantastical stories of imaginary wars of the future. The author anticipates a day when, owing to a certain marvellous invention, the future Anglo-Saxon Empire will extend among the interstellar spaces, and there the Anglo-Saxon will fight with a fleet of air ships against other interstellar powers. The story is ingenious, but not particularly interesting.

Matter Without Form.

It is surprising to find, in the mass of novels which come before us, how often, even in those by practised writers, good matter is spoilt by want of art. Mr. Burgin, in *THE TIGER'S CLAW* (Pearson, 6s.), has really a fine and simple tragedy to tell—utterly spoilt in the mode of setting it forth. Two lads have formed a blood-brotherhood, the rough Lorimer Blount and the exquisite Montague Grey. The first receives part of a large fortune from a queer Dickensian Australian aunt, who pretends to be dead, and thus complicates the real story, which is to be found in the death of Grey and the madness of his devoted friend. Pages of the book are given over to depressing attempts to be funny, with the wit of the author strained to snapping point.

Mr. Richard Reardon has no new message for the universe, indeed his novel *THE CROWNING OF GLORIA* (Long, 6s.) tells again in rather a high-flown manner a somewhat commonplace story of two young people who fall in love and marry. But this, too, is a book which shows the author has some sense of the beautiful in life and literature without adequate means of expressing the faith that is in him.

Lack of technical skill is also a failing of Mr. Archibald Mellroy, whose book, *BY LONE CRAIG-LIXSIE BERN* (Unwin, 2s. 6d.), is sufficiently charming to make us greatly regret that he cannot present his observation of Ulster life with a little more art. He possesses great simplicity of manner, in itself no small virtue, but he becomes bald and dry when he should touch the imagination. This is, we believe, the third volume in which Mr. Mellroy has dealt with the rural life of an Ulster village. He is no new hand, and one sees that it is merely necessary for him to devote more care to the actual art of writing his vivid and often sincerely pathetic stories to make them widely appreciated. As it is "By Lone Craig-Lixsie Bern" is quite a new one.

In these columns. Six are new. Mr. Capes' style is known; and we have before now pointed out both its highly ingenious and vigorous fancy and rich vocabulary, faults, a tendency to affectation, and an elaborate, almost slavish, striving after originality of expression. All these are present in these stories, some of which are very textured, and to our thinking hardly worth reprinting.

KINDY, by Mr. Tom Gallon (Hutchinson, 6s.), has an old-fashioned flavour of Dickens to make it agreeable to those of that flavour to prevent a certain feeling of monotony. Almost all the characters seem to be ghosts from the halls of "Dombey and Son," or "Little Dorrit," or "Bleak." Nevertheless, Mr. Gallon's stories are always welcome, and is not less readable than the others, even if it be at the expense of their originality.

Captain Arthur Haggard, who wrote at one time a "Cairo and Amoy," bids fair to rival his more famous brother. His new number of his books, *THE KISS OF ISIS* (Hurst, 3s.), is a great improvement on his past work, but it is amusing and is written by one who knows at least his Cairo fairly well.

There are few new things to be said of the novel "Boldrewood." He has long since settled into his strict performance across the open Australian country can be said to be bold and free, quick in pace, and easy over the top. *BARBARA IN THE BUSH* (Macmillan, 6s.) gives a vivid picture of native life as seen from the point of view of an Englishman who in time becomes an Australian squire. There is a freshness in the story which will help readers here to understand and appreciate an agreeable side of Australia.

The slight plot of Mr. Harold Bindloss' roman "The Hinterland," *AUNSLIE'S JOURNALS* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) somewhat conventional lines. The interest of the book is in the little band of men who, in their search for rubber, fortune and every kind of discouragement amid the swamps and forests of the Niger country. Unless you have taken Mr. Bindloss knows his West Africa pretty thoroughly. At any rate, we are quite sure that he writes well, and his style and his point of view rather remind one of Mr. Merriman's.

THE DISENCHANTMENT OF NURSE DOROTHY (Scribner, 3s. 6d.), by Miss Florence Baxendale, is a story of unpleasant hospital experiences, which show that the author knows the world of which she writes. Unfortunately Miss Baxendale does not appear to know much of the nature of the means whereby a novel may be made either interesting or entertaining. It is a poor book written with the purpose of drawing attention to faults in the "communal system."

LIBRARY NOTES.

School Libraries is the subject of an article by J. J. Ogle, of Bootle, in the May number of "The World." He laments the general absence of such libraries in England, and compares the extensive use made in the United States; to illustrate this he gives a list of those schools that do possess libraries. It is of the importance that some connexion should be established between public libraries and the schools, both elementary and secondary. We hope Mr. Ogle's article will lead to the establishment of other libraries than those given in his meagre list.

An increase of more than 13,000 volumes in

remained open until midnight there would be many who would always defer their visit until the last moment.

Mr. J. D. Mullins, whose death is announced, was a prominent figure in the public library world. He became librarian of the Birmingham Free Public Libraries in 1865, and only retired two years ago, owing to failing health. He was an original member of the Library Association and regularly attended its meetings. A little book published by him in 1860 on the formation and management of Free Libraries and News-rooms was practically the only text-book on the subject until in 1886 Mr. Thomas Greenwood brought out his more exhaustive treatise.

A new Public Library at Gloucester was opened on May 31st by Lord Avebury. He put forward the view which he has always held that the decreased expenditure on prisons and paupers is due to education. It is noteworthy that the reduction in criminal statistics keeps pace with the increase of libraries.

At 50, Parliament-street the Board of Trade has just formed a new reference library. It is in connexion with its Commercial Intelligence Branch, and in it are placed the Government and other reports bearing on commerce and manufactures, as well as a large collection of official and periodical publications, both foreign and colonial.

Lord Balcarras has taken charge of the Public Libraries Bill in the House of Commons. It was introduced by Lord Windsor in the House of Lords, where it has twice attained a third reading.

An offer by Mr. Passmore Edwards to build a lighthouse on the Manacles being rejected by the Trinity Brethren, the money is to provide an intellectual lighthouse at Launceston in the form of a free library. The same donor has presented libraries to many Cornish towns and they have cheerfully taken upon themselves the necessary succeeding arrangements after that first step has been taken which proverbially costs the most. Only in London do certain parishes obstinately refuse the benefits that such gifts bring.

A recent remark in this column as to the perfect catalogue must now be countered by an amusing instance of a catalogue which is an example of imperfection. This specimen, from a popular sea-side resort, is such a list as might be imagined by a librarian in a nightmare. There are strange errors in spelling which give a comic rendering to the titles of well-known works. Coleridge's *Essays* and "The Pleasures of Life" are classed as fiction, "Baron Munchausen" is attributed to the authorship of Gustave Doré, while the compiler appears never to have heard of Isaac Disraeli, placing his works to the credit of Lord Beaconsfield. It may be too much to say that the cataloguer is "born, not made," but at least ordinary care and the smallest knowledge of books would have avoided the blunders which distinguish this compilation.

Correspondence.

ENGLISH, GOOD AND BAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I suppose we may as well forbear criticism when words have really passed into currency. But there are vogues in forms of expression which I think deserve now and then a word of comment. When some one declares that he has "every confidence" in Lord Roberts or in somebody else, however much I agree with him in his sentiments I cannot help asking myself how many confidences may be at his command. "Every "

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It seemed to me scarcely worth while Waters' challenge of May 26. Nono but a gross ignoramus will presume to coin new words, more venture on "dieless," even in a translation on Charles Lamb's "sabbathless." But Mr. Crane to add a supplement to my previous letter "ceaseless" as a word formed by a vicious process, nothing to him that it has the authority of Shurlock Goldsmith, Freeman, &c. Bad English, he says, is no matter who may use it.

In the first place it is a pure assumption the formation is illicit. With three-fourths of the population in -less it is impossible to say whether they coin substantives. "Loveless," "lieblos," is formed which is neither a verb nor a substantive. "Ceaseless" its meaning seems rather to connect itself with the substantive. And what do the philologists "reckless," a word as old as King Alfred?

Secondly, we are all virtually agreed to accept the rule—"si sic volent usus." It is too late in the day to expurgate English of all hybrids and malapropos. Thursfield talks of "artist," though he writes "educationist," an ugly, but as I find, an increasing word. Can Mr. Waters himself dispense with the last of these? I have chanced to use without malice prepense? I do not forget to remember how the neologism "telegram" was denounced by the Hellenists at Cambridge, and was denounced by Mr. Shilleto, in *The Times*. Yet even Mr. Crane proposes to substitute "telegrapheme" or "telegraphem" for "telegram."

Yours faithfully,

The Athenæum, Pall-mall, S.W., June 2, 1891.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. Stephen Crane has left two unpublished manuscripts. Messrs. Methuen will publish. One is a long story, the other a volume of short war sketches.

There are very few books to announce this week. The occupation of Pretoria has produced a book throughout the trade. Recent books of fiction have had the best sales are Mr. Henry Harland's "The Box," "The Trials of the Bantocks" by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and Mr. Percy White's "The West End."

Mr. Lano announces a book on the situation in the Philippines, by R. B. Sheridan, an English barrister. "Filipino Martyrs." It is an indictment of American policy in the Philippines, and is stated to be written "for the American people." Mr. Sheridan recently visited the Philippines, what he describes he saw with his own eyes. It is an amusement from watching the candour of international politics. An American lawyer will no doubt shortly obliterate our criticism of our own methods in South Africa—on the veldt.

A volume of an autobiographical character, published a year from the pen of Mr. W. D. Howells dealing with the early side of his life. The title will be "My Acquaintance with Authors." It is in the form of fiction, and opens with a first journey east to see the editor of the *Times*. Mr. Howells has his prejudices and his pet theories, besides producing much sound literature himself. He has shown a genuine love of literature in his criticism.

My Parish," a volume of essays in conversational style, by Miss E. Pollard, will be brought out by the same publisher within the next few weeks. The parish is Hayford, in Norfolk. A volume of poems by F. B. Money Coutts, entitled "The Mystery of Godliness"—uniform with the "Revelation of St. Love the Divine"—will also be published by Mr. Lane shortly.

While in England the re-publication of "Fifty Years of Punch" is exciting widespread interest, in Italy a similar enterprise has brought vividly before the public the chief political, literary, and artistic events, as reflected in caricature, between 1856 and 1897. The Italian work *Caricature di Teja* (Turin, Roux e Vlarengo, 1900) consists of the work of a single artist, Casimiro Teja, the celebrated caricaturist of the *Pasquino*. These caricatures vary in quality from rough exaggerations intended to enforce a political lesson to fluently-executed drawings. They have been collected and annotated by Baron Augusto Ferrero, of Turin, who has provided notes sufficient to make the drawings and their legends comprehensible. Students of the last forty years of Italian history will find in the *Caricature di Teja* a key to much that is obscure, and a sure indication of contemporary feeling towards many a question which can now only be studied by documents and memoirs.

We are familiar with the caricatures of politicians, but the deliberate and serious caricature of men of letters is almost a new thing. The Berlin publishers, Schuster and Loeffler, announce a volume entitled "Steckbriefe erlassen hinter dreissig literarischen Uebelthatern gegen jaehrlicher Natur." True portraits of the thirty evil-doers will accompany the writs. We have been permitted to see the portraits of Sudermann, Hauptmann, Halbe, and others, and find the caricatures more brutal than amusing. The letterpress we have not seen, but are assured that the satire has a flavour of Juvenal, and that "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" will be nothing to it.

In June of last year we mentioned the appearance of M. Larroumet's "Études d'Histoire et de Critique Dramatique." He has just brought out the second series of his "Petits Portraits et Notes d'Art" (Hachette). He is the secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, and his library is the centre to which tend all documents of the time which have to do with literature and art. Professor at the Sorbonne, he is, also, the dramatic critic of *Le Temps*. The range of his interests is, therefore, immense; and he is a master of style. He has published a half-a-dozen or more volumes of *chroniques*, and the time would seem to have come to make an index to them all, for they constitute a sort of day-by-day chronicle of all that has interested a very wide-awake and well-informed critic during the last ten years. For a foreigner the perusal of these volumes tells him what has interested Paris within this period.

"Memories of Some Oxford Pets, by their Friends," collected by Mrs. Wallace, with a preface by Mr. W. Warde Fowler, whose books on bird life are well known, will be published simultaneously by Mr. B. H. Blackwell, in Oxford, and Mr. Fisher Unwin, in London. The profits are to go to the Lord Mayor's Transvaal War Fund. Among the biographers of Oxford's favourite dogs and other pets are Professors Max Müller, Gardner, and Stewart, Dr. Fairbairn, the Rev. L. R. Phelps, Mrs. Wallace, Mr. Cuthbert Shields, and Mr. Ward Fowler, the editor.

We recently reviewed the important work on "The Welsh People," by Professor Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones, just published by Mr. Unwin; and now the same publisher announces that the volume on Wales, by Professor Owen Edwards, in the "Story of the Nations" Series, has been sent to press. Dr. T. Witton Davies, of Bangor Baptist and University

Atonement in Modern Thought." It contains a series by representatives of different nationalities and separated schools of thought. The eminent Continentalians Professor Harnack, Professor Augusto Sabatani, Professor Goulet are among the contributors; Deane and Dean Fremantle represent the Church of England; Marcus Dods and Dr. John Hunter the Free Churches of Scotland; Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Washington Gladden, Dr. T. Munger speak from America, and Dr. P. T. Dr. Cave, and Dr. R. F. Horton, along with others, represent the English Free Churches.

Messrs. Putnam's will shortly issue a book on "The Creed: an Analysis of its Clauses with reference to Credibility," by Mr. Archibald Hopkins. Some papers appeared a few years ago in the *New York Tribune*, and good deal of discussion.

Next week Messrs. Sands will probably publish "The Cloister," adapted from the German of Dom. Sebastian, O.S.B., of St. Martin's Abbey, Beuron, by Dom. Beaton, O.S.B., of St. Thomas' Abbey, Erdington. A literal translation was made by a nun of St. Scholastica's Priory, Erdington; this was found by the present author to be too long and didactic to suit the taste of English readers. It is a translation, but an adaptation, many alterations having been made. In connexion with it we may mention a very thoughtful and reverent little book of Roman Catholic devotion recently published by Messrs. Sands under the title "Meditations on the Little Office." The meditations are by "Peregrinus," an introduction is supplied by Father Tyrrell, S.J.

The two lectures delivered by Professor Richard C. Marsh at the Royal Institution in 1898 on "The Temples and Asclepias at Epidaurus and Athens" are being published by Cambridge University Press, with illustrations. They have already appeared in book form in Liverpool; and the Cambridge University Press also have nearly ready the second volume of "The Scientific Papers of John Couch Adams." Part I of extracts from unpublished manuscripts of Professor Adams, edited by Professor Ralph A. Sampson. Part II, is devoted to Terrestrial Magnetism, the paper in this case being by Professor Wm. G. Adams. The first part shows that Adams left unpublished no completed work of great importance, but the extracts are not without interest, and contain a good deal of investigation of which he had merely stated the results.

Another book which the Cambridge University Press are bringing out is "Histology of the Blood, Normal and Abnormal," by P. Ehrlich and A. Lazarus, edited and translated by W. Myers, M.A., John Lucas Walker Student of Medicine, with a preface by Professor Sims Woodhead.

In his last published catalogue Mr. Batsford includes a set of "Archæologia." This monumental work, which goes back to 1770, is practically the record of the Society's researches, and its pages are stored with the results of their research. In the introduction to the first volume the Editor of the *Antiquary* is tersely set forth; he "supplies material to those who have the sagacity or leisure to extract from a mass whatever may answer lawful purposes." This has been consistently pursued throughout the publication of *Archæologia*, and probably no work of its class has done more help to students nor offered greater attraction to a general reader.

The Scottish History Society has issued the long "Journal of Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhall, Observations on Public Affairs, and other Memorials."

residence at Orleans and Poitiers when he was sent abroad by his father to study law in preparation for the Bar; narratives of visits to London and Oxford, and of some expeditions in his native country; a chronicle of events connected with the Court of Session from 1658 to 1673; Observations on public affairs in 1660 and 1670; and other papers. The Journals, &c., show Lord Fountainhall to have been a keen observer.

An interesting little pamphlet, and one which attracted considerable attention in its day, is included in the last catalogue issued by Messrs. Meehan of Bath. This is "An Argument showing that a Standing Army is inconsistent with a Free Government," published anonymously in 1697 by Moyle, the friend of Dryden and Congreve. The main point of the book is necessarily the supposed danger to the Commonwealth of allowing any Government to possess so powerful a weapon as a standing army, but, incidentally, it throws a curious light upon the scandalous condition of contemporary Army finance. Moyle makes bitter comments upon the system, lately introduced, of farming out the pay of the Army and allowing financiers to deduct a certain amount from the pay due to the soldier to recoup themselves. This must have been an extremely lucrative business for the "Treasurer of the Army," for, according to Pepys, Sir Stephen Fox cleared at least 12 per cent. on his advances. Moyle expresses surprise that men should be got "to engage their fidelity for the inconsiderable pay of sixpence a day." In reality, the soldier appears not only to have got nothing for himself out of his "pay," but his subsistence money was so inadequate that it is not surprising to find from current lampoons and pamphlets that "Mr. Atkins" of the Restoration

period was held in general detestation on persistent cultivation of the habit of "help you

Books to look out for at once

- SCIENCE—
 "Scientific Papers of John Couch Adams," Vol. 1. By Professors R. A. Sampson and W. G. Adams. Cambridge Univ. Press.
 "Histology of the Blood, Normal and Pathological." Translated by W. Myers, M.A. Camb. Univ. Press.
 THEOLOGY—
 "The Apostles' Creed: An Analysis of its Clause." Hopkins. Putnam's.
 DRAMA—
 Hauptmann's "Das Friedensfest." Translated by Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.
 FICTION—
 "The Things that Count." By Elizabeth Tompkins.
 "The Prison House." By Jane Jones. Blackwood.
 MISCELLANEOUS—
 "Memories of Some Oxford Pets." Collected by Mr. W. Warde Fowler. Fisher Unwin, 3s. net.
 "The Temples and Ritual of Asklepios." By Prof. Camb. Univ. Press, 3s. net.
 "A Day in the Cloister." Adapted from the German. O.S.B. Sands & Co. 3s. 6d.
 "William Watson Andrews: A Religious Biography." J. Andrews. Putnam's. 7s. 6d.
 REPRINTS—
 "The Downfall of Prempeh." By Major-General Methuen. 6d.
 Molière's Plays, Vol. 1., "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Prof. Spencer. Dent. 1s. 6d. and 2s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Grant Allen. A Memoir. By E. Clodd. 7½×5½in., 22s. pp.
 Grant Richards, 6s.
 Major-General Hector A. Macdonald, C.B., D.S.O., LL.D. By D. Campbell. 7½×5½in., 144 pp. Melrose, 1s.
 Paul of Tarsus. By R. Bird. 8×5½in., 51s. pp. Nelson, 6s.
 Luther and the German Reformation. (The World's Epoch-Makers.) By T. M. Lindsay, D.D. 7½×5½in., 301 pp. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 3s.
 Recollections of My Life. By Surgeon-General Sir J. Fyfe, Bart., &c. 9×5½in., 50s. pp. Blackwood, 21s.
 E.-P.—The Hero of Mafeking. 9½×4½in., 80 pp. Newnes, 1d.
 Cecil Rhodes. His Political Life and Speeches, 1881-1900. By F. Index. 9×5½in., 84 pp. Chapman & Hall, 12s.

CLASSICAL.

- Notice sur la Rhétorique de Cicéron. Traduite par Maître Jean d'Antioche, MS. 589 du Musée Condé. Par Leopold Delisle. Titre des Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Nationale et autres Bibliothèques. Tome XXXVI. 11½×9½in., 67 pp. Paris. C. Klincksieck, Fr.5.00.

DRAMA.

- The Cave Illusion. By A. Suteo. With Introduction by M. Maeterlinck. 7½×5½in., 19s. pp. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Essays and Essay Writing for Public Examinations. By A. W. Heady. 7½×5½in., 150 pp. Bell.

FICTION.

- For the Queen in South Africa. By C. D. Hoskins. 7½×4½in., 250 pp. Putnam, 5s.
 Revengeful Fanga. By F. H. Bamford. 7½×5½in., 316 pp. Black, 6s.
 The Spendthrift. By F. Doddsworth. 7½×5½in., 304 pp. Grant Richards, 6s.
 Somerley. Schoolboy and

- MacGillero's Millions. By I. D. Hardy. 7½×5½in., 330 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.
 Love and Mr. Lewisham. By H. G. Wells. 7½×5½in., 323 pp. Harper, 6s.
 Vanity's Price. By E. Pollard. 7½×5½in., 248 pp. White, 6s.
 The Footfall of Fate. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. 7½×5½in., 248 pp. White, 6s.
 Ada Vernham, Actress. By R. Marsh. 7½×5½in., 272 pp. J. Long, 6s.
 Paul the Optimist. By H. P. Dothie. 7½×5½in., 243 pp. J. Long, 6s.

- La Carrière d'André Tourette. By Lucien Muhlfeld. 7½×4½in., 365 pp. Paris. Ollendorff, Fr.3.50.
 Les Sevillennes. By Gabrielle Reval. 7½×4½in., 365 pp. Paris. Ollendorff, Fr.3.50.
 L'Or Sanglant. By Daniel Lesueur. 7½×5½in., 430 pp. Paris. Alphonse Lemerre, Fr.3.50.
 Le Vœu d'être Chaste. By Emile Pourillon. 7½×4½in., 205 pp. Paris. Éditions de la Revue Blanche, Fr.3.50.
 Fant Roseval. By Charles de Bieault d'Hericourt. 7½×4½in., 277 pp. Paris. Perrin, Fr.3.50.

FOLKLORE.

- Mummetts and Crummetts: Devonshire Customs, Characteristics and Folklore. By Sarah Hewitt. 7½×5½in., 219 pp. Burleigh, 6s. n.

HISTORY.

- A Short History of the United States. For School Use. By E. Channing. 7×5½in., 401 pp. Macmillan, 6s.
 Les Problèmes Politiques et Sociaux à la Fin du XIXme Siècle. By Edouard Driault. (Bibliothèque d'Histoire contemporaine.) 9×5½in., 388 pp. Paris. Alcan, Fr.7.
 Tableau de la France.—Les Croisades. Nouvelle Édition. By J. Michelet. 7½×4½in., 340 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy, Fr.3.50.
 Souvenirs des Guerres d'Allemagne Pendant la

- Histoire de la Roumanie Contemporaine depuis l'Avènement des Princes Indigènes jusqu'à nos jours (1822-1900). By Frédéric Dame. 9×5½in., 451 pp. Paris. Alcan, Fr.7.
 La Vie Parisienne au XIXme Siècle. Paris de 1800 à 1900 d'après les Estampes et les Mémoires du Temps. Publié sous la direction de Charles Simonin. La Restauration, 1825-1830. Gino Serle. 11½×7½in., 147 pp. Paris. Plon, Fr.1.75.

LAW.

- The Reclamation of Land from Tidal Waters. By A. Beazeley, M.I.C.E. 8×5½in., 314 pp. Crosby, Lockwood, 10s. 6d. n.

LITERARY.

- Literary Interpretations of Life. By W. H. Craighero. 7×4½in., 291 pp. Macmillan Co. 4s. 6d.
 The Evolution of the English Novel. By F. H. Stoddard. 7½×5½in., 235 pp. Macmillan Co. 6s.
 Poèmes et Légendes du Moyen Age. By Gaston Paris de l'Académie Française. 8½×6½in., 268 pp. Paris.

MEDICAL.

- Consumption and Chronic Diseases. By E. Denamore, M.D. 7½×5½in., 188 pp. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.

MILITARY.

- Social Life in the British Army. By A British Officer. Illustrated by Canon Woodville. 7½×5½in., 224 pp. J. Long, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Sun-Children's Budget. Vol. II. Ed. by Phoebe Allen and Dr. H. W. Godfrey. 8½×5½in., 150 pp. Wells Gardner, 3s.
 Société d'Édition Artistique, Fr.5.
 "Little Wheel"; or, Glimpses of Child Life in an Indian Home. By Mary N. Tuck. 6½×4½in., 64 pp. Sunday School Union, 6d.
 Village Notes, and some other Papers. By Pamela Tennant. 7½×5½in., 208 pp. Heinemann.
 Mock Nurses of the Latest Fashion. By F. J. Gant. 7½×5½in., 190 pp. Balliers, 3s. n.
 La Nouvelle Cuisinière Bourgeoise. By Eugène Nohain. 7½×

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- Campbell. 7½

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- The Use of the. The Christi. W. H. Daub. 120 pp.

Cambridge

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Guide to East

- E. D. Jordan.

Cambridge

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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 130. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The question of an "authorized biography" of Ruskin is stated to be occupying the attention of the literary executors, Mrs. Severn, Professor Norton, and Mr. Wedderburn. The biographer will not have an easy task in competing with the charm of Ruskin's own autobiographical chapters in "Præterita." However, the inevitable comparison did not frighten Mr. Collingwood even in Ruskin's lifetime; and, charming as "Præterita" is, it cannot claim to occupy the whole ground. It is suggested that the proposed biography may take the form of a simple editing of Ruskin's diaries, notes, and fragments, supplemented, presumably, with the correspondence. Is there not any chance of Professor Norton undertaking himself this work for which he has so many qualifications?

There is no more entertaining form of criticism than the parody of talent by talent as in Thackeray's "Novels by Eminent Hands," or Mr. Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," and seeing how many new forms of fiction have been fashionable since Mr. Bret Harte published his series of parodies, it is some wonder that he had not before this been tempted to travesty the later kinds. However, at length the enterprising American editor has supplied the needed stimulus, and it is said

where is the kallyard? Did not Mr. Bret Harte's re Glasgow qualify him sufficiently to attempt its difficul

Dr. Murray of the Oxford Dictionary is this year's Lecturer at Oxford, and he has chosen a particular ing topic in "The Evolution of English Lexic Meanwhile he has illustrated the method of the evolv own great Lexicon by an appeal in *Notes and Q* examples of the early use of "intentions" as a sem term in connexion with matrimony. It appears th researches did not trace this use of the word further the startlingly recent year of 1881. Surely the definition of "firtation" as "attention without i must be more antique than this.

If we are ever to see Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Franceca* at the St. James' Theatre, it is not likely year. Mr. Alexander announces that drawing-room has been successful once more, and that *A Man of For* until the end of the season. Then in September he w Mr. Sydney Grundy's *Debt of Honour*, an expansion int of the one-act piece which has long been a favourite teurs, *In Honour Bound*. Nothing is said about arr after that. Possibly it was this notice of Mr. Alexar goaded into action the sender of the telegram to M announcing to the guests at the dinner in honour of Irving that the drama was dead. The notice was issued on the day the dinner took place.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell treats a poet better Alexander. She lost no time in producing at a few formances the version which "George Fleming" pr her of M. Rostand's charmingly witty, satiric *Romanesques*. *The Fantasticks* gave so much pleasur such general praise from all capable of appreciating humour that Mrs. Campbell has decided to give i "run" in the autumn. How can it be, by the way Stage Society missed the chance of producing Mr. Alfr remarkable piece which he has just published with Richards? *The Cave of Illusion* would be even more i on the stage than it is to read.

Literature and the drama have seldom been quit from one another, though their union is not so close the time of Goldsmith and Sheridan. Mr. Percy F article on the Play Bill in the *Gentleman's Magazine* back still further in the history of the stage. T genuine bills which have passed under his notice

operas. To show the relative importance of the players by varying the type seems to have been an early device. In the same magazine under the title of "Some Correspondence of Samuel Richardson," Miss Clara Thompson has unearthed some amusing details from the correspondence published by Mrs. Barbauld in 1804, and Mr. C. E. Meekirke gives us a short appreciation of the work of Sully Prudhomme. The author of the "Vase Brisé" certainly deserves to be better known in this country. Mrs. Clement Parsons also serves up an amusing picture of old manners in "Trivial Records of Two Centuries Ago."

If *tout Londres* consists of the artistic elements of society like *tout Paris*, then one may say that all London has been seen lately at the Coronet Theatre, where the Japanese players give their very interesting performances. The enthusiasm which these performances have aroused is a mystery to those prosaic people who see in them nothing to account for it. But the painter is carried away by the charms of form and colour which the simple stage arrangements present. The amateur of acting finds much to interest him, and in the acting of Sada Yacco, the principal actress, much to arouse emotion and to move him to genuine outbursts of admiration. Every one with a sense of beauty—however small their knowledge of Japanese—can find joy in these harmonious representations of simple, primitive passions, and in the skill and evident love of art with which they are placed upon the stage.

Cowper's friendship for Mrs. Unwin provides one of those pleasant passages of sentiment in the biographies of our poets which are not so many that we can afford to dispense with them easily. But Mr. J. C. Tarver in his article on Cowper's Ouse in *Macmillan's Magazine* throws sentiment to the winds, and takes the view that Mrs. Unwin's influence on Cowper was both bad for the man and the poet. There is something to be said for this opinion. Mrs. Unwin brought Cowper to Olney and introduced him to Newton, whose Calvinistic opinions and restless domineering nature had something to do with a recurrence of the poet's malady. Mrs. Unwin restricted Cowper's reading, estranged him from his relations, and inspired by jealousy practically drove Lady Austen away from Olney. Under her influence, says Mr. Tarver, Cowper could only write rather commonplace satire or mild preaching, and under Newton's influence only hymns. But there is another side to the case. Newton's influence inspired only hymns, it is true, but substitute the word "Olney" for "only," and it must be owned that the inspiration was a good one. It was to Newton that Cowper wrote some of his most entertaining letters. To the "commonplace satire and mild preaching" assigned to Mary Unwin's influence must be added Cowper's nearest approach to the sublime in poetry, the sonnet beginning,

Mary, I want a lyre with other strings.

"It is to Mrs. Unwin (says Mr. Tarver) that we owe the popular conception of Cowper as a mild, mad man, who kept tame hares and wore a white cap." But it was Mrs. Hesketh surely who worked the poet's cap for him, and would Mr. Tarver strike out from Cowper poetry those most characteristic passages about Bessy and Tiney? It is a pity to attach importance only to the witty side of Cowper's genius. The peaceful and domestic poetry written in the companionship of Mrs. Unwin is equally

The work of identification must have been laborious instances the authors have used pseudonyms supposed to be the pen names of coloured writers

The comparative method helps us to understand literature as a whole better than our forefathers Johnson and the critics of the last century understood literature of their own time as a touchstone of theirs thereby fell into many errors. When the doctor-poet, though he might not say so, it was probably did not write like Pope. The modern critic, on like Professor Courthope, who delivered his blunt "Law in Taste" the other day, maps out convenient periods, regards this or that poet as the outcome of the tendencies of his time, and sympathize with it in a historical and scientific anthologies, which carry us from Chaucer to Shakespeare, spersed with appreciative introductions which lead the reader to enter into the spirit of Oeeleve of the fifteenth century, and that of Tennyson or Keats of the nineteenth. There never was an age which tried to do much as our own. We do not create much ourselves, not, like Johnson, a Pope to blind our vision with a touch of hypocrisy in our broadmindedness; or like Keats, to be so much at one with all manner of different things as to pretend to be.

Moreover, there is often a lurking fallacy in labeling men of genius as the outcome of their age. We are apt to overlook the individuality of the poet. Poets are untameable creatures when a cage they will not always be caged under this or that epic, self-conscious, objective, and so forth. The poet's hope's object was to show how, as civilization advanced, the lyric and self-conscious muse tends to triumph. "This body of self-conscious thought" (he says in the early years of this century) "only waited to find expression in the verse of some great representative mind to find it in Byron." Are we then to account for the character of self-concentration in Byron's work of his time, by "a body of self-conscious thought" which stands out on the literary landscape as an isolated figure, it is surely Byron. Does "this body of thought" of which the Professor speaks find verily in Byron's contemporaries, Wordsworth or Scott? We have put down this quality in Byron to an ingrained peculiarity his own, and nurtured by his unfortunate circumstances. To drag him in as the illustration of a tendency to us to be a mistake of the kind to which the Professor too often tends in his passion for classification.

The Inglis library just dispersed by Messrs. represented the work of quite one hundred years of the history and art of printing. Of the geographical world there were few, but the library was rich in choice specimens that it would be difficult to find every item was good. Here are some of the days' sale:—Æsopus, "Vita et Fabulæ," printed by Sorg, £129; "Ars Morieudi," 14 leaves with woodcuts, £45; Augustine, "Liber de Vita Claudi," the earliest of Ulrich Zel's dated works, 1467, £1

£114; "Horn," Paris, Jehan Petit, 1525, £27 10s. "Horn," Paris, Regnault, 1534, £43; "Chronicle of England," *circa* 1484, attributed to Machlula's press, £175; "The Mannell of the Christen Knyght," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1531, £21 10s.; "Manipulus Curatorum," also printed by de Worde, 1502, £34; Henry VIII., Letters written in answer to Martin Luther, original edition printed by Pynson, £23; "The Grote Herball," printed by Treveris, 1526, £46; Herolt, "Sermones Discipuli de Tempore," printed by Julian Notary, 1500, £31 10s.; a very rare and early edition of Columbus' first letter on the discovery of America, with a copy of the "Mundus Novus," by Vespuelus and other tracts, in one volume, £230; "Horn," fine fifteenth century Flemish MS. on 261 leaves of vellum with miniatures and initials illuminated in colours, and burnished gold in high relief, a rich and very beautiful book, £111.

Mr. A. H. Millar has been vexing his soul in the pages of a contemporary over "The Omar Khayyám Myth." He re-tells the tale of the three school-mates, and disposes of it, on the authority of Mr. Lowell, unaware, it would seem, that Omarians hold with Professor

Zhukovsky that the fable is known to be full of anachronisms, and to be taken from an apocryphal memorial. He then proves to his own satisfaction, first, that the Rubáiyát were not written by Omar Khayyám at all; secondly, that they had no sort of popularity in Persia seven centuries ago; and thirdly, as a consequence of this, that our present cult of them will have died out before the present century attains its majority. Let us assume that the quatrains were not written by Omar Khayyám but—by another gentleman of the same name, perhaps. What then? How does it matter? We all know nowadays that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon, that Michel Angelo drew Raphael's cartoons, and that some *pictor ignotus* painted Raphael's Madonnas. But do we on this account love the less "Her San Sisto named, and Her Foligno?" or is the wonder of Hamlet in any wise lessened? After all it is the work of art which should concern us, and that alone. But it is in the consideration of the Rubáiyát as a work of art, *per se*, that Mr. Millar mistakes the substance for the shadow, the paradox being that in all art the substance is the shadow, and the shadow the substance. To make our meaning clear—it is not the *subject* of any work of art which ensures its immortality; it is not the sublimity of its teaching, the depth of its philosophy, the accuracy of its detail; unless these are wedded to an exquisite shadow, an exquisite reflection, in the style and in the execution. A cabbage painted by a Master outlives a Crucifixion by a dauber; four lines of perfect verse outlive tons of epic balderdash. Mr. Millar disapproves of the Omarian philosophy. He says that it did not captivate Omar's contemporaries, and he foresees that "in this age of fervent religious revivals" it must rapidly sink again into oblivion. Now, why did the quatrains fail to charm "The Wise at Naishipur," and yet, seven centuries later, charm so potently the wise to-day? The reason is clear, but Mr. Millar fails so completely to see it that he can ask "Is there any 'staying power' in the Rubáiyát itself, as FitzGerald translates it?" The poem as FitzGerald creates it, not translates it (and yet how close he keeps to the original thought only those who know Mr. Heron-Allen's book of prose translations can judge), is one of the most perfect poems in the language, and will live as long as the language itself. The caprices of this generation, or the next, cannot touch it. The mistake is we give our praise to Omar instead of to FitzGerald; but a world, averse to thought,

THE BLOSSOMS.

They die with promise in their eyes,
The blossoms, summer's prophecies;
So fragile that the faintest breeze
Can shake them from the swaying trees.
The cruel rain that bid them grow
Buffets their pretty bodies so,
Their beauties scatter at the blow
Along the leas.

They die! Who ever died as gay,
So fair yet so resigned as they,
When soft from festal bough they fall
Or fly before the sudden squall?
Fragile blooms of splendour, unaware
They cast their glories on the air,
Their life an idyll and as fair
Their funeral.

Yet still, a beacon of the morn,
Burns on the hill the golden thorn,
The while from slender hawthorn tree
The bridal robe falls rustlingly—
Burns as a symbol of the days
When every height with hope ablaze
Seemed leading on to brighter ways
Eternally.

W. S.

Personal Views.

TRAVELLERS AND GUIDE-BOOKS

Opinions about the function of a guide-book are numerous as the travellers who buy them, and ever varied as the localities which they are supposed to visit. The subject is therefore eminently suitable for the treatment of a "Personal View," inasmuch as every wanderer on his journey with his own ideas and returns with his own experiences and disappointments. Among these latter it is Nature's most unfair fault of continual misrepresentation, Nature's perhaps also those permanent, historic additions to Nature's art of man, or the pleasant waywardness of which is impressed upon the landscape of every countryside and the streets of every city. For these things abide in their places and do not cry out for observation; they do not invite the unwary or unwise. The silent valley, circled with wooded hills, enriched with bordering flowers, or the boughs of ancient trees, is to be found only by the lover who is rewarded by the sight of Nature's love.

Conceive, for a moment, any man who knows a little of art and a little architecture and a little literature should be able to discover (either in the country or in a town) what the guide-book means, or where the things it mentions may be found. If this be too difficult, imagine the tourist who knows nothing of art and architecture and literature, and who is all three endeavouring to make out what he shall see

who will not understand. I fancy, in brief, that the critical public nowadays (or, may I say, the public critic?) demands too much of the author of a guide-book. For, after all, what is it that that author sets himself to do? If he be less rash than usual, he limits himself to setting forth what his own eyes have seen in paths that his own feet have trod, describing these things by the light of what previous knowledge may be his for a public which is perfectly ready for instruction if only it is politely and frankly treated. But if he be young, he probably adds to his experience the thoughts and sayings of every one else he has ever heard of who has been there before him, and disguises his facts in pestiferous allusion, or elaborates his experience with embroideries of sentiment. If he be enthusiastic, he omits nothing. If he be cynical, he omits too much. If he be sympathetic, he presupposes a superfluity of sympathy in all his readers. If he be the usual "literary hack," he shamelessly "compiles"; and his reward is with him. Is it then a desperate task to find an author with that touch of universal interest which shall appeal to every reader? I think not. But it is not in the average guide-book that he may be yet discovered; and as it is patently impossible to carry any considerable library of approved authorities on any comfortable journey, it might seem a counsel of perfection to see any unknown place with either perfect pleasure or adequate knowledge. Yet again, I think, there is a remedy, though it is not in the guide-book only; for every traveller who demands this belaboured volume from his bookseller must bring as much to its study as its pages can afford him; otherwise he were far wiser to leave the thing behind, invest in a railway time-table and an ordnance-map, and go a hunting after happiness unguided and alone.

These two last-mentioned volumes are the only companions I can recommend to the man who fares into the country. He is, alas! unable, usually, to travel in a post-chaise. The train, with its exasperating chart, is an inevitable evil. The map of highways and byways is equally indispensable for him whose legs are still at free disposal. But nothing else can teach him either what things to look for or what ways to choose. A kindly friend, may be, shall recommend him to search for detailed carvings in the little country church, to inspect the under sides of chancel seats, to scan the sculpture of the capitals. But if the beauties of the landscape need describing, they were better left to the hotel advertisements; and if he will not visit them till he has been argued into going he will not appreciate them then. But with the market town, the walled city, the metropolis, it is very different. Think for a moment what a complex entity is your aged city. London is past all argument. Chester, fenced with her ramparts, is an obvious example. But the old towns of France are immeasurably older than any of our own. They are built, they and their cathedrals, upon a spot of immemorial sanctity, of ancestral defence. The houses still cling round these grey walls that were the symbol at once of their spiritual and of their temporal salvation. The sacred building soars above the lowly roofs, and frowns with

beaten upon the place. Flotsam and jetsam are littered there. The reed-huts of its prehistoric or marshdwellers have vanished, but the pill-box buildings here and there remain. The Reformation tramped past it into silence, but the mark of its military presence is on it still, the hall mark of its military character. "Celts" or "Franks" or "Geruans" have been there and drunk in it, and left their pitiful relics of their spearheads, their great wine cups—all visible in the great museums. At last the place takes its individual substance out of the void of universal strife. The town assumes its character as a community, with the overlord upon the hill, the communal privileges at point of spear and bill. The Great Name disappears, and its very shadow vanishes; the great unnamed arise, and build, and make, and breed and multiply; until, at last, the whirlwind of its own avenging Nobody, its modern Mayor, its modern county-councillors; and these latter make the straight, and all the rough places plain—where the electric tramcar drives a level line across a landscape remembered desecrations. The face of the town is a fact, past recognition; and who shall ever point out its lineaments, or point among the vestiges yet spared since its proudest and most cherished features were destroyed, evoke the Spirit of the Place, that Genius of the Place (of our essayists has said) is first suggested to the mind by the sound of the great bells echoing through the night?

To draw such a face as this, to call up so many memories of the past, and (hardest task of all) to make the town itself too, is the well-nigh impossible task of the compiler of a guide-book. I have spoken of his difficulties, and humbly suggest two of the most obvious of them.

To begin with, it is evident that some knowledge of architecture is indispensable. It is usually, in a guide-book, presupposed and non-existent. Yet where is your hand-book? Non-existent, too. Who has yet written a book that mysterious word "Gothic"? Where shall we find a set of clearly intelligible drawings, typical of the various styles, lucidly explained? I believe there is the same difficulty as for that other knotty problem, of the history of the quarters and houses of a town. Let me take the case of the kinds of museums which will make my meaning plain. First, and bad kind, you find a strictly chronological arrangement resulting in very little, and very meaningless, of relics from the earliest centuries, resulting in a confusing concatenations of objects in more or less order. Obviously the principle of division is complete on the other hand, at a museum arranged on the principle as that enforced in the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford. One object, a weapon, or a weaving toy, or a magical charm, or a group of several may be fitly classed together, is traced from

another; until you see that what a biologist points out as the unnecessary rudimentary tail, or the positively dangerous vermiform appendix in the developed animal, has its counterpart in every manifestation of human activity; until, in fine, you perceive that a biological division can alone display those vital points which explain the present and reveal the past, and you discard all chronology whatever, and almost all geography within sane limits of mere mathematical decency. If some such system as this of the Pitt-Rivers Museum were applied to the settling forth in printed pages of the history of a town, I think the guide-book would become a far less abused article than it too often justly is at present. Instead of describing one century after another, each with its own happenings illustrated by their relics, from the Cromlech on the hill to the latest railway station; instead of giving us almost microscopical researches into half a dozen prehistoric burial places, at one extreme, and wearisomely exhaustive classifications of streets in tens of thousands, at the other; the writer of a city's history should tell us all about its churches from their beginning to the present day; should then describe its civic life from the earliest commune to the modern Prefect; should proceed to the various manifestations of its judicial power; and so forth, on the biological lines of vital progress; illustrating his story as he goes along by the monuments remaining of the various institutions, so arranged in order of time that their development is not only intelligible, but of the deepest interest.

With architecture, the moral is the same. Some architect who is great enough to be extremely simple may begin, and furnish the world with a short classification to form the basis of future amplifications. There would be several large divisions, such as military, domestic, ecclesiastical, and the like. The sacred buildings would be again divided, not by centuries, but according to the principle of the arch; the flat, the round, the pointed. Under each head the typical examples would at first be ranged. Eager students would hasten to complete the tale, and by degrees every church worth record in the world would find its appropriate place, till by the help of an exhaustive index, not a single inquirer would be left in doubt of the meaning and the development of any famous monument. By itself, under a separate heading, would come the division of Decoration; portrait-sculpture, caricature, the conventional, the grotesque, the purely religious, the merely narrative—each would find its place and each be illustrated by a growing list of accurate examples. Thus, by degrees, would the writer of guide-books begin to feel that he might take a little of his architecture for granted in his readers. But for how long must we wait?

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

THE FIRST SWISS GUIDE BOOK.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

There is probably no better way of gauging the progress of a civilized country than to turn over the pages of its earliest guide-books. In the case of Switzerland an exhaustive treatise

adaptation of Ebel, compiled by one Daniel Wall, and finished in 1817. I picked up the other day a copy of the edition. It tells me of a very different Switzerland from the Switzerland I know, yet there must be living men who remember the Switzerland of which it tells me. May I try to picture

In the first place, it was a Switzerland very difficult to. The journey took sixteen days and the cost was. Already, however, the tourist agent was in existence and took to "personally conduct" the traveller. "The advertised," who wish to journey to Switzerland in private manner than by the ordinary routine can make a with Mr. Emery, or his agent, who is always to be heard of White Bear, near the Circus, Piccadilly." Try to imagine Lunn advertising that he is always to be heard of at the equivalent of the White Bear—which would presumably Criterion or the St. James's Restaurant—and you begin an idea of the differences between those times and these, are other differences, however, to which our guide-book introduces us. One of the chief of these is, perhaps, the. The sweet simplicity of the Latin Union was not as yet each separate canton had its separate monetary units. In one dealt in deniers, petit sous, and florins, and was expected remember that one florin equalled 3/4d, and that 43 equalled twenty francs. Moving to Neuchâtel, one s deniers and sous, but 20 sous made a livre, and 16 4-5 livre a louis neuf. It was puzzling enough in all conscience, one might have got used to it in time. The real trouble when one crossed over to Grisons and faced the fearful five blutzers made one batz, 70 blutzers 60 kreutzers, 60 k one florin, and 13 3-5 florins 1 louis neuf. How in these circumstances our forefathers ever contrived to know they were over-charged is a mystery which will perhaps solved. At all events, the guide-book throws no light upon

Not less remarkable are some of my guide-book's recommendations to the tourist. It is particularly concerned good counsel to those who "summon fortitude enough to on foot." Such are warned that "it is necessary for conduct themselves with the greatest propriety that t not be exposed to the troublesome inquiries of the mounta Another hint is:—"Before you expose yourself over a d pass gaze for some time on the precipice, until the effect it can produce on your imagination being exhausted, you capable of beholding it with *sang-froid*." And another "Never take a large dog with you over the mountains you so often meet with numerous flocks of sheep and goat animal might run after or frighten them, and thus occa affray." It may be noted, in passing, that this calamity c when Mr. John Evelyn crossed the Simplon with Capta in 1616. Captain Wray's dog killed a goat, which Capta had to pay for. He considered himself lucky to have g lightly, as he was given to understand that if the peas pressed the matter against him he might have been b The curious may read the whole story in Evelyn's Dia to return to our guide-book. The most notable o suggestions has to do with the costume which the wr siders appropriate for mountaineers. He recommends a st an umbrella, a jacket of ticking, and "a pair of pant and he concludes:—

Neither should the tourist omit taking with him greatcoat and a pair of kerseymere small clothes, wh occasionally be worn over the pantaloons. A pree this kind will prove very serviceable to protect him ag cold winds that often blow on the lofty mountains.

never been there. The visitor to Leukerbad is recommended to "take his own looking glass," as he will almost certainly fail to find one at that health resort. At Sierra one is advised not to drink the water for the strange reason that "it generally occasions hoarseness." A trip to the glaciers, it is said, "requires undaunted intrepidity"; and, in short, the only centre of which the description given in the first guide-book would still stand is Interlaken. For there, even in this unsophisticated age, we read that "there are several boarding houses, the charges of which are moderate," and that "the company dress for dinner," though they dine as early as 5 o'clock.

THE DRAMA.

ELEONORA DUSE IN "LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS."

With *La Dame aux Camélias* Signora Duse has exhausted her portable repertory, and after Monday next Londoners will see no more of her this season. When she has taken her departure we may turn once more to the art of acting as it is understood and practised among ourselves, and seek what comfort we can find in the patriotic bias. But some of us will be disquieted by the memory of that other art, as men who after a passing glimpse of some magic thing are rendered "fey" and out of tune with everyday working life. For the influence of this lady upon us here in London, as, I suppose, upon all her foreign audiences, is a quite peculiar thing, inasmuch as it has been assisted neither by "réclame" outside the theatre nor by any unworthy condescensions within it. She has no "legend"; she does not travel with her own coffin, or horsewhip editors, or kill pet alligators with champagne. Nor, on the stage, does she force a single cry, prolong a single gesture or exaggerate a single point in order that she may be the better understood by audiences whose language is not hers. Indeed, she seems to stand somewhat aloof, this "donna solitaria e nomade," as the author of "Il Freno" calls her, as though she were acting for herself and by herself, so that she seems half startled by hursts of applause, and gets through the unavoidable business of "bowing her acknowledgments" with evident impatience. But this rapt absorption, this timid deprecatory air of hers only binds her audience closer to her; there is something unmistakable in the demeanour of a crowd deeply moved. I, at any rate, have never seen profound sympathy more clearly indicated than in the last few weeks at the Lyceum. It is a very different thing from the "frenzy" which D'Annunzio apparently supposes it to be in the passage from which I have already quoted a few words—the passage in which he speaks of La Fornarina, though it is clear that he is all the time thinking of La Duse. His reference is to "quella donna solitaria e nomade che pareva portare per lui nelle pieghe delle suo vesti raccolta e muta la frenesia delle moltitudini lontane dalla cui bestialità compatta ella aveva sollevato il brivido fulmineo e divino dell' arte con un grido di passione o con uno schianto di dolore o con un silenzio di morte." No, there is no "frenzy" nor do I think our "brutish stupidity" (*bestialità*) quite so "compact" as this description assumes. Signor D'Annunzio may cherish the delusion that we English do not know a beautiful thing when we see it—indeed, some of the reporting (one is obliged to use that word, with apologies to competent reporters) of the Lyceum performances furnishes some excuse for the mistake, but Signora Duse herself can hardly have misunderstood the attitude or underrated the intelligence of her audiences. She has left upon our minds the impress which a fine picture or melody leaves

to interpret herself. In every piece of perhaps in *La Gioconda*) the same remark she is never the author's heroine exactly, the author's heroine as it suits her to be. A sincere woman is not the cabotine Magda; a woman is not Fédora or Princess Georges; a browed woman is not Marguérite Gautier, enough to each of these heroines to make them. And that is all that the story need do. For fiction, and how paltry the fiction seems absolute nature she offers us! Take *La Duse*. Dumas sat down in his study, flogged his incident and that, this piece of dialogue as the result? That, in colloquial language, "word of it"; that we feel the sentiment dialogue sham, and the incidents sham, woman into the midst of all this sham; with ing over her face, raising her brows, drawing of her mouth; with a voice which sends pleasure through the hearer. She laughs caresses, falls dead. Dumas invented none of it, fashioned it into perfection with all the sorrows of a life-time. And it is this, and care in the play. Where, then, is the art? tion of woman to fictitious character, not in a to be somebody else, but in the choice and for expressing herself. The outcome for some "new light" on Marguérite Gautier, plausibility in the fictitious adventures, but real woman in moments of exalted emotion. kind of acting, this self-revelation within th as mere feigning, mere mimicry, is the lo rare a kind that we have grown accustomed the reckoning, and to talk of histrionics. That notion of acting has no room for Signora may within the last few weeks have heard that she is "no actress." And when I have thought less indignantly of Signor D'Annunzio's "*bestialità compatta*." But let us not quarrel question of classification. Here is a woman v brain and nerves and face and voice and grido di passione o con uno schianto di dolore di morte"—thrills us with the intensity of more clearly what human nature is, what we are in our own inmost selves. And "good enough."

Reviews.

"AN ENGLISH PART OF F"

In Messrs. Macmillan's series of guide-books pleasantly of the architecture, folklore, and highways and many byways from County De



Wales, and from Cornwall even unto York, the Rev. P. Dearmer's *HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN NORMANDY* (Macmillan, 6s.) will take a high place. If Mr. Joseph Pennell, in his illustrations to the book, did not insist upon being as French as possible—he would have shown that the "inviolate seas of England" are a mere geological accident of a recent epoch—so recent that the shores on either hand have hardly yet realized their different nationalities. Man, more restless than Nature, has hastened to insist upon dividing characteristics amid surroundings that are still immutably the same. The same apple orchards and hedgerows, the same elms and yew trees in the vales, the same cliffs upon the shore, the same tidal waters swelling to the sea and blackened with toil-stains of the manufacturing towns, the same climate beneath a sky of hurrying clouds across the blue, the same architecture that gave Durham its cathedral and the chapel to the Tower of London—these are but a few of the outward signs that greet every English visitor with the sweetest welcome any foreign town can offer, the welcome of his unforgotten forefathers.

Nature seems to have conspired with man to produce an island fortress so like our own St. Michael's Mount as is that Mont-Saint-Michel which gives Mr. Dearmer a chance for what is perhaps the best chapter in his book, and shows Mr. Joseph Pennell at the worst point of his otherwise attractive and interesting illustrations. To impose the rough sketch of p. 143, for instance, upon any untravelled Britisher as that fascinating "Merveille" of which every visitor to the Mount brings back so many tales, is little short of unfeeling; it is, at least, not quite so hideous as the enigmatic blotches on p. 268; nor in his drawing of the great Dyke, surrounded by its shifting sands and tides, has Mr. Pennell achieved any of that delicate insight and broad touch

which the marvellous panorama he once drew of *Les Puy* to expect. He too often, in fact, plays with his subject, own satisfaction, without regard for what it may do to the dignity of treatment or for what the reader may do to accurate presentation or sympathetic surroundings. A critical artist would, of course, be futile if these drawings accompany a guide-book, and appear between pages of (five historical or architectural disquisition. As imaginative pictures many of them are no doubt vastly well, but the doubtful tourist who seeks to find in them illustrations which illustrate must be careful to allow for the bias of the artist's personal equation. At the same time we have nothing but heartiest thanks to Mr. Pennell for many delightful sketches in which he forgets Mr. Whitman's Nocturnes, denies himself the joys of shocking the profane, and gives that simple and appreciative rendering of French and French scenery which he can give so well.

It may be doubted whether exquisitely concocted or intricately commingled architectural problems procure more lasting memory for the average visitor to the Mont-Peril of the Sea. But we suspect that even Madame de la Motte—*l'aimée*—the same old firm we are glad to find—is more concerned about St. Aubert's first foundations than about the fortifications of the great Barbican. The tourist who has had his first *déjeuner* in the great Barbican, the fortress, now the alluring courtyard of Madame de la Motte, to go to bed in Mont-Saint-Michel is far from being tired. To go to bed in Mont-Saint-Michel is far from being tired and prosy process to which degenerate denizens of less fertile islands are accustomed. Swinging a lighted lantern, you climb the battlemented parapets with all the zeal of a midnight marauder in the Middle Ages. As the moon climbs up the sky and throws fantastic shadows of the pinnacles upon the sand beneath, there is a whisper from the sea, and a rumour from the creeping sands below the fortress walls. The river heaves and bubbles in its shallow bed, and every stone pool stirs with a shuddering ripple. As you watch and the silence is broken by the rush of water where only sand stretched from sky to sky, and suddenly, with the swift pace of a horse at full gallop, the waves have gathered in from the Seine, and swamped the Bay of Cancale, where the waters of the North Sea sweep down to meet the tides of the Atlantic. "Tremor Immensi Oceani." It is the motto of the fortress that has stood invincible against every host, because built upon a rock, and guarded by the quicksands of the treacherous coast. Not only built upon a rock, but rock seems that great pile of architecture, fortress, monastery, cathedral all in one. Deep into the heart of the earth, its dungeons and its storehouses are excavated. High upon levelled windswept platforms that were once sheer pinnacles, its cloisters and great banquet halls are lifted to the sky. It is the most romantic relic of the Middle Ages, and Viollet le Duc has not been able to destroy its charm.

It is possible to live and dream happily in Mont-Saint-Michel for a month, while oysters from Cancale and omelette the odorous Barbican fill the material man with a contentment only the cruel pangs of new-made Norman cider can destroy. But there are travellers who love a town—the hurry of its multitudinous footsteps, and the clang of bells from church steeples, and the hum of busy merchandise. For this Mr. Dearmer has placed Rouen in his pages. Now, if there be any pitfall for the historian it is "the Rotomagus of the Ancients" which can show scarce a trace of Rollo, only a few round stones of the Conqueror's days, nothing save shameful memories.





MONT-SAINT-MICHEL.

[From "Highways and Byways in Normandy"]

exquisite areaded court before it was "engulfed in the huge buildings of the Mutuelle Vie," can tell the injuries that ruthless commerce is working day by day in the city of Georges d'Amboise and of Le Roux. Let us hope that the stream of tourists led to Rouen by Mr. Dearmer's book will swell the volume of protest against the desecration of the carvings in the Hôtel Bourgtheroulde. The Society of Antiquaries has already said its say. But every English visitor should add his outcry. A town which would destroy the Rue St. Romain, and wreck the old street which is crowded with memories of Jeanne d'Arc and guarded by the patron saint of Rouen, is not likely to pay much heed even to carvings of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

DOWNLAND.

A guide to the Sussex Downs would seem a strange and unmeaning undertaking; for a few days' walking over the downland, where we shall hardly pass through a village, and there is nothing to enjoy but the scenery, we can surely do without a guide. The pedestrian who has an eye to see can do so no doubt; but even he can learn little of the secret of the Downs if he is new to the country. Mr. W. H. Hudson's *NATURE IN DOWNLAND* (Longmans, 10s. 6d.) is a guide-book in the sense that it reveals to you not the most interesting spots and the exact turnings to take in reaching them, but the true beauty of the Downs, and the charm of the human and of the wild life which inhabits them. Mr. Hudson has exceptional qualities for writing this kind of book, and the best of them is that he is perfectly genuine. He naturally writes well, and is never laboured or affected in his nature pictures, and his mind is richly stored with the love both of nature and of books. We have read this

being walked upon when looked at." With feeling for the picturesqueness of "grand luggers in some minds a trace of the old shrub-tains as "horrid and terrible." The undulating scape seem nearer and more friendly; we can but feel them—every inch of them is, in a sense, and we could if we would explore them with them. "I can roam confidently over the expanse we are in." The district in these islands can this so truly be said? That it has special charms of its own quite pleasant restful scenery no one will doubt. Hudson. With beasts, birds, and insects he is familiar. Even the flies, as he shows us, deserve a difficult as they are to study in any scientific fly population of this country has suffered from specialization. Our author has often tried to give a fly a name.

I have consulted entomologists, and they speak in a tone of surprise and mild remonstrance when I mention them for Dipterists, when as I ought to have mentioned Lepidopterists, or else Coleopterists.

The Diptera have been so far neglected. Hudson tells us that a monograph of the British Flies is now in the way of completion. Of birds he has much to say. For instance, suggest a pleasant afternoon's observation in downland to be reminded that birds and the whinebat have a song. Their cries and their delicate little musical songs they reserve for other than human ears. Perhaps the most interesting raised as to birds is that of the nightly roosting. Helpless on the ground, and as untiring as the wing, can it be that they retire into the far recesses where perchance their busy wings find repose in the buoyant upper air? They certainly rise on a sudden to an immense height until they disappear from sight. I am assured Mr. Hudson that he had often seen a hawk rush down from the sky in the early morning, and then disperse over the fields and the daily avocations.

But these studies of Nature in Downland are not the children of Nature than birds and beasts. They do not detain and charm the wayfarer in the human life, especially among the "old families" of the country. These are these old families to be found? Mostly among the labourers. "Nowhere else have the old families of the country left so many descendants. Their names and are labourers on the lands of their ancestors." Among the shepherds particularly, the features and their intelligence, the traces of their fathers. But Mr. Hudson recognizes a very real and a vein of stupidity which, running eastward, crops up in many places among the West Sussex Downs. He gives the following amusing instances:—

One day, seeing a youth harnessing a horse, he asked him the name of a hill over which he was to pass. "I don't know," he returned, evidently in answer to the question; "I never heard that it had a name, and I am assured him, must have a name; and I remember it was probably new to the neighbourhood. He was a native of the place, and that to his knowledge it had no name; then he added casually, "The Hill."

We will give one more extract—a touch of that tragedy so little heard of, yet so deeply felt, which is seldom absent for long from the life of an English village. Mr. Hudson fell into talk with a lad on the road who was returning from school. The evenings were growing cold and dark, but the boy did not mind the long trudge home.

He had a good coat for winter, and good boots. Here he asked me to stop and look at his boots. He had another nice pair for Sunday wear. Then he gave me a description of all his possessions in the way of garments; but the winter coat which his mother had made for him was the possession he valued most. I asked him if his father worked on a farm. No, he said, his father had left home a long time ago and would never return. Perhaps he had gone to some other country; he did not know where he was, and never expected to see him again. But by bit he told me more of his story. There were two—himself, not mine, and a little brother, too little to go to school. They lived with a woman who took care of them in a cottage a couple of miles from the village. His mother, left to provide for herself and children, had gone into service at Brighton. She worked very hard and kept them well clothed. He would see her at Christmas, and be with her a whole week; that would be a happy time. Then I remarked tentatively, "I suppose it was drink that caused the trouble." "Oh no," he returned quickly; "father did not drink—he was not a man of that sort. Father was not a bad man. I should like to see him again, but he will never come back." Then I said, determined to get at the bottom of the affair: "If your father was not bad, and loved his children, why did he go away and throw this burden on your poor mother and cause all this sorrow?" He was silent for a few moments, and then, with all the gravity in the world, he replied, "It was an upset," and beyond that not one word would he say. If I had given him silver and gold, it would not have unlocked his firm little lips.

Peasant life on its sad no less than its humorous side can never be without interest for the true lover of country lore; and such an one will find it in this pleasant volume approached with nothing of the spirit either of the too self-conscious artist or of the meddlesome reporter. Here, as in his gossip about the wild life of the open Down, Mr. Hudson is not only observant, but truly sympathetic.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Godalming.

Every Londoner knows Godalming, one of the prettiest places in the prettiest part of Surrey, and so easily reached by cyclists along the famous Ripley Road. And if the London traveller has seldom time or inclination (alas!) for a detailed study of old churches, there are enough residents in the hills around Godalming to supply readers for Mr. S. Welman's *PARISH AND CHURCH OF GODALMING* (Stock). The account of Godalming Church could hardly be better done, for Mr. Welman is both scientific and popular. Scientific! these admirable antiquaries! Some years ago, Mr. Welman tells us, "an unexpected opportunity offered itself, and I managed to get through a small trap-door into the space over the nave ceiling"; then he crept through an avenue of timbers over ancient dust that was like velvet to the touch, and found—well, he found, in short, the remains of the original Anglo-Saxon church, two little eye-holes that had been blocked up nearly 800 years ago. With like care and knowledge he has investigated the remains of the twelfth

In the Decorated period this spire is replaced by the tower; the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries bring fort and embellishments; the eighteenth patches on tions to hold galleries, and adorns the interior with Aaron, and the Lion and Unicorn, and Uxoribus; crimson velvet festoons, and Father Time with his the Angel of Death—that wonderful eighteenth cen the nineteenth century, of course, indulged in ty restorations. All these transformations are ill conjectural drawings and plans, by reproductions, and modern photographs; and all this time the Anglo slept hidden in the very centre of the church, like t the fairy tale, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Welman. tyro will understand these drawings; and, underw he interested. To finish up there are the usual ela monuments, the heraldry, and the parish register throw their curious side-lights on the customs o For instance:—"1658, Apl. 20. Hours was taken one Mary Parker widow with a child, and she was wip ing to law, about the age of 50 years, proper of p she was to go to the place of her birth that is in G Kent, and she is limited to thij days and to be carried to tything till she come to the end of the said jer Mary Parker! Little did she think that her whi earn for her immortality.

Edinburgh.

The solid and interesting account of *ROMANTIC* (Sands, 6s.), which has been prepared by Mr. John C. *Scotsman*, has little in common with Stevenson's *EDINBURGH, PICTURESQUE NOTES*, which has been reissue Seeley with delightful drawings by Mr. T. Hamilton



Mr. Geddie takes his reader into every nook and corner of Edinburgh which has a romantic tale or an historical anecdote connected with it. Its weight rather handicaps it as a companion. Mr. Geddie gives a fuller account than Stevenson of the monument erected by Burns to Fergusson, Mr. Crawford's picture of which we reproduce. Burns' acknowledgment in the epitaph of Fergusson's position as a poet serves as a reminder of the latter's influence upon him now that the lesser light is lost in the greater. It is not only in his choice of subjects that Burns resembled Fergusson; in "The Farmer's Ingle," for example, which is the prototype of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." But from actual passages, of which the late Mr. Grosart made a formidable list, he derived more or less direct inspiration, and to a large extent adopted his metrical forms and rhythms. There is no knowing what great rivals the two poets might have become had not Fergusson died before the full development of his powers, at the early age of 24. But we must not exaggerate the debt which Burns himself owed so frankly. Fergusson's poetry, fanciful and vigorous enough, lacked the passion and imagination which keeps Burns alive, though in his smaller way he provided fuel for the fire of the immortal.

Yorkshire.

We have more than once referred to Mr. J. S. Fletcher's PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF YORKSHIRE during the course of its



WISTOW.

(From "A Picturesque History of Yorkshire.")

serial appearance. It furnished gossip about the literary associations of all sorts of interesting places. When complete it will consist of three handsome volumes (Dent, 7s. 6d. n. each). At present there are two such handsome volumes ready to be reviewed. The illustrations, both line and wash drawings, are all commendable; those by Mr. Herbert Railton are particularly good, though we do not know whether they were specially drawn for this work. There is a fine illustration of the

Warrington.

THE DREAM OF A WARRINGTONIAN, by A. Warrington: the "Sunrise" Publishing Company. The author represents himself as going to study the history of Warrington written in a somewhat fanciful style. The author represents himself as going to study the history of Warrington and making the acquaintance of old Warrington and its notable citizens in a series of visions. There is a chapter on the Roman Camp, the Norman Stronghold, the "Preyres," the Civil Wars, &c.; but the longest and most interesting chapter is that on the period which, roughly speaking, covers the second half of the eighteenth century, when Warrington was a great intellectual centre, and laid claim to be "the Athens of England." It was then that the Warrington Academy—the lineal ancestor of Manchester New College—was founded, in order to make the highest culture accessible to persons whose religious opinions excluded them from Cambridge. The notables of the period are many: Dr. Taylor, the author of the Hebrew Concordance, Dr. Barbauld, Dr. Priestley, Alfieri, who fell in love with his neighbour's wife, and fought a duel with his neighbour; Hoare (the original of Commodore Truncheon), the painter, Arkwright the inventor, John Blyth the shorthand writer, John Howard, whose book on the prisons was printed there, Pennant, famous for his books, the lady who is believed to have been the

Malaprop, and, possibly, a revolutionist, who is alluded to in the evidence, to have been a student of Modern Languages at Warrington. These characters are re-visited again for us in Mr. E. Warrington. Among other stories the book tells the story of a practical joke played on the Academy students by their then Miss Aikin, and her

He told me many anecdotes concerning the Warrington maids, and I was much interested to know how they had one of the number of the students who had how hams, and potatoes, and trifles, and various other edibles adorned the table of the unwitting youths who were asked to help the ladies. It had then discovered that the meats were made of wood, and the meats were simply potatoes, that the ingenious-looking Warrington ingeniously compounded

The book is well illustrated. Warrington is to be congratulated on having found a chronicler so competent. Bennett.

GUIDE - BOOKS.

"Pictorial Guides."

Messrs. Ward, Lock's Shilling Pictorial Guides are meritorious features. They do not attempt to be ground in a single handbook; they are well and cheaply done, though not without some of the

and the opinions of eminent men are quoted in favour of the Lennington waters. "I have gone back to brown potatoes and cherry pie," exclaimed John Ruskin joyfully, after a course of them. WITTHY, of course, suggests Credenon. The story of Credenon is told, with the proper quotations from Canon Atkisson. But there might have been more about Captain Cook—or at least the tourist might have been referred for further details to the admirable monograph of Sir Walter Besant, wherein he quotes from the "Book of Things Left Out." BOURNEMOUTH is too modern to have any associations worth speaking of. The late Earl of Malmesbury, in 1826 "shot an old black cock on the very spot where St. Peter's Church at Bournemouth now stands"; and St. Peter's is the oldest church in the place. Poole, Swanage, Corfe Castle, Christ Church, Wimborne, and Lyndhurst are, however, also dealt with in the volume. The guide to CROMER has, of course, the inevitable quotations from Mr. Clement Scott. It also reminds us that William Cowper went for change of air to Mundesley. It is strange, however, that the historical note on Felbrigg-hall should contain no mention of the William Windham, lord of that manor, who with Dr. Pococke discovered Chamonix. The book contains a note on Norwich and a chapter about the Broads. In the case of the Isle of WIGHT we are told that it is a pity that the isle has "figured so little in fiction." The only novel "proper to the soil" is said to be "The Silence of Dean Maitland." But Punch's fat contributor, we are told, lived at Bouchurch. It might have been added that Macaulay spent a summer there. He "walked in the beautiful thicket under Bouchurch, and turned the dialogue in the *Rudens* between Gripus and Demones back again into Greek—nineteen lines that I would not be ashamed to send in for a University scholarship or a medal." MARGATE includes Broadstairs, Margate, Sandwich, &c. Sandwich really ought to have a guide-book to itself instead of being dismissed in a few pages. But perhaps the golfers—there are few other visitors—do not care about historical associations. And why say that "it is more than doubtful if the 'Bleak House' of Broadstairs is the Bleak House of the story"? It is absolutely certain that it is not. The real Dickens memories of Broadstairs centre round the Tartar Frigate, not mentioned in this guide-book, where the great novelist used to feed the flames of genius with Punch. Next comes LANDRINDOD WELLS. The Romans took the waters there just as they did at Yverdon, on the Lake of Neuchâtel. They were brought into notice by poems in their praise published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. A German physician wrote them up in 1751, and Miss Braddon did the same in 1874. Now they have the electric light and all sorts of modern improvements there. Other guide-books in Messrs. Ward, Lock's series are GLASGOW AND THE CLYDE, ORAN, FORT WILLIAM AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS, and CONNEMARA HIGHLANDS: GALWAY TO SLIGO, ENGLISH LAKES, BELFAST, KILLARNEY LAKES, and CANTERBURY. They all seem to be good, though one is rather surprised to see Canterbury dismissed without reference to the St. Lawrence Cricket Club. In the Lakes book there are enough quotations from Wordsworth to satisfy the most exacting; and the mountaineering section is good as far as it goes. The series as a whole is well conceived, and the tourist will be well rewarded if he chooses the volume he wants.

"Homeland Handbooks."

We are particularly drawn to the HOMELAND HANDBOOKS (6d. n. each), published by the Homeland Association, for the Promotion and Encouragement of Touring in Great Britain and Ireland. They are cheap; they do not attempt to be too

Dulverton, by Mr. F. J. Snell, which has just appeared are chapters on the hunting and fishing by specialised branches of human endeavour; and a chapter headed "with books" sums up the literary associations. Messrs. are connected with "Lorna Doone"; but "Katerfelto" is forgotten; and we are also reminded that Richard Jefferies led Dulverton to pursue the inquiries that resulted in his "Red Deer" and that the names of Lord Tennyson, Anthony Frome figure in the visitors' book of the "Arms." Finding a volume of his poems lying on the table, Tennyson wrote his name in it, to the great delight of the lady. We may add that the advertisement column of little books are a perfect treasure house of information regarding the hotels and lodging-houses in parts of the world the stranger from afar is apt to be nervous as to the attention that he will find. Guides are in preparation to the Richmond, Bromley (Kent), Hastings, Eastbourne, Banbury, and the Uplands of Surrey. We hope that to the less obvious places will appear first. Richmond, in particular, seems a promising subject. There is much to be seen there which those who only use Richmond for boating never see; and the historical and literary associations of the borough are endless.

"Thorough Guides."

The Thorough Guides, by M. J. R. Baddeley, do not name. We have THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT (4th edition, 5s. n.), and SCOTLAND, PART I. (Dulau, 5s. 6d. n.). Both subjects are treated in the exhaustive manner which the example was set in the Continental guides of Baedeker. In both there are plenty of maps and in both there is plenty of the information that the traveller requires, though the "eighteen different ways" to the Pillar Rock are not described. The maps are excellent, indicate the altitudes, and there are hints to the eye as to the ground covered in the Scotland guide is Edinburgh and the Highlands as far north as Aberdeen, Inverness, and Stornoway, with a description of the various approaches to land and sea from the south. Part II, contains the Highlands, and Part III, the Lowlands. There is also THE SHETLAND (4th edition, 1s. n.). It contains the names of Bartholomew, and is a marvel of cheapness and the fact that it be added that there also exist Thorough Guides for Derbyshire, Eastern Counties, Surrey and Sussex, and Devon, Isle of Wight, North Wales, South Wales, North Ireland, and South Ireland.

"Railway Guides."

The railway companies are realizing by degrees the worth of their while to publish guide-books as well as to add to put other things into the guide-books by "official" announcements. The Great Eastern was the first company to do the thing in style. It discarded Percy Lindley—a gay and cheerful travelling companion who gave chatty directions for trips in Holland and the Ardennes—very things to stimulate foreign travel. On the *suppression veri suggestio falsi* a philosopher might blame concealing the fact that it is possible to get to Brussels of Dover and Ostend. But, of course, he was only a philosopher in his brief, and much may be forgiven to him for speaking like a man of letters. His latest leaflet, HOLIDAYS IN FLEMISH CITIES, indicates a cheap tour to such old-world cities as Ghent, Ypres, Courtrai—a tour little made and little making, as those who know Mr. Strang's etching of forgotten resorts must be aware. THE WATERWAYS

glad of a reprint of various articles on watering places in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex that have appeared in the public Press. Among other articles we find a laudation of Cromer from the eloquent pen of Mr. Clement Scott:—"Here they come, these happy holiday-makers, in the brilliant August sunshine, to rest on the flowered banks of God's Acre, their footsteps seeming to sing," &c. A lexicon of lodging-houses completes the Great Eastern list.

A similar lexicon comes to us from the Great Northern Company, and a programme of TOURIST AND WEEK END ARRANGEMENTS, which we need not review. A more distinctive and interesting publication is a series of HOLIDAY LEAFLETS ILLUSTRATED, by Charles Eyre Pascoe (1d. each). These are entitled respectively THREE DAYS IN THE DUKERIES; HARBOURGATE, IKLEY, AND BEN RHYDDING; SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, FILEY, AND BRIDLINGTON; A TRIP INTO LINCOLNSHIRE; and CROMER, SHEPPHAM, MUNDSELY, AND THE BROADS. They are all well illustrated and well printed on good paper, and in all of them the personal note which makes guide-books readable is struck. In the case of the Dukeries, for example, Mr. Pascoe frankly admits that this sort of sight-seeing bores him, and that he would far rather be taking his ease in his inn than roaming through the perfumed chambers of the great. In spite of his own indifference to ducal residences, however, he does his duty to his readers and tells them what they need to know.

A good deal of the guide-book work of the London and North-Western Company is, so to say, letterpress written up to the time-tables, but one or two of the publications may be welcomed for their own sake. TOURS IN IRELAND (6d.) is at least a fine picture gallery, but if Ireland is to be popularized by means of it the letterpress must be rewritten so as to read rather less like an estate agent's advertisements. TURENORE is a pamphlet writing up an unspoiled—and, to judge from the pictures, nearly uninhabited—neighbourhood in the North of Ireland. DOVEDALE is a similar illustrated exposition of the neighbourhood of Buxton and of a new railway line now being built.

The documents which reach us from the Midland Company mostly partake of the nature of advertisements. An exception is a little guide to the ISLE OF MAN (2d.), which is of the handy size of a pocket-book and has blank pages whereupon the tripper may record his impression of the scenery, or the lodging-houses, or the novels of Mr. Hall Caine. Some guide-book information, with plenty of photographs, also precedes the usual lodging-house gazetteer.

The North-Eastern Company is more enterprising. SCENERY IN NORTH-EASTERN ENGLAND (1d.) is an album of views of Whitby, Filey, Scarborough, &c. It has a brief introduction with the proper references to Cedmon, Sir Walter Besant, and other celebrities. Then come a series of threepenny hand books with the general title of SUMMER RESORTS, well illustrated with wash-drawings as well as photographs, and full of learning, written by Mr. John Leyland. TYNESDALE is mainly about the Roman wall, but also about the Battle of Hexham and other events which bring the history of Tynesdale into touch with the history of the country as a whole. TEDSDALE surveys a country of roaring cataracts and literary associations. TOKELY is there, and so is Dotheboys' Hall. The fishing is on the same high level. In YORKSHIRE COAST we read of the Pilgrimage of Grace as well as of the concerts on the Scarborough Pier, of Captain Cook and Paul Jones, great mariners in very different lines of business, of Cedmon and Laurence Sterne. Finally, in WENSLEYDALE AND SWALDHALLE we read of ruined abbey—Fountains Abbey, of

The Great Northern Railway of Ireland shows enterprise in attracting the English tourist. Its programme has capitally got up and illustrated with views and maps of them are THE VALE OF THE BOYNE AND ROYAL TOURIST EXCURSION PROGRAMME, which has a letterpress about the places to visit. The Water and Western Railway Company gives us THRU ISLE (6d.), one of the best railway guides we have. The Cork and Macroom Direct Railway issues THE TRIP TO GLENGARIFF AND KILLARNEY, with good notes for an expedition down the Shannon we can SHINE SHANNON, issued by the Shannon Company (3d.).

Four guide-books by Messrs. Black appear. They are SCOTLAND (11th edition, 8s. 6d.), ENGLAND (10th edition, 3s. 6d.), EAST KENT (14th edition, 1s. 6d.), and BELFAST AND THE NORTH OF IRELAND (1st edition, 1s.). They are, above all things, liberally mapped. The numbers of the editions are a sufficient proof of the popularity of the works.

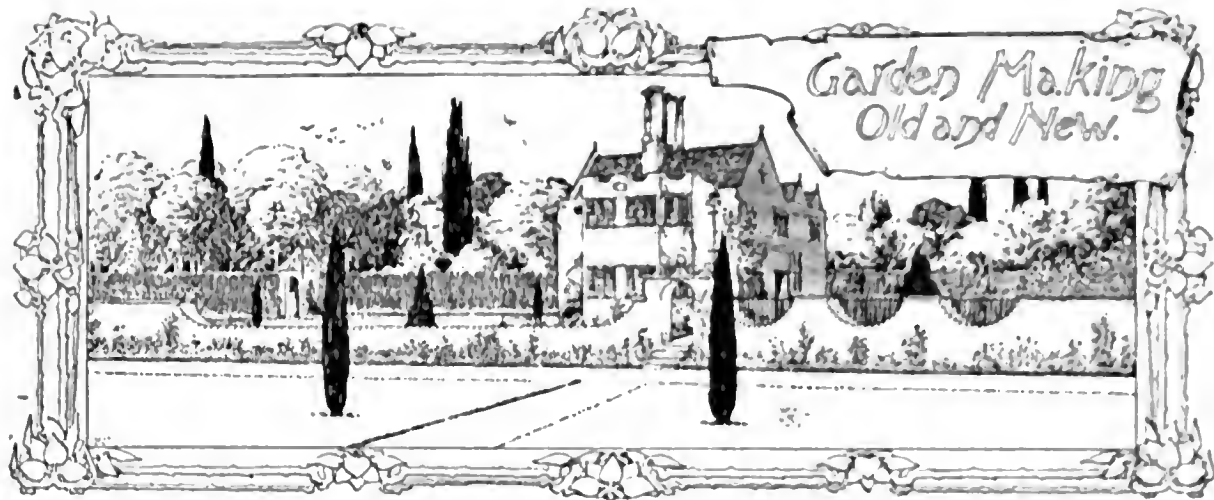
A new guide-book issued by the same publisher is THE WAY ABOUT WYE, by A. R. Hope Moncrieff (1s.). It is a book which has been talked about than visited, and the book fills the gaps of hardly any traffic on the river, so that "the only boatmen with a coarseness of language too frequently met in the navigators of public rivers." One also has a chapter on the rapids. Mr. Moncrieff would have warned tourists, when this happens, and they have to wade so on their backs, feet first. So doing, they are not submerged rocks with comparative impunity. The book is well done, and may come to grief. The book is well done, and the books from Mr. Hope Moncrieff's pen.

Handy little guides that can be slipped into your pockets are the Way About Series of the Oxford University Press (11s. 6d. each in paper, and 1s. 6d. each in cloth). They have historical introductions, itineraries, and maps. Twenty-three of them have been published—Oxford, THE WAY ABOUT IRELAND, and THE WAY ABOUT ENGLAND. The former is illustrated from line drawings, and the latter from photographs, the line drawings being the more numerous.

At this time of the year the pleasure-seeker goes to Oxford by the beauty of its natural surroundings and its academic attractions. Among the additions to the list which form the chief new feature of ALDEN'S (Alden; Simpkin, Marshall, 1s.) that of Iffley is the best. The book is, of course, much more than a geographical guide, containing as it does as much as the tourist ever wants to know of the architecture and literary associations of Oxford. On such subjects it is little to add, though the new Robinson Memorial buildings now being added to the Museum are not mentioned. The Browning MSS. is now made a part of the Balliol library.

Mr. Joseph C. Hyam's ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO ALGIERS (Algiers, the Anglo-French Press Association) is a book of photographs and photogravures, as well as a practical information. Its literary pretensions are not to be despised; but it gives lists of tradesmen and professions, and even forgetting to recommend a chiropodist, at the end of each code by means of which such things as "Have you postponed my arrival—an writing you," can be expressed in a single word, Tunis and Biskra, as well as Algiers.

RHODES' STEAMSHIP GUIDE (Phillip, 2s. 6d.) is a very useful to tourists who do not fear sea-sickness. It leaves the beaten track. In the classified direct services with which the book opens they will find a list of quaint ways of travelling cheaply not only to London, but also to parts so little known to the tourist as Danzig, Helsingfors, Abo, Stuyanger, in the North



[Chapter heading from "The Art and Craft of Garden Making."]

Handsomest outside and most fascinating within of all the recent books on gardens and pertaining subjects is the square green volume called *THE ART AND CRAFT OF GARDEN MAKING*, by Thomas H. Mawson (Batsford; Newnes, £1 1s. 6.). Just at first the beauty of the designs and the great charm of Mr. Chamberlain's chapter-headings threaten to deflect the mind of the reader from the wise things in the text, but this is only at first.

So soon as we get into a chapter, whether about "Garden Making Old and New," or "Benches and Gates for Garden and Park," the really wide knowledge, the catholicity of taste, the absence of all "faddiness," and that quality which is only garden fact in high degree possessed by Mr. Mawson, hold us. It is not only mansions that are considered; the small house, even the cottage, the least wall on the estate share the attention of the garden architect, and when he gets down to such practical matters as planting, he has some capital new ideas to offer which immediately arouse the envy—we may say the cupidity—of the gardener. For instance, in naming beautiful shrubs which lend themselves to the formal garden, he mentions brooms, *as standards*, the broom being worked upon the common laburnum. This is one of the best things we have heard of for a long time; who that knows the sweet fragrance of the *Cytisus* family will not be glad to hear that the untidily splitting nature that has so far relegated it to wild shrubbery banks can be got rid of, and a little mop-headed tree, whose flowers will be on a level with our nose, as we walk down the path, had in its place? *Cotoneaster Simondsii*, also as a mop-head, planted alternatively with yellow brooms, would be charming—beaded with scarlet berries when the broom was resting for winter.

Mr. Mawson takes a high natural courage with him into the garden. That painful subject of "glass" he does not shirk; and instead of saying "Keep it well out of sight with your hot beds and cold pits, and manure pumps, and furnaces" he essays to make it tolerable. Not that he is an enthusiast for conservatories—what real gardener could be? But he recognizes their uses and all he prays for is their reasonable and artistic treatment without and within. "Nothing can be more annoying and disappointing to an architect," he writes, "than to see a stock pattern conservatory, highly ornamented as to cast iron erections and finials, set up against a house which he has designed

above three feet of green painted panelling on its south side, bowered in climbing plants and roses reached in conservatory itself was treated with a central bed of *Eucalyptus*, the old-fashioned very pale heliotropo and a wonderful *Fuchsia* Yellow Rose rambled towards the roof. This was place to rush through to "look at the gloxinias"; it all intents and purposes, a flowery withdrawing room—but it had no crested iron work and finials, and was not conservatory.

We have spoken of the quality of the illustrations; page drawings and plans of places Mr. Mawson has "done" are full of interest to study, but the sketches and details which he adopted anywhere are what will delight the average gardener. Thumb-nails of a gate, a bridge, a corner of terrace; so good, a "paved walk leading to a summer-house" (No. 10) these make the wealth of the book—make it an astute gardener's-worth. The underlying principles of garden- and framing houses amid their surroundings are so clear in Mr. Mawson's mind and so ably set forth that, those who have thousands to bury, as it were, in their garden may aspire to be their own garden architects.

Of what may be called departmental gardening, a volume reaches us by Mr. W. H. Weguelin—a most expert in carnations—that exquisite but capricious fan is called *CARNATIONS AND PICOTES* (Newnes, 3s. 6d.). Carnations, growing, as far as it has got, and it has got a long way, is up here, and the various groups thoughtfully criticized names and notes of individual habits are given, the book of real practical use. Needless to say, the name of Mr. Smith, who, in his Kent home, has "invented" many of the finest carnations, is dotted freely through Mr. Weguelin while he is modest as to his own achievements in the same. The chapters on "Soil, Potting and Planting," and on "Water Operations" are so clear that they will cause many heartened amateur to try again, in what has ever seemed distressingly unequal struggle with Nature for possession of her spiciest sweets.

Two other gardening books of importance have just published. One is the first volume of a new edition *GARDENER'S ASSISTANT* (Gresham Publishing Co.). This

CONTINENTAL GUIDE-BOOKS.

Of all the many available guide-books to Paris we like best the glorified guide-book entitled simply PARIS, by Augustus J. C. Hare (Allen, 6s.), of which a second revised edition is published this year. What one needs to know about theatres, hotels, cab fares, &c., is given in a short chapter headed "dull useful information." For the rest we are taken round the city by a competent guide, shown all the interesting streets and buildings, and told all about their historical associations, each street and each building being illustrated by some quotation from some French author. In the chapter on the Tuilleries, for example, we are regaled with many extracts from the memoirs of persons who flourished at the time of the great Revolution. The account of the Halles Centrales is illuminated by a long description taken from Zola's "Le Ventre de Paris." At Père Lachaise we have a story of Abelard and Héloïse taken from Martin's history of France, stories of the Commune taken from Maxime du Camp's "Sauvetages de la Commune," and this striking sentence from Victor Hugo:—

Le Père Lachaise—à la bonne heure! Être enterré au Père Lachaise c'est comme avoir les meubles en acajou; l'élégance se reconnaît là.

It must be added, however, that modern Paris does not exist for Mr. Hare. It seems strange at first to read about Montmartre and read nothing about the Moulin Rouge or the Chat Noir, but this is made up to us by instructive gossip about the execution of the Abbés and Nuns of Montmartre during the reign of terror and the pillaging of the house of Laborde, famous for his marvellous pictures of Swiss scenery. Altogether the guide will be found a delightful companion by any thoughtful tourist who cares to carry it about with him, and the fact that the author shifts from one subject to another without much system or method does not seem to us to matter a great deal.

Those who like method in their guide-books will find it in Mr. Grant Allen's PARIS (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. n.), of which there is appropriately a new edition in the exhibition year. This handbook, which deals more with art than with historical associations, treats the subject on a chronological plan. Beginning with the very old Paris of the Island of St. Louis and proceeding successively to the left bank, to the Paris of the Renaissance, of which the great glory is the Louvre, to the north bank, to the Faubourg St. Germain, and to the exterior boulevards, it is part of the author's plan to draw attention mainly to the art treasures and pages of interest which are distinctly Parisian, and to say as little as possible about such other art treasures which happen to be there. There is something very characteristic in Mr. Grant Allen's dogmatic statement that no intelligent person need trouble himself about the cemeteries, the market places, the Bourse, the Banque de France, or the manufactories of tapestry or porcelain.

There is also a new edition of Baedeker's handbook for PARIS; an eight-page leaflet, specially adapted to the Exhibition, is given away.

A NEW TOURIST'S HANDBOOK FOR NORTHERN ITALY is issued by Messrs. Cook and Sons. It is a brief and business-like publication, and so far as the great cities like Genoa, Turin, Milan, Venice, and Florence are concerned will, no doubt, tell the average tourist all that he requires to know. The book, however, has its limitations. It would be of little use to any one who proposed to visit the Italian Alps, which, not less than the cities, are numbered among the attractions of Northern Italy. The

Richards, 3s. 6d. n.), of which we have received and know, and the student is taken through the various churches in a manner which will enable him to the development of Florentine painting and sculpture. Allen boasts that he has here also excluded information of a practical nature for which the and Baedeker are celebrated. We are not sure their value would not be greater if an irreducible such information were included in the appropriate times when even the most serious student of the know the address of a doctor or a dentist, or and if he has left his Baedeker at home, he will Grant Allen for refusing to satisfy his curiosity.

Messrs. Ward, Lock's BELGIUM, THE ARDENNES (1s.) contains historical sketches of both the and does justice to the art treasures of the principal good pictures, as there are in all the Ward

FICTION.

Some Agreeable Novels.

The author of "Tales of Space and Time" and journalism, and we know from the "Fleet" that the journalist

Is the true soldado;
Both time and chance he'll
And find out Eldorado.

Like a true journalist he has in LOVE AND LUCK (Harper, 6s.) discovered an undoubted El Dorado quite close to hand. Mr. Wells has already told us but his present one is almost as unknown as that from his own imagination. The handful of volumes he now uses belong, to a great extent, to the Kensington students, and into that often purple background he weaves the poetry of life and the love. "Mr. Lewisham," says one of the characters. This South Kensington place and the turning him out by the hundred. . . . however, shows us the soul of Lewisham. The hero, though it destroys his great "schema" of success, does not touch the very depths of his trials. The description of the particular type Lewisham and of his wife (the step-daughter of an unspiritualistic fraud), and many other specimens which show the wit and cleverness of the prevent this novel from possessing a cathartic message is not an altogether cheering one—to the old refrain from Clough's poem, "Sublimity it is conveyed in so interesting a form as to lavish an amount of brilliancy and insight, refreshment. We congratulate the author of "Worlds" and "When the Sleeper Wakes" for his worldliness from other-worldliness. His wit and of the human heart will, we hope, be displayed in books on the lines of that which he calls "Lewisham."

Once more Mr. Frankfort Moore entertains us with a *comédie en vaudeville* of NELL GWYNN, COMEDIAN (Pearson, not a novel properly speaking, though it is so called on the page, but merely a series of eight sketches in

Miss Ella MacMahon tells of an interesting complication in *FORTUNE'S YELLOW* (Hutchinson, 6s.). Bernard Lake and Louise Headingham were lovers twenty-one years and eight months ago. At that date she married "another," and Lake is quite cool and composed when they meet again—the lady now a rich widow with children, and particularly one daughter, Norah, who is delightful to Lake. "The man of"—over—"forty," the charming girl of half the age. . . . The story is not quite new, perhaps, but it is well told. The blue waters of the Mediterranean form the background of the tale; the roses, "fortune's yellow," with the olives and vines, are woven into the romance with agreeable effect.

A *FAIR BRIGAND* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. George Horton, is a simple American story of two gentlemen of the American Archaeological Institute at Athens—one a young but learned authority on Argive hair-pins and Herieum bronzes, the other, a student of lighter mood—who undertake to climb Olympus, and fall into the hands of brigands. Mr. Anderson and Dr. Brown appear to be rather foolish fellows, birds in whose sight the net would never be vainly spread. The learned doctor is loved by the "fair brigand," a most disagreeable and beautiful lady, who indulges in melodrama. But the story is not without humour and vividness, and the illustrations by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan are good.

Mrs. J. Glenn Wilson's *TWO SUMMERS* (Harper, 6s.) is a most agreeable, leisurely book. "It was midsummer in the South Pacific, and the smoke of bush fires muffled all the distance with a copper-tinted gauze," when an English Q.C. paid his first visit to his brother's wife's people. The second summer is in England, when Mr. Lindsay Q.C.'s relations come to London. The now and the old world have been admirably studied by Mrs. Wilson, and she makes an interesting story out of quiet but effective circumstances. "Two Summers" is in the best American manner, which is another way of stating the fact that the book is well worth reading.

Mrs. Edward Kennard is always straightforward, breezy, and sometimes—with and without intention—extremely amusing. In *TONY LARKIN, ENGLISHMAN* (Hutchinson, 6s.), she is all these things, and patriotic and warlike as well. Tony is the man to appeal to a maid; he is young and rather stupid, and brave, and wildly successful. Can the heroine of a novel by the author of "At the Tail of the Hounds" ask more? We feel sure that without having written a remarkably clever book Mrs. Kennard has produced one that will delight her many admirers.

There are plenty of clever character-sketches in Miss Bertha Thomas' latest novel *THE SON OF THE HOUSE* (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). The newly-rich widowed mother, Mrs. Hendry, who desires to belong to the *monde*, but suffers from a too sensitive temperament, and her sons, Oswald and Ralph, interest us. Although the actions of these and other characters are occasionally artificial there is an air of directness and truth about "The Son of the House" which makes it an agreeable story.

Mr. Marmaduke Piekthall has evidently made a serious attempt to be funny in his novel *ALL FOOLS* (Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.), and though the endeavour worries us a little it sometimes succeeds. The story of "some very young men and a girl" has something in it of the irresponsibility and laughter of youth. Gaiety is not very common in fiction, and is therefore doubly welcome. Mr. Thompson's coaching establishment in South Kensington is the home of the "very young men," and Millicent Woodward, who is admired by them, is an admirably depicted South Kensington type. The characters are not worthy of very

Mr. Mitton's cleverly drawn hero, on his way to long joy with interest and sympathy.

Some people considered "Dinkinbar" the best Australian bush life written in our time, and they will enjoy *FATE THE FIDDLER* (Constable, 6s.), with which Herbert C. Macellwaine follows that notable novel. Aspects of Australian life are again his subject, and we follow the fortunes of two "ordinary young Britons" through a campaign of 408 pages and their surprising colonial experiences with no small interest.

Launa Archer's fortunes are told in *A GIRL OF THE FUTURE* by Miss Helen Millicote (Greening, 6s.), her dreams, hopes, regrets, and victories. If only Miss Millicote had to interest one in Launa and Paul Harvey and a narrative proportion, her book, which is skilful in many ways, would be well worth reading. We understand, that it is already on the verge of a second edition, and all its faults it may be said to be on the road to popularity.

In *THE ACCUSED PRINCESS* (Pearson, 6s.) Mr. Allen makes a new departure, and follows in the footsteps of Holmes. His book relates the mystery of the ruby of one of the sacred stones of India and the property of the Crown. It tells how the gem was brought over to Europe, and how it disappeared and was subsequently recovered with the help of an English detective. The principal characters are the Princess who gives her name to the book and the able English attaché who shares with the detective the task of bringing back the lost ruby. How he is rewarded that must be left to guess. The book belongs to the class of fiction occasionally known as "readable."

Most of us have read Gyp's "Petit Bob," in France merely a series of dialogues between an *enfant terrible* and various parents and guardians in the Salon, at the seigneurial Longchamps, and elsewhere, and it proves incidentally that children are very badly brought up. But it is very amusing, and we welcome the translation now published under *LITTLE BOB* (Heinemann, 2s. 6d. n.), by Alys Halliday. The idioms are well rendered.

African Stories.

THE WEDGE OF WAR, by Frances S. Hallows (Ellis), is a story written to show how families and lovers have been divided by recent events in South Africa. It is not a novel; the lovers exchange sentiments which seem to come from the leading articles of the *Daily News* and the *Daily Mail*, respectively. The author, who is a pro-Boer, leads to the following conclusion:—

The Imperial Government has no business to interfere with the internal government of the Transvaal. If they do, the Federal States they will drive in a wedge between Dutch and English throughout South Africa which in the end will overthrow the rule of Britain. But if we leave the Boers their independence, they will make reasonable terms, and we shall have the whole of Cape Colony solid with us.

Mr. Stracey Chambers, the author of *THE RHODESIAN* (3s. 6d.), has the literary faculty (though he is not quite a grammarian), and writes as if he knew his subject. His batch of sketches of Anglo-African life, in what, in a more correct world would be called the back-blocks; and, as was inevitable, the similitude was to be considered, they sometimes deal with subjects not very suitable for general reading. The method of view are very much those of Mr. Gilbert P. "Pierre and His People," though there is less craftsmanship and less sense of the drama of life. One understands Rhodesia after having read the book.

Correspondence.

D'ANNUNZIO'S PLAYS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your issue of June 9 you allude to the bewilderment that must have come over readers of Miss Helen Zimmern's article on Eleonora Duse in the *Fortnightly Review*, in which she says that in Naples, a town not morally "squamous," *La Gioconda* was hissed off the stage. As she bases a tirade against D'Annunzio's plays, unfortunately not only on her own want of sympathy but on the supposed disapproval of his own countrymen, may I, as the publisher and friend of M. D'Annunzio, correct her quite misleading statement? *La Gioconda* has never, I believe, been hissed off any Italian stage—certainly never off the Neapolitan stage. On the contrary, it has been played frequently and successfully there and elsewhere, and any one who knows the keen intellectual activity of the more thinking portion of the Italian public will readily understand that its theme and tendency, as you say, must have become, there as here, a subject of discussion and debate. The play by D'Annunzio which was hissed off the Neapolitan stage was not even, as you assume, *La Città Morta*—unquestionably D'Annunzio's finest dramatic work—but *La Gloria*, and the disapproval was expressed on account of its supposed allusions to the family and actions of a well-known political personage. Its reception was a purely political manifestation and had nothing whatever to do with the morality of the play or with its artistic qualities.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

WM. HEINEMANN.

21, Bedford-street, W.C., June 12, 1900.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A paragraph in *Literature* apropos of Miss Helen Zimmern's article on Eleonora Duse questions whether she is correct in stating that it was D'Annunzio's *Gioconda* that was hissed at Naples and suggests it was *La Città Morta*. As a fact, the play that failed to please was neither of these, but a third play entitled *La Gloria*. It was first performed by Signor Zaccconi and Signora Duse on their famous tour in 1899, when they gave D'Annunzio's plays in every leading town of Italy to the exclusion of every other dramatist. The experiment seems only to have confirmed the Italians in their opinion that D'Annunzio is no playwright.

Yours truly,

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

19, Church-row, Hampstead, N.W., June 10.

THE WEST HAM LIBRARY POLL.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Cotgreave is right in saying that the pluralist vote in West Ham, which is largely in the hands of non-resident employers of labour and property owners, went against the increase in the library rate. West Ham is in a special position, an industrial suburb of London, cut off from the advantages of incorporation with the metropolis, with its large capitalists all non-resident, and out of touch with the aspirations of the place. Born and bred there I can look back on thirty years of efforts at public improvement, and can testify that the pluralist vote has always gone against the expenditure of money, whatever the object. It is obvious that

MARGARET GORDON AND C TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your issue of May 5 last you mention some manuscripts supposed to have been given to Alexander Bannerman, in which it was held that some of the letters known to have passed between Margaret Gordon, afterwards Lady Bannerman, and Alexander's father who left the box which was given to him by a grandson of Margaret Gordon's. Lady Bannerman, a excellent lady, pre-eminently pious, had many virtues always centre in her personality as the beloved of "Blumino" in "Sartor Resartus," but unfortunately in one of the higher attributes of women—she was not and therefore could never have had a grandson—a relative of Chinese Gordon's. I remember some time ago being invited by her to a meeting at Blackwood, Colonel Gordon, General Stevenson, and others were present. Sir Alexander Bannerman, Governor of this Colony in 1861. He was the cousin of Sir A. Bannerman, Bart.

St. Johns, Newfoundland, May 20, 1900.

"IN THEIR MIDST."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In an early letter in *Literature* a objection was raised—I think by Mr. Thurston—the expression "in their midst." Is this wrong after all? It is good Swedish; and especially those relating to the sea and to ships were used by Swedes. The eminent historian Oskar Montelius ("Sveriges Heduatid samt om utgrävningarna vid Högby och Sigtuna") speaking of the examination of some tumuli says "man in deras midt funnit brända ben," "in their midst" be rather old English than bad.

Your obedient servant,

CYPRIAN.

22, Wilton Street, S.W., June 8, 1900.

ENGLISH, GOOD AND

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With certain reservations, I share the opinion that it is too late to correct every error of a generation of writers to another, crept into our language in an age when our language is in such a state of flux. The journalist and the popular author, I think, are gentlemen of literary culture and standing, whose habit is to "make fritters of English." If a man can only think clearly, he can express himself without using any word to which a philologist can make reasonable objection.

Mr. Storr says it is nothing to me to mention Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, and Freeling which I take exception. It would be a good thing to admit the soundness of Mr. Storr's implied conclusion is just what I must decline to do. I think (for saying so) he shows that, in this particular, literary knowledge is more exact than his logic. We are apt to remind one of Cornelius Scriblerus, his son, Martinus, had the wart of Cicero, and Alexander, the limp of Agesilaus, and the stammer of Werre. Were Mr. Storr's conclusions sound, we should

praising any given virtue or excellence has he "virtued" or "excellented" it? Would he defend an ungrammatical sentence like "neither of the sisters were very much displeas'd," because it is Thackeray's; and, in turn, defend Thackeray's carelessness upon the ground that Shakespeare wrote:—

"Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive"?

It would be ridiculous to disparage great writers because of an occasional fault; and, to my mind, it is in an equal degree futile and mischievous to misuse them as standard authorities, for the justification of literary affectations and blunders.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CAIRNS.

East Putney, June 11th, 1900.

"PRONUNCIAMIENTO."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Ought *pronunciamento* to be so spelt, with a second "i" (p. 424, col. 2)? I do not find it so in Fauvau's Italian Dictionary.

Yours faithfully,

Rugby, June 2.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

* * *Pronunciamento* is a Spanish, not an Italian word, and was spelt correctly by us. The Italian word of which Mr. Rouse is thinking is *pronunziamento*. The form "pronunziamento" is English journalese.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The chief feature of the guide-book season has, of course, been the abundant crop of handbooks to Paris and the Exhibition, and inquiries tend to show that the supply has exceeded the demand, the sales, with one or two conspicuous exceptions, having been disappointing. The booksellers, however, anticipate a brisker demand during the next three months, when the exodus to Paris will be in full swing. There are still two handbooks to come, one being "Clarke's Pocket Paris," to be published in a few weeks by Messrs. Sands; the other settling the important questions "How and Where to Dine in Paris," the author in this case being Mr. Henry Warren and the publisher Mr. Grant Richards, who will have it ready on Tuesday next. "Clarke's Pocket Paris" is not exclusively devoted to the Exhibition. Apparently the only handbook in English dealing with the Exhibition alone is the "Express Guide," published in Paris, but obtainable in London.

Apropos of the Exhibition, Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing this month "Paris in its Splendour," by Mr. E. A. Reynolds-Ball, who has already guided his readers to "Mediterranean Winter Resorts" and "The City of the Caliphs." The book will only deal with the Exhibition incidentally, in the second volume, where the attractions of modern Paris, literary, artistic, social, and frivolous are set forth. The first volume gives an historic sketch of Paris from the first century, and an account of the museums, old churches, and monuments. In November Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish a guide to Jerusalem by the same author.

The most satisfactory sign of the season is an increased demand for Irish guides, which is largely the result of the Queen's recent visit. Mr. Murray not very long ago estimated that the stock of his Handbook to Ireland would last until next year, but there has been such a run on the book lately, although the tourist traffic has barely begun, that he has been compelled to reprint

are rapidly taking the place of the old county maps, and proof cloth is another useful feature in general use. Phillip and Son are preparing a new series of "Cyclists' Guides," which, when complete, will cover the whole British Isles. The series is being edited by A. W. M.A., and the first volume, dealing with the south of England, will probably be ready this summer. Messrs. Phillip and Son are in the press "The Tourists' Thoroughfare Guide to Ireland" compiled on a new plan by W. D. Aves.

Dent's new series of illustrated county guides, edited by George A. B. Dewar, will probably be started about the middle of this month. Each guide will consist of three parts: (1) Itineraries; (2) Articles on the Natural History and Spoken Language of the County; (3) A County Gazetteer, with antiquarian information and practical directions about trains, inns, &c. The first volumes will be "Norfolk," by W. A. Dutt, and "Hants," by the editor. The price will be 6s. 6d. net. The next volume in their Medieval Town Series, Mr. Edmund G. Richards' "Florence," will appear about the same time. Part of their "Picturesque Yorkshire" (to be completed in four parts, making three volumes in all) will be ready in a fortnight.

The late Mr. Grant Allen's admirable series of illustrated county guides has a steady sale, and is being continued by Mr. Grant Richards. The two volumes in preparation deal with "Dresden, with Nuremberg," &c.; the four volumes in the press, Mr. Grant Allen was responsible for are the guides to "Florence, the Cities of Belgium, and Venice." Next year Mr. Grant Richards will publish "Cycling in the Alps," the author, Mr. C. L. Freeston, is well-known as the editor of the "Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette."

The next two volumes in Messrs. Macmillan's "English and Byways" Series will deal with East Anglia and the Home Counties.

Mr. Murray has published new editions of his "Cycling in the Alps," edited by General Sir John Wilson; of "Greece and the Ionian Islands," which Mr. Evans and Mr. G. E. Marindin have helped to edit; "Central Italy," rewritten by the Rev. H. H. Jefferys; a new edition of "Berkshire and Buckinghamshire," entirely re-written, is in the press, and a second edition of "Northampton and Rutland" is in preparation. In the autumn Mr. Murray will issue a new and cheaper edition of his well-known "Scrambles Amongst the Alps," making a new edition in all.

The late Professor Buchheim, while rendering good service to German literature, benefited the much-enduring British boy by editing the more attractive masterpieces of the German language. Englishmen of the last generation had to learn German they knew from such formidable works as "The Thirty Years' War"; and whatever Schiller did for his own country, he did much to extinguish it here by translating the most valuable classic. The Professor has left quite a little behind him, what are now (thanks to him) readable German books. I believe his revised edition of "Faust" will shortly come out. Perhaps he succeeded best with Sybel's "Germany, 1806-1814." The Professor possessed a profound knowledge of his country's literature, from the earliest times. As a compiler his chief fault was that he aimed too much at brevity and was too fond of idiomatic but less faithful renderings. His translations of songs, romances, and histories of Germany above all others are good. The "Französischer Meistergesang" of Luther was to him as fine a classic as "Alexander's Feast"; and he said of Goethe:—

eighteenpence. Their Paris Guide in this series is one of the exceptions we referred to above. The first edition was sold out before publication, and a fourth edition is now in preparation. Next year there will be a similar guide to Glasgow, in connexion with the international exhibition to be held there. Now guides to the Isle of Man, and to Dover and South-East Kent—supplementing Margate and the northern part of Kent—are also in preparation.

"The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett, telling the story of the famous Borderland and its associations with its greatest son, will be published by Messrs. Black about the end of the month. Mr. Crockett comes from the district—Sandyknowe and Kelso—in which Scott's early years were spent, and is one of the best authorities on the subject of the Border and its literature. Several new editions of Black's Guides will be out shortly. "Manchester" will be ready next week; "Ireland," by E. D. Jordan, a few days later, as well as a cheap edition of the same book; and "Liverpool" in about a month.

Messrs. Cassell have only had three guide-books ready this year, one being their Paris Guide, another a revised edition of the guide to London, and the third a new sixpenny and shilling Pictorial Guide to the Clyde, which will be published shortly.

"European Settlements in the Far East," by Mr. D. Warren-Smith, which Messrs. Sampson Low will publish very shortly, is intended to be a guide-book especially to many places out of the ordinary route. The present crisis in China, however, gives it an interest of another character.

Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. will next week begin their series of "Westminster Biographies" with a monograph on Robert Browning, by Mr. Arthur Waugb. The series consists of "pocket" volumes, bound in leather, which seek to give a clear but simple picture of the subject. Each volume has a portrait, and an etched title page by Mr. Goodhue, the American artist. The volumes will be in two forms, at half-a-crown and two shillings.

We understand that Methuen's "History of the Boer War," Part VII. of which will be published next week, has been supervised, and in part written, by the officers engaged. When complete, therefore, it will form a sort of semi-official account of the campaign.

The Century Company have, we understand, in preparation a work in twenty volumes, the editor in chief of which is Ignace Jan Paderewski. The undertaking is a huge musical encyclopedia, including articles by all the great composers of the time. Besides the text each volume will include about eighty pages of music selected by the editor, and a series of twenty lessons. The first volume will be published in the autumn.

Another volume promised for publication early next year in the "Heroes of the Nations" Series is a "Life of Chatham," by Mr. Walford D. Green, M.P.

"Senator North," the political novel by Atherton, now running in *The Times Weekly* published in volume form by Mr. John Lane du

Professor Sir Hubert Parry's inaugural lecture of Style," delivered at Oxford on March 7th, by the Clarendon Press.

The next two volumes in the Haddon Hall "Hunting," by Mr. Otho Paget, and "F. Nisbet. The Hon. Robert Lyttelton's won Sports" will probably come next.

The French Academy has crowned M. French poetical translation of the Sonnets of conferred upon him the Langlois prize for pr translation, during 1898 and 1899, of a Greek c

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. write:—

In your issue of the 22nd inst. you were notice our Guide to Paris and the Exhib however, take exception to your statement t not contain an index. It has, as a matte complete index, as you will see by re 219 to 221. The Guide also contains a ge pages 217 to 218.

Books to look out for at o

BIOGRAPHY—
"Bonnie Prince Charlie." By Andrew Lang. Gou
"Robert Browning." (Westminster Biographies.
Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL—
"The Campaigns of 1815." By W. O'C. Morris. Gran
"The Council of Constance to the Death of J
Lectures; Oxford Lent Term, 1900." By J.
Longmans. 6s. n.
"European Settlements in the Far East." By
Sampson Low.
"Cycling in the Alps." By C. L. Freeston. Grant

FICTION—
"The Minister's Guest." By Isabella Smith. Fish
"Many Daughters." By Sarah Tytler. Digby Lon
"Spin Yarn: Sea Stories." By Morgan Robertson.
"Bliz: A Love Idyll." By Frank Norris. Grant
"Little Indabas" (Over Seas Library). By J. Mac. U

MISCELLANEOUS—
Vol. I. Memorial Edition of G. W. Stevens' Wor
Impressions of Men, Cities, and Books." Edit
Blackwood. 6s.
"Annals of Sandhurst." By Major A. F. Mockler
mann. 10s. n.

"The Pageantry of Life." By Charles Whibley. He
"Paris of the Parisians." By J. F. Macdonald. G
"Where and How to Dine in Paris." By Row
Richards. 2s. 6d.

WAR AND SPORT.
"History of the Boer War." Part VII. Methuen.
"Croquet up to Date." By Arthur Lillie. Longma

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.
Thomas Girtin. His Life and Works. By Laurence Binyon. 15½ x 11 in., 31 pp., xxi. plates. Seeley. £2 2s.

BIOGRAPHY.
General John Jacob. By A. J. Shand. 9 x 6 in., 35 pp. Seeley. 16s.

CLASSICAL.
The Frogs of Aristophanes. Translated by E. W. Huntingford. 7½ x 5 in., 66 pp. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

ECONOMICS.
The Early History of English Poor Relief. By E. M. Leonard. 9 x 6 in., 36 pp. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. n.

EDUCATIONAL.
Lucian: Charon and Timon. With Text and Notes. (University Tutorial Series.) Ed. by T. R. Mills. 7 x 6 in., 159 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.

Select Poems of Goldsmith.

The Tallman. (School Ed.) Ed. by W. Melton. 7½ x 5 in., 312 pp. Black. 1s. 6d.

Quentin Durward. (School Ed.) Ed. by H. W. Ord. 7½ x 5 in., 496 pp. Black. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

Debts of Honor. By Maurus Jokai. Translated by A. B. Yolland. 7½ x 5 in., 417 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest. By the Rt. Hon. Sir H. Marshall, Bt., M.P. 7½ x 5 in., 376 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

Mrs. Jeremie Didelere. By H. J. Jennings. 7½ x 5 in., 253 pp. Harlequin.

Mummer Mystic Plays. By Alastor Gracie (Mrs. F. T. Marryat). 7½ x 5 in., 295 pp. New Century Press. 3s. 6d.

The Fatalist. By D. Ventura. 7½ x 5 in., 210 pp.

Les Princesses d'Amour. Roman Japonais. Par Mme. Judith Gautier. 7½ x 4 in., 294 pp. Paris. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.

LITERARY.

A History of Epic Poetry. (Post-Vergilian.) By J. Clark. 7½ x 5 in., 327 pp. Edinburgh.

The Idea of Tragedy. By H. L. Courtney. 7 x 4 in., 132 pp. Constable. 3s. 6d. n.

MILITARY.

Famous Fighting Regiments. By G. Hood. 7½ x 5 in., 121 pp. Melrose. 1s. n.

NAVAL.

Self-Instruction in the Practice and Theory of Navigation. 2 vols. By the Earl of Dunraven. 9 x 5 in., 351 + 389 pp. Macmillan. 21s. n.

Rip Van W of Sleepy Hol Irving. Men by S. J. Adair 293 pp.

Contraband By G. J. W'h 300 pp.

The Beaches Bishop. (F) 7½ x 5 in., 310 p

A Son of the Ridge. 7½ x 5

Old English J. W. Puffin 5 in., 311 pp.

Our Record

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 140. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

At last the public is to be admitted to what is perhaps the most noteworthy art collection bequeathed to the nation during the century—that of the late Sir Richard Wallace. How many of those who will now visit Hertford-house will recall the associations which cling to it? Manchester-house, as it was first called, dates from about 1776, when it was erected for the Duke of Manchester; but it now retains only fragments of the original structure. On the Duke's death it served as the residence of the Spanish Ambassador and, according to some, Talleyrand lived here for a time. As the home of the Marquis of Hertford the place had a great repute. Attracted thither by the charms of Lady Hertford, who supplanted Mrs. Fitz-Herbert in his good graces, the Prince Regent was for some time an almost daily visitor. A mock advertisement appeared in the *Scourge* during 1814, worded in some such way as "Lost between Pall-mall and Manchester-square, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent." Then Tom Moore tells in his "Diary of a Politician" how he

Through Manchester-square took a canter just now,
Met the old yellow chariot, and made a low bow.

away into dowagerism"; whether or not we may pict Sharp's histrionic triumph as having taken place in room, and Rawdon Crawley as having been "noble no longer existing lodge—these things are doubtful. It certainly be affirmed, however, that Theodore Hook's foot on the first rung of the social ladder here. A almost certainly Lockhart, tells us in an old number *Quarterly Review*, Hook knew the Thames side from Island to Margate, and his facility for improvisation Sheridan at the Piazza Theatre. He or his son, Tom introduced Hook to the Marchioness of Hertford, a chance that he was called on to entertain the Prince "Mr. Hook, I must see and hear you again," said the he laid a hand on Hook's shoulder, for after an awe quite terrible," his brilliant sallies had delighted the leader of English society. He soon became a fay Mayfair, and later was given a Governmental post in When, undone, if not dishonoured, he returned home Scott who indirectly procured for him the editors brilliant meteoric sheet *John Bull*, whose appearance London in the year 1820.

In addition to the valuable collection of jewels, works of art, left by the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild to the British Museum, the Baron also left to the British of which he had been a keenly interested Trustee sin number of fine manuscripts. It is intended to pla view in the Grenville library, but several months, w probably a year, must elapse ere the connoisseur ca examine them there.

We regret to hear the news of the death, at Conn Mr. David Dwight Wells. He was for some tin secretary of the American Embassy at the Court of His novels, "Her Ladyship's Elephant," and "His Leopard," were farcical extravaganzas—the very l that one would have expected from a budding diplom latter book is noticed in another column.

Without having any pretensions as a man of l Prince de Joinville, who has just died at the age written a good deal on naval subjects and foreig Among his books is one on "England, a Study on S ment." Many of his studies first appeared as anonym in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during the Empire, and of their author was only revealed after the 4th of S 1870. Some six years ago the Prince published h under the title of "Vieux Souvenirs," a work full c ing historical gossip. It has been published in Engla *Macmillan & Co.* The memoirs were first seen after

Princes de Condé. His nephew, Henri d'Orléans, has written books of travel and acted as a newspaper correspondent. The Prince himself has, in his time, fulfilled all the functions of a Navy League pamphleteer. He advocated the use of the screw, and patronized that eminent naval constructor Dupuy de Lôme.

Greek plays in the theatre which Dr. Gray has carved out of the chalk pit adjacent to Bradford College are always interesting and scholarly performances. The impression of the first that one sees is naturally greater than that produced by another, for the reproduction, even to some limited extent, of the original conditions throws a flood of light on the drama as the Greeks understood it. Out in the open air with the wind blowing round you, you realize how impossible small tricks of voice must have been, and how it was necessary to adopt a mode of utterance that lent itself almost to a chant as harmonious and expressionless as the face of a finely wrought mask. Even the mask itself is to some extent suggested by the boy actors who know little and attempt nothing of such theatrical effect as the footlights demand. These things once realized are realized for always, and perhaps one misses this initial sense of gratitude. Certainly the *Agamemnon* did not seem to us as real and striking as did the *Antigone* in the same theatre ten years ago, but on the other hand we liked it better than the presentation of the same play about 1893. On that occasion some of the masters took part in the performance, whereas this year all the actors were boys, and if the boys were at all times somewhat inadequate they did not aspire after the wrong thing—movement, variety, and facial expression—which grown men with views on the stage naturally do. On the whole the herald's part was the best spoken (by A. J. Gardiner). Clytemnestra (A. P. Blunt) was a disappointment; he took the great speech describing the passage of the beacon very slow with long pauses, whereas it should be spoken quick with high tension; and the gesture essential here was nowhere appropriate. But at all events the actor knew the part, and the final exit—a difficult point—was very creditable. Cassandra (L. Stacey) was extremely picturesque and made an excellent effort at a part that requires a great actress. What would not one give to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell play Cassandra—with the same extraordinary skill of shrinking bodily gesture as she showed in the first scene of *For the Crown*—to the Clytemnestra of Sarah Bernhardt? The music of the songs was composed by Mr. Ably Williams, but on this occasion, though retaining the ancient instruments, he abandoned the attempt to reproduce the music of Greece. The accompaniment, the choric songs, and the lyric dialogue between Cassandra and the chorus were effective, but one was more than ever puzzled with the inquiry—How on earth did any human being ever catch the meaning of those obscure and beautiful odes as they were chanted by a choir? Perhaps the most effective part of the whole play on the stage is the *kommos* between Clytemnestra and the chorus; the same remark applies to a similar passage in the *Antigone* where Creon chants the answers. The fact is surprising, for these are by no means the most interesting passages to read, nor are they obviously dramatic.

In another column Mr. W. Heinemann writes on "Fashion in Fiction." Speaking mainly of the English public, he holds the opinion that fashion has not very much to do with a novel's success. Fashion, we are inclined to think, rules a little more strongly in America than in England, and one of the latest fashions there has been a taste for historical romance. This is

how to report human nature as truly as such romances falsely, people would read him, too, in the nineteenth thousandth." Addressing his own folks, it will be observed, rather in sorrow than

Probably few people who read of the appearance of the Old Bailey will remember that picture of the old Court was drawn by visited it when he was in England in 1827. He published in the *Englische Fragmente*, begins with terribly true in those days, that "the very Old Bailey fills the mind with horror!" He describes a forger whom he calls Black William, charged with an associate, Edward Thomson. The scene closes with an episode of the terrible look cast by Black William after sentence, on his accuser, and its effect. It is the look which, according to the East, is thrown by Satan, as he was thrust down from an accusing angel, thenceforward known as the Devil. Since 1827 the inside of the Court has been in the minute details given by Heine are fully by temporary prints. It is clear that the poet was the Old Bailey (as a poet of course only), but search through the "Sessions Papers" for 1827 any case corresponding to the one he described.

Preparations have long been in progress for a Congress, which it was intended to hold in Dublin. On account of the "unsettled state of the public affairs of the Celtic countries," occasioned by the South African war, the Irish committee has, we believe, determined to postpone the Congress till 1901. The chairman of this committee is the Earl of Castleknock, of Upper Ossory.

The late Bishop Ryle was known as a prolific writer of sermons and commentaries. The first collection of sermons published, "The Christian Race" (Hodder and Stoughton), appears at the moment of his death. Perhaps the most eminent were more generally followed pulpit than any other would produce more effect than they do. The quality in Bishop Ryle was his consistency. "You," he said, at the commencement of his Protestant and Evangelical Bishop. . . . opinions determinedly"; and these serious opinions change his opinions underwent. They are the utterance of a school which nowadays has few representatives. Dean Church criticized the Evangelical beginning of the Oxford movement for their beyond the first beginnings of Christian teaching narrow range of themes, and their perpetual consecrated phrases" of Evangelicalism. This appears in Bishop Ryle's discourses—modified by a very vigorous personality. The sermons are marked by their clearness and directness, but they want illustration and his humour. There is in them an absence of any reference to civic problems, and temptations of work in a centre of population. The Bishop has nothing to say to that "inquisitive ways menacing thought" which nowadays attracts the attention of religious people. It is interesting to see the survival of a type of Churchmanship which tends to develop English Christianity, but which has

the work of that very versatile young journalist whose death we recently deplored. Here is a taste of it:

The close of the Nineteenth Century beheld the British Empire at the highest pitch of its prosperity. The records of every contemporary nation celebrate, while they envy, the multitude of its subjects and the orderly felicity of its citizens. Its frontiers comprehended the fairest regions of the earth; and its authority extended alike over the most dutiful daughter-peoples, and the wildest and most sequestered barbarians. The judicious delegation of the minor prerogatives of government conciliated the free affections of the colonies; and the ruler dependences were maintained in contented, if unenthusiastic, submission by the valour, the conduct, and the impartial justice of their alien administrators. Two centuries of empire had seemed insufficient to oppress or enervate the virile and adventurous spirit of the British race. It tempted the ardours of the Sudan sun at midsummer, and cheerfully sustained the rigours of the icy winter of the Klondyke.

A prefatory memoir contributed to the volume by Mr. W. E. Henley has some notes on Steevens' predecessors in the kind of descriptive journalism which he made his own. Dickens and Ruskin are the names Mr. Henley puts forward; but we doubt whether Steevens owed more to them than every literary man owes. The fact is that descriptive journalism was already undergoing the transformation with which we are apt to associate Steevens' name at the time when Steevens became a special correspondent. The innovators who exercised the widest influence were probably Mr. W. T. Stead and Mr. T. P. O'Connor; and Mr. O'Connor was probably the more influential of the two. The resemblance between Steevens' very personal notes on the drama and Mr. O'Connor's very personal notes on the leaders of the Parnell movement is very close; and Mr. O'Connor's programme, when he founded the *Sun*—though the conditions of evening journalism prevented him from carrying it out—was very much the programme which Steevens was able to carry out on the *Daily Mail*. The root idea, in both cases, was to bring the seeing eye and the active imagination of the story-writer to bear upon the events of the day in which the readers of newspapers were interested.

The Elizabethan Stage Society, which to-night performs Schiller's *Hallenstein* in the hall of Christ's Hospital, is an interesting outcome of what is called the revival of Shakespearian drama. It represents the protest against scenic display and in favour of original texts. Mr. William Poel, its founder, began his Shakespearian researches when starting life as an actor in the stock company of the Theatre Royal at Bristol. With the assistance of Dr. Furnivall, he produced the first quarto of *Hamlet* at St. George's-hall in 1881, the play being given in Elizabethan costume and without scenery. This suggested to him a scheme for presenting Shakespeare on what he considered the only legitimate lines. In 1887 the Shakespeare Society invited the aid of Mr. Poel, and under his direction a reading was given of the *Merchant of Venice* in the Botanical Theatre of University College. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Henry 1st*, were next given at intervals, and preparation for all of them extended over three months with many rehearsals. As the society gained in proliency, acting in costume was aimed at, *Measure for Measure* being given at Ladbroke-hall in 1891 on the more ambitious lines. This performance was followed

by a society of subscribers which would provide a audience for the performances. This establishes Hutton volunteered his services as sword instructor, Jennie Moore hers as costume designer. Music on orchestral lines was of course not to be thought of. Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch was engaged with his instruments to help reproduce the old world charm of the drama. Performances have been given at Fulham Mansion-house, and the Inner and Middle Temples. In the last named *Twelfth Night* was performed—a real triumph—the play was produced under its roof by Shakespeare. Mr. Poel does not confine himself to Shakespearian representations, the society in accordance with its name—many other plays of the Elizabethan period. Opportunities already been given for seeing those of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and many others. The plays altogether outside the Elizabethan limits have naturally provoked comment. But Mr. Poel's aim in every play he considers of a classical order on the stage—the representations of *Locrine*, *Life's a Dream*—Swink, Calderon's respectively—and *Sakuntala*, a drama translated from the Sanskrit. The encouragement of the enterprise outside the circle is by no means excessive, but we understand that that of a theatre modelled on that of Shakespeare's Globe. The proposed site is one consecrated by the south side of the Thames. The anticipated cost of the building is about £6,000.

Mr. C. H. Pearson, whose memoirs we recently reviewed, is the author of a "Ten Commandments put in rhyme" which it is interesting to compare with Clough's version. Clough's is an experiment in pure cynicism termed "The Latest Decalogue":—

Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency;
Swear not at all: for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse:
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
Honour thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall:
Thou shalt not kill; but needst not strive
Olficiously to keep alive:
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it:
Thou shalt not steal; an empty fent
When it's so lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

Pearson's is the version of the gentleman and man of the world:
Heir of all thought, no God but truth have thou
To no dead creeds, to no conventions bow.
Be thy yea yea, and all thy mind confessed,
Live not all labour, pause at times for rest.
Honour thy fathers, in thyself they live.
If wronged, revenge not; if thou canst, forgive.
Keep fixed thy loves; these tarnish if they range
Eschew the practice of the Stock Exchange.
Forbear the words that as they scatter sting:

performance of Dickens's first essay in play-writing—viz., *The Village Coquettes* which Braham introduced to public notice on December 6th, 1836, at the St. James' Theatre. The latest biographer of Thackeray, Mr. Lewis Melville, in his chapter on 'Thackeray and the Theatre,' makes but a brief allusion to this juvenile production. He says, 'Mr. Theodore Taylor [pseudonym of John Camden Hotten, the publisher] thought he [Thackeray] composed the libretto of John Barrett's opera, *The Mountain Sylph*.' (Vide 'The Life of W. M. Thackeray,' II. 137). The music of this 'Romantic Opera, in Two Acts,' was composed by John Barnett, not Barrett. The following concise criticism of *The Mountain Sylph*, appeared in *Figaro in London*, August 30th, 1834,—five days after the first performance :—'We must do Mr. Thackeray the justice to say that the versification of some of the songs is smooth, and he has not shown himself unequal to what is generally expected in the literary portion of a modern opera. We are, however, among those who think that good music would be none the worse for being wedded to good writing, and we hope to see a speedy reform in this particular.' The proprietor and editor of *Figaro in London* at this time was Gilbert Abbot & Beckett, who was doubtless personally acquainted with Thackeray (then in his twenty-fourth year), and, therefore, likely to have been well-informed as to the authorship of the little opera. As a writer, Thackeray was then unknown to the world."

A correspondent sends us the following lines, suggested by "H. A. Milton's" article on the calling of the critic in *Literature* of June 9:—

Words linked with thought, the golden chain
Sparkles with joy and scalds with pain ;
Critic, to hammer it were vain !

Rare are its links, the forgers few,
At every blow it rings anew,
All generations find it true.

Words linked with words, the glittering chain
Too often for the golden ta'en !
Critic, strike ! It breaks in twain !

Among the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" must be numbered more than one excellent poet who has failed to live simply because he wrote in dialect. Burnes, the Dorset poet, is not known so well as he should be, and we are reminded of another by a recent edition of "The Collected Writings of Samuel Laycock." The edition is published in London by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and at Oldham by Mr. W. E. Clogg. There is a capital introduction by C. W., and the illustrations add much to the attractiveness of the book. Laycock (1826-1893) was the poor poet of the Lancashire working folk through the trying times of the "cotton panic," thirty years ago. He began life in a cotton mill, and even in later life had to take to the precarious living of a second-hand bookseller. He himself, therefore, "sounded the depths of poverty and felt the pinch of want," as C. W. phrases it. Throughout he was in the midst of the homely, struggling life which he delineates so sympathetically. He was never degraded by his surroundings, nor was he the least bit of a demagogue. Imagine what a gloomy picture a Langland would have made out of the same material, and then listen to the cheery note of Laycock :—

Come, lassies, let's cheer up an' sing, it's no use lookin' sad,

Aw've often year'd mi feyther tell
'At when aw eoom i'th' world misel
Trade wur slack ;
And neaw its hard wark pooln' thro
But aw munno fear thee,—iv aw do
Tha'll go back.

Come, come, tha needn't look so sh;
Aw an no' blamin' thee, not I.
Settle deawn,
An' tak' this haupney for thisel',
Ther's lots o' sugar-stieks to sell
Deawn i'th' toawn.

Aw know when first aw eoom to th'
Aw're fond o' owt 'at tasted sweet ;
Tha'll be th' same.
But come, tha's never towld thl dad
What he's to eo thi yet, mi lad.
What's thi name ?

Hush-a-babby, hush-a-bee ;
Oh, what a temper !—dear-a-me
Heaw tha skrikes !
Here's a bit o' sugar, sithee ;
Howd thi noise, an' then aw'll gio t
Owt tha likes.

But tho' we've childer two or three
We'll mak' a bit o' reawn for thee,
Bless thee, lad !
Tha'rt th'prattiest brid we have i't'
So hutch up closer to mi breast ;
Aw'm thi dad.

This is thoroughly typical of his humour and verses, as has been said, "framed little pictures of Lancashire." He gives us the local poet, the pulpit, the grandfather, the wedding, the vicar, the post-office clerk, the postman, all with a sure hand and little effort. There is always a point in his poems, a power of putting what one man would naturally find in the street in the form of poetry.

Bat come, cheer up, mon, things all
Aw dunno loike to see a friend
Lookin' sad.

His great fault was his carelessness as to the dialect of his poems that has most in it. It is sometimes difficult to understand at first, and often repels. Thus in a very pretty "Days," hours, flowers, bowers become heawers, fl. It is difficult to touch a reader's heart when you are so much out of joint. But there is a sincerity about his muse that should make his poetry better.

"A Man of Kent," in the *British Weekly*, makes a list of some interesting letters from the late Alexander Ireland and disposed of at the time. One was a letter of Froude's, defending the man who had discharged his trust as biographer and life of Carlyle, and mentioning that the proofs had been given to John Skelton (better known perhaps as "Shirley" in the *Times*) some years ago from the late

done by the committee which the society appointed to investigate the Romano-British city of Silchester. It is the ninth annual exhibition of finds, and will be on view till June 30th. Silchester was evidently a quiet domestic town, for, though its great area of upwards of 100 acres is walled round, no traces of military rule of any kind have as yet been found. The main features brought to light are the large town-hall with adjacent market-place and rows of shops, many houses of varying dimensions, bathing establishments, temples, a small Christian church, an extensive dyeing manufactory, and a silver refinery. The finds of 1899 are exceedingly varied. The pottery for this year is remarkably fine. The pits and wells by the houses have yielded us many as eighty examples of perfect or nearly perfect vessels, besides fragments; and there are some good examples of pseudo-Samian ware. The coins are not so numerous as usual, but include one of Clodius Albinus, and bronze example of British coinage. A gnostic gem with a figure of Abraxas and the name IAW has been discovered. The iron finds include two or three stout hooks into which shafts of wood have been fixed, probably used for drawing buckets from the wells. There is a curious botanical exhibit. A minute scrutiny of a vegetable deposit at the bottom of a pit some nine feet beneath the surface has yielded seeds of a great variety of plants—white bryony, coriander, tormentil, spurry, hemlock, blackberry, black horse-bound, deadly nightshade, spearroot, elder, chickweed, knot-grass, &c., and stones of several kinds of plum, including the damson and the bullace.

* * * *

The sale of the books forming part of the Peel heirlooms by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher shows that the day of the "classical library" is past. Most of them were in splendid condition and appropriately bound, but neither their aristocratic lineage nor their fine dress was sufficient to rescue them from the ignominy of the "cheap" lot. Whole armfuls of fine editions of the classics went for ridiculously small amounts. A hundred and fifty-nine thick and sumptuous volumes of the Delphin classics went for £16. But, worse still, a bundle of the best Latin authors, splendidly printed by the famous Dutch presses at the end of the seventeenth century, 40 vols., fetched but 17s. ! But among the shoal of discarded favourites there were some books which made the Peel sale important—grand folio "fifteneers" with pedigrees beyond cavil, whose histories began in the days when the printed book was a thing to be coveted. There were the giants of Florence, the "Anthologia Græca," 1481 (£21) and the "Homer" of 1488 (£195), both printed in the same quaint semi-uncial form of type, and both as crisp and as fresh as when they were first issued. There were also the "Apolloii Opera," *editio princeps*, Rome, 1469 (£32); Vindelin de Spira's edition of Cicero's "Epistolæ Familiæres," 1470 (£30); Jenson's print of the "De Civitate Dei," 1475 (£37); the Milan Greek Psalter of 1481 (£23); and such books from the Aldine press as the Æsop of 1505 (£16), the Poliphili Hypnerotomachia of 1499 (£85), and the Biblia Græca of 1518, the first copy of the book printed entirely in the beautiful Aldine cursive Greek type (£38). The Peel collection also contained many fine copies of county histories, the chief being, Bridges, "History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire," 1791—£10; Dallaway and Cartwright, "History of the Western Division of Sussex," 1815—£35; Dugdale, "Monasticon Anglicanum," 1817—£30; Hasted, "History and Topographical Survey of Kent," 1778—£15; Nichols, "History and Antiquities of the County of Leicester," 1795—£165; Lysons, "Enviroms of London," in 12 to 15 vols. by extra illustrations, 1796—£350; Pennant, "Some

suggests reflections on the place which the occupies in French and English literature. Between the very best examples of this kind of work in two countries there probably is not a great deal. "Life's Little Troubles" will bear comparison with "L'Artiste" and "Lettres de mon Moulin." "Eye-Snuff" and "La Maison Tellier" cannot be classed with "The Chemist in the Suburbs"; and Mr. Henry Harlow might be ranked with de Maupassant's, if it were obviously modelled on it. But two essential differences obtain. The one is that in England good short stories obtain recognition outside a very narrow circle, whereas in France they circulate as widely as good fiction. The other is that, whereas in France short-story writing is an art, and achieves no success unless it is practised in England the most successful short-story writers are regarded and practise short-story writing as a craft, say they do not aim at ideal excellence, but employ means to attain particular ends. And they do this, they like doing it, but because editors compel them. The editor is a very different sort of person from a publisher, in a general way, will publish anything that can be published. At all events, he does not, as a rule, care for the theory that the man who pays the price has the right to call the tune. But that is precisely the case with the average editor of the average popular newspaper. He does not want artistic excellence; he does not want novelty, though he may pretend that he wants both. What he does want is a particular sort of story which, by instinct or experience, to be acceptable to a particular class of readers. To offer him any other sort of story is useless as it would be for the grocer's traveller to offer a draper or for the wine merchant to try to do business with the proprietor of the coffee tavern. Here and there, of course, one meets an editor who not only knows good work, but who spends his time in looking out for it. Unfortunates generally edit a periodical with a small circulation, and in a position to draw cheques for small amounts. On the other hand the editors of the popular illustrated magazines and penny Sunday papers are armed with Fortunatos' power. They believe (rightly enough, no doubt) that the road to prosperity lies in giving instructions to short-story writers. They give the same anxious care with which the editors of the dailies give instructions to their political leader, to do them justice—they back their opinions with large money. It follows that the position of the writer who writes a short story which he will have no difficulty in selling is very much that of the mathematician working out a problem. He uses a formula. The formula for the Sunday paper is: "Your story relate such an incident as, if it occurred, would be reported at great length in the half-penny paper." Only it must be a story which, in no way savours of the commonplace. A story about a breach of promise case would do; a story about a burglary; or a story about a marriage. Another formula, useful for certain sixpenny magazines, is: "Invent a new way by which a man may be murdered, or whose wife come to a fatal end." We know a rising young man who was actually given that formula to work upon, and wrote a story of a man who was stabbed to death—a thing which could not possibly be done. He was published in the magazine which probably has a larger circulation than any other in the country. Stories which tell the truth about sensational and mysterious police cases, such as the death of the late Prince of

ON THE EMBANKMENT.

Beneath this soft Spring evening sky
 In many a fragrant country lane
 The moon looks down with cold, clear eye
 On sweethearts twain,
 Here too upon the stony way
 That borders on our city's stream
 Come men and maids at close of day
 To meet and dream.

For them no perfume of the night
 Distills from hedge and flower and tree ;
 No country sound, no country sight
 They hear or see,
 No song of blackbird or of thrush
 Is heard along the riverside ;
 They cannot know the peace and hush
 Of eventide.

For though the workday din is stilled
 When evening falls and daylight dies,
 Yet is the air of evening filled
 With myriad cries,
 They hear the tramp of hurrying feet,
 The rush of wheels, the train's dull roar ;
 The noises of the crowded street
 Invade the shore.

Still, something of the city's grime
 The softly-gathering darkness hides :
 Solemn and still at twilight-time
 The river glides,
 As bright the moonlight here as there
 Where thrushes sing and grass is green ;
 And here can many a maid as fair
 As there be seen.

Vows all as true sweethearts exchange
 On whom grim walls of factories frown
 As those whose feet have wider range
 Far from the town,
 Love does not dwell with those alone
 Who pace beside a budding hedge—
 He's hovering here to-night upon
 The river's edge.

H. H. F.

Personal Views.

FASHION IN FICTION?

I am asked to give my views on the taste and tendencies in contemporary fiction. As a purveyor of that article it is assumed that I must have some concrete knowledge of it, and acquiescing for a moment in the good opinion of others regarding my own qualifications, I have promised to do so. The task proves more difficult than it seemed to be, and when it comes to giving truthfully an exact statement on so elusive a subject one is confronted with the uncer-

his money and his name," and which are un- authors' goodwill or other extraneous influence could do so but rarely, and with the choice author's work it is mostly only a matter shall therefore, I suppose, be fulfilling the task if I analyse in my mind the selection this insti to me just now. That selection—considering proportion of the fiction written by beginner my hands—will show, as well as I am able to gra it, my view of the tendencies of taste in fiction. I must mention nothing with which I am to the public, if my opinion is to be thought and must make sure that I am not giving aw especially to my dear rivals—what little valu may have gathered.

There is a general impression that fashio with the chances of a novel. I think it ha little to do with it, and that the only sure g the consideration of freshness and novelty, or in treatment, or in *genre*. The only justifi found for the assumption that fashion favours c to-day and a different class to-morrow is that ev of literature or art engenders in the lazy work welcome *pous asinorum*, and with the unth comfortable wish for "more of the same." I mean that novels of two or three or more diffe not flourish and succeed simultaneously—if only enough. Why, during the War even, both an hysterical novel have simultaneously absorbe of Mudie's readers! Both have called fort imitators; but I have yet to learn that thos profited in any considerable way. Their aut dono better to write *wie ihnen der Schnabel ge* it seems to me a sign of bad publishing as well authorship to believe that you can repeat succe

Mr. Henley killed the "Kailyard" movem of his pen in showing that there was really no there were really no Kailyard writers, but th one J. M. Barrie and a lot of foolish people pasture on his meadows. Too often the axiom seems to be forgotten that the read of a novel experience or sensation with each that it is useless to try and interest him i of story, or character, or surroundings, over I have, fortunately or unfortunately, been giving to the world from time to time books v forth imitations, but as, on the one hand, sternly and virtuously to allude here in no which I happen to godfather myself, and as, o I will under no circumstances willingly adve the "man over the way," I hope the reader my assurance that my examples are altogether l

I remember the appearance of a novel de hackneyed and interesting problem of some pa between men and women, and it had hardly

distantly *à la Dumas*, but with sufficient freshness and quaintness to make it seem new and to ensure it a not quite undeserved success. It had hardly got well into the saddle and cleared its first fence when others tried to ride its line, and when it was over the last obstacle of a money-making theatrical first night we were overwhelmed with a perfect avalanche of archaic dryasdust served up in language redolent of bathetic rhodomontade. *Germinie Lacerteux* inspired the first English novel of domestic service, and that same maid-of-all-work with the same sad fate has gone on inspiring the arid imagination of the poor writers who followed. Not one of them thought of James or the nursemaid or the cook, and consequently not one of them did any good!

With this experience how can I have any definite idea about the tendency of to-day's taste in fiction? My experience would seem to lead me to believe that the success of to-morrow may grow on any branch of the tree of fiction, and that a medlar may be as palatable as a cherry. If I were asked whether the novel of an unknown author dealing with daily life in an everyday way would be as likely to "catch on" as an historical romance, I think I should favour it, because it would in all probability be nearer to human actuality, and might possibly be based on observation and insight, if not even on experience or knowledge. To make living and real personages of past ages, hampered as the writer must be with the necessity of creating a remote atmosphere and a strange milieu, is the task of the master, and that is why, at a moment devoted to the apotheosis of the incompetent, it becomes the favourite ambition of every bungling amateur.

There is one fruit on every branch of the tree of fiction, high up and beyond the reach of poaching schoolboys, which is alone sure of always finding greedy palates—the living character, the unchanging type of man, Pickwick and Dick Swiveller, D'Artagnan and Harry Bertram, Mulvaney and Beeky Sharp, and even David Harum are subject to no change of fashion, or taste, or momentary fads, and they are safe from and unattainable by the imitator.

In the novel of to-morrow I would hope for excellence of character drawing, absorbing interest of plot, breadth in covering the canvas, and style in painting details, the conflict of fate and temperament, humour and pathos, despair and hope—in short, the whole gamut of human experience. Are these *desiderata* new? Will they ever be old? Assuredly not! No, I will never believe that there are fashions in fiction, or in any other form of imaginative creation. There is only one thing that changes, and that is the standard of excellence. Into that I must not enter—the realm, Mr. Editor, of your own sway. Let any new author offer me a novel that excels in any particular—let his work be of any school—he will not find me difficult to convince that his and his only for the nonce is the novel towards which the tendencies and the taste of the day are gravitating.

WM. HEINEMANN.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ADVENTURE FROM THE LIVES OF POETS.

infinitely, but not distance, was recognized sincerely, cheated and soothed the fears of his mariners by each nightfall a record of many less knots than had been counted the miles—it is, we say, so many miles to or that—but it was measured vaguely by day's journey. There is pedantry in our minuteness; we have put science's hood upon the moon by declaring that she is a certain number of miles away. Now she is both nearer and further from the ancients to whom she seemed infinitely inaccessible to them who must often have seemed to come close to her when she burned rosily and warm on the edge of the sky in the mist of some holy autumn eve.

Beyond a certain point, in fact, the mind cannot measure distance. To most of us the distance from Gibraltar to Said is a paper distance merely—a matter of arithmetic. A mental image is truly no image at all, for the most part, a drop of water by the correct number of millions, and no conception of the majestic ocean. Certainly distance more to be measured by feet and yards than time by years, of which some are more than moons, and some remembered only like that year in the "Annales Césaires"—"dies tenebrosa sicut nox." So it has always seemed to me as a remarkable fact that of old the poet did not create mental images, but led a diversified planetary existence. The farmer knows what bread is; the less fact, the more is more than half true. What, for instance, is a *Comte* until I have seen and known a man?

In the dispute concerning Homer's birthplace the world took part. From Smyrna to Athens through a great way, and the Pleiads must have come to his bosom friends by the end of that sea journey; yet Salamis, Rhodes, and Argos also claimed him as their own. Æschylus swims once into our ken at Marathon, a roamer, too, must have been the English poet, compared the life of man to a sparrow's flight through a lighted hall in winter! The minstrel like the sailor bound to wander. Then, under Elizabeth, wanderer and correlative of poet. His life was full of the splendour of outward existence. Sidney died on the field of battle, what we know of Marlowe it is probable he might have been a miniature the life of his own immense Tamerlane. If dramatists were actors, it must have been fascinating to see their lives as actually lived—then as softened in the theatre, as removed on the stage to a region ideally aloof. What again, can have been fuller of external adventure than Edward Herbert's?

But the seventeenth century saw the beginning of the decline of the outward life. The poet was no longer a courtier. Presently the Court was exchanged for the house; then came a host of table-talkers. "The more you eat," says Leigh Hunt, "is equally the organ of eating and of devouring a book; we discuss a turkey or chine." The eighteenth century dined well. Goldsmith wrote some charming things, which his famous contemporaries masqueraded as poetry; altogether they make an admirable menu. There is the verity of real satire in such a presentation. Their verities true, smelt of the lamp—but of the cuisine also; like to see some of the original MSS., and know if the prandial stains upon them. But theirs was a real existence. Did not Gray, for example, let down the steps of his coach as it crossed the mountains of Cumbria? The one green field was like another; while it is now a person's modernity to ask whether there is one

body stir not from the fireside. Reverie and day-dreaming, more strenuous matters than some suppose—reverie and day-dreaming,

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade,

are the leading characteristics. *Alladine et Palomides* is the play of to-day; *Tamerlane* is of the day before yesterday. Victor Hugo, perhaps, was a wanderer on the face of the earth. But he is an exception. Certainly there has been a vast change since Tennyson accepted a peerage; and Browning, as Tennyson joked, was to die in a white tie. Byron's tragedy is not very likely to be repeated; poets will not travel to Greece to find Missolonghi. *Hamlet*, as written by Shakespeare, is now perhaps out of date. We are too languid for such revenges. Polonius and the King shall live on. The hero who died by a rapier thrust would now die of the slow potent poison of the spirit. Hamlet might go down into the grave, but he would reascend, would be many times buried beneath the accretions of time, yet live on, and his dead selves "lie like the ruins of Pompey, in all parts of the earth."

E. THOMAS.

"ISLWYN": A WELSH POET.

The new book on "The Welsh People," by Professor Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones, which was reviewed in this column on May 26, may perhaps do something to awaken an interest in Welsh literature. Culture has but rarely been associated with the growth and development of Welsh literature, and the songs of its peasant poets have seldom found expression beyond the Principality. Attempts at translation have been steadily encouraged by the *Elsteddfod*, but the publication of "Welsh Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. Edmund O. Jones, marked the first serious effort at a worthy interpretation of modern Welsh poetry into the English language. The selection is by no means representative of the best. Sweetness rather than strength apparently guided the author in his choice, and, in his desire to include the more popular features of Welsh poetry, some inferior work by minor poets has found undue prominence. Still it affords a comprehensive idea of the general character of Welsh poetry, and considering the difficulties of idiom and alliteration peculiar to the Welsh language, this preliminary effort deserves unstinted praise.

The author has been happy in his interpretation of Islwyn, whose superiority among Welsh poets is acknowledged. The poet was born in 1832 at a small village situated in Monmouthshire, and entered the ministry in 1854 in connexion with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. When barely eighteen his *Elsteddfod* triumphs had gained him a wide reputation. Three years later his *faulde* died suddenly, and the event left a permanent impression upon his works. The "Storm"—an incomplete poem ranging between five and six thousand lines—is an expression of his sorrow. He passed away at the early age of forty-six. His poetry received its mould and colouring from contemporary movements. Wales received its greatest awakening from its religious unrest. Islwyn has inherited the deep spirituality peculiar to his race. His reflective turn of mind will prevent the bulk of his poetry from ever appealing to the masses as did "Celriog" with his lighter touch and playful fancy. Islwyn probes deeper the mysteries of life. He revels in the magnificence of the storm, and loves with the enthusiasm of the born

glory. In its still, pensive hours, the soul captivated by

The stars' deep eloquence
That with the morning hours
Grows mute again.
Its stillness cries to human sense,
There is a God above
And worlds more fair than ours.
The day is night which hides the stars
Our night for day is given
To make more plain the path to heaven.

Oh, welcome night, that bidst the world
That through the stars eternity may spend
Too early, Dawn, too early dost thou wail
Too early climbest up the Eastern Hill;
Too early I stay; so quiet is the night,
And in her pensive breeze such sympathy
She shows us suns that suffer no eclipse,
O'er which the grave's dark shadow ne'er
Nay! come not yet, O Dawn; thy laugh
Thy wanton glance, and frolic songs of glee
The convocation of those holier spheres
And when night vanishes, heaven is hid

To his spiritualized muse,

The world is holy in the night,
And heaven and earth seem merged in one

"Everything appeared to him," remarked
"a parable suggestive of the spiritual."

Interwoven with this spiritual element is a tendency. Islwyn had many points of affinity whose influence upon him is easily traceable. Inspired by the same calm spiritual assurance, love of nature, and the same penetrative insight and rushing torrents and the animated spirit find fitting expression in vivid and stirring lines such as

The clouds

Pour forth a tide of lightning till the heaven
Seem to the zenith deluged o'er with fire
Yon fields of azure reddened as with gore,
Like an ethereal battleplain where gods
Had fought and fallen, leaving all in blood
Down to the horizon.*

The general spirit of his message, however, is in his contemplative mood. Islwyn, with greater than any of his Welsh contemporaries, perceived had inherent virtues far deeper than the general interest, and that

All, all is sacred ground
On all the earth, and every hill-top bears
Its cherub with its never dying song.]

The founts of inspiration and its divine impulse on earth and the "sad music of humanity" than imagine.

Why seek we from one world beyond the
the power of
Go strike the rock, for waters lie therein
And inspiration breathes through Nature
The heavens themselves have sought to utter
Than what they uttered at their glorious
An awful thought is at the side of mine

the following philosophical soliloquy, but the Welshman retains his individuality throughout:—

Hath not
The soul a hidden story of its own,
A tide of mysteries breaking on a far
And distant shore, where memory was lost
Amid the mighty ruins of a world
Or worlds now vanished?

Are the stars o'erhead
Things as divine and glorious as poesy
Is wont to sing? Is't not some power in us,
Some memory of a yet diviner world
And things illumined by the light of God
That dowers the stars with beauty, gives them strength
And grandeur? 'Tis in us the stars have being,
And Poesy's self is but the memory
Of things that have been or the seer's glance
At things that shall be—a future and a past
Both greater than the present.

Who hath not
Within him felt some long forgotten world
Sweep through the corner of his former self,
Or touch some jutting peak of memory?
Or can we prove a poet's imaginings
Are not the remnants of a higher life,
A thousand times more glorious, lying hid
Within the deepest sea of his great soul,
Till comes the all-searching breath of poesy
To bid them rise? Oh hail, all hail the hour
When God reveals Himself, and like the sun
Illumines every epoch of our being,
And through them all the Spirit's path shines clear
From God, through Nature, back to God again.

While his message is Welsh in its deep spirituality, it is by no means of an insular character. All that is true and pure and beautiful appealed to him. Nature had no truer worshipper, and his works abound with descriptive passages of exquisite delicacy.

The lack of opportunities for freer intercourse with the literatures of other nations has hampered the Welsh muse and sent it into a closer and more intimate communion with Nature. Islwyn thus refers to Welsh poets:—

The fragrant breezes wander through the maze
Of all their songs as through a woodland reach:
Their odes drop sweetness like the ripening peach
In laden orchards on late summer days.
Their work is Nature's own—not their's the praise
By culture won which midnight studies teach.

Deep spirituality, however, is the distinctive feature of his poetry, but his treatment marks a departure from the beaten path of the Welsh muse. The simple homely muse of "Pantycelyn" and his contemporaries were no favourable preliminary to Islwyn's philosophical musings. The contrast lies not in the mere form of expression, but in a different interpretation of life. Islwyn is a Seer, and his poetry reveals a keener faculty that sees into the life of things. His true mission lies in the future. From the extension of educational facilities in the Principality and the inroads of commerce will come materialistic tendencies. When the struggle becomes acute, many a fondly cherished doctrine and "thumbworn creed" will pass away, but Islwyn's muse will exert a deep and lasting influence in preserving the spirit of its best traditions.

them—and one another. For the Lyceum is a social as well as an artistic centre. Plays that are not splendidly new nor overwhelmingly true, that are not the "movement" nor established classics, are accepted of the players, whose talents they suit, who have come to them, who naturally shrink from the trouble and unknown when the known is still found to serve. Twenty years ago *Olivia* was an unmitigated delight. There were several theatrical revolutions in the interval, so that she is less affected by the intrinsic merits of the play than she claims as an old favourite on our indulgence. It is not and there the stuffing escapes, but then what please us ten, fifteen, twenty years ago? After all, it was not for the stilted dialogue of Mr. W. G. Wills, we can give spirit with the pure prose of Goldsmith. It is true Goldsmith cannot give us the carefully arranged "still *bric-à-brac*" of the Lyceum—the real apple tree, the chord, the real cuckoo-clock. Nor can Goldsmith or the Lyceum scene-painter, who provides a "solid" transported bodily from Bedford-park and a (fortunate) view of Squire Thornhill's country seat, which is the very latest of the Gordon Hotels. And it did not Goldsmith to make Dr. Primrose mutter, every five allusion to his idolatrous fondness for his elder daughter shall be punished for it yet." Mr. W. G. Wills would you see, to make it quite plain that the object of his show how Dr. Primrose *was* punished for it. Well said, the art of drama is the art of preparation. Mr. determined we should not be unprepared. And we willingly grateful to him—twenty years ago. This, however iconoclastic age, and even the Lyceum has not kept hand from Mr. Wills' sacred text. In the last Thornhill used to enter and beg for Olivia's forgiveness replied, icily, "Sir, I do not know you." No nothing of the scapegrace in the last act, but are made to understand that he will be forgiven by-and-by, scenes.

Lord Chesterfield, in his old age, said of some friend, "He and I have been dead these ten years and not choose to have it generally known." Let us all use some discretion about *Olivia*. Indeed, it is still quite the curate's egg was quite good, in parts. Dr. Primrose as Fleet-street is so fond of saying, "immortal," is quite alive. But he is slow. He takes long pauses between words, executes all his movements and gestures at a full and even takes snuff *larghetto*. No one, to be sure, can see the vicar rattle through his part with the airy vivacity of Charles Surface or Mr. Jingle. But there is a judgment and it is possible to entertain a suspicion that Sir Henry has missed it. That is the worst of these favourite scenes are played again and again, year in and year out, mechanical repetition new details are added, and in the become over-elaborate. Further, we know all the beforehand, so that we wait for them, and nobody kept waiting. Thus when, in the inn parlour, the vicar up his severity to reprove his daughter, we are all he only does it in order that he may break down and in a natural feeling cry, "To my heart, girl, to my heart are on the watch for the flood now; it cannot possibly unawares. These are among the little penalties of *Olivia*. The fault is in ourselves, not in Sir Henry. He is probably acting as picturesquely and authoritative he did in his life. Miss Ellen Terry's Olivia is not

Reviews.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Rhodes.

The most interesting of South African books that has been published lately is *Cecil Rhodes: His Political Life and Speeches*, by Vindex (Chapman and Hall, 12s. n.). Mr. Rhodes is not, of course, an orator in the sense in which Pitt and Demosthenes were orators; he has never prepared his speeches; they contain no popular phrases and no eloquent perorations, though every now and again he flings out a phrase which sticks, as when he spoke of "unctuous rectitude," or of Bechuanaland as "the Suez Canal of the trade of this country." For the rest his speeches are very much like those of a managing director addressing the shareholders of the company, and it is, no doubt, their straightforwardness and their business-like character that has inspired a confidence not accorded to many orators. The biography which is given as a running commentary on the speeches is evidently the work of a great admirer of Mr. Rhodes, and is sometimes so lyric in character as to suggest feminine authorship; but whoever Vindex may be, Vindex knows his (or her) subject very well. Vindex is able, for example, to confound that eminent pro-Boer Mr. J. A. Hobson by proving that Mr. Hobson tampers with the evidence which he quotes. Vindex also knows the inner history of the Jameson raid, and is well aware of the fact of which few other people are aware, that before Mr. Rhodes gave his support to the reform movement there was great danger that if a Republic were proclaimed at Johannesburg it would by no means be a Republic with which her Majesty's Government would be able to work harmoniously. And finally Vindex understands the true nature of Mr. Rhodes' dealings with the Africander Bond, and perceives that, when he and the Bond worked in unison, it was he who had nobbled the Bond and not the Bond which had nobbled him. One subject very carefully dealt with in the volume is Mr. Rhodes' gift of £10,000 to Mr. Parnell for the support of Home Rule for Ireland. The whole correspondence relating to this gift is here printed at length, and it is made clear that, rightly or wrongly, Mr. Rhodes was merely using the Home Rule movement as a precedent to support certain schemes which he has in his head for the federation of the Empire. We shall see, however, in the next book that we have to review, that this is not the only view of Mr. Rhodes' conduct in the matter which is entertained by people who have made a close study of Mr. Rhodes' policy. Finally there is a glimpse at the sentimental side of Mr. Rhodes which really deserves to be quoted. The speech was one delivered on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of a new Wesleyan Church:—

I remember when the Bishop of Derry was out here, and was staying with me, when the Bishop's daughter was married from my house, how on the Sabbath the Bishop said to me:—"I suppose you are coming to hear me at Rondebosch Church?" and I replied:—"No, Sir, I have got my own chapel." The Bishop said, "Where is it?" And I replied, "It is up the mountain." The Bishop thereupon remarked, "Dear me, dear me, a nice place to have your church." The fact is, if I may take you into my confidence, that I do not care to go to a particular church even on one day in the year when I use my own chapel at all other times. I find that up that mountain one gets thoughts—what you might term religious thoughts, because they are thoughts for the betterment of humanity—and I believe that is the best description of

support of Mr. Chamberlain, and they take up the support of Mr. Rhodes' methods in giving the £10,000 to the funds of the Parnellite party:—

He wished to make certain that there would be no contribution from the Irish party to his Chartered School, and his way was one to obtain that—viz., by a contribution to the party funds. This was most effective. The Rulers, while thinking they were being followed, were being led in golden strings.

In the main, however, the book is a demerit. Krugerism spells corruption; chapter and verse the case of almost every charge. It is interesting at least on one occasion the Krugerites found rather Jewish financiers in the person of Mr. Eloff. They were a match for them; the story is too good to be true. The incident happened in connexion with the Vaal River Water Concession, held by Mr. Eloff. It was to get rid of Eloff on terms:—

Eloff was duly informed that terms were offered, and a meeting of the interested parties took place. The Presidency. A document was there signed, and the concession was to be conceded to Mr. Eloff. He was by a certain date to bring out a company with a certain capital, in which Messrs. Eloff and Co. were to have a certain share and sums of money. The agreement was to state, only bound Mr. Barnato to bring out the company, not necessarily to guarantee its flotation. The company was duly brought out with a first-class capital, but needless to say there were no subscribers; but he could do nothing, as Barnato was bound by part of the contract. He had at the same time to close the inconvenient concession, which in the Vaal River Water Scheme has sunk into a failure. The book is very vigorously written.

ART.

Donatello.

The *LIFE OF DONATELLO*, by Hope Rea (Belmont, Painting and Sculpture, 5s. n.), is the best biography of the great Florentine sculptor's life and works that has been written in English. The author has based her sketch on the most trustworthy authorities, and has carefully studied the works of Dr. Bode, M. Eugène Müntz, and Professor Bode, as M. Marcel Reymond's admirable book on "Donatello, a Florentine." Donatello's personality was as simple as his works, and contemporary records abound in a wealth of detail of his eccentric habits and brusque and witty repartee. He was the most genial and lovable of men, and his friend and architect of the cupola of the Florentine Duomo, and with the painter Masaccio was productively engaged in enduring results in Renaissance art. And he was the favourite artist and most devoted servant of Cosimo de' Medici, with whom he lived on intimate terms, and who, by the Via Larga he helped to decorate with bronzes imitated from antique gems. But throughout his life he preserved the simple habits of his youth and was undisturbed by the negligence of the sculptor's art, and rose-coloured hood and mantle, and complete suit of armour. Donatello only wore them once or twice, and then, and back, saying they were too fine for him. And, in the year 1464, when Pièro de' Medici gave him a small farm

might still be near the friend whom he had loved in life. Donatello's sympathy with antique art was no doubt a link between him and Cosimo, and the classic impulse is evident in such works as the bronze David and Cupid and the Bargello, or the great equestrian statue of Gattamelata at Padua; but his fiery realism and the strong dramatic tendency of his art are thoroughly modern in character and are very far removed from the Greek idea. Donatello was, in fact, an original and profound genius, who created types and ideals of his own, and made his influence felt, not only on Florentine painters, but on Paduan and Venetian masters, Andrea Mantegna and the Bellini. Hope Rea might with advantage have pointed this out, and might also have given us a fuller analysis of the great master's style. And if she had consulted either of the two recent editions of Vasari which are mentioned in the bibliography of her volume, she would have avoided the mistake on p. 26, where she states that Masaccio went to Rome in 1431, when we have documentary evidence of the most positive kind that this short-lived master died in 1429.

A word must be said in praise of the illustrations, which are remarkably good and include not only the well-known statues and singing gallery of the Duomo in Florence, but the bas-reliefs which Donatello carved for the high altar of "Il Santo" at Padua, and which, after being broken up and dispersed during more than a hundred years, have been once more restored to their original place in the great basilica. The charming Bambino Gesù and little St. John, from the Church of S. Francesco de' Vincetoni, are also given, but fascinating as are these busts of children, we agree with M. Marcel Raymond that they can hardly be Donatello's work, but that, like Lord Wemyss' lovely head of St. Cecilia and the Turin Madonna, they ought rather to be assigned to Desiderio or Rossellino.

Crivelli.

Crivelli is an artist who has many admirers, in spite of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's verdict that he was a "disagreeable although a most talented master." Special opportunities for the study of his art are afforded to us here in England, where about twenty of his pictures are now preserved. Both the National Gallery and the Brera are rich in fine examples of his work, while many others still remain in the March of Ancona, where he seems to have spent the greater part of his life. The few facts that can be gleaned regarding Crivelli have been well put together by Mr. McNeil Rushforth in *CARLO CRIVELLI* (Great Masters Series, Bell, 5s. n.), who has devoted especial pains to the arrangement of the artist's works in chronological order, and gives us a clear idea of his style at different periods. It is curious that while most of the great Venetian painters—Titian, the Bellini, Giorgione—were born in different towns or villages of the mainland, both Lotto and Crivelli, whose lives were chiefly spent in the Marches, should have been natives of Venice. Crivelli always signed himself *Venetus*, and no doubt received his earliest training in the school of the Murano painters. Afterwards he must have come under the influence of the Paduan Squarcione, and probably worked in his shop at the same time as his Venetian contemporary Bartolommeo Vivarini. In 1468, when we may suppose him to have been about thirty, he was already in the Marches, and there he remained working at Ascoli and in the surrounding country during the next twenty-five years. The beautiful Annunciation in the National Gallery was painted in 1486 for the church of the Annunziata at Ascoli, to commemorate an important political event. For on the Feast of the Annunciation, a few years before, Pope Sixtus IV. had granted the town of Ascoli her liberties, and recognized her as an independent city under the protection of the Church. The monks of Libano

from the churches of Camerino and Fabriano in the same district. The last work we have from his hand bears date 1481, and we may conclude that he died *non* apparently still in the prime of life. A painter of a vividly and fine decorative sense, Crivelli was little by the progress of art around him, but painted in the end of his life, and kept strictly to his old manner. He always retained the taste for elaborate architectural details and festoons of fruit and flowers, which he had acquired in the older Venetian and Paduan school. His art strikes us as what archaic and conventional, but a vein of vigour and deep feeling runs through all his work and breathes some of his Pietas with a force and vehemence that his greater contemporary and fellow-pupil, Andrea Mantegna, in few old Italian pictures have preserved their bright, smooth, enamelled surface in so rare a degree as the paintings of this interesting Venetian master.

Correggio.

It is usual to speak of Correggio together with Raphael, and Michelangelo as the four great masters of the noontide glory of the Italian Renaissance is fully justified. But, unlike his illustrious contemporaries, Antonio Correggio led a singularly quiet and secluded life. The forty years of his existence were spent in a provincial town, far from princes. Most of his works were painted for churches and convents. Although in his unconscious paganism and delight in life he gave remarkable expression to the life of his age, he had little contact with the great world, and no well-behaved more uneventful than the story of his life in his native town of Correggio and in the neighbouring city of Parma, where his great frescoes were painted. This very fact has stirred his early biographers to a liberal use of imagination, and at one time Correggio's life became a theme for romance. Most of these fables, however, have been dispelled by modern criticism. Dr. Meyer proved the tragic tale of the painter's poverty and misery to be a fiction. The tradition of his Lombard training was first shown to be a fallacy by Morelli, and his connexion with the Ferrara school and through its masters with Mantegna has been finally established by Dr. Ricci, the Director of the Gallery of Parma. Dr. Meyer's excellent biography of the great Correggio artist, *MICHELE BRINTON'S CORREGGIO* (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, Bell, 5s. n.), is based upon these authorities, and quotes Morelli, Ricci, Thode, and John Addington Symonds for a considerable portion of his small volume. The few facts that can be gleaned regarding Correggio's life and the list of his works have been carefully compiled, but there is little attempt at criticism, and we cannot agree with the writer in his theory that Allegretti was influenced by Leonardo, or that the figures in the cupola of S. Giovanni Evangelista were inspired by Leonardo's *Disputa*. There is absolutely no ground for the artist's visit to Rome, and both Vasari and Ottensio Landi, in 1552, lament that Correggio died without ever seeing the Eternal City. As usual in this series, the illustrations are excellent, and several of the medallions are reproduced from the beautiful Camera di S. Paolo in the Convent of S. Maria della Spina. Mr. Brinton, however, has hidden from the sight of the world until the close of the sixteenth century, and made the whole story of their production one of the most curious episodes in art history. And where does he find so few and scarce he might with advantage have given us a charming letter in which Veronica Gambara, the Countess of Correggio, writes to tell her former lover, Correggio, that she has just received a letter from the Pope, who has granted her the title of Duchess of Correggio.

his biography to such part only as is needed in making a study of Raphael's art. As in the other volumes of the series, there are admirable illustrations, including more than forty reproductions of the most famous pictures, from "The Vision of a Young Knight," about 1500, to the work of 1520. Mr. Strachey's comments are well considered, and as an apologist for the painter in the chapter "The Case against Raphael" he discusses with some force, intrenching himself behind weighty authorities, the question of Raphael's true position among the great masters.

Girtin.

One of the most important of the long series of illustrated monographs on artists which the art publishers have been giving us in recent years is Mr. Lawrence Binyon's THOMAS GIRTIN (Seeley, £2 2s. n.) It will for the first time put before students of English watercolour an adequate view of the work of this artist. No visitor to the British Museum can have failed to notice how Girtin with his breadth and his inspiration stands out from his predecessors and from his contemporaries alike in the art of water-colour landscape. Mr. Roger's History of the Old Water-Colour Society and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's book on the English water-colourists have much to say on Girtin, but the present volume, with its large autotype reproductions and Mr. Binyon's admirable essay, is the first attempt to give his due to the great master to "whose teaching and companionship," as Mr. Ruskin said, "Turner owed more than to his own genius in the first years of his life." Girtin died at the early age of 27 in 1802, and it may be hoped that we shall see some worthy exhibition of his art when the first centenary of his death comes round. Turner, who was not lavish of praise, said, "If Tom Girtin had lived I should have starved." Mr. Binyon does not go so far as this, though he thinks that "when Girtin died he was Turner's rival on more than equal terms." One interesting point which he makes is that Girtin's real achievement was not, as is so often thought, the use of a freer and truer range of colour. The timid use of colour among the early water-colourists was not due to the inchoate state of the art, but to their desire to produce a topographical drawing which should serve for engraving. Girtin did not make very much technical advance. His true merit lay in a more imaginative gift of composition and a greater sensitiveness to atmosphere.

The Paris Exhibition has interfered this year with the Annual London "International Exhibition," but those who have pleasant memories of the Knightsbridge show may derive some consolation from the very beautiful catalogue of last year's exhibition issued by the Printing Arts Company. There are three editions—one at a shilling, with 60 illustrations; one at half-a-crown, with 108 illustrations; and an *Edition de Luxe*, at a guinea, a copy of which is before us. Mr. Whistler's "Little Lady Sophie of Soho" forms its frontispiece, followed by twenty photogravures and 150 full-page illustrations in half-tone. The large quarto page does full justice to the pictures, and we can unreservedly praise the manner in which they are reproduced—a mood of praise one is the more glad to give because the entire work has been done in London.

REPRINTS.

Temple Classics.

The stream of reprints flows with unabated strength, and they deserve some more special note than is afforded to them by mention in our list of books, for both to us and to our readers they bring pleasant relief. With them we can slip back into the

making us long to be wandering in the aisles of churches where the spirits of the saints still bask in glass and moulded capital. Tourists—if there still sensible to the mangle of the past should read LAURENCE, in the "Temple Classics" Series (Dent), compiled in the thirteenth century by an Archbishop under the title of "Legenda Aurea," it was translated into many languages; and William Caxton, using a French version, translated it into English at the behest of the Earl of Arundel, who promised the good printer as a reward the year in summer and a doe in winter. He did not do it with intelligence in his task, and Mr. J. F. Ellis, in the present edition, gives a curious instance of the confusion which also illustrates the confusion arising from the fact that the French printer has turned the old French words "james venues" (*Jemmes venues*), which Caxton attempts to translate (*whole come*), regardless of the fact that it is whatever." But it is needless to say that the charm of these fine old legends is derived from the reader is here in close touch with Caxton's translation. Another "Temple Classic" is the SILEX SCALARUM, by Vaughan, the devout mystic who in the beauty of his poetry often surpassed his master Herbert, and who was born in Brecknockshire, part of the old "Silures," a geographical cognomen of "the Silurist." No poet, perhaps, has surpassed Vaughan's "Silurist" into the world of light." Then we have some of the best later period in Goldsmith's CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, which modern thought finds its expression in a volume of those who want no better holiday than to dream in the afternoon in the company of a poet—MR. POEMS. Such an one will agree with William Wordsworth, whose country is both the philosopher's garden and the poet's, in which he reads and contemplates the power and wisdom of God. It is his food as well as study, and his life as well as learning. A sweet and natural noise and talk, and allows opportunity for reflection on the best subjects for it."

Other Booklets.

The wholesome and sanguine thoughtfulness of the Quaker, whose frequent imprisonments and his spirits, are contained in his SOME FRUITS OF SOLITUDE, of which a delightful little edition with an introduction by Edmund Gosse comes from Mr. Freemantle. There is also on La Rochefoucauld, and are a sprig of the finest thoughts in terse direct sentences which flourish in France and England at the time of the Restoration. "Pascal and the "Caractères" of La Bruyère, which is only a short period—the "Thoughts and Reflections" and the "Fruits of Solitude" of Penn. For many years it was discovered by Robert Louis Stevenson, who found a copy in San Francisco:—

The copy was dear to me [he said] printed in Philadelphia that Penn established, and carried in my pocket through the San Francisco streets, read in street cars and in the street. I was sick unto death, and found in all my travels a peaceful and sweet companion.

The wisdom of a sensible and witty optimist is enshrined in one of Messrs. Gay and Bird's "Temple Classics," gently fitted for perusal by the traveller—viz. THE WIT AND WISDOM (with an introduction by Mr. J. F. Ellis, 2s. 6d. n.), containing extracts from the writings of the

Browning's *THE STATUE AND THE BUST*, and Mr. Stephen Phillips' *MARCELLA* (1s. 6d. each). We do not much admire Mr. Phillip Connard's illustrations to these two poems, which are strained in conception and by no means always showing the qualities of technique necessary for reproduction. We may add that Messrs. Macmillan are now reissuing their Eversley Shakespeare in "booklet" form. The volumes of the original edition, edited by Professor C. H. Herford, contained three or four plays each. The new issue is of single plays with Professor Herford's introductions and notes, bound either in dark green leather or in red cloth. They lead off with *TITUS ANDRONICUS* and *MACBETH*.

Tennyson.

Messrs. Macmillan bind up together two volume of Tennyson's poems with the title *POEMS*, by Alfred Lord Tennyson (2s.), and introduce some of the pictures from that most beautiful of all illustrated editions of poets—the Moxon Edition of 1857. We hesitate to criticize the selection made from these pictures, as it may have been influenced by the difficulties of reproduction. We should like, we confess, to have seen Mulready's beautiful drawings for "The Sea Fairies" and "The Deserted House." But we must express our astonishment at the use to which the illustrations are turned. Perhaps the most unfortunate case is the drawing of a lady unloosing her girdle inserted "to face 'The Princess.'" Every one who knows the original illustrated edition will recognize this as W. H. Hunt's "Godiva." Then we have as other illustrations for "The Princess" Creswick's landscape drawn for "The Golden Year," and Millais' design for "Mariana" of a woman bending in weariness over her window seat, which the reader, we suppose, is now to take for Ida recognizing her failure. At any rate, it is carefully inserted opposite the lines wherein she confesses that she

had failed in all;

That all her labour was but as a block
Left in the quarry.

Then Horsley's "Gardener's Daughter" is made to masquerade as Maud, and seems to be meant to illustrate "Come into the garden, Maud"; while the midnight tower by Millais, which properly illustrates "The Sisters," is wrested out of its place and fitted on to the opening lines of "Maud." Finally, the landscape which Creswick drew for Claribel is here tacked on to "Aylmer's Field," and the same artist's river scene for "A Farewell"—"Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea"—with its sunset note of melancholy, here faces "The Brook," a poem in quite a different key. The great artists who drew these pictures with such careful sympathy for every mood of the poet can hardly have expected that they would ever be treated as stock illustrations, to be utilized according to the taste and fancy of the modern editor.

Reprints for the Library.

Among reprints of the "Library" class we have two additions to Messrs. Macmillan's fine "Library of English Classics" in Carlyle's *FRENCH REVOLUTION* (two vols., 7s.) and Fielding's *TOM JONES* (2 vols., 7s.). Also *PEREGRINE PICKLE* (3 vols., 22s. 6d. n.) in Messrs. Constable's edition of Smollett. *PAUSANIAS AND OTHER GREEK SKETCHES*, by Mr. J. G. Frazer (Macmillan, 5s.) gathers together the introduction and other extracts from his well-known book on Pausanias, together with a paper on Pericles reprinted from the "Encyclopedia Britannica." Mr. Frazer is steeped in the romance of ancient Greece, and the traveller in that country will find in this book a guide to its true appreciation. Let us quote the close of his account of Danlis, the scene of the tragic story of Philomela and

tales of horror to their children's children. But no very peaceful and solitary in Danlis, for the tide of long-rolled away from it. Parnassus still looks down of old, but Ivy mantles the ruins, the wild thyme and on the hill, and the tinkle of goat bells comes up from the glen. Only the shadow of ancient crime at rests on the fair landscape.

Another reprint before us is a new edition which Longmans publish of the *STORY OF GUDTIN THE STRONG* (5 Icelandic Saga, translated by Eiríkr Magnússon and Morris, which first appeared in 1890, and has been long print. It is admirably translated, and edited with indices, and will be welcome to the increasing number of students of the Sagas. Messrs. Constable are issuing in format, of large octavo size in red bindings, new editions of recent books of theirs, the latest being *THE HOUWHLA LAFAYETTE*, by Edith Sichel, *THE KINGDOM OF THE ROSE*, by Ernest Young, and *RUPERT, PRINCE PAL*, Eva Scott (6s. each); and *CONTRABAND* (2s. 6d.) is Messrs. Ward, Lock's new series of Whyte Melville's n

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Paris.

The difficulty of writing an adequate history of Paris within reasonable limits of space must be enormous. It is a long and often obscure, and often lacking in continuity, and the reader cannot safely assume that his readers bring much knowledge of their own to the perusal of his pages. In writing the history of London he is warranted in assuming that the public he addresses already has a knowledge of the history of England. In writing the history of Paris he mentions a great name—be it that of Shakespeare, or Whittington, or Cardinal Wolsey, or Sir Christopher Wren, or Hugh Myddelton, or Nell Gwyn—he awakens memories which he has half-drawn his picture. The names of correspondents in the history of Paris—such names as those of Capet, or Abelard, or Villon, or Sainte Geneviève—mean nothing of Clovis and Childeric and the architects—less to the English reader. He may, or may not, have a historical knowledge of them; but they are hardly likely to be welcomed by him as characters in a drama with which he is already familiar. Hence, it is very hard indeed for a historian of Paris to be picturesque; and we cannot but think that Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in *PARIS* (Arnold, 7s.), has succeeded in the task. His book is good, from a certain point of view; but it misses those panoramic effects that are for instance, in Sir Walter Besant's books about London and Westminster.

One would like to see Sir Walter Besant attempt a history of Paris; and one knows pretty well how he would grapple with the difficulties. He would perceive the presumed ignorance of the reader was a reason not for putting information into him, but for insisting on the essential expense of the immaterial, and for seizing on the smallest details that make the picture. There would be, as in the case of London, a minimum of relation and a maximum of presentation. It would be got by grouping the smaller details, so far as possible, around the major and better-known events—such events as the sieges, and the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. It would also be taken to make us see a selected few of the great citizens in their habit as they lived. We should like to follow a day in the life of some Abelard, Melville,

history is particularly lucid. He brings out very clearly the difference between the dark and the early middle ages, and the effect—so much less than is ordinarily supposed—of the barbarian incursions upon social life. All the necessary information as to the gradual building of Paris is also duly given, and there are several good historical plans to illustrate the text. The material, in short, is provided from which another writer might construct the picture of Parisian life from the Roman conquest to the Revolution. But, except for a few short and isolated passages, that picture is not drawn by Mr. Belloc. He overwhelms us with too many details; we cannot see the wood for the trees.

The War.

WITH MITCHELL'S COLUMN ON AN AMBULANCE TRAIN, by E. M. Bennett (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.), is very much the sort of war book that one would expect from the modern Oxford Don. There are Greek quotations and there are complaints that Rimington's Scouts, who get 10s. per day, are overpaid. We have no doubt that Mr. Bennett would cheerfully have done their work for less; the only question is would he have done it so well? Perhaps the most interesting thing in the book is Mr. Bennett's estimate of the view of Mr. Kipling's poetry taken by Mr. Thomas Atkins. "It is quite a mistake," he writes, "to suppose that Mr. Kipling's poetry is widely appreciated by the rank and file of the Army. From what I have noticed, the least intelligent soldiers know nothing at all about Mr. Kipling's verses, while the more intelligent heartily dislike the manner in which they are represented in his poems as foul-mouthed, Godless, and careless of their duties to wives and children. I remember a sergeant exclaiming:—'Kipling's works, Sir! We would not have them in our dépôt library at any price.'"

FAMOUS FIGHTING REGIMENTS, by George Hood (Melrose, 1s. 6d.), is an account reprinted from the *English Illustrated Magazine* of the exploits of such regiments as the Buffs, the Black Watch, the Death or Glory Boys, and the Dublin Fusiliers. Many readers will be surprised to learn how many of our most distinct regiments have been at one time or another in the service of the French or the Dutch. The book is too superficial to be very interesting. In the space which he allotted himself the author has no opportunity of being really picturesque.

Literary.

On Mr. W. L. Courtney's lectures, now collected under the title *THE IDEA OF TRAGEDY* (Constable, 3s. 6d.), we have commented from time to time. They are introduced by a somewhat sententious "prefatory note" by Mr. Pinero; but they are worth publishing for many acute reflections on Shakespeare, and for their appreciation of the moderns, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Mr. Pinero himself.

There might be as many theories as to the exact meaning of Dr. Harold Ford's *SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET: A NEW THEORY* (Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d. n.) as about the meaning of Hamlet itself. The shadow of an idea which flits here and there about his cloudy pages seems to be of a slender character. Dr. Ford does not agree with the ordinary theory that the theme of the play is "a command to kill and a delayed obedience." So far we are sure of him. As to what view he would substitute his own obscure language must be our excuse if we misrepresent it. Apparently he thinks that the nobility of Hamlet's moral character is inconsistent with the theory of "irresolution." But, taking into consideration the nature of the trust imposed upon Hamlet by the Ghost, we fail to see the inconsistency. We quite agree with Dr. Ford that if Hamlet be viewed "through the blurred microscope of super-subtlety it becomes a nebular hypothesis."

harm, but it is a question whether it is money. The writer is inclined to think colony is the best sort of colonial college there ask no fees for their vigorous and practical loading of any sort is quite impossible.

Outside agriculture, it appears, there opening for the immigrant, as in the matters the rule is Canada for the Canadian already overrun with clerks.

Messrs. Blackwood publish a second edition of *RAMBLES AND STUDIES IN BOSNIA, HERZEGOVINA* by Robert Munro. The book is mainly concerned with pre-historic stations, pre-historic cemeteries, remains; but it also contains a narrative which will interest the potential tourist. The illustrations, admirable, give a very agreeable impression. The preface draws attention to the fact that the place in which the report of the proceedings of the congress of Archaeologists and Anthropologists 1894 can be read. There was to have been issued by the Bosnian Government, but it never appeared.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's *TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES* is a book which ought not to be forgotten. We were told of it (Ward, Lock, 2s.). The biographical sketches of Dr. Wallace's contributions to biological science and his views on Spiritualism and the nationalization of races.

CRUISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, by W. Boyd (Hs. n.), is a very commonplace account of the Mediterranean Greek War of Independence. Any one who is curious to know what the Mediterranean days will be able to gratify it by a perusal in the absence of any such curiosity the book is not worth reading. The pictures, of which there are a few, being in colours, are better than the letterpress.

The Calendar of Letterbooks preserved in the City of London at the Guildhall is being reprinted in *LETTERBOOK B* (Edward Francis), edited by Sharpe, Record Clerk in the office of the Town Clerk of London, is mainly devoted to the record of the years 1290 and 1312. We gather that the life of the city with consisted mainly of "night-walking about the streets with violence, frequenting taverns and houses of gaming," and that it was in this period that the effect that bakers convicted of fraud were drawn on the hurdle, but suffer instead of the pillory. Some curious particulars are also given concerning the right of felons to take sanctuary.

THE ANGLO-SAXON GUIDE TO THE 1900 (Boat, 1s. n.) gives a business-like and account of the exhibits—more particularly those that are interesting to manufacturers and generally. Such matters as artificial manures and materials are treated with tender and affectionate thoroughness. There are also some useful idiomatic phrases, and a chapter on "Pamphleting such resorts as the Cabaret du No."

TUBERCULOSIS, ITS NATURE, PREVENTION AND TREATMENT by Alfred Hillier (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), is a lucid and well-known at the present time concerning consumption. It is hardly adapted for general reading, but is contained in it with regard to the various

FICTION.

Mrs. Steel.

Mrs. Steel is a conscientious writer, but not an inspired one, and her new novel, *VOICES IN THE NIGHT* (Helmstamm, 6s.), suffers almost as much from her conscientiousness as from her lack of inspiration. So anxious is she for accuracy that it is said, and said in her praise, that she actually made another visit to India before writing this book in order to revivify her memories and to confirm her impressions. With all respect to her, we cannot help thinking that had she retired to Lapland or New Zealand, and there endeavoured to see India as a whole, as a picture with foreground and distance, with light and with shade, she would have obtained far better results. For she looks at life in India as one might look at a piece of tapestry, held close to the eye; she can see each separate stitch, note whether the worsted be red or blue, but gets not the faintest notion of the pattern as a whole. The book is inordinately long, and inordinately full of detail, and you are constantly wondering what the story is all about, and who all the characters are. Anglo-Indians, natives, half-castes, sweepers, governesses, governors, Nawabs, and dancing girls blitter about the pages in the most bewildering and kaleidoscopic fashion, and nothing stands out, nothing sinks into the background—there is really no background at all, no atmosphere, no air. Here is the beginning of the chapter entitled "Crackers and Squibs":—

Tinkle, tinkle, ootel ish-star, Ha-a-vuuder vart ooar,
Tinkle, tinkle, ootel ish-star, Ha-a-vuuder vart ooar,
Tinkle, tinkle, ootel ish-star, Ha-a-vuuder vart ooar.

The damnable iteration went on and on, the fiddles twangled and squeaked, the drum bangers banged, the nautch-girl siddled, and smirked and shrilled—

Tinkle, tinkle, ootel ish-star, Ha-a-vuuder vart ooar.

And we make this selection because it illustrates as well as another the monotonous forcing of the note, the mechanical loading on of local colour, the unillumined method which make the book such hard reading. Yes, we must confess that we found "Voices in the Night" hard reading, and we can but speak of it as we found it.

Mr. Henry Harland.

It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Henry Harland, who has written such excellent stories, would be quite equally successful with a long novel. *THE CARDINAL'S SUFFRAGE* (Lane, 6s.) is written in a bright and entertaining manner and in a good prose style, but the story is rather thin. The hero strikes us as a very conceited person, and no doubt belongs to the class of authors who, as Mr. Harland puts it, "secretly fancy that Shakespeare has come back to life." All the same, he is possessed of a good deal of quaint humour. As for the heroine, she is not so sympathetic as Mr. Harland tries to make her; in fact, were it not for her millions, her palaces, and her beautiful dresses she would be a very commonplace and rather narrow-minded woman. The author tells us that she is the cleverest and the loveliest woman living, but the reader will hardly share his opinion. The two minor characters, the Cardinal and the old Italian woman, are much better drawn. Through the mouth of his hero Mr. Harland addresses some very hard words to the Anglo-Saxon public, which he accuses of being "beauty-blind and insensible to such things as shades, delicate values, vanishing distinctions, evasiveness"—in which statement he is not altogether wrong. Though the novel is not quite as good as Mr. Harland's short

GAY CONSPIRACY (Harpers, 6s.), both of which are excellent may be put on every novel-reader's list. The first d life in New York, and tells how a young author fo publishers, and of his admittance to a surprisingly *free* social circle; while in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg the gay conspiracy which introduces us to William the the young Queen Wilhelmina, and to Hardy, attach United States Legation in Luxembourg, who narrates amusing adventures in the first person singular. It is of subject which the imitators of Anthony Hope have d best to kill, but Mr. Chambers endues it with new vigour. We particularly admire the way in which he whole heart into every fresh bit of work he undert you read his swiftly-produced tales, each one carries v impression that it was the only book he cared to write, while writing it it was for him the only book in the wo

Mr. D. D. Wells.

Mr. D. D. Wells, whose recent death we refer where, made the hero of His Lordship's Leopard (H 6s.) the son of a British Bishop, who falls in company of barn-stormers in New York. Mr. Wells sh Mr. Chambers in the national characteristics of his good humour, and his somewhat absurd story is sp out. Nor is the genesis of its invention far to seek. A had written "Her Ladyship's Elephant," which a successful. Why not follow it up with "His Lordship what? Leopard would be alliterative and do as w other beast. The name naturally suggested the axiom of ticular animal's inability to change his spots. Imagine, a beautiful actress who is nicknamed the "Leopard," secretly married to a Mr. Spotts, let an Anglican Bis few other people fall madly in love with her, and s magnitude opportunity you have for working a *dénouement*, the proverb, and a pun upon Spott(s), o page! We may think with a kindly regret of th fulness and high spirits which found it worth while t whole book on this theme, and to write it quite we into the bargain to make it worth the novel-reade to read it.

A MAN: HIS MARK, by W. C. Morrow (Grant 3s. 6d.), is less a novel than a long short story, a single passion and developing a single situation. A y has built himself a hut wherein to spend the winter on slopes of Mount Shasta. He finds a snow-bound youn and, as it is impossible to get away, she has to share h many months. But he has retired to the hut to h sorrow caused by heartless interference with his lo and she—though he does not know it at first is t who has interfered with them. She falls in love with he dies of pneumonia. It is all very tragic, very int very well written, though not particularly convincing.

The author of *THE ANGEL OF CHANCE* (Long, 6s.) G. Chatterton—if we may adventure the sex on the internal evidence—can be infinitely dull as well amusing. Her book is built upon the plan of the former day, when long conversations dealing with externals of life were found to be highly interesting and Clifford, who converse into one another's affeet many diliepties to overcome, but the Angel of Chance side. Miss Chatterton's last paragraph is a good exam manner:—

There lies a spot in the land of heart's desire w

Cornish farmhouse would have had a certain anthropological value, but although Mr. Preen deals with such a subject it is not in a scientific spirit but with the intention, expressed, we presume, in the title, of being funny. It is impossible to tell how utterly he misses his mark; it is only by reading the book that one can learn the immensity of his failure. The many illustrations by Mr. Carl Thrift are entirely suitable to the book.

The idea that a doctor should tell us some of the professional secrets of his patients is almost as engaging and immoral as if a confessor should propose to entertain us with the romances of his penitents, but that is what the "Dr. Wallace" of Mrs. Meade and Dr. Clifford Halifax in their novel *WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES* (Chambers, 3s. 6d.) proposes to do. But the reader must not fear to hear too intimate things. Mrs. Meade in collaboration with Dr. Halifax is not unlike Mrs. Meade without extraneous aid, and the sixteen stories of difficult situations are clearly told and well planned, but they will, at best, interest a casual reader for a casual half hour.

Miss Gertrude Donaldson calls her collection of stories *CRUMBS* (New Century Press, 3s. 6d.), and adds the helpful suggestion "gathered in the East." India, Malaya, and the Far East are held in fee; we pass from the Yacht Club in Bombay to the Government House at Hong-kong, from Bukit Tegah to the Temple of Kwannon, and find that everywhere Miss Donaldson's observant eye notes subjects for her pen. "Crumbs," although badly named, is an interesting collection of amusing social studies with full measure of "local colour" and a pleasant flavour of Eastern life.

Those who remember the previous books by Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton) will be interested to note the same power in her latest novel with the rather dangerously sombre title *THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT SHADOW* (Heinemann, 6s.). Sad as is the sound of it, the name is at least highly appropriate to this story of the dwellers in an Alpine winter health resort, "where Death and Life waited together for the bodies of men." The principal figure, Philippa, is an uncommonly well-drawn one. The reader willingly encounters some rather lugubrious chapters to follow her changing fortunes until she owns that "love is enough." Bearing in mind Mrs. Lee-Hamilton's previous successes she is to be complimented on not having fallen below her own high standard of achievement.

OF *THE TREASURE TEMPLE*, by Bruce Hocking (Digby, Long, 6s.), we give the opening paragraph:—

I, Felix Hannington, gentleman, and lord of the fertile manor of Wodford, in the county of Somerset, take up my pen in this year of grace 1713 to describe the many strange adventures that happened to me and to Jacob Jacobson, a Jew, of Bristol, who bore me company, in the land of India.

The least experienced reader will now be able to place the book for himself, and order it or refrain from ordering it according to his personal taste. If the boys of the family are consulted they will probably vote for ordering it.

Mr. Joseph Hocking is nothing without a purpose, and in *THE PRINCE ROBE* (Ward, Lock, 6s.) he has set himself the honourable one of glorifying Protestantism. Those who consider this sort of thing poor art in a novel will not, perhaps, be within that large circle for which both Mr. Joseph and Mr. Silas K. Hocking write. From the latter gentleman's pen comes *WIDEN LIFE IS YOURS* (F. Warne, 2s. 6d.), well told in his well-known manner, with a trifle more melodrama than he usually allows his readers.

"If," asked the Man in the Street, "Christ were to come again to London, in this present year of grace, how would He

LIBRARY NOTE

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gifts to Jedburgh purposes have reached no less a total than £10,000. With the help of this sum the old public library has had a new building opened on May 24th.

The Cathedral of St. Alban possesses a valuable library. It was inaugurated in 1890 by the first Bishop of the Diocese, and has since received many additions. The collection is to be enlarged upon. It is to illustrate Church history in general, and the history of the town and diocese. An honorary librarian has been appointed, and an appeal is made for gifts of books.

The Belfast Society for promoting knowledge has, for the third time, enlarged its premises, better known as the Hall Library, the oldest of the city's literary institutions. The rare and more important books in the collection of local prints and papers, are on display. A lecture given apropos of the opening ceremony has shown the growth of the library side by side with the city.

Some of the metropolitan parishes have volunteered to encourage the adoption of the Lilliputian system. Some lead a somewhat chequered existence, being a back room, or vanish altogether; but one still working in a most indigent district for three years, poverty prevents its people from investing in a public building. A deputation applied to the First Commissioner of Works, for the grant of a site for a new building. The site was refused—mainly on the ground of precedent—fatal to its fulfilment. Perhaps the Commission will make the needed extension on another site.

"American Free Park Libraries" is the title of a book by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Banks in the *Quarterly Review*. Originally meant for children, but the books are now used by adults. Brooklyn possesses several libraries with its various parks. Special attention is given to the children and they are encouraged to study from the specimens around them. A League of Friends (the inevitable button badge) has been formed to look after the works from being "extra-illustrated."

The first circulating library in London was founded by Mr. Archibald Clarke reminds us in a very interesting book, *The Library*, about 1740 by the Rev. John Crane, Crane-court, Fleet-street. It was not long before it spread from London to the provinces and "the year." But Fancourt, a worthy Nonconformist, failed, through various untoward circumstances, in undertaking a great success, though he deserves to be remembered as a pioneer, and for his excellent catalogue, indexed by subjects, and is a very much better than similar productions of modern times. The idea of a library no doubt sprang from the success of the formation of social clubs since Sir Walter Scott's time. The famous club which held its meetings at the Strand and numbered among its members Shakespeare, Fletcher, and others known to fame. English libraries in the means of disseminating literature are few and far between. A formal one was founded by the Royal Society before any book was published from its library. There were parish libraries in every town, but they do very much. Yet nobody seems to have

which was eventually sold, a precedent had been set which was soon taken advantage of. It was discovered that there was a reading public. And by a significant coincidence, which Mr. Clarke might have pointed out, the very year which saw the opening of the first circulating library in London saw also the publication of the book which inaugurated the modern novel—Richardson's "Pamela."

Correspondence.

"THE OMAR KHAYYAM MYTH."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—While thanking you for kindly taking notice of my article on the above subject in the *People's Friend* perhaps you will be good enough to allow me to explain my position towards the Rubáiyát and the translator (or paraphrast), which has been rather misunderstood by your contributor.

My purpose was to show that it is a fraud to ascribe the quatrains, with their pessimistic Agnosticism, to a philosopher who, for aught we know, may have been a devout Mahometan; that it is a fraud to put forth the alleged translation of FitzGerald as giving the veritable ideas even of the fraudulent fifteenth century impostor who wrote the quatrains; and that the Omar Khayyam Club has sought to perpetuate this double fraud by adopting the name of the injured Omar, and professing to admire heathenish sentiments which are not in accord with those of Omar's time nor those of the present day.

I think I made out all these points, and I may mention that the most learned of living Orientalists considers my protest against sham Omarism as "timely." I shall not enter into the abstruse metaphysical question as to whether "the style and execution" of a work, irrespective of its subject, can confer immortality, or ought to do so. To me it seems that if a poem or a picture does not "make for righteousness" in the Arnoldian sense, its life will be limited. The absurd notion that "style is everything" in art, music, and literature is one of the prevalent fallacies of modern criticism which the whole history of literature contradicts.

I am convinced that Omarism, evolved fraudulently from a fraud, is an ephemeral "fad"; that it has been artificially created by such a system of log-rolling as would have disgusted the mild and modest FitzGerald; and that it is as certainly doomed to speedy extinction as the "greenery-gallery, Grosvenor Gallery" cult which was in vogue a few years ago, but is now lost for ever in the Lethe of "dumb forgetfulness."

I am, &c.,

Dundee, June 18, 1900.

A. H. MILLAR.

IDIOM v. GRAMMAR.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. William Cairns does not draw the distinction between accident and idiom. No one would be likely to praise imitation of chance infelicities like "faulted"; but the "ungrammatical sentence" he quotes from Thackeray, and illustrates from Shakespeare, is idiomatic in English. The disjunctive sentence with two singular subjects may be expressed in two ways, by a verb singular or plural: "neither he nor she" may be completed by a type of verb like "is" or "are." I will not quote examples, as you have already given two, but I add that the same tendency is found acting elsewhere: this is the rule laid down in the Latin grammars. It is an instance of

From Earle's "Microcosmography": The Affectations
The fancy of some odd quaintnesses have put him else
his nature.

So with the pronoun:

North, p. 365. Whether Aristides' facts or Cato's
benefit their country.

And the distributive:

North, p. 270. *Every one of them were marvellous and*
" p. 181. *Every man held their peace.* So p. 6

Conversely, when the idea is one, the form plural, *each* may follow sense:

North, p. 917. Too many Caesars is not good. (Not
could not have expressed the meaning)

" p. 361. All their doings *was* nothing.

" p. 362. Wheresoever there *was* wars. (So 10

" p. 189. Your wisdom and goodness *both* vanquish

" p. 69. There *was* mingled now and then pain
pleasure. (Very common when
precedes. See p. 73, 207. Chapman's
ix. 85, xl. 704, &c.)

Once again, as before, I plead for idiom as against
and maintain that the instinct of the great writers
guide where the number of departures from rule shows
are not due to accident.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. D. I

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Bit by bit the autumn publishing has for years been
encroaching more and more upon the tail end of the
months, and this year it promises to make a very early
Most of the publishers anticipate an exceptionally
important season, the chance of a general election
too remote, apparently, to give them much anxiety.
election this autumn would much interfere with the
handicapped so heavily during the last two seasons by
Publishers and booksellers will settle down to a few weeks
taking at the end of this month; but so far as we can judge
number of new books to appear during the summer will
quite so insignificant as usual.

While waiting for news of Baden-Powell's *Mafeking*
learn that a history of the siege, by Major F. D. Baillie,
published shortly by Messrs. Constable. Major Baillie,
Morning Post's special correspondent, and lived in
throughout the siege. He left Mafeking a day or two
relief, and hurrying south with an adventurous party
who had shared the dangers of the siege with him
Vryburg and then took train to Cape Town. He
London at the end of last week— one of the first of the
band to reach home again. The *Morning Post* this
contained some interesting extracts from his diary.
will probably be illustrated.

There are one or two other South African announcements.
Messrs. Harper have a work in the press by Major
bald Colquhoun on "The South African Programme,"
as "an attempt to forecast the re-construction of South
Africa." Messrs. Skellington are publishing a pamphlet by
Bishop (formerly of Bloemfontein and of Grahamstown) which
with the question of the settlement of South Africa
war. The sixth and concluding volume of Dr. The
History of South Africa will, of course, include an

The crisis in China is hurrying several new books on the Far East through the press. Messrs. Sampson Low promise "European Settlements in the Far East," by D. Warres-Smith, and Mr. Archibald Colquhoun's two books, which Messrs. Harper have had in hand some months, will now be issued as speedily as possible. The titles of both have been altered since we announced them, the more important work now being called "The 'Overland' to China," and the smaller book, "Russia Against India" (originally entitled "Russian Borderlands"). Many readers will, doubtless, turn again to Lord Charles Beresford's "Break-up of China" (Harper's). Mr. Fisher Unwin is bringing out a fourth thousand of Mr. Henry Norman's book, "The People and Politics of the Far East," which first appeared in 1885. It is worth mentioning, too, that "China," by Professor R. K. Douglas, was one of the last volumes published in "The Story of the Nations" Series.

A useful suggestion was recently made that novelists would do well to keep by them a copy of Mudie's Catalogue for the purpose of reference when they come to choose the title of their next book. The latest instance of trouble with titles has been with a book by Mrs. Wharton to be published by Mr. Murray, which has been compelled to relinquish three titles successively before it was finally christened "A Gift from the Grave." Another volume in Mr. Murray's half-crown series which has met with a similar experience, viz., a novel by Lady Hely Hutchinson, originally named "Monica," but now called "Monica Grey." Mr. William Le Queux's new novel, to be published by Messrs. White, has the same title as one of Anthony Trollope's stories, "An Eye for an Eye," but in this case Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., the publishers of Anthony Trollope's novels, have given their permission. Why, it has been asked, should authors be willing to incur these vexations when they might so easily follow the example set by the highest authorities and simply name the novel after the hero or heroine? Unfortunately even this does not provide a certain escape. Authors who take their nomenclature seriously sometimes set their hearts on the same name. M. Zola, for example, only as an extreme sacrifice to friendship, yielded up the name "Bouvard" to Flaubert. And there is an even more serious danger. Your hero or heroine, often a highly undesirable character, is found to have unconsciously assumed the name of a respectable citizen in the next street. Thence ensue, as experience proves, libel actions and other alarms and excursions.

Miss Fiona Macleod's play, *The House of Ursa*, lately produced by the Stage Society at the Globe Theatre, where it was but little appreciated, partly because the actors did not "speak up," is to be printed in a forthcoming number of a monthly review, possibly in July. It will read better than it "acts," and will repay careful perusal. The secret of "The Divine Adventure" does not yield itself up in a moment, and those unfamiliar with Miss Macleod's works must read again and again "The Dominion of Dreams" ere its music be audible. The drama is concerned with the unkingly and treacherous deeds of Conobar mac Nessa, King of Ulster and High King of the Irish nation at the beginning of the Christian era. It is full of instances of Miss Macleod's lyrical word-magic, such as:—

Dim face of Beauty haunting all the world,
Fair face of Beauty all too fair to see,
Where the lost stars adown the heavens are hurled,
There, there alone for thee
May white peace be.

And Conobar, when he hears of the death of his son Conroge

contributed to last week's *Publishers' Circle* Haven Putnam writes:—

My own house, for instance, has in process been completed in three volumes and issued in 100 copies, and selling for \$75, or 15 guineas, high selling price the work will involve a heavy loss in those concerned in its production. Like the *English Biography*, it is not a commercial contribution to scholarship, and therefore to the community. A work of this character for copyright, and the owners are, therefore, to present copies to the nation. The Congressional (or National) Library will, like other great libraries, be purchased in due recognition of this special character and costliness we publishing through our London house here copies would constitute a ruinous charge on receipts from English sales.

The work in question is a magnificent edition of the *Cid*, with text reprinted from the Madrid, by Archer M. Huntington, M.A. To produce as nearly as possible a definitive edition to comment to a subsequent volume. The first (already appeared) is an exact reprint of the previous second volume is to be a facsimile of the manuscript given being a line-for-line, page-for-page reproduction of the original; the third volume will consist of an

The Stage Edition is becoming a department publishing, and Messrs. Greening, who have been successful with the performance at Her Majesty's Theatre of "Rip Van Winkle," propose in future editions to revive a familiar feature of stage editions—portraits of the author. Mr. Tree's company. The book also contains "Sleepy Hollow" and "Peter Klaus the Godfather." The most interesting part of it is Mr. Adair's history of Rip Van Winkle, a legend which tradition connects perhaps chiefly with the Alhambra and older with the inimitable Joseph Jefferson.

It is good news that Messrs. Methuen produce a new edition of "Gibbon's Autobiography," and a new edition of the "Decline and Fall." As well as the latter work, the autobiography affords a new edition of the notes in the Guizot edition are very far from adequate. The new edition may be read side by side with the seven volumes of Maria Holroyd pieced the clever patchwork of Gibbon's; and it also has to be corrected in the Gibbon's letters which were first published by d'Haussonville's "Le Salon de Madame Necker" will be edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill—a happy

Lord Berners' "Froissart" is to be included in Nutt's series of "Tudor Translations." This is a timely piece of news. We need not repeat before us the curious absence of an adequate reprint of Berners' "Froissart." Mr. Henley's simple truth when he says that the promise of Lord Berners more accessible than he was in life is in death. Mr. Henley tells us that there are many calls for a satisfactory reprint of this publication. He describes Lord Berners' monument of English "though not, it may be, the introduction and general editing has Professor W. P. Ker.

In Canada the best eight selling novels are, "To Have and to Hold," "Three Men on Wheels," "The Farringtons," "The Black Wolf's Breed," "Joan of the Sword Hand," "The Green Flag," "David Harum," "Richard Carvel."

In Glasgow, as in other large cities, many old and picturesque buildings—some of them having interesting historical associations—have disappeared during the past quarter of a century. But the members of the Glasgow City Improvement Trust, with commendable foresight, had photographs taken of the old property which they removed from time to time, and a folio volume of these photographs is to be published in the autumn. It will be entitled "The Old Clooses and Streets of Glasgow," and will be published by Messrs. MacLehose.

The work issued by the New Spalding Club on the "Place Names of West Aberdeenshire," by the late James Macdonald, F.S.A. Scot., is an admirable book of its kind so far as Mr. Macdonald had completed it. Unfortunately he died before finishing his researches. The volume has been prepared for the press by Mr. C. E. Troup and Professor Mackinnon with an introduction and notes. Down to the letter F it is remarkably complete. The latter portion of the book is somewhat scrappy, a fact accounted for by the death of the author before he had revised his notes and prepared them for the printer. The same club has issued the first volume of "Records of Old Aberdeen, 1157-1891," edited by Alexander Macdonald Munro. The volume contains Royal Charters and Acts of Parliament, and minutes of the Town Council, and other burgh papers, many of which throw interesting side-lights on history, events, and social life.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon has made a significant departure in his new book, "The Mesmerists," which Messrs. Hutchinson will shortly publish. The volume will not only contain the novel, but a play in four acts founded on the story, running to about 130 pages. The object of this is obvious; Mr. Farjeon, like many other novelists, has suffered by the production of unauthorized versions of his works on the stage, and by his new system he takes the matter into his own hands. Among other books which Messrs. Hutchinson will publish shortly are Mrs. Lynn Linton's last novel, "The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges"; "The Man-Stealers," by M. P. Shiel; and a new novel by Mr. Ernest Rhys.

Miss Mary Kingsley did as much as any one, in her own particular sphere, to contribute to our knowledge of the Empire. There is some talk of a collection of her remains, to comprise her more important contributions of this kind to journals and reviews, to be accompanied with a memoir. In the meantime Messrs. Macmillan have in the press an enlarged edition of her "West African Studies."

Mr. Murray's summer books will chiefly consist of new novels, notably the first three volumes in the half-crown series which we recently announced. Mr. Murray has a new six-shilling novel by Mr. Leonard Merriek in hand, entitled "The Wordlings," and this will probably be issued before the autumn. The fourth volume of Byron's Letters will be ready very shortly, and Part II. of the new edition of the Student's Gibbon will be brought out during the summer.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein have a fairly long list of books to bring out before the early autumn, including "The Science of Civilisation," by C. B. Phipson; "Fort St. George," by Mrs. F. Penny; "Theorems of the Functions of Sines," by Professor

in girls' schools, edited by Elsie Fogerty. The first two of the new series (half-a-dozen have been arranged for) will be *As You Like It* and *Tennyson's Princess*.

Two scientific books of considerable interest will be published by the Oxford University Press. One is a treatise of "The Structure and Functions of Bacteria," by Fischer, Professor of Botany at Leipzig University, which has met with a good reception in Germany. It is the only book of its kind issued in England since 1890. De Bary's well-known "Lectures on Bacteria," a popular work of bacteriology has made great strides since then. Fischer's lectures form a general introduction to the subject, and have been translated by A. Coppen Jones. The volume is the first part of the authorized English edition of "Organography of Plants, especially of the Archegoniate Spermaphyta," by Dr. K. Goebel, Professor in the University of Munich. This is the only book on the subject which has appeared for some years, and will form a notable addition to the botanical works issued from the Oxford Press. It has been translated by Professor Isaac Bayley Balfour, of Edinburgh. The first part deals with general organography and was published in Germany in 1897; the special part dealing with the Bacteria appeared recently, and the concluding portion has now been completed. The last two sections will be published in the autumn together.

Besides Mr. Archibald Colquhoun's books on the subject, Messrs. Harper have several volumes in hand to be published within the next month or so. One is an anonymous work on modern social life, called "Slaves of Society"; another is a long story by Mr. Pitt-Rivers, entitled "A Breaker of Chains"; a third is a further volume of Burmese stories by Mr. H. H. Long entitled "Palace Tales," and a fourth is a book for gardeners by Roma White, its title being "Where the Sun Meets the Country Meet." Their English edition of Heinrich von Guericke's "Conversations with Prince Bismarck," edited, with an introduction, by Mr. Sidney Whitman, is being published simultaneously in this country and America.

Mr. Brimley Johnson, as a writer, has closely identified himself with the drama, and he will shortly make an appearance as a publisher by bringing out "Two Stage Plays," by a new English author, who writes under the name of Lucy. The plays are called "Denzill Herbert's Atonement" and "Bondage," and are described as "domestic dramas of life, serious studies in normal character." When a play makes its first appearance in book form, the assumption is that it has failed to find a manager willing to put it on the stage; but we understand that neither of these plays has yet received a managerial decision. Both are adapted to stage performance, and their appearance they claim attention as literature. The first series of "Essays in Liberalism," by a group of Oxonians, which Mr. Johnson also has in hand, has been published under the title of "Liberalism and the Empire."

Messrs. Sampson Low have on hand a new edition of "All the World's Fighting Ships," by F. T. Jane; a cheaper edition of Henry Cave's "Ruined Cities of the East," Vol. V. of the "History of the Royal Navy," edited by G. C. P. Clowes; "European Settlements in the Far East," by D. G. Smith; "Mechanical Traction in War," and "Horseless Vehicles," details of which we have already given.

Messrs. Young, of Liverpool, and Messrs. Porter, in London, are publishing the Report on the expedition to Sak-Abd-el-Kuri, conducted in 1898-99 by the British (royal)

Smith, Col. Godwin-Austin, F.R.S., Mr. De Winton, and other well-known naturalists.

An interesting chapter in literary history might be founded on what are known as "remainder books." The majority of the publications which arrive at this stage are not, of course, of much "reference" value: they have had their little season of popularity, and the demand for them has ceased. But it has often happened that, in the course of a few years, remainder books are worth much more than the prices at which they were published, and infinitely more than their value as remainders. The illustrated edition of Chaloner Smith's most useful and elaborate work on "British Mezzotint Portraits Described" was originally published at eight guineas per copy, but the impression was apparently somewhat over-printed, and nine years ago the "remainder" was offered at £5 per copy. The other day an example of this illustrated edition realized 21 guineas.

Mr. A. C. Carré, an Exhibitioner of Balliol, has this year at Oxford achieved the distinction of winning both the Newdigate prize for an English poem, and the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse. Not since Lord Selborne was an undergraduate, we fancy, have these two prizes been won simultaneously by the same candidate. The subject of Mr. Carré's Latin poem is "Supplicia Christianorum Desio Imperante," while his "Newdigate" has Robespierre as its theme.

The last romantic novel to find its way to the American stage is Miss Tompkins' "Her Majesty," with the result that Messrs. Putnam's will shortly publish a special edition of the book. They have two new novels by Miss Tompkins soon coming out, "Things that Count" and "Talks with Barbara," a book which deals with the conventionalities confronting the American young man and woman of to-day.

Next week Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue a volume on "Cricket" in his Sports Library. Messrs. C. W. Meoek and M. A. Noble have contributed.

A work on Siena, by Louise M. Richter, wife of the celebrated art critic Dr. Jean Paul Richter, dealing with its medieval art and history, is about to be published by E. A. Seemann, Leipzig. It will form one of the series of the *Berühmte Künstlerstätten*, and will probably soon appear in English also.

"Old Mortality" will shortly be issued in the school edition of Scott's works in the Pitt Press Series published by the Cambridge University Press. It has been edited, with introduction, notes, and glossary, by J. A. Nicklin.

John Strange Winter's novel, "Army Society: Life in a Garrison Town," has just been issued by Messrs. F. V. White, in paper covers, at sixpence. Mrs. Stannard has arranged to issue from time to time all her other long novels in this form. "Garrison Gossip" will be the next to appear.

Messrs. Sands will publish a new novel by Morley Roberts about the middle of next month. It is called "The Descent of the Duchess."

Two novels will be published by Mr. Joannisor, "The Crimson Cryptogram," by "On Parole," by Mina Doyle (Mrs. Charles

The contents of Vol. V. of the *Anglo-Saxon* will be ready on July 4th, will include "Let's Ship," by Lady Randolph Churchill; "Here Alfred Lyall"; "The Logic of Events," by "From the Georgics of Virgil, Book III," Burghelero; "Napoleon's Dutch General, Maxwell"; "Culture and the Small Nat Gosse"; "The Limitations of Art," by W. Eclogue of the Dorons," by John Davidson; "Miseries of a Book Lover," by the Countess

Mr. Henry Warren writes:—

May I draw your attention to the not the author of "How and Where to stated in your issue of the 16th inst. Pos enough to intend saying that a second e "How to Deal with Your Banker," is in the from one or two letters I have received stating that a perusal of it has enabled t charges, it is quite possible that the banks that I have turned my attention to the gas the French capital. Will you, therefore, correct the impression that I am an autho art?

The author of "How and Where to D Mr. Rowland Strong.

Books to look out for at

THE FAR EAST—
"The 'Overland' to China." By Archibald Col
"Russia against China." By Archibald Colquhou
"European Settlements in the Far East."
Sampson Low.
"The People and Politics of the Far East."
Norman. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

DRAMA—
"Stage Plays." By Lucy Snowe. Brimley John

SPORT—
"Cricket." ("Sports Library.") By various w

FICTION—
"The Millionaire of Yesterday." By E. Phillip
Lock. 6s.
"The Wonderful Career of Ebenezer Lobb." By
and Blackett. 3s. 6d."Native Born." By Win. S. Walker. John Lon

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION—
Prof. Fischer's "Structure and Functions of Bac
A. Coppen Jones. Oxford University Press.
Dr. Goebel's "Organography of Plants." Tran
Bayley Balfour. Oxford University Press. 1
Scott's "Old Mortality." (School Edition of Sc
by J. A. Nicklin. Cambridge University Press

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

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| <p>ART.
A Catalogue of the Pictures, Drawings, Prints, and Sculptures at the Second Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, etc., at Knightsbridge, May July, 1894. 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d. Ward & Co., 233s.
Royal Academy Pictures for 1900. 15s. 5d., 22s. 6d. Cassell, 7s. 6d.</p> <p>DRAMA.
The Tyranny of Tears. By C. H. Chambers. 7s. 6d., 12s. 6d. Heinemann, 1s. 6d.</p> <p>FICTION.
The Knights of the Cross. By H. S. G. Jones. 7s. 6d. Translated by J. Curll. 2s. 5d., 42s. 6d. Dent. 4s. 6d., n. each vol.
The Prison House. By Jane</p> | <p>HISTORY.
Byzantine History in the Early Middle Ages. By F. Harrison. 8s. 5d., 63 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d., n.
Acts of the Privy Council of England. New Series. Vol. XII. Cb. 1894. Ed. by J. R. Dainton. F.R. 10s. 5d., 100 pp. Eyre & Spottiswoode.
Yesterday and To-day in Kruger's Land. The Personal Knowledge and Experiences of a Lady in South Africa. 7s. 4d., 88 pp. Stock, 1s. n.</p> <p>MILITARY.
With Methuen's Column on an Ambulance Train. By E. A. Bennett. 7s. 5d., 127 pp. Bennetts' heln. 2s. 6d.
MISCELLANEOUS.
Pleasant Odes. By T. W. H. Creveland. 7s. 4d., 143 pp.</p> | <p>NAVAL.
The Maritime Code of the German Empire. By W. Arnold. 9s. 5d., 151 pp. Eillingham Wilson. 6s. n.</p> <p>ORIENTAL.
The Buddhist Manual of Psychological Ethics of the Fourth Century, n.c. Ed. by Caroline A. F. Rhys-Davies. 84 x 5 1/2 in., xcv. + 313 pp. Royal Asiatic Soc. 10s.</p> <p>POETRY.
The Battle of Maldon, and other Renderings from the Anglo-Saxon. By F. W. L. B. 7s. 5d., 56 pp. Oxford. Parker. 3s. 6d., n.</p> <p>REPRINTS.
Tom Jones. By Henry Fielding. (The Library of English Classics.) 2 vols. 9s. 5d., 422 + 486 pp. Macmillan. 7s. n.</p> | <p>THE EXPOSURE. V. Nicholl. 1s. 10d.
TOP.
Paris. By L. 478 pp.
A History of Old B. A. F. Leach
An Histor. Chelsea. 181 pp.
Annals of A. F. Mook 318 pp.
A Sportsman Isabel Sav</p> |
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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. III. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

This week sees the publication of the last volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography"—so far, at least, as its alphabetical arrangement is concerned. The Lord Mayor has celebrated the occasion by a luncheon at the Mansion-house, and Mr. Sidney Lee was presented with a well-merited testimonial at the meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries in Burlington House. The committee of the testimonial announced that their appeal, which was restricted to contributors to the dictionary, met with a most gratifying response. After allowing for expenses the committee purchased a large salver, a bowl, a tea and coffee service, four candlesticks, and an inkstand—all of silver. The presentation was made by Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Lee's predecessor in the editorial chair. Abroad such an undertaking as the "Dictionary of National Biography" would have been subsidized, if not taken over completely, by the Government. It is the English way to leave it to the enterprise of private individuals; but it is at least satisfactory to find that Mr. Smith's generosity and public spirit are being appreciated at their proper value.

The bi-centenary of the birth of James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," "Rule Britannia," &c. is to be celebrated

hand, mindful of the doubtful success of some similar lations, or distrustful of the number and enthusiasm of the of "The Seasons," artfully seeks to give the occasion a complexion by reminding us that Thomson was the author of "Rule Britannia." "Rule Britannia" is certainly more able than the season.

From brightening fields of ether fair disenclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes!

So Thomson; but that was not how Midsummer day ev this year. It was much more like Thomson's ever Winter:—

See Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours and clouds and storms.

A veteran writer with a very definite place in the literature of the day passed away with the death of Imbert de Saint Amand. M. de Saint Amand's speciality to write French history in the "Mainly About People." Some of his volumes—notably those on the campaign of the Duchesse de Berry, in La Vendée—were interesting than all but the very best historical novels, like "La Révolution de 1818" have a tendency to be those dealing with events of the Second Empire—*quo magis fuit*—chronicled very small beer indeed. M. Amand sought election to the Academy with hardly less tence than M. Zola, though his rejection was due to quite reasons. Historical novelists would find his books useful to dig in.

It is not so much literature as journalism that suffers loss which naval circles suffer by the death of Admiral At one time the Admiral was as nearly a philosopher as it was possible for a naval man to be. We remember sympathetic sketch of his career published side by side sympathetic sketch of the career of Mr. Bradlaugh—in when Mr. Bradlaugh was anathema marcanatha—in a pen that uncompromising Radical, Mr. J. Morrison Davis later years the Admiral developed other views; but, his views were, he put them on paper—mainly in the contributions to the *Poll Moll Gazette*. It is generally stood that Captain Beauchamp, in "Beauchamp's Care drawn from him. Each of them "hugged his politics and who show their love of the pleasures of life by taking angrily." Mr. Leo Maxse, who edits the *National Review* one of the Admiral's sons.

Every lover of Old London will rejoice in the death of Mr. Justice Cozens-Hardy which establishes that Clive

apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits 'in calm and sinless peace.'" Little read in his own days, and not read at all in these days, George Dyer now lives only in the pages of Lamb, through which, says Mr. Birrell, it is capital sport to hunt him up and down. The Inn, too, it may be remembered, was the scene of one of the numerous tragic stories narrated by Jack Rumber at the "Maggie and Stump" for the benefit of Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, at the recent dinner of the New Vagabonds' Club, besought the public to read new plays as well as to see them. A good play certainly must both act well and read well. If it reads well and fails to interest on the stage it is not dramatic enough; if it acts well but reveals weak points when it is read it is too theatrical. Very few English plays of the present age satisfy both tests. Even Mr. Pinero's plays are too often too "well-made" to be readable. The tricks that hold an "actor's play" together on the stage spoil it for the study. Sincerity is a virtue that the reader demands; the playgoer can often overlook the want of it. Yet much more is needful than sincerity alone. You must have eggs to make an omelette, but, if your omelette is to be a good one, you want skill in cookery and seasoning. Many of our playwrights know how to cook and season, but they try to make their omelettes without eggs.

Mr. Haddon Chambers' *The Tyranny of Tears*, for example, which Mr. Heinemann has just published, is effective on the stage. It is witty and well put together, but as you read it you see how thin its texture is. The persons of the play have enough character to pass muster on the stage, but not enough to make them real people when you think about them afterwards. As he created them, Mr. Haddon Chambers must have been considering all the while how they would look on the boards, and how their words would sound across the footlights. His occasional lapses into the frankly theatrical are too flagrant. When Mr. Parbury finds out that his lady secretary has been kissing his photograph, he addresses her thus:—

I suppose there must soon come a time to every girl of heart who goes out alone into the world—a time when life seems to press hardly upon her and weariness of the unaccustomed stress makes her heart falter, and when she longs to take rest for a time in the old childhood, in the home she perhaps thought to be dull and dreary, in the mother's arms that have always been ready to open with love for her.

All this is true enough, but did any one under the influence of emotions ever talk like that? It is pure theatrical rhetoric; there is insincerity in every line of it.

Now if Mr. Haddon Chambers had only some of Mr. Alfred Sutro's sincerity, and if Mr. Sutro had a little of Mr. Haddon Chambers' terseness and wit, either of them would write an excellent play. We are not at all sure that Mr. Sutro's is not an excellent play as it is. Mr. Sutro's *Cause of Illusion* (Grant Richards) certainly reads well. To say whether a play will act well or not is very difficult, but this seems to have the required qualities. It is dramatic in the best sense. We feel that sense of compelling fate which informs a work of fiction with the spirit of reality. The artist who finds that a woman not his wife stimulates his artistic faculty is not a new figure, but Mr.

age is an age of spiritual transition, and the his problem unsolved.

No such thorough analysis of Ibsen's technique attempted as that which Mr. William Archer Grosvenor Crescent Club on Tuesday evening traced Ibsen's development—and few are aware that the dramatist was for a decade active theatre-poet and stage instructor, at a playhouse the period when he accepted almost without Seribé formula, with its unconvincing ingenu individual power of to-day. Mr. Archer it probable that Ibsen at first intended to gloriously happy ending to *A Doll's House*, and writing the final scene that the poet with po thought with emotion, the creator of a new art, emerged. In *A Doll's House* for the lay figure of the confidant appears; *Ghost* serious endeavour to interfuse psychology and the soliloquy, the aside, the coincidence, treatment of time, in Mr. Archer's opinion dramatist occupies a foremost place from this point. Students of the drama and of literature to see Mr. Archer's lecture in print.

It has been said that "women never thought that the "Women Writers" had wiped it be a reproach, away. The proceedings of the Club, however, on Monday night at the Criterion to show that the superior feminine mind at an against the grossness of the orgie called by me. Having dined they adjourned to another room a plan of campaign which testifies to the fundam the sex which has sometimes been unjustly ac The address given by Mrs. Humphry Ward which she passed in review the women poet subject is one of much interest, and we regret this week forbids our quoting from it. As the rather inadequately reported in the daily press some extracts from it next week. Among noticed—or rather should have noticed, if we had Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Tweedie, Mrs. J. R. C. Crommelin, and Mrs. Oscar Beringer.

The last dinner of the season at the Author place on Monday, when Sir Walter Macfarren of the evening. The other guests entertained during the season have been the Lord Chamberlain, the Mayor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Bishop of French and American Ambassadors, the Swedish and Chinese Ministers, Sir George Trevelyan, Stephen, Mr. Bryce, General Sir Evelyn Maxwell, Sir Walter Foster, Sir Donald MacAlister, Sir Alma Tadema, Sir E. Poynter, Lord Stratford, and Mr. E. F. Knight.

We have received from New York for June 16, which has an article on the La Ode. It quotes the verses, as originally to American Press, consisting of "four stanzas as a whole first appeared in the London *Times* two out of these four stanzas did not appear at

degraded gibberish is, comparatively speaking, quite as worthy of its subject in this instance. If in poetry Tennyson is to Austin as an eagle to a mousing owl, so, in morality, is this war in South Africa to the charge of the six hundred at Balaclava as the foulest highway plunder to the most shining deed of chivalry. . . . But let no one say that Mr. Alfred Austin is not the proper laureate for England at this time. History shows us that great emergencies have always evolved the man for the occasion. Alfred Austin, as England's laureate, while 300,000 British troops are engaged in exterminating 30,000 Boer fighting-men, represents, perhaps, the most suitable arrangement that could possibly have been made. Indeed, it may be said that his pathetic drooling helps to soften the outlines of the infamy.

The bronze bust of Shakespeare, presented on Saturday last to the Trustees of the Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon by Sir W. P. Treloar, is probably as life-like a portrait of the dramatist as we shall ever succeed in acquiring. It has been "built up," so to speak, from materials collected by the late Mr. William Page, at one time President of the National Academy at New York. About forty years ago Dr. Becker, of Hesse Darmstadt, discovered in a small shop at Mayence what he believed to be the authentic death-mask of Shakespeare. It was at one time in the possession of the Kesselstadt family, but it mysteriously disappeared from their custody in 1843. In 1874 Mr. Page journeyed from New York and called on Dr. Becker, who permitted him to take photographs and wax casts of it, and from these, as well as from the existing portraits of Shakespeare, produced a plaster bust from which the bronze cast presented to the Trustees was taken. It cost Mr. Page nearly five years' work and study to produce a likeness with which he was perfectly satisfied, but whether it will satisfy those who accept Droeshon's portrait as traditionally authentic is another question.

"Sir,—I have a high opinion of you. I used to be a Radical, I am a Radical still, but if Arthur James Balfour ever put up for the constituency in which I have the honour to reside, I should vote for Arthur James Balfour, and subscribe towards the Liberal or Radical candidate's election expenses. Also, I am delighted to see you in the House o' nights, and to note that you are looking well and fit, and as your wellness and fitness are, no doubt, due to your golf playing, I forgive you your predilection in that direction (who says I can't rhyme?)" This quotation as we have written it may not appear to reach the highest flight of satiric poetry. But let it extend, as it extends in the book before us, to over four pages, and print it thus:—

Also
I am delighted to see you
In the House
O' nights, &c.

and it will be reviewed in journals of light and leading as a work of art. The *Daily Telegraph* will even assert that Walt Whitman has been outdone. Such is the happy fate of the "Pleasant Odes" (Arrowsmith, 1s.) of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, a writer whose other writings show him to be by no means without humour, and who must be keenly enjoying the metrical joke he has played on the literary critics. Some of his "odes" are quite as sensible as a good many things one sees printed as prose; and if we were to choose one for quotation, it would be a brief address to Mr. W. B. Yeats on the so-called Celtic muse. But to print it as prose, which it is, would occupy just over four inches. To print it as Mr. Crosland means it to be printed would take nearly thirteen, and that we much fear is more than we can afford.

English rights, so we may hope before long to see London. Although the piece offers a fine opportunity to a actress, it does not perhaps strictly belong to the literary drama, but as a vivacious representation of things that calls for speedy reform, it will not easily be forgotten. Reading it in conjunction with Tolstoi's "Resurrection" enlightened as to the procedure in criminal trials in England and Russia, which seems to make life in the latter difficult for all except the rich and powerful. It is that methods similar in spirit if not in practice should be in a Republic that glories in freedom and in an Empire glories in despotism.

As depicted by Brioux, the law is regarded solely as a career, and lawyers have only one aim, to succeed. They boast of their power to make the law even when everything points to his innocence, and they themselves, for the greater the number of condemnations the more noise the trials make in the world, the best of promotion have the lawyers and judges. An accused of 87 is found murdered in his bed. There have been acquittals in the district of late that the judges feel the necessity of punishing some one. "The guilty person," says the judge oracularly, "is, as you are a capable magistrate is less guided by facts than by inspiration." The crime, he is sure, has been committed by some one in the neighbourhood, and so he fastens on the named Etchepare and his wife Yanetta, ferrets out their lives, terrifies them by his methods of questioning the husband things about his wife he need never touch and so tortures them under his examination that they themselves hopelessly, and are almost brought to confess themselves guilty of a crime of which they have no knowledge and the pair are acquitted, so there is no actual sense of justice; but, as the one lawyer in the play says, all the same, condemned to unhappiness all the same. Tolstoi's heroine is wrongfully condemned through the leniency of the jury, and, although the judges say they were or seemed powerless to redress it. The "Resurrection" differs from that of *La Robe* in that it deals mainly with the condition of Russian prisons and a large number of innocent persons who find their lives ruined by the methods of legal procedure, the charity members of the legal profession bear a striking contrast to those in Brioux's play, and all who are interested in the system of contemporary France should not neglect to read the Russian and French authors.

The *Feuilles de la Parole Latine*, a Brevet of the Russian, published by Mr. Tchertkoff at Paris, 2s. in Ess. 2, text of the Ukase excommunicating Tolstoi and the intercession at the Church at his death:—

Resolution of the Synod in the matter of L. N. Tolstoi.

An Ukase of His Imperial Majesty, Emperor of the Russians, issued from the Imperial Consistory, of the 10th of Vladimir.

By order of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Vladimir has heard the report presented by the Metropolitan of Kiev, declaring that Count Leo Tolstoi in his writings in which he expresses his religious views, shown himself an enemy of the Orthodox Christian Church.

performance of services for the peace of Count Leo Tolstoi's soul, in the event of his dying without repenting and being reconciled with the Church, will doubtless trouble the conscience of Holy Church's faithful children and evoke a scandal which should be avoided. For which reasons the Most Holy Synod has resolved to forbid the performance of memorial services and liturgies for the repose of Count Leo Tolstoi's soul, in the event of his dying unrepentant. Ordered: that the tenour of this communication be known to the *perioiktoi* (eparchial overseers), for announcement to the subordinate clergy.

April 5th, 1900.

We should not like to take the responsibility of saying that the Orthodox Greek Church had not, from its own point of view, some grounds for inflicting the punishment of excommunication upon Count Tolstoi. There are passages in his latest novel which, if interpreted on *piet de la lettre*, certainly seem to indicate that the author is indifferent to the privileges of Church membership, and in that case he has little to complain of if he is excluded from them. The question is really one of expediency. Is it worth the while of any Church to launch these thunderbolts at the heads of imaginative writers? In a way, of course, it is safer in doing so than in hurling defiance at those scientific or philosophical writers who, as we have recently seen, are the favourite objects of ecclesiastical malediction. When the members of the Consistory of Geneva were about to denounce d'Alembert for the things he had written about their religion in the *Encyclopedie*, Voltaire warned them that, if they were not careful, d'Alembert would, in all probability, not only repeat his charges but prove them; and the hint was taken. If a similar hint had been given and taken in the case of Galileo the Church of Rome would have gained more than it would have lost. An imaginative writer cannot silence the spiritual thunder by proving things. It is not his propositions but his "tendencies" that are at issue; and tendencies are a matter of opinion. The man who writes books with "tendencies" which any Church disapproves of may of course be regarded by that Church as a "notorious evil liver." In England it would certainly be rash for the Church to take action because of its peculiar Erastian position. What from the ecclesiastical point of view would be excommunication would, from the legal point of view, be the unprivileged publication of a libel calculated to injure the writer in his profession, and the charge of notorious evil living might have to be established, against a claim for damages, to the satisfaction of a jury. In other countries where this difficulty might not exist it is still hard to see what end the Church can hope to achieve by their action. The penalties of excommunication are certain to be a matter of absolute indifference to the writers on whom they are inflicted, and the publicity which such penalties give is more likely to increase the circulation of the offending book than to diminish it. "*Lourdes*" is on the "*Index*," but "*Lourdes*" has had a larger sale than most of M. Zola's books. If the Pope were now to excommunicate M. Zola, there can be little doubt that a new edition of "*Lourdes*" would be called for.

In the fine modern library of the late Mr. Virtue-Tobias, which Messrs. Sotheby sold on Monday and Tuesday last, were the following: Matthew Arnold, "The Strayed Reveller," first edition £2 10s.; Coleridge, "Poems on Various Subjects," first edition £6 12s. 6d.; "The Germ," the four parts in one volume, in fine condition £27; Keats, "Poems," first edition £18 15s.; "Daphnis and Chloe" (Vale Press) £4 15s.; Blake, "Illustrations of the Book of Job," with 21 plates, 1826 £12; Rossetti, "Poems" first edition £10.

"The history of dictionaries," said Isaac most notable of all histories; it is a picture of the knowledge of man." But

The Evolution of the Dictionary. human activities is a history of the lesson which the last half-century has taught. The law of development which has governed the history of lexicography was the theme of Dr.

Lecture delivered on June 22 in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, and now published by the Clarendon Press. It is an admirably lucid and able statement of the evolution of lexicography, from the old monkish glossaries to the great work with which the name of Dr. Murray is associated. The publication of this interesting pamphlet at the same time as the equally great undertaking over which Mr. Murray is receiving the honour justly due to it reminds us hereafter be the true intellectual distinction of our age. It may not be a golden age in literature, but it may signalize this, as they have signalized the past; but it may make the modest claim that it is the student and the scholar how to do their work; that it has discovered and utilized the resources of the past at its disposal, and left behind it at least two generations of showing trained intelligence, unsparing labour, and accurate accuracy. The rigid limits of a public library are an exhaustive account of English dictionaries. The pamphlet contains items in the list which would have found their way into a detailed chronicle—such, for instance, as John Ker's dictionary just before the appearance of the first edition of the Oxford Dictionary. The interest of the Lecture, which deals with the history of English lexicography, is its revelation of the beginning of the dictionary in its completeness till the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is any one that Englishmen could possibly want a dictionary of their own language. Before that the dictionaries of English words, with their Latin equivalents in Continental languages. The first dictionary lists of "hard words," and 1623 saw Cockburn's dictionary, with its erudite categories of "words—To weed; "To sarculate, to divest, to avernicate," and so on. But not until a hundred years had passed was it suggested that an English dictionary of all English words. This was done by Nathaniel Bailey in 1721, and shortly afterwards the conception of the true end of dictionary-making was conceived. It was the day of the great essayists, the day of English literature, when it was thought that the style had been achieved. And lest there should be any off from perfection the language was to be fixed in the "*Dictionary*," which should be the eternal rule of style for all polite writers. Hence came the great undertaking which first raised the dictionary into "a department of literature." Subsequent improvements were the result of the publication, a feature introduced by Dr. William Johnson in his study of derivations practised, though quite unnecessary, by Webster; and the multiplications of illustrative examples formed the basis of the work of Richardson, and the perfection of all these features, with the inclusion of a careful biography of every word founded on extracts chronologically arranged, is what is fully carried out in the Oxford English Dictionary. The work of the kind has devoted itself to the history of the language, apart from its other uses, makes the dictionary, though not quite in Johnson's sense. It is

Personal Views.

AN UNRECOGNIZED SOURCE OF HISTORY.

Notwithstanding the prolonged excitement of the Reformation struggle in the sixteenth century, the remarkable vicissitudes of the Great Rebellion of the seventeenth century, and the gross carelessness of many of the custodians of our monuments during the last century, England is in the proud position of possessing in the diocesan registries of seventeen of her oldest dioceses a far older and more complete set of episcopal Act-books than are owned by any other nation of Christendom.

They are seldom consulted and little understood by the majority of historical students. Nevertheless, they form an invaluable series of historical records of whose preservation England should be justly proud. Their general and particular value can scarcely be exaggerated. Any antiquary, ecclesiologist, or historical student who has had occasion to consult episcopal Act-books will agree with me that they are of far more worth than at least half of the 214 volumes that have been published by the State since 1850 under the comprehensive heading of "Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland."

It need not be thought that such volumes, if properly edited, would be merely dry records of past ecclesiastical disputes or of episcopal statecraft. Very much would come to light in every diocese that would materially assist in the formation of a due estimate of social life and of the habits of the people in successive periods. It was my good fortune early in the "seventies" to be the first to note the immense importance of episcopal Act-books in proving the reality of the terrible extent of the Black Death of the fourteenth century. The prevalence of private chapels and domestic oratories, even in the smallest manors, comes out when we find that in twenty-four years the Bishop of Exeter licensed 270; and such documents as these oratory licences are of much genealogical worth. The "reconciliation" of churches or churchyards after bloodshed—a costly process charged on the parish which would impress folk in turbulent times with the necessity of quiet conduct, at least in places dedicated to the Prince of Peace—form a most interesting group of local documents. For instance, in 1315, the Bishop of Durham directs an inquest to be held touching accidental bloodshed in the church of Houghton. One John Sayer fled to the church on account of a raid of the Scots, and ascended the tower beyond the bells, even to the top. There he sat himself down on the battlements, but overbalanced, fell in front of the west door, was killed, and blood from his nose flowed into the church. The verdict eventually given was that, the circumstances being entirely accidental and the pollution so small, reconciliation was not necessary, and the suspended services were resumed. In such cases, if there had been any considerable strife in consecrated places, the actual visit of the Bishop and his officials was considered imperative, but in minor affairs it was usual for the Bishop specially to

priores served with injunctions to reform. The gravamen was that she should at once get rid of certain books (renatelli) kept there, as they were a danger to the King in the adjacent royal forest of Beandresert. Two or three years later the Bishop again visited this house. He was, to our surprise, that the *cones renatelli* were still there; and other reforms ordered, such as the closing of a cell, had been carried out. In reply to his remonstrances, the prioress pleaded that they had received a document in full lordship, but as she and her sisters were such poor souls had kept it till his next visit that they might learn its contents. The Bishop apparently took the explanation in good part, on his return to Lichfield instructed his clerk to seek out the document in Norman-French, and, further, to enrol it in his own book where it can now be read!

The registers date from the following years:—Canterbury, 1270; London, 1306; Winchester, 1282; Ely, 1379; Exeter, 1217; Lichfield, 1296; Wells, 1309; Salisbury, 1250; Hereford, 1257; Norwich, 1260; Worcester, 1268; Hereford, 1257; Chichester, 1307; Rochester, 1319; York, 1214; Carlisle, and Durham, 1311.

So far as I know there have as yet been only two individual Bishops out of this vast number print registers, namely, those of Bishop Kellawe of Durham, and of Bishop Gray of York. The first was edited by the late Canon Duffus Hardy and published in four volumes between 1882 and 1885 as part of the "Chronicles and Memorials" series. The second Canon Raine reproduced for the Surtees Society, in 1887, a register, or rather the rolls, of Archbishop Walter (d. 1256), who was the first of our English prelates to print a register behind him. To Canon Raine belongs the credit of being the first to bring about the printing of an English register in any form. Between 1882 and 1885 Mr. Maunsell for "Chronicles and Memorials" three volumes of the important register of John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1279 to 1291. Canon Hingeston-Randolph has of late years been most industrious in printing abstracts and indexes of the registers of the diocese of Exeter. He began this work in 1886, and has produced six volumes, which cover the periods from 1279 to 1322 and from 1325 to 1419. Many of the documents are in *extenso*, and the rest are no doubt faithfully indexed. It would have been much better to have reproduced the registers in their entirety. In the first volume of the Salt and Stone Society, printed in 1881, Bishop Hobbhouse gave an account of the contents of the Act-book of Roger de Norbury, Bishop of Lichfield from 1322 to 1358, together with a valuable explanatory notes. The same learned Bishop did not stop in service in 1887 by producing, for the Somerset Record Society, an admirably-edited calendar of the register of John de Ford, who was Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1309 to 1335. One of the most interesting ecclesiastical Act-books is the "Liber Sede Vacante" of Worcester diocese, which covers the period from 1301 to 1435. It was printed and edited in 1897, for the Shire Historical Society, by Mr. J. W. Willis Bond. The Record Society is also dealing with the Winchester

the matter of the publication of these registers as a burden on the Exchequer. But surely what has been done and is being done in Exeter diocese could be repeated throughout the country? The great point would be, whilst recognizing independent action up to a certain point for each diocese, to have some general uniform principles by which the undertaking should be guided. There need be no doubt that such a scheme well handled would meet with a ready response, and subscribers' names would rapidly flow in; there is scarcely a library of repute in the United States, on the Continent, or in our own colonies that would not be glad to store such volumes. Could not the Bishops, amongst whom there are such ripe scholars as Stubbs, Creighton, and Westcott and such sympathetic minds as the two Archbishops, give a little time to a subject of this importance at their next Lambeth meeting? The appointment of a small episcopal committee, calling to their aid such experts as Mr. Willis Bund and Canon Hingeston-Randolph, would soon put matters in train and remove a heavy reproach from literary England.

J. CHARLES COX.

THE ENGLISH APPETITE FOR FICTION.

Some recent statistics have shown us in what particular department of literature each nation of Europe has the predominance. A certain amount of heart-searching has been caused in this country by the announcement that England takes unquestioned primacy in her annual consumption of novels. It seems to be considered that it would have been more respectable to shine like Italy in Political Economy, or like France in Poetry and Belles Lettres. However, the fact is there, and we have to make the best of it. Perhaps, after all, it is not so very dreadful. We constantly hear people bewailing the high percentage of fiction which appears in the list of books read in every Free Library; but there is a good deal to be said on the other side, though it is rare to hear any one say it. The incomparable Jane Austen had the courage in her first novel to take up the cudgels for her art. A hundred years ago it was as much the fashion as it is now to deplore the time which any one might waste in novel-reading. One remembers Sir Anthony Absolute's diatribe against the "half-bound volumes, with marble covers," which were so sure to corrupt the young lady who read them. In his day the circulating library was wholly compounded of novels; works of learning were to be had from that very superior institution the book-club. Mr. Stephen Gwynn's recent heresy that Miss Austen is unreadable emboldens us to quote the passage from "Northanger Abbey" in defence of novel-reading. It seems that even novel-writers themselves at the beginning of the century had fallen into the habit of fouling their own nests, not having the fear of the Society of Authors before their eyes. They would not allow any self-respecting heroine to pass her time over a novel. This Miss Austen rightly held to be an "ungenerous and impolitic custom," for if one heroine were not to patronize another, "from whom could she expect protection and regard?" The novelist continued in a more serious strain, as follows:—

Let us not desert one another; we are an injured body. Although our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation

formances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them. "I am no novel-reader; I seldom lose my time in reading a novel." Such is the common cant. "I do not read a novel, Miss—?" "Oh! it is only a novel, and I am a young lady; while she lays down her book she is in indifference, or momentary shame." "It is not Camilla, or Belinda;" or, in short, only so much of the greatest powers of the mind are displayed as to show most thorough knowledge of human nature, and a delineation of its varieties, the liveliest of which, and the most humorous, are conveyed to the world in the best manner.

It is impossible not to admit that there is a room for such a plea. In one sense the novel is the life of our own age; it furnishes sixty or seventy per cent. of the reading of a successful novel may be a small fortune to the author. But in spite of that, or perhaps because of that, the public "take it out of" the novelist by affecting to despise it. Stevenson went so far as to call all novelists "writers aimed at amusing the public." "Sons of Joy," well-known French euphemism for the ladies, called the young Duke of Glastonbury in the proemium of his novel: "Few of us would go so far as that; but it is quite a lamentable thing, the excess of fiction in the hands of the average Briton. In France things are rather different. Ferdinand Brunetiere lately complained that the newspapers and critics in Paris is to ignore what the novel-writers—the historians, the scholars, the philosophers, the imaginative writers. "For some years past the public have got into an annoying habit of only consulting the libraries for literature collections of verse, novels, dramas, and occasionally studies in criticism or literary history. In France books of which France reads most, and these on which she spends most time. In this country we try to do both worlds; we read more fiction than any other country. The serious writers who score in the reviews and the exceptional novelist can hope for "notices" (often with too much reason) on a scale compared to the daring explorer or the discoverer of a new reminiscence. There is perhaps only one thing which could expect to be able to claim, according to the practice in advertisements, that the papers had devoted space to his new book within ten days of its publication. In things are equalized, whereas in France the public rouses the envy of gleaners in other literatures by the praise as well as the pudding.

The thoughtful observer must often inquire whether there is a reasonable basis for the complaint that we read so much. The first question is easier to answer than the second. After all, why should not the frequent reader of the Free Library take out seventy per cent. of fiction? The majority of them work hard for ten or twelve hours a day; it is absurd to expect them to devote their leisure to what is called "improving reading." Even the professional man would find it hard to settle down to Mill or Davidson's eyeing, and the hunting man's evening is spent in the study of the "Nouvelle Héloïse" or a walking-stick with the "Nouvelle Héloïse" on a walking-stick, or artisan to be more strenuous? Is it not more one to amuse himself, after a hard day, with "Vingt Ans Après" than to go to sleep over

novel reading. One fears that it will scarcely do to say that the reason is that we have the best novels in the world, because it is not Thackeray and Scott and Fielding that are most in demand at the libraries. Perhaps we may say that the English still, as when Froissart studied them, love to take their pleasures sadly. We should like to say that we need most novels because we work harder than any other nation, but a German or a French farmer might dispute that. Really the most likely explanation of all lies in the fact that the English girl is allowed to read novels. In France we know that "les demoiselles ne lisent pas Balzac," and the ever delightful Gyp has told us under what difficulties Mademoiselle Loulou can alone get a peep at the latest success of the Boulevard book-shops. The German girl is allowed to read fiction, but the novels to which she has access are seldom alluring, and she is carefully trained to consider that a girl should give up reading when she leaves her very elaborate school, and then devote herself to the higher duties of the housewife. The Russian girl has unlimited freedom, but she is too earnest to have anything to do with a mere novel; so we learn from the Diary of Miss Bashkirtseff, and the memoirs of Prince Kropotkin. Thus the English girl is the only one who reads unlimited novels, and her devouring appetite it is which keeps the presses groaning with seven novels a day on the average, and more as the holidays approach. At least, if that be not the reason, we leave the reader to say what causes our proud pre-eminence among the novel readers of the world.

THE DRAMA.

SOME FALLACIES ABOUT CRITICISM.

"On the subject of criticism Mr. Grundy holds particularly strong views." So says an interviewer in the *Poll Mall Magazine*. On most subjects Mr. Sydney Grundy is apt to hold strong views; you have only to look at him to see that strength is his foible. On the subject of criticism, however, it seems to me that Mr. Grundy's views are not only strong but wrong, naively and engagingly wrong, magisterially and triumphantly wrong. Criticism, said he, "does not represent the public, and is a mere bundle of arbitrary personal opinions, too often biased." In support of his contention he exhibited to the interviewer several columns of notices culled from the morning, evening, daily, weekly, and monthly journals, containing widely differing expressions of opinion on one of his plays. "How," he asked, "is the public, groping in the dark for enlightenment, to make up its mind when it is given half-a-dozen contradictory reports regarding the same performance in periodicals of equal standing? When critics fall out, who shall decide?" Here is fallacy superimposed on fallacy; one has to unpack them layer by layer. The first fallacy is that criticism, not being unanimous, cannot be representative. This comes of using what the grammarians, if I remember rightly, call nouns of multitude. "Public" is one word; it does not denote one thing. The public, in Mr. Grundy's sense, means the people who applaud a play, the people who hiss it, the people who go to sleep over it, the people who don't know what to think about it, the people who like it because dear Angelina does, the people who dislike it because they had to go without their after-dinner coffee in order to see it, and the people who would stay away from it if they were not paid to see it. Nothing could be more absurd than to talk of this public as one, with one mind to make up. The very multanimity of criticism which Mr. Grundy brings forward as evidence against its representative character is its best title, that

Butler was fond of saying, no two critics who are not themselves can possibly agree. Mr. Grundy might complain that their faces are not alike! There is, I certain unanimity among bad critics, the critics who think for themselves but are trying to think what they suppose they ought to think, or what they guess other people think. The fact that Mr. Grundy does not concern this sort of unanimity over his own plays ought to please or offend him. It is evidence that his plays convert critics into thinking for themselves.

Criticism as to its substance is opinion, as to its form it is art. No two opinions can be the same, because no man has a perfectly uniform perceptive apparatus—eye, ear, nerve, brain, as you know. It is notorious that no two people will agree in describing the simplest fact, the pace of an omnibus, the number of a back garden. In so far then as criticism is mere report it is bound to vary. Its variation is enormously increased because it is an art. Did Mr. Grundy ever see two paintings of the same person or place by different hands? Can he ever hear two pianists play the same piece in the same way? Of course not; and yet he expects the art of criticism to be an exception to all the other arts. If opinions vary, and if opinions, therefore, would still remain the variations which we call criticism, to express them. The critic's real difficulty is never to express his opinions. To adjust his criticism accurately to one's thoughts and impressions is a possible feat; critics, like other writers, spend their lives practising it, and, like other writers, never bring it off. Why be the dupes of illusions? Criticism at its best is not more than an ingenious piece of dialectic. The critic, like other artists, must give an aim to his scheme, some sort of "composition" in the sense of the word. He must find "general ideas," even where there are none, deduce this and that, present some kind of order and arrangement. His criticism must "hold together." A very good criticism he is bound to sacrifice something of the truth; he must reject those of his impressions which do not suit the plan he has fixed upon, to twist others, to exaggerate this feature over that. There is no wilful dishonesty here; art will do so. The result may (or may not) be a happy exercise of analysis or in mere rhetoric; it certainly cannot be a graphically accurate reproduction on paper of a stage production by a play. There, I submit, is its real weakness, the point of view of the playwright, who "like all artists" wants a "likeness," not merely a pretty picture. If Mr. Grundy had fastened upon that weakness one could have done wonders. But he does not. He asks, quite innocently, "Who shall decide?" There is, of course, no such thing as "decision" in matters of art.

Not is the art of criticism the only subject on which Mr. Grundy goes astray; he is the victim of a least one other fallacy about his own art of playwriting. To a critic who could create characters in *The Degenerates* as "unnatural" he says, "All that I can say is that I took them from life. In a certain sense I actually found them down in order to prevent this very being levelled against me." I do not say that this is right, but I do say that Mr. Grundy's statement is no argument against him. What is "natural" in life is not necessarily art. It is a good many years since Aristotle pointed out that "poetry is more philosophical than history." As fact is more than fiction, so fiction has not the right to be so stringent. When nature makes strange characters she introduces compensations and sets up a balance; to exhibit those

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

In a new illustrated edition of William Beckford's "Vathek"—or, rather, of the English translation of it, for it was written in French—published by Messrs. Greening, Mr. Justin Hannafoord tells briefly the story of its author—that extravagant dreamer who might have been a famous author if he had not been a millionaire. It is well known that he lived in strict seclusion in his later years, and many stories, in consequence, were told reflecting on his moral character. Of his moroseness and his eccentricity Mr. George Brydtrick gives some recollections in his "Memories and Impressions" lately published. Some new light on the matter is thrown by the following interesting note sent to us by a correspondent:—

Has the truth ever been told about Beckford? I am inclined to think not; and it is probable that for an explanation to his character we may have to look to his early love affairs. In May, 1783 (he was then twenty-four years old), Beckford married Lady Margaret Gordon, the daughter of the Earl of Aboyne. The couple were extremely attached. They lived in Switzerland, chiefly at Geneva; and the lady gave birth to two daughters. In May, 1786, she died, it is said, of fever, the consequence of child-birth troubles, though other versions have been given. In any case his wife's somewhat tragic death was the cause of intense grief to Beckford. Is it not even possible that his grief went too far, so as to result in a disturbance of mental equilibrium? He was precisely the subject for such a condition of exaggerated grief; Lord Chatham said of him in his youth he was all "air and fire."

However this may be, local tradition has it that after the death of his wife Beckford became a confirmed misogynist. Beckford was, of course, the object of endless occupation on the part of his neighbours; and local evidence must at least be allowed to have a *locus standi*. The present writer is acquainted with an elderly lady, who, having lived near Beckford in her childhood, remembers incidents connected with him, and confirms the above report by striking instances. It is said that Beckford ever kept himself secluded from female society. If he walked beyond his own domain, which, in the later part of his life, was rarely, he was always accompanied by one or more of his male attendants. He walked with downcast eyes, and a species of paroxysm would seize him if he saw a woman. In one of his houses there were curiously-constructed niches in the wall of the staircase. They were constructed in order that the few female servants who were kept about the place could immediately conceal themselves therein in case of their hearing the footsteps of their master. The tale also goes that a certain girl sought to satisfy her curiosity by suddenly appearing before Beckford on his way upstairs. The woman-hater in a paroxysm of fury seized her by the waist and threw her over the banister to the basement below. It is added that he paid the girl handsomely for the injuries she received by conferring a pension upon her for life. This tale has perhaps a little too much of the Peeping Tom business (naturally to be expected) about it to be accepted as entirely genuine. But the lady whom I have mentioned above remembers distinctly visiting Beckford's house on several occasions in her childhood. On a number of occasions she took milk thither from her father's farm; and once it happened that, on Mr. Beckford entering the apartment where she was, the child was quickly thrust under a heap of clothes in a large basket. Beckford, however, probably had some

daughter who married Colonel Orde without refusing to forgive her? His other daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton; but it is not to be supposed that he refused to marry his daughters to other men. There may be reasons that one does not know. In any case, however, it must be remembered that, if the version of Mrs. Beckford's end be correct, it is not the daughter whose birth was the cause of her death. Beckford's biographers are silent upon these points. We learn, however, that at his death the author was of an advanced sign of age, a peculiarity frequently noticed in those with similar mental aberrations. Was he, undoubtedly a man of genius, and though he had no incentive to real literary production, given the necessities and opportunities when nothing was to be gained? Beckford he added to the list of men of genius who were warped and mind diseased?

Reviews.

BYRON AND ROMAN

The third volume in Mr. Murray's reprint of the poet's reputation was at fever-heat when the cantos of "Childe Harold" had been already there followed in rapid succession between 1800 and 1802 brilliant Oriental romances—"The Giaour," "The Corsair," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parisina." Besides these the present volume contains "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte," "The Isles of Greece," "The Poems of the Separation," and some occasional

The editorial notes, as in the previous volumes, are based on the earlier edition, also published by Murray, and attached to Moore's life of Byron. The poet's own comments are given for the first time. Readings are also for the most part reprinted which have been able to collate the text of "Lara" which never passed through Moore's hands. He has not to include the comments of Byron's contemporaries which are most extravagant. Nevertheless these add considerable interest to the reader of the earlier edition. Jeffrey often loses his temper but he is full of ideas. His remarks, for example, on the portraiture of the women of the East, and his adaptation—in "The Corsair"—of the heroic stanzas of romance, are much to the point. "It was," he says, "that the most ponderous and stagnant language could be accommodated . . . to all the transitions of an adventurous and dramatic comment is of all the more interest as one now brought against Byron is his want of taste. So cleverly did he manage the metre of "The Siege of Corinth" should certainly have been

It is a strange period in English literature which carries us back. We doubt if two such great poets as Byron and Moore ever put forth such entirely dissimilar

the "critic heart," had never been known to give way to such weakness. "Never in my recollection" (wrote Mr. Murray of "The Corsair") "has any work . . . excited such a ferment. . . . I sold on the day of publication—a thing perfectly unprecedented—10,000 copies. . . . Mr. Moore says it is masterly—a wonderful performance. Mr. Hammond, Mr. Heber, D'Israeli, every one who comes . . . declare their unlimited approbation." These people were in no mood to appreciate Wordsworth. The poetry of the familiar scenes and truths of life had been acclaimed in Cowper, but was ignored in the work of his greater successor. All eyes were filled with pictures of the East, coloured by poets revelling in dreams of heroism and adventure; with visions of pirates and rebels, fanned by the hot breath of love, and fuming with the smoke of human slaughter. Jeffrey had mercilessly attacked Wordsworth's miscellaneous poems, and now boasted that he had quashed "The Excursion." Yet it is the broader and simpler inspiration of "Old Wordy," as Byron called him, that by contrast opens our eyes to the melodrama, marrying the splendour even of "The Corsair," just as the want of artistic finish in "The Glaur" and "The Siege of Corinth" becomes so apparent in the light of Tennyson. But even Byron's early verse provides a tonic, as invigorating as the morning hock and soda which he advised, for any literary debility brought on by an over-dose of Keats or Rossetti. With his morbid self-consciousness, cynicism, and overweening scorn must be weighed his wonderful verve, dramatic intensity, and command of metaphor, and what Scott called his "keen sense of what is noble and honourable and equally keen susceptibility of injustice and injury."

The recently discovered translation of Burger's *LENORE* (Ellis and Elvey) by D. G. Rossetti introduces us to a very different field of romance—the supernatural. Of the three chief representatives of the romantic revival—Byron, Scott, and Moore—Scott was the only one who excelled in this direction. Byron and Moore's romances rested upon the kind of adventure and intrigue familiar in Italian opera. Physical bravery and love were their all-engrossing themes. The vague sense of an unseen power which dominates the Teutonic romances of the forest did not fascinate them. But the poet who struck the note of awe so well in the famous scene in *Melrose Abbey* as well as in his novels was early attracted by the mystery poetry of the Germans. One of Scott's first efforts was a translation of Burger's "*Lenore*," the story of the ghostly bridegroom who, on the pretence of carrying his bride to the nuptial couch, rides with her to the grave. The mystic ride has always been a great element in the German supernatural romance. Bewitched norsemens add horror to the mysteries of the wold glen; the Valkyrie maidens carry the dead heroes to Valhalla on the backs of winged steeds; the Erl King is encountered by the midnight rider, and Sintram is tempted on horseback. Burger's "*Lenore*," as well as his "*Wild Huntsman*," belongs to this category. The poem, translated by Scott in 1796, soon after Burger's death, remained popular in England far into the present century. Among the several English versions—including one by Clarence Mangau, the Irish poet—perhaps the most interesting is the one made by Rossetti, as a boy of sixteen, in 1844, now published for the first time with a preface by W. M. Rossetti. It was believed that the MS. of the poem was irretrievably lost until last year, when a copy was sold at Sotheby's. The poem is not only a wonderful performance for a boy of sixteen, but affords another example of the spirit and vigour which the poet had at his command at times—a quality not usually associated

"Holla! holla! unloek the gate;
Art waking, my bride, or sleeping?
Is thy heart still free and still faithful to me?
Art laughing, my bride, or weeping?"
"Oh! wearily, William, I've waited for you,
Woe-fully watching the day long thro',
With a great sorrow sorrowing
For the cruelty of your tarrying."

At the time of writing this poem Rossetti was not, of course, the exquisite workman that he came to be. The metres are well managed and the idea is at times too obviously suggested by the rhyme. But the translation is a great find, if only as an example of the early German influence on the most Italian of poets.

CROQUET.

What, we wonder, would the croquet player of John Day, playing with seven-inch hoops as one of a game while another game of eight had started from the opposite side, have said had he then been told that "the opening of croquet may be defined as that portion of the game which precedes any serious organized attempt on either side through the second hoop?" The quotation is from *THE HISTORY OF CROQUET* (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net, edited by Mr. Lillie, who has already commemorated the revival of the game or perhaps we should rather say the birth of scientific croquet with his authoritative work "*Croquet, its history, records, and secrets*." In the old days of "crinoline croquet" little was done in the way of "serious organized attempts," and the scientific study of the game has been perfected in our own day under the aegis of the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club and the All England Croquet Association, by the eminent players who contribute chapters to Mr. Lillie's new book. Game playing, must nowadays be no longer frivolous, and "the most intellectual of outdoor games," has broken on every lawn in England, and has spread to every quarter of the globe. Croquet plant in abundance is on its way from England to Europe and America. Last year's championship meeting attracted a gentleman from Johannesburg. We may even hope that the prospect of winning a prize of "a silver spoon and a pair of croquet mallets" may soften the heart of the Boer President and bring him as a friendly rival to our country. At any rate, almost the last set of hoops and mallets, the most scientific patterns that left this country last season, were addressed to

President Kruger,
Pretoria,
South Africa.

All croquet players will read with interest the views of the experts as Col. Needham, Miss Lily Gower, Miss Chesel, an exponent of the "dashing game," and others which are given in this book. Those who have not yet fathomed the mystery of Wimbledon croquet will find the book beyond them. Those who have begun seriously to investigate the theory of the relative merits of the three-ball and the four-ball games will derive great benefit from the careful expositions of the game illustrated by plans, which are contributed by Mr. Leo Gower, and from Mr. C. Hensago's chapter on the *Game*, while all players who realize the importance of the game will be interested in the full discussion here given of the present and the future of the game.

has an opportunity for effort; it is never paralysed, it is always fighting and may at any moment win a success. Hence the authorities have wisely and consistently refused to handicap the batsmen. In croquet the state of things is very different. Once out you may never get in again, and you have simply to look on while the adversary makes use of you to get round the ground, and if he does not go out, leaves you by judicious wiring practically helpless. The spin of the coin in fact decides the game, and one of the players never shows his form. Two suggestions, neither of them quite satisfactory, have been proposed to remedy this defect: first to take a quarter of an inch off the four-inch hoop through which the average player is hardly able to squeeze the balls as it is—a change which would not, however, make much alteration in the performances of really good players; and secondly to diminish the size of the ground, a change which would help the player who is in almost as much as the player who is out. There are more drastic measures which might be taken, such as the limitation of the number of strokes in each turn, which would rather increase than diminish the strategical opportunities of the game; or the abolition of wiring which at any rate would give the next player a chance, and would interfere not very greatly with the main essentials of skilful performance, albeit Mr. C. Hennege regards it as "the acme of good play." But the exponents of "Croquet up to Date" give no hint of such radical suggestions as these, and for the present the croquet player must suffer patiently a condition of play in which the billiard player at any rate can claim no superiority.

The growth of professionalism is a circumstance more to be deplored. Croquet with its multiplication of open competitions all over the country has, like lawn tennis, generated the ubiquitous pot-hunter, and with equally disastrous results. That individual not only deprives the ingenuous local player of his zest and his enjoyment, but seriously impairs the merits of croquet as a social game. Mr. G. H. Powell, in an amusing paper, discovers in croquet "an opening for nearly all the unchristian virtues." There must always be a loss when a sport becomes too complex. The scientific game is to a great extent a modern development. To the generation which enjoyed rounders, and snails, and spillikins, and erminoline croquet, and cricket as played by All Muggleton, it would have been a novel idea that a pure game should be anything but a pastime, a "recreation"; that it should, instead of giving to the brain a healthful relaxation, make the most exacting demands upon it. The serious modern practitioner knows nothing of the jollity and abandon of the games of a younger day. He does not want to enjoy himself, but to win. The "friendly game" is a childish folly for which he cannot conceal his contempt. The result is that with expert play and expert tactics come, as Miss Kathleen Waldron confesses, "expert greed of prizes and expert manners."

But the elaboration of croquet, however much we may regret some of its consequences, really shows the excellence of the game. Its popularity of course marks another stage in the banishment of the elements of pluck and activity from the playing-field, which is due chiefly to the desire of women to join in the sports of men, or perhaps we should say to the desire of men that their sports should be shared by women. A woman can be as fine a croquet player as a man, though the croquet world has not formally recognized the fact. The ladies who contribute to this volume are known to possess all the nerve, steadiness, and precision of their male partners. The time is not far distant, we fancy, when women will not only not be handicapped against men, but will themselves have a voice in the arrangements. But if

law of change which rules our social life, but w
croquet will not be brought about by any c
to deal sternly with the causes of decay.
croquet in its higher branches and yet
preventing it from being refined and
existence, we can confidently recommend Mr. I
well-edited volume on this delightful and abso

THE REAL TROUBADOUR

Professor Justin H. Smith, of Dartmouth offers us in two of the heaviest volumes which I lot to handle *THE TROUBADOURS AT HOME* (Puta mental work, that has evidently been to him involving infinite industry and pains. He app every book (with the exception of one, howe mention later on) which has ever been publish and his list of authorities alone runs to the e of sixteen pages. Twice has he travelled over from Poitiers to Perpignan, from Bordeaux t prepare for the historic facts "a real stage-s numerous translations of troubadour poetry, a are very good indeed. He gives, too, some a of their music, and a large number of excell Provencal cities and places, mostly reproduc taken by himself. But his plan of constru commended, and we cannot help thinking that down to read these volumes in a condition of of the subject would rise from the perusal condition of absolute bewilderment.

It is not easy at any time to take mu troubadours. The troubadour of tradition is ar personage; a dark-eyed poet clothed in th of romance, and singing passionate love-songs of Provence and his lady's window. The rea sang a passionate love-song in his life, for he v of passion—at least for his titular lady. troubadour poetry as has come down to us intolerably tiresome, dull, and artificial, the therein celebrated being themselves artificia of a wire-pulled doll. Speaking broadly, th as little for the lady he praised as she care mere business arrangement; he filled up flattery and pretended passion in very tedious return allowed him bed and board in the east real man appeared upon the scene, the tr packing to the kitchen, where we may be sure aside, he enjoyed himself heartily with mea wenches. Ah, had just one of his kitchen-so we might have learned something of the rea For the astonishing thing is that into his draw a single bit of reality, of human nature, ever by chance. Yet there was a good deal of h conduct. Thus, when the lady tired of him sidered she no longer paid him sufficiently, next château, and spoke ill of her to ingratia rival châtelaine. He hawked scandal all r fomented quarrels, and sold his voice and highest bidder. Bertran de Born, one of the tribe, sings without shame to his patron Cou

If Richard will be kind,

the Albigensian war which, ruining their patrons, thereby ruined their trade, it must have perished from its own bloodlessness.

The one book, or books rather, not apparently studied by Professor Smith, and alluded to above, are the works of Eugène Aroux, a Frenchman who wrote on mysticism in the fifties. His opinions are largely relied upon by Mrs. Cooper Oakley in *TRACES OF A HIDDEN TRADITION IN MASONRY AND MEDIEVAL MASTICISM* (Theosophical Society, 3s. 6d.) to support her laboriously amusing theory that the troubadours constituted in reality a sort of secret society, using a mystic language in communicating with each other, and even a "double" and a "triple" language, and engaged, it would seem, in propagating some secret Eastern religion. Well, this is the age of cranks, and we accord a large toleration to them. Has not a cipher been discovered in Shakespeare? Do not the adherents of the rightful Stuart Queen of England meet openly at St. James' Hall? By all means let Highbury and Clapham devote its spare time to finding a new-old gospel in the vapidity of Daniel, or Piero Vidal, but Professor Smith has either never heard of this side of the subject, or wisely has passed it by, and we ourselves intend to follow the example of Professor Smith.

ROMAN ARCHÆOLOGY.

The Tomb of St. Peter.

ST. PETER AT ROME AND HIS TOMB ON THE VATICAN HILL, by A. Stuytton Barnes (Sonnenschein, 21s.), is an elaborate monograph written with a certain amount of what may be called honest bias. It is honest because, although the author may occasionally be prejudiced, we do not feel that he wilfully misrepresents the arguments of his opponents. Yet the reader feels more at ease when he has finished the earlier portion, dealing with the historical questions of Peter's coming to Rome, his sojourn there, his martyrdom, and the like. The later and larger part of the volume, dealing more especially with the tomb now covered by the great Basilica, will be of the greatest value to students. Whether they accept Father Barnes' conclusions or not, they will be grateful for his painstaking collection of historical and archaeological evidence, and especially for his plans and views of St. Peter's at various dates in its history. The plans, by the way, would be improved by the addition of fuller explanatory legends. The faults which have struck us in reading the volume are of no very serious kind, but it may be worth while to indicate some of them, as they are somewhat characteristic of books dealing with early Christianity.

In the first place, Father Barnes' "scholarship" is vulnerable in many points. Misprints in Greek quotations may be put down to the printer; but it is more serious when we find Cain, the grandson of Augustus, identified with Caligula. The citation of a treatise by Clement of Alexandria as *Sironata* seems to argue scant acquaintance with the work itself. It is often wise to take refuge in abbreviations. Another feature common to most writers on early Christianity is the tendency to claim anybody and everybody as a Christian. The claims of Flavius Sabinus to this distinction are weak enough, but compared with those of "Pudens," son of Pudentius, they are strong indeed. The fact that we cannot even be sure that the name of the son of Pudentius, mentioned in an inscription from Chichester, was Pudens, is enough to make one hesitate. This is not the only weak point in the foundation of the structure built up by Archdeacon Williams, whose theory Father Barnes adopts, "although it may seem to some to be over-ingenious in its deductions."

Father Barnes from these hallucinations. The inscription is perhaps best left alone; and, attempt to make a serious history of the early Christianity is concerned, is practically foredoomed. Religious prejudice and enthusiasm have said that they will serve for little else than a history of it. Even the literal interpretation of such authorities is no easy matter. Father Barnes, for instance, in Justin as saying that he lived at Rome, rather, "I know of one Martin at the Trinitine Bath, and that he, at other meetings; place of Christianity in Rome," the words, in 167 A.D. there was but one such man in Rome, although so many seventy years before, in Lycaonia, there had been at least twenty. Father Barnes himself supports himself to the time of Valerian. If Justin is who this statement, he was fibbing in a good cause. Probably all because he had no personal experience of any but the Roman. Another point in which we cannot agree with Father Barnes is his theory that Constantine filled in the space around St. Peter with solid masonry; he has to strain "immobile" to mean "solid," and he has to supply which there is no trace in the text. If the text mean it is that Constantine made a sort of chariot of the middle of which was the coffin fixed so that each support from the opposite wall. "Immobile" may mean bronze could not be removed. We note, again, the ground for the author's scepticism as to St. Peter crucified upside down. The top piece of an ordinary stake capable of bearing a strain as the other end, is the ends of the same stake; the movable cross-bar, or (which was all that the victim carried), could be fastened to the ground, and a rope fastened round the feet over the top of the stake; or again, if necessary, to the ground, but Peter himself may have been "turned," his feet fastened to the cross-bar, and his arms being "strengthened" by their own weight.

It will be clear from these criticisms that Father Barnes deals with some disputable points; it is only fair to say that he does so in a modest way that does not make his book uninteresting. Let us in conclusion express our thanks to the Pope to whom the volume is appropriately dedicated, and encourage the suggested excavations, which would at once settle many of the questions connected with the tomb.

A Roman Handbook.

The second volume of the *HANDBOOK TO CHURCH AND ECCLESIASTICAL ROME*, by M. A. R. Tucker and H. G. B. (Black, 10s. 6d.), contains an immense quantity of good, bad, and indifferent, relating to monasticism, monks, friars, the Pope, his court, &c. It will be found exceedingly useful as a travelling companion, considering the extent of the field which the writers have to cover, not cursorily but in minute detail, it is not to find that the book must be used with discretion. The "inner world of moral freedom" was "neglected paganism" or that "there was no place in the system" for "self-dependence and sense of personal responsibility" is to put the matter somewhat inadequately. The authors' conception of the Roman marriage-law is a little faulty. Their acquaintance with Greek and Latin must be of a somewhat superficial nature, as the misprints, as the misspelling of the Greek word for "paganism" (p. 6), the wrong accent on p. 61, the "de Volandis Vir" (p. 15) (corrected elsewhere), and "Necropolis" (p. 15)

sensible; and if it is somewhat overweighted with millinery and ceremonial, that is the fault of the subject, nor will it make the volume any the less popular.

THEOLOGY.

Dean Farrar.

Dr. Farrar is the prince of popular teachers. He has many of the faults of his kind—the over-emphasis which spoils most preachers for literary work, a newspaper style, a lack of real originality; but some of the worst faults he has not, and we owe him this great debt of gratitude, that he has brought to the task of popular religious instruction the discretion of a man of the world, the learning of a true scholar, and the energy of a devoted Christian. His "Life of Christ" must have done an immense work in raising, deepening, broadening the ideas of the average person, and it still holds the field, simply because no scholar has yet appeared with sufficient descriptive powers and no literary man with sufficient scholarship to produce a better one.

He has now produced, in the *LIFE OF LIVES* (Cassell, 15s.), a kind of codicil to the "Life of Christ"—a codicil which makes no emendations on his original testament (for he sees nothing to correct), but supplies an elaboration of the principal themes of the Gospels. The new book aims, he says, "at deepening the faith and heightening the hope in Christ of all who read it honestly." Its forty-three chapters are, in fact, forty-three sermons, or instructions, packed with quotations of all sorts, descriptive and hortatory in method. It is when he engages in theological argument that he is least adequate. The opening chapter, for instance, on the Divine Birth hardly touches the real problem, but dwells on the testimony of various great men to the Christian faith, disposing of Philosophy in nineteen lines (of which three are poetry), wherein Kant and Pico della Mirandola suffice to illustrate the philosophy of the Christian era. In like fashion modern Science is enlisted in support of the Divine Birth, without the mention of a single scientific man born during the present century. The explanatory and descriptive chapters on such subjects as the State of Religion in Palestine, the Miracles, the Last Supper, Gethsemane will better fulfil the author's object, and will certainly be useful in refreshing the minds of many preachers.

TEXTS EXPLAINED (Longmans, 6s.), another new book by the Dean, is a simple, less ambitious, and altogether more serviceable book. Dr. Farrar has just taken the obscure passages in the New Testament and devoted to each a few lines of explanation, keeping his besetting sin of verbiage fairly under control—though we do discover even in these notes such sentences as this:

It is interesting to find in St. Paul the same utter contempt for the feeble, fallible, malicious ignorance and opinionated infallibility of incompetent human criticisms which we find in many of the greatest souls.

So many translations in the Authorized Version are seriously misleading, and so many in the Revised still need explanation, that such a book as "Texts Explained" supplies a real want. Many who do not buy commentaries will be glad to have a book wherein all the really important results of modern scholarship are given, and those who do buy them will also be grateful to Dr. Farrar for supplying so convenient and accessible a companion to the New Testament.

Canon Scott Holland's Sermons.

Canon Scott Holland offers a needless apology for the

to Lord." The preacher insists on the need forward "from a simple to a more theological fine passage of an earlier sermon he points out "added nothing to the Faith" by her formal ex-

She pledges her honour to you that this completed phraseology never goes beyond the necessary limits of that which was contained within the net of faith in the Lord Jesus, alive beyond the You cannot see, you say, the identity of the in fact and this outer conscious articulation. Two worlds apart. Very likely! She is not the least that. Why, it took her four hundred years of painful work to discover their identity.

The same point—the necessity of painful growth of religious truths—is well treated in the "From Home to Home," with its incisive pre- blunders made in dealing with the intellectual young. Canon Holland stands foremost among men in his sensitiveness to the spiritual needs of the age. What could be wiser than the sermon on "Nation," with its protest against "the extraordinary of a Revelation, if it be a Revelation, in difficulty; must be clear-cut, logical, complete problem unsolved; must secure itself against every misunderstanding"; an assumption which "dictated by everything that we know of the world which we have any experience." In originality style these sermons are inferior to most of the preacher has already published. But they inspire faith and the same width of intellectual

Modernizing the Bible.

The idea of modernizing the Bible has long been a many scholars, and critics have always agreed, and in condemning the attempt not only because it is well of English undefiled, but because a modern impairs the essential spirit both of the original and original translators. Dr. Hayman has incurred in the case of his *EPISTLES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT TO PRESENT THEM IN CURRENT AND POPULAR LANGUAGE* (Black, 3s. 6d. n.), although he does not commit enormities as that of the paraphraser who "Abraham had no child" into "Now the wife had not yet been heard within the tents of Our criticism of Dr. Hayman's version, however founded on his attempt to improve on the style. If a modernization is ever excusable it might be in the Epistles, because of the abruptness and obscure passages in them. If Dr. Hayman managed to plainly, he might justify himself. But, in the places, he breaks down. What light do we gain, the well-known difficulties of the Epistle to the such Haymanese versions as these?

Once grant law as the title to inheritance is no more the title. But it was by promise of free grant of it to Abraham. Then why law at transgressions required it law was added, until should come to whom the promise was made promulgated by angels and through the agency. Now mediation involves always more than one respect of the promise we have to consider. The law would thus seem to clash with the promise it really so? Far from it.

Or from the "Romans."

In his new translation of ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Rutherford is much more successful because it adheres less closely to the original and less of the nature of a paraphrase. Mr. Rutherford complains, and rightly, that even the revisers of 1881 ignored accepted conclusions respecting New Testament idiom, and he bases his translation, which is a very vigorous one, on an exact study of grammatical peculiarities while yet conveying some suggestion of the dignity and strength of St. Paul's style.

The Deuteronomie Reformation and its Causes.

The title of OLD TESTAMENT THEOLOGY: Vol. II., The Deuteronomie Reformation in Century VII. B.C., by Archibald Duff, LL.D., B.D. (A. and C. Black, 45s.), is not strictly accurate. It touches rather on points introductory to the Deuteronomie Reformation than on the Reformation itself. The most useful parts of it deal with the chronology of events in the seventh century B.C., and the teaching of Nahum and Zephaniah. Dr. Duff overrates the influence of Assyria on the literature of the Hebrews. He moves in the region of conjecture when he affirms that "in Assyria at this very time society up to its very highest rank was thoroughly interested in religious things and in studious consideration of history, of literature, of social questions, and of physical nature." The meagre facts ascertained by archeology scarcely warrant the conclusion that Josiah's Reformation was simply the outcome of a movement which affected the masses of the gigantic Assyrian empire. Dr. Duff presents the outline of events in the seventh century in a new and suggestive light. But he is too apt to indulge in speculation. He discusses at length the motives which may have induced Esarhaddon to abdicate—a discussion suitable to the pulpit, but wearisome in a scientific treatise. The chapter on Nahum and Zephaniah is interesting. They are appealed to by Dr. Duff as illustrating the occasion of the Deuteronomie Reformation. He skillfully elicits Nahum's ideas about the morality and religion of his countrymen, to which the prophet makes very few direct allusions. It is easier to do this in the case of Zephaniah, whose conception of Jehovah is singularly definite, while his insight into the moral corruptions of Judah is as keen as that of Isaiah. Dr. Duff has unnecessarily devoted much space to a summary, mostly in translation, of the constituent documents of the historical books, which occupies nearly 350 pages of the volume. The translation is far from felicitous, and seems to us rather to caricature than to reproduce the peculiarities of Hebrew idiom. In any case the method which Dr. Duff employs to give his readers an idea of the religious ideas prevailing among the Hebrews of the pre-Deuteronomie age seems to us needlessly cumbersome. With some drawbacks, however, this book may be commended as a conscientious contribution to the study of Old Testament theology.

The Narratives of Christ's Birth.

OUR RECORDS OF THE NATIVITY AND MODERN HISTORICAL RESEARCH, by James Thomas (Swain Sonnenschein and Co., 6s.), is intended to be a reply to Professor Ramsay's book on the birth of Christ at Bethlehem, in which the author used the results of recent research in Egypt to support an ingenious argument in favour of the accuracy of St. Luke. Mr. Thomas' book is mainly a piece of negative criticism. He rejects St. Matthew's account of the massacre of the infants at Bethlehem on the ground that it is inconsistent with what is otherwise known of Herod's character and that it is feebly supported by external evidence. As to the question of the census, he says:—"It is grossly improbable, with not a shred of evidence in its favour save the passage in the third gospel which is under debate," that Augustus would have

made in documents which actually reflect "Judaic-Christianity," such alterations being necessary by "a gradual progress of belief among Christians that the Divine nature of Jesus dated from conception." The book deserves careful consideration from its criticism; but meanwhile we gladly assure Mr. Thomas he is mistaken in supposing that nowadays "acquiescence as to the verbal accuracy of all that is included in what are now canonical writings is demanded."

The Pastoral Epistles.

THE DATES OF THE PASTORAL EPISTLES are discussed bearing this title by the Rev. the Hon. W. Nisbet and Co., 2s. 6d.). Assuming the theory of authorship as a better one than a theory of forgery, questions the ordinary chronology of the Epistles. He dates the First Epistle to Timothy with the journey to Crete described in Acts xx. and xxi.; the Epistle to Titus was written about the same time (A.D. 57); while the Epistle to Timothy may be placed at an early date—Roman captivity, with which the Book of Acts connects. Bowen's arguments are ingenious, but not very convincing. He minimizes the notable divergence in style which distinguishes the Pastoral Epistles from the rest of the Pauline Epistles, suggesting that this divergence may be accounted for by the fact that the letters are addressed "not to Churches, but to individuals who stood in a special relation to the writer." He fails to meet satisfactorily the formidable objection to his view that "the heresies of the Pastoral letters are the heresies of the Colossians and Ephesians grown rank and corrupt." He accepts the view that the evils alluded to in the Pastoral Epistles, on the one hand, and the Epistles of the First Captivity, on the other, are really "identical in the degree of horridness which they have attained." It is doubtful whether this will secure the "triumph" for which he looks—i.e., the triumph on the part of professed critics that the view he propounds is *prima facie* worthy of consideration. He writes with candour, but rather as an amateur in matters of criticism.

Missions.

MR. E. S. ARMSTRONG had every qualification for writing the HISTORY OF THE MELANESIAN MISSION (Isbister, 10s.). He knows the country and has been intimate with all the Bishops. His book is good, but too long for most readers. Mr. Armstrong has, however, set forth the facts conscientiously, though without such grace of style as would attract readers from a public not interested in the subject.

FIFTY YEARS IN WESTERN AFRICA, by the Rev. A. S. P. C. K., 2s.), is a narrative of missionary enterprise in which the author does not "face the music." In it he writes of the competition of the Mohammedanists. One would never gather from his account that many parts of Africa like the plague, and that the convert takes his religion very seriously. Knowing that and perceiving them ignored, one does not read with patience such statements as "I am as persuaded of the mission of Africa to Christ as I am of the rising of the sun" and "the value of a Christian mission is not to be measured by the number of its converts."

TOWARDS THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN, by Katherine (S.P.C.K., 2s.), is an account of mission work in Burma—a pleasant, gossipy work, though the author is addicted to italics. It strikes us as singular (though not unfeminine) that a young lady who proposed to go to Burmah to her own religion should have needed to be told, on landing at Rangoon, "Who was Buddha, and

writer who used Zachariah's original work little more than conjecture is possible. Of the twelve books the eleventh is missing, the tenth and twelfth are fragmentary. The chronicle deals mainly with the unprofitable details of the Monophysite controversy. The translation has been executed with care and discrimination.

THE **ECUMENICAL DOCUMENTS OF THE FAITH**, edited by the Rev. T. H. Hindley (Methuen, 6s.), comprise several well-known theological treatises—the Nicene creed, the three epistles of Cyril to Nestorius, the "Tome" of Leo to Flavian, and the Definition of Chalcedon. The Oxford School of Theology will certainly find the introduction and notes useful and suggestive.

THE **FIVE THEOLOGICAL ORATIONS OF GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS**, edited by A. J. Mason, D.D. (Cambridge University Press, 5s. n.s.), is the first volume of a series of patristic texts intended for theological students. The editor has taken much pains in preparing a satisfactory text; the notes deal with points of diction and translation, as well as of theology, and there is a scholarly introduction, drawing attention to Gregory's peculiar place in the history of theology. A tribute to Nazianzen's power as an exponent of abstruse doctrine is the fact that "sentence after sentence from Gregory is incorporated in the *De Orthodoxa Fide* of John of Damascus." Dr. Mason's edition of the five orations augurs well for the series which it opens.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

"Village Notes."

Mrs. Tennant's **VILLAGE NOTES** (Heinemann, 6s.) could well have dispensed with the "some other papers" included in the title—three little magazine sketches which strike an inharmonious note. There is a pleasant undercurrent of melody running through the "village notes"—a suggestion of the simple annals of the poor told by the rustic ingle nook or in the sleepy village street. Not all of them, perhaps, are quite worth reprinting; and here and there the search among these simple folk for literary pabulum is a little bit conscious; but Mrs. Tennant is really sympathetic in her taste for rustic humours, and her literary gift is unquestionable. She sees the simple patience of the poor as truly as the quaintness of their sayings, which, as she reminds us, show so strikingly how beautiful the English language can be. She hardly does justice, by the way, to the lonely old woman who had sent out into the world a large family of children, and who "said in a voice that shook with no self pity, but merely stated the fact, 'Come the long winter evenin', and I sit here—I misses 'em and I wants 'em.'" This old lady is not new to us, but she added, we think—and nothing could be simpler or more significant than the addition—"But I misses 'em more than I wants 'em." Two chapters are devoted to a very curious and original collection of Christmas rites and carols, and Mrs. Tennant gives a full account of the mummery play of *St. George and the Dragon*, which she says still survives, having gathered in the course of its history various accretions, especially from the Napoleonic wars. We may add that the photographs prefixed to the chapters add greatly to the charm of the book.

A Great Anglo-Indian.

GENERAL JOHN JACOB, by Alexander Innes Shand (Seeley, 16s.), relates the career of a distinguished public servant who did a great work in trying circumstances on the frontiers of our Indian Empire and died before the value of his work was recognized. It is a good book and gives one a vivid idea of what India was like in the thirty years or so before the Mutiny, when soldiers and civilians alike lived out their lives there instead of

one particle among millions. The same laws may also be seen also:—"How puerile, how unspeakably contemptible orthodox doctrines regarding Divine revelation state appear when compared to the grand Truth lying on our minds!" A rare creed truly among men. Yet General John Jacob was pre-eminently a man who did his work as well as if he had had the faith of the old or Henry Havelock. It should be added that the book, with authority, all General Jacob's papers have at the author's disposal by his niece, Mrs. Jacob.

Paris.

Two bright and unconventional Paris books: **HOW TO DINE IN PARIS**, by Rowland Strong (2s. 6d.), and **PARIS OF THE PARISIANS**, by J. Grant Richards (5s.). Mr. Strong's book is a list of the most famous restaurants, a little tedious in its accumulation of useful information. We do not think, however, that Mr. Strong quite does justice to the *Bouillons Duval* when he makes no mention of those famous pancake cooks on the table while you wait to eat them at.

Mr. Macdonald's book consists of articles on the life of the Latin quarter, reprinted from the *Spectator*. They are admirably written and very true to life. The author perhaps takes an unduly cheerful view of things, too much disposed to ignore their seamy side. He does not perceive the tragedy of the merry loves of the Parisian sweethearts, as this passage shows. It is not the band is playing after the return from a long absence in the country:—

"Parfait Amour." Sad is it that Pauline has left Amiens or Rouen three years later.

"Parfait Amour." Cruel is it that Mimie has left gaiety and freshness with time. "Parfait Amour." It is that other Mimie will take the place of the first at Bullier's as she rejoiced, grow sentimental and melancholy at lunch by a lake in the country—while she waits for the table, fearing the future, regretting the past. "Parfait Amour?"

A prefatory note explains that three of the sketches are the work of Miss Katie Winifred Macdonald. Her contributions are in no way inferior to those of the author who writes upon the title page.

"A Sentimental Journey."

TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, by Richard Le Gallienne (Seeley, 6s.), is not so much about England as the author's *Etat d'âme*. Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" and Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes" are the models. But, though it invites comparison with these works—and more particularly with the latter—it is not like them. It differs from them as the chromo-lithograph differs from the water-colour drawing. There is also a difference between the traveller who happens to have a turn of mind and the sentimentalist who happens to be able to write. Stevenson, moreover, never posed—or, if he did, he hid the pose; Mr. Le Gallienne gives us the man who is posing all the time. Further, Stevenson's pictures which linger in the memory—the picture of the night out in the forest and of the theologian in the monastery on the mountain top. The impression that Le Gallienne gives is that of an aesthete who forgets his self-consciousness as Christian for the sake of his burden. Passing through Oxford Mr. Le Gallienne (page 41), that he "will but humbly record a single

as the "Legenda Aurea," of which we spoke last week, and the modern compilations such as Mrs. Jameson's admirable and exhaustive work, and as it were codified their matter into a handbook for the use of those who wander among Continental churches and picture-galleries. A knowledge of saintly legend is not sufficiently valued as a help in appreciating mediæval art; and the traveller will here find an alphabetical list of Saints with their stories concisely told, with a note at the end of each giving their attributes, though these often vary—the places where their representations are to be found, and the authorities for the legends. An appendix treats briefly of the colours, months, seasons, and virtues as represented in mediæval art.

American Colonies.

COLONIAL CIVIL SERVICE, by A. Lawrence Lowell (Macmillan, 6s.), is an account of the methods of selecting and training Colonial Civil Servants in England and Holland and France, written for the guidance of the United States in the task of establishing a service for the administration of the Philippines. English readers will be astonished to learn that the English system of giving the appointments to educated men as the result of examinations in the subjects studied at the seats of learning outrages the democratic sentiments of our cousins:

An attempt to reserve any class of offices, whether colonial or domestic, for college graduates would provoke wide-spread jealousy. It would be looked upon as class legislation for the benefit of a privileged few; for the public could hardly be made to appreciate the necessity, or even the value, of a high general education for the colonial service.

If this be really so, America's prospects of carrying the white man's burden with dignity are not very favourable; though no doubt the evils of the system of patronage and the "spoils to the victors," to which the public opinion of the United States is said by Mr. Lowell to be wedded, might be mitigated by the institution of a training college on the old Haileybury lines. A good account of Haileybury by Mr. H. Morse Stephens is included in the volume.

EXIT PARTY, by Sir Frederick Young (Chapman and Hall, 3s. 6d.), is a well-meaning but not important plea for a united Liberal Imperialist party, which will oppose the "pestilent principles" of Socialism and promote Imperial Federation. It reads like an expanded platform speech. The index of four pages to this pamphlet of seventy pages puts to shame those writers who do not provide so useful an addition in the case of books that really deserve it.

A ROYAL RHETORICIAN (Constable, 3s. 6d. n.) is the title of a little book in which Mr. Robert S. Rait reprints some of the writings of King James I. How many readers know that his erudite Majesty composed an alternative version of "All people that on earth do dwell"? There is no denying that he had a real turn for metre. Thus:

Make all ye Lands a joyful Noise, to him that is the
Lord of Might,
With Gladness ever serve the Lord, and come with
Singing in His Sight.
Know that the Lord is our great God, He us not we
ourselves did make,
We are His People, and the Sheep that He as His own
Flock did take.

There is a new edition (the seventh) of Murray's *Handbook to GREECE* (20s.) and a new edition (not numbered) of the same publisher's *Handbook to CONSTANTINOPLE, BULGARIA, AND THE TROAD* (7s. 6d.). Both books are characteristically thorough, though it is a curious slip in the latter to speak of "the climate of the Troad" as "the climate of the Troad."

FICTION.

Unconventionalities.

Mr. Francis Dodsworth draws his picture of TRUMP (Grant Richards, 6s.) with considerable skill in a worldly book for worldly readers, and recounts of a young gentleman of family who goes to the aid of a few horses and a friend or two. Although a fair specimen of public-school training, and "birth" drags us into a sadly nefarious *mode*, and is himself a quite unsympathetic character, his modern rake's progress with some skill and Mr. Dodsworth knows the latest shady tracks of and the side rooms; and exposes, with unerring tide whereby the wicked half of this little world live. The very modern tailor, Mr. Egan, is a type used in modern fiction. "The Spendthrift" is generally liked; but the world in which

We smoke, to fancy that we dream,
And drink, a moment's joy to prove,
And love would love, and only seem
To love because we cannot love,

is an existing one, and merits the keen observation worth has brought to bear upon it.

In **ADA VERNHAM, ACTRESS** (Long, 6s.), Mr. Marsh represents unconventionalality of a different and much kind. It is almost unintelligible, and the motives the characters are kept rigidly secret. Mr. Marsh at telling a story, but here he has mislaid both his cunning. The book opens with an account of the bogus manager, who leaves his company destitute the way watering-places. This is told twice over pages, and the second chapter tells it again. The book is crowded with disagreeable incidents and able people, many of whom prove to be on the very and the reader is in somewhat the same case as the shocking *dénoûment*. It is not a book likely young lady of fifteen or, we fancy, any other lady.

Mr. Robert Grant takes us into a little-looked American life in his new novel **UNDEVELOPED BENHAM** (6s.). "Benham was a western city of those with an eastern exposure; a growing bustling and here the author deposits, as it were, his characters, and allows them to develop after extremely convincing fashion. Littleton, the young architect, Selina, the uncommon heroine, are graceful works of art. The novel gives a picture known on this side of the Atlantic, and gives it with an inexhaustible fund of humour.

Correspondence.

GRAMMAR v. IDIOM. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I must remind Mr. Rouse (as I remember him in *Literature*) that in the days when Socrates and Plutarch our language was still in a comparative state, and that many things passed current which literature would be attributable either to the ignorance of the writer or to the carelessness of a good one. Mr.

"Too many Cæsars is not good," he remarks that "we could not have expressed the meaning wanted." Will he explain why? At any rate, will he be so good as to analyse the meaning of the passage in which the sentence occurs, and show that it could not have been equally well expressed in grammatical form? For I cannot see upon what principle he defends a loose and ungrammatical idiom, unless he can prove that it would be impossible (or at least difficult) to express in correct English the idea which the writer wishes to convey. He speaks of instances of attraction, of two things being in a writer's mind together. Of course, any one can understand how such slips may occur even now; but to explain that they are natural, and even excusable, in hasty composition (when the writer is possibly thinking more of his matter than his style) is different from defending them as consistent with good English.

It appears to me that when Mr. Rouse, pleading for "idiom as against grammar," refers to an "instinct of great writers," he is speaking of that which was due merely to the condition of our language at the time when they wrote. No one can question the right of private and individual judgment in such matters; but would Mr. Rouse apply this method to any art other than that of writing? If he had painted a picture which exposed him to a charge of being defective in the knowledge of perspective, would he have considered it sufficient to say, "So were Cimabue and Giotto, and therefore my picture is perfectly correct"?

Yours faithfully,

East Putney, S.W., June 25.

WILLIAM CAIRNS.

"THE OMAR KHAYYAM MYTH." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Among Goethe's "Sprüche in Reimen" there is the following:—

Sie sagen: Das muthet mich nicht an!
Und meinen sie hatten's abgethan.

This "Spruch" seems to me to apply with unquestionable force to Mr. A. H. Millar's article on Omar, for the style and tone of his letter to you, published in last Saturday's *Literature*, betray only too plainly "where the shoe pinches." To Mr. Millar's devout mind what he chooses to call the "pessimistic Agnosticism" of the Rubāiyāt is reprehensible, and in order to throw discredit on the poem and Omarites alike he sets himself the congenial task of trying to "prove" that the Rubāiyāt are the diabolical work of a "fraudulent fifteenth century impostor." Your remarks, Sir, in your issue of June 16th, seemed to me to answer his arguments completely, for I certainly did not read from those that you wished to set up the "absurd notion"—the polite term is Mr. Millar's—that "style is everything" in art, music and literature. Imbecility or vulgarity, however perfect the "style" in which it might be expressed, would, let us hope, not appeal to our taste and intellect, and consequently find little chance of living. It would appear that Mr. Millar has been as little able to grasp the full meaning of your very just and sensible comments as he has been to appreciate the beauty and philosophy of the Rubāiyāt. His statement that the sentiments of the poem are not in accord with those of the present day is merely a personal assertion from which more deeply-thinking men and women, even "in this age of fervent religious revivals," will have no difficulty in differing. It is already sufficiently refuted by the great number of editions of the poem. Nor is our opinion in the least disturbed by Mr. Millar's "discovery." Indeed, we heed it as little as *Christendom* has heeded the "discovery" of Professor Johnson that the New Testament, with sundry other writings, such as

for more congenial literature and sentiments elsewhere him at least bear in mind the profound wisdom pregnant "Spruch," in which case he will scarcely by the temporary notoriety which his attack on Omar him. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. DIDDEN

(Author of "A Modern Omar Khayy")

Gloucester, June 25.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Messrs. Sampson Low announce for publication in the autumn as the course of the war will allow *History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1901* history will be the joint production of several of Correspondents of *The Times* in South Africa and eminent specialists, the whole edited by Mr. L. Fellow of All Souls', Oxford, and it aims at being a history written from the standpoint of an impartial and adequate and lasting memorial of the war. It is in four or five royal 8vo. volumes, each of about 300 pp. paper and type will be the same and the binding will be to those of Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of the Duke of Devonshire." It will be fully illustrated and contain many plates.

Tommyson thanked God with all his heart and mind knew nothing of Shakespeare's life; and the man who imagined that from lack of matter the article on Shakespeare's name in all literature was likely to be the shortest article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" would not be one of the longest, and Mr. Sidney Lee had no difficulty in showing that the world knows of a good deal about Shakespeare's life—certainly more than is known about many of his contemporaries. Mr. Lee's biography since been (with some additions) published in a volume, but it is not to hold the field to the exclusion of other biographers. Shakespeare's next biographer is to be Gollancz, the editor of the exceedingly successful *Shakespeare*. The biography, in fact, is to form the complement of the "Larger Temple Shakespeare," and we can only hope to have it ready during this next year. Mr. Sidney Lee has, in the concluding volume of the *Shakespeare* published yesterday, an article on Henry Wriothelstede of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, and according to the Southamptonites the Mr. W. H. of the Deddington Sonnets.

In the *Pall Mall Magazine* the Poet Laureate has made some interesting remarks on the subject of Anglo-American copyright; but he is flogging a willing horse when he asks American men of letters to labour for the redress of the injustice caused by the existing law. American men of letters are already quite as earnest in the matter as English men, and we can wish them to be—not only because of the character of the law, but also because they, like ourselves, have suffered before the Copyright Treaty came into operation, and though the Treaty has diminished that suffering, it has not removed it. The real opposition to the law comes not from authors, but partly from readers who want books cheap, and partly from printers who want their work protected. The opposition of the printers is not

Province, once the metropolis of a powerful Hindu kingdom based on some valuable Portuguese chronicles of the Sixteenth Century, recently discovered and published in Portuguese by Senhor David Lopes, of Lisbon. The author, Mr. Robert Sewell (whose two last books "A Hindu Calendar" and "Eclipses of the Moon in India" were also published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein) has translated the chronicles into English, and given them as an appendix to his own history. The newly-discovered chronicles are of great historical importance, giving a detailed and graphic account of the city at the time of its greatest grandeur, written on the spot by Portuguese merchants who were deeply impressed by its extent and wealth. The volume will be entitled "A Forgotten Empire," and the first part will contain an historical treatise by Mr. Sewell on the period from the foundation of the city in 1329 to its destruction by the Mahomedans of the Deccan in 1565, when it is described as being twenty-two miles round. The ruins now cover about nine square miles.

The title of Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel is "Quisante." It is a long, modern story, and will be published by Messrs. Methuen probably in September. We understand that this particular story will not be serialized. Mr. Anthony Hope's first novel, "A Man of Mark," is to appear as the August number of Methuen's Novelist Series, the first of his stories, we believe, to be given in a sixpenny edition. Edna Lyall's "Derrick Vaughan" will appear in the same series later.

Mr. S. Harelay writes: "Observing in last week's *Literature* a statement that W. M. Thackeray wrote the libretto of Barnett's opera of *The Mountain Sylph*, I have looked at a copy of the opera I happen to possess, and read on the title-page:—'*The Mountain Sylph*, a grand opera in two acts, as performed at the New Theatre Royal, English Opera House. Written by T. J. Thackeray, Esq., composed by John Barnett.' It may be worth while to call attention to the difference in the initials."

Mr. W. B. Yeats' new book, we are told, is to be an important work on "The Folklore of Galway." In the matter of Irish folklore Mr. Yeats is the man to unite poetry with knowledge, elements not always successfully combined in our many books in that industriously worked field.

"The Life of Thomas Huxley" in Messrs. Putnam's Leaders in Science Series will probably be published in September, and before very long we shall also have the life by Mr. Leonard Huxley and the life by Mr. Clodd. The next volume in the Heroes of the Nations Series will be "Richard," by Dr. James Brock Perkins, which will be followed at the end of September by "Daniel O'Connell," by Robert Dunlop, M.A. "Louis IX. (Saint Louis)," by Frederick Perry, will appear in November.

In the same publishers' House, of the Reformers next volume will be "Hildebrich Zwingle," by Maudslayi Jackson, the editor of the series.

The first book of the new season, as far as Mr. are concerned, will be a volume of stories by Mr. entitled "The Strong Arm." The stories are connected with one another, and include several characters in "Countess Tekla."

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferner are of the late Major-General Warburton, by Mr. Mr. Baled is the author of an interesting *Life of Artist-Minister of Duddingston*, and of another of its class, "Annals of Duddingston and Port of an account of Sir Walter Scott's connexion with Parish Church was given.

Miss Wilkins, in her new novel, *Invalde* (by Mr. Winston Churchill and Miss Johnstone, 1 Hearts Highway," and has for the sub-title "A S cal Romance of Virginia in the Seventeenth Cent

A new volume of the "Organized Science announced by the University Tutorial Press— Stage Practical Plane and Solid Geometry," by Burn, A.M.I.C.E., Queen's Medallist. Number volumes of this series have recently been called I

The Rev. Eustace T. d'E. Jesse, sometime res on-Sea, Suffolk, has written a volume of "renark on the Twenty-Sixth Article of Religion. The title "Prayers for the Departed, Purgatory, P tions of Saints, Images, Relics," and will shortly by Messrs. Skeffington.

The Bishop of Ripon has become the vices-Dante Society.

Books to look out for at once

- BIOGRAPHY
The "Dictionary of National Biography" (concluding worth—Zurlesten Smith, Elder 15s and 20s a
- THEOLOGY—
"Prayers for the Departed." By Rev. E. T. d'E. Jesse
- FICTION—
"The Strong Arm" By Robert Barr. Methuen 6s.
"The Mosmerists" By B. L. Farjeon Hutchinson
"Robert Orange" By John Oliver Hobbes 1s 6d
"Town Lady and Country Lass" By Florence Warden
"An Eye for an Eye" By William Le Queux F. V.
"The Married Miss Binks." By John Strange Winter F
- NEW EDITIONS.
Byran's Letters Vol. IV. Edited by Rowland F. Proff
"The School for Saints" By John Oliver Hobbes F
Scott's "Old Mortality" (Pitt Press Series) Edited Cambridge University Press 2s 6d
"M or N" By Whyte Melville. (Library Ed.) War

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

DRAMA.
Some Notable Hamlets of the Present Time. By Clement Scott. 7½s 6d., 193 pp. Greening. 6s.

FICTION.
A Marriage at Sea. (The Novelist, No. XII.) By H. Clark Russell. 9x6in., 128 pp. Methuen. 6d.
Because of Elizabeth Jane. By Mary S. Hancock. 7½s 6d., 123 pp. Russell. 1s.
The Wonderful Career of Ebenezer Lobb. By Allen Upcraft. 7½s 6d., 319 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.

As the Light Led. By J. N. Baskett. 7x4½in., 392 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.
Caged. By Headon Hill. 7½s 6d., 338 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

The Beautiful Mrs. Leach. By Winifred Graham. 7½s 6d., 307 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
His Laurel Crown. By J. H.

Spun Yarn. By Morgan Robertson. 7½s 6d., 359 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
Blix. A Love Idyll. By F. Norris. 7½s 6d., 339 pp. Grant Richards. 3s.

HISTORY.
The English Church in the 14th and 15th Centuries. By H. H. Capps. 7½s 6d., 391 pp. The Macmillan Co. 7s. 6d.
The Council of Constance to the Death of John Hus. By J. H. Wylie. 7½s 6d., 192 pp. Longmans. 6s. 6d.

MILITARY.
My Diocese During the War. By The Bishop of Natal. 7½s 6d., 296 pp. Bell. 6s.
The Campaign of 1815. By H. O'Connor Morris. 9x6in., 129 pp. Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. n.
The New Battle of Dorking. By J. H. Wylie. 7½s 6d., 255 pp.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities for 1900. 7½s 6d., 669 pp. The Scientific Press. 3s.
The Care of the Child in Health. By N. Oppenheim. 7½s 6d., 308 pp. The Macmillan Co. 5s.

POETRY.
The Eternal Now. By H. Jackson. 7½s 6d., 48 pp. Nutt.
The Zuff Ballads. By H. K. Gracey. 7½s 6d., 136 pp. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.
The Outline of Political Growth in the 19th Century. By E. H. Sears. 8x5½in., 616 pp. The Macmillan Co. 12s. 6d. n.
Conversations with Prince Bismarck. Collected by H. von Posadowski. English Ed. by Sidney Whitman. 7½s 6d., 299 pp. Harper. 6s.

Essays of John Ed. by H. P. K. Clarendon
The Downfall of Major Gen. Badd 135 pp.
In Dwarf-Land nibal Countr A. B. Lloyd. 5s

The Reapproach Maxwell Gray.

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